THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BROWNING, M.A.
LONDON: 1868.

O.F.


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**MISCELLANEOUS POETICAL REMAINS :**

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At the age of sixty-three I have undertaken to collect and edit my Poetical Works, with the last corrections that I can expect to bestow upon them. They have obtained a reputation equal to my wishes; and I have this ground for hoping it may not be deemed hereafter more than commensurate with their deserts, that it has been gained without ever accommodating myself to the taste or fashion of the times. Thus to collect and revise them is a duty which I owe to that part of the Public by whom they have been auspiciously received, and to those who will take a lively concern in my good name when I shall have departed.

The arrangement was the first thing to be considered. In this the order wherein the respective poems were written has been observed, so far as was compatible with a convenient classification. Such order is useful to those who read critically, and desire to trace the progress of an author's mind in his writings; and by affixing dates to the minor pieces, under whatever head they are disposed, the object is sufficiently attained.

Next came the question of correction. There was no difficulty with those poems which were composed after the author had acquired his art, (so far as he has acquired it,) and after his opinions were matured. It was only necessary to bear in mind the risk there must ever be of injuring a poem by verbal alterations made long after it was written; insomuch as it must be impossible to recall the precise train of thought in which any passage was conceived, and the considerations upon which not the single verse alone, but the whole sentence, or paragraph, had been constructed: but with regard to more important changes, there could be no danger of introducing any discrepancy in style. With juvenile pieces the case is different. From these the faults of diction have been weeded, wherever it could be done without more trouble than the composition originally cost, and than the piece itself was worth. But inherent faults of conception and structure are incurable; and it would have been mere waste of time to recompose what it was impossible otherwise to amend.

If these poems had been now for the first time to be made public, there are some among them which, instead of being committed to the press, would have been consigned to the flames; not for any disgrace which could be reflected upon me by the crude compositions of my youth, nor for any harm which they could possibly do the reader, but merely that they might not cumber the collection. But "nescit vox missa reverti." Pirated editions would hold out as a recommendation, that they contained what I had chosen to suppress, and thus it becomes prudent, and therefore proper, that such pieces should be retained.

It has ever been a rule with me when I have initiated a passage, or borrowed an expression, to acknowledge the specific obligation. Upon the present occasion it behoves me to state the more general and therefore more important obligations which I am conscious of owing 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. Going with a relation into Ball's circulating library at Bath, (an excellent one for those days,) and asking whether they
had the "Faery Queen," the person who managed
the shop said, "Yes, they had it, but it was in
obsolete language, and the young gentleman
would not understand it." But I, who had
learned all I then knew of the history of England
from Beaumont and Fletcher, found no difficulty in
Spenser's English, and felt in the beauty of his
versification a charm in poetry of which I had
never been fully sensible before. From that time
I took Spenser for my master. I drank also be-
times of Chaucer's well. The taste which had
been acquired in that school was confirmed by
Percy's "Reliques" and Warton's "History of
English Poetry;" and a little later by Homer
and the Bible. It was not likely to be corrupted
afterwards.

My school-boy verses savored of Gray, Mason,
and my predecessor Warton; and in the best of
my juvenile pieces it may be seen how much the
writer's mind had been imbued by Akenside. I
am conscious also of having derived much benefit
at one time from Cowper, and more from Bowles;
for which, and for the delight which his poems
gave me at an age when we are most susceptible
of such delight, my good friend at Bremhill, to
whom I was then and long afterwards personally
unknown, will allow me to make this grateful and
cordial acknowledgment.

My obligation to Dr. Sayers is of a different
kind. Every one who has an ear for metre and a
heart for poetry, must have felt how perfectly the
metre of Collins's "Ode to Evening" is in accord-
cence with the imagery and the feeling. None
of the experiments which were made of other
unrhymed stanzas proved successful. They were
either in strongly-marked and well-known
measures, which unavoidably led the reader to
expect rhyme, and consequently balked him
when he looked for it; or they were in stanzas
as cumbrous as they were ill constructed. Dr.
Sayers went upon a different principle, and suc-
cceeded admirably. I read his "Dramatic Sketches
of Northern Mythology" when they were first
published, and convinced myself, when I had
acquired some skill in versification, that the kind
of verse in which his choruses were composed was
not less applicable to narration than to lyrical
poetry. Soon after I had begun the Arabian
romance, for which this measure seemed the most
appropriate vehicle, "Gebir" fell into my hands;
and my verse was greatly improved by it, both
in vividness and strength. Several years elapsed
before I knew that Walter Lander was the author,
and more before I had the good fortune to meet
the person to whom I felt myself thus beholden.
The days which I have passed with him in the
Vale of Ewias, at Como, and lastly in the neigh-
borhood of Bristol, are some of those which have
left with me "a joy for memory."

I have thus acknowledged all the specific obli-
gations to my elders or contemporaries in the art,
of which I am distinctly conscious. The advan-
tages 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 differ-
ent times it has been my lot to enjoy. Personal
attachment first, and family circumstances after-
wards, connected me long and closely with Mr.
Coleridge; and three-and-thirty years have rati-
fied 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 con-
cluded and cherished as an heirloom by those who
are dearest to us both.

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 unwearably engaged in
literary pursuits, communing with my own heart,
and taking that course which, upon mature con-
sideration, 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 wherein a person in sound health, both of
body and mind, makes his will and sets his
worldly affairs in order, that I entered upon the
serious task of arranging and revising the whole
of my poetical works. What, indeed, was it but
to bring in review before me the dreams and as-
pirations of my youth, and the feelings whereeto
I had given that free utterance which by the usages
of this world is permitted to us in poetry, and in
poetry alone? Of the smaller pieces in this col-
lection there is scarcely one concerning which I
cannot vividly call to mind when and where it was
composed. I have perfect recollection of the spots
where many, not of the scenes only, but of the
images which I have described from nature, were
observed and noted. And how would it be possi-
bile for me to forget the interest taken in these
poems, especially the longer and more ambitious
works, by those persons nearest and dearest to me
then, who witnessed their growth and completion?
Well may it be called a serious task thus to reas-
citate the past! But, serious though it be, it is not
painful to one who knows that the end of his
journey cannot be far distant, and, by the blessing
of God, looks on to its termination with sure and
certain hope.

 Keswick, 10th May, 1837.
Joan of Arc.

ΕΙΣ ΟΙΩΝΟΣ ΑΡΙΣΤΟΣ ΑΜΥΝΕΟΙ ΗΕΡΗ ΠΑΤΗΡΙΣ

Perlego, cognoscens animum sio viribus alas
Ingenii explicisse leves, nam vero fatebor;
Implanum teptulo perceps me gregio nido
Expedit, et vcelo possit volitare remoto.
Penitet incepti, cursum revocare juventus
Si ficcat, manusse domi sum tempore nervos
Consolidasse velim..............................PETRASCA

PREFACE TO JOAN OF ARC.

Early in July, 1793, I happened to fall in conversation, at Oxford, with an old schoolfellow upon the story of Joan of Arc; and it then struck me as being singularly well adapted for a poem. The long vacation commenced immediately afterwards. As soon as I reached home I formed the outline of a plan, and wrote about three hundred lines. The remainder of the month was passed in travelling; and I was too much engaged in new scenes and circumstances to proceed, even in thought, with what had been broken off. In August I went to visit my old schoolfellow, Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, who, at that time, resided with his parents at Brixton Causeway, about four miles on the Surrey side of the metropolis. There, the day after completing my nineteenth year, I resumed the undertaking, and there, in six weeks from that day, finished what I called an Epic Poem in twelve books.

My progress would not have been so rapid had it not been for the opportunity of retirement which I enjoyed there, and the encouragement that I received. In those days London had not extended in that direction farther than Kennington, beyond which place the scene changed suddenly, and there was an air and appearance of country which might now be sought in vain at a far greater distance from town. There was nothing indeed to remind one that London was so near, except the smoke which overhung it. Mr. Bedford's residence was situated upon the edge of a common, on which shady lanes opened leading to the neighboring villages (for such they were then) of Camberwell, Dulwich, and Clapham, and to Norwood. The view in front was bounded by the Surrey hills. Its size and structure showed it to be one of those good houses built in the early part of the last century by persons who, having realized a respectable fortune in trade, were wise enough to be contented with it, and retire to pass the evening of their lives in the enjoyment of leisure and tranquility. Tranquil indeed the place was; for the neighborhood did not extend beyond half a dozen families, and the London style and habits of visiting had not obtained among them. Uncle Toby himself might have enjoyed his rood and a half of ground there, and not have had it known. A forcourt separated the house from the foot-path and the road in front; behind, there was a large and well-stocked garden, with other spacious premises, in which utility and ornament were in some degree combined. At the extremity of the garden, and under the shade of four lofty linden trees, was a summer-house looking on an ornamented grass-plot, and fitted up as a conveniently habitable room. That summer-house was allotted to me, and there my mornings were passed at the desk. Whether it exists now or not, I am ignorant. The property has long since passed into other hands. The common is enclosed and divided by rectangular hedges and palings; rows of brick houses have supplanted the shade of oaks and elms; the brows of the Surrey hills bear a parapet of modern villas, and the face of the whole district is changed.

I was not a little proud of my performance. Young poets are, or at least used to be, as ambitious of producing an epic poem, as stage-stricken youths of figuring in Romeo or Hamlet. It had been the earliest of my day-dreams. I had begun many such; but this was the first which had been completed, and I was too young and too ardent to perceive or suspect that the execution was as crude as the design. In the course of the autumn I transcribed it fairly from the first draught, making no other alterations or corrections of any kind than such as suggested themselves in the act of transcription. Upon showing it to the friend in conversation with whom the design had originated, he said, "I am glad you have written this; it will serve as a store where you will find good passages for better poems." His opinion of it was more judicious than mine; but what there was good in it or promising, would not have been transplantable. Toward the close of 1794, it was announced as to be published by subscription in a quarto volume, price one guinea. Shortly afterwards I became acquainted with my fellow-townsmen, Mr. Joseph Cottle, who had recently commenced business as a bookseller in our native city of Bristol. One evening I read to him part of the poem, without
any thought of making a proposal concerning it, or expectation of receiving one. He, however, offered me fifty guineas for the copyright, and fifty copies for my subscribers, which was more than the list amounted to; and the offer was accepted as promptly as it was made. It can rarely happen that a young author should meet with a bookseller as inexperienced and as ardent as himself, and it would be still more extraordinary if such mutual indiscretion did not bring with it cause for regret to both. But this transaction was the commencement of an intimacy which has continued, without the slightest shade of displeasure at any time, on either side, to the present day.

At that time, few books were printed in the country, and it was seldom indeed that a quarto volume issued from a provincial press. A font of new types was ordered for what was intended to be the handsomest book that Bristol ever yet sent forth; and when the paper arrived, and the printer was ready to commence his operations, nothing had been done toward preparing the poem for the press, except that a few verbal alterations had been made. I was not, however, without misgivings, and when the first proof-sheet was brought me, the more glaring faults of the composition stared me in the face. But the sight of a well-printed page, which was to be set off with all the advantages that fine wove paper and hot-pressing could impart, put me in spirits, and I went to work with good-will. About half the first book was left in its original state; the rest of the poem was re-cast and re-composed while the printing went on. This occupied six months. I corrected the concluding sheet of the poem, left the Preface in the publisher’s hands, and departed for Lisbon by way of Corunna and Madrid.

The Preface was written with as little discretion as had been shown in publishing the work itself. It stated how rapidly the poem had been produced, and that it had been almost re-composed during its progress through the press. This was not said as taking merit for haste and temerity, nor to excuse its faults,—only to account for them. But here I was liable to be misapprehended, and likely to be misrepresented. The public indeed care neither for explanations nor excuses; and such particulars might not unfly be deemed unbecoming in a young man, though they may be excused, and even expected, from an old author, who, at the close of a long career, looks upon himself as belonging to the past. Omitting these passages, and the specification of what Mr. Coleridge had written in the second book, (which was withdrawn in the next edition,) the remainder of the Preface is here subjoined. It states the little which I had been able to collect concerning the subject of the poem, gives what was then my own view of Joan of Arc’s character and history, and expresses with overweening confidence the opinion which the writer entertained concerning those poets whom it was his ambition not to imitate, but to follow.—It cannot be necessary to say, that some of those opinions have been modified, and others completely changed, as he grew older.

ORIGINAL PREFACE.

The history of Joan of Arc is as mysterious as it is remarkable. That she believed herself inspired, few will deny; that she was inspired, no one will venture to assert; and it is difficult to believe that she was herself imposed upon by Charles and Du- nos. That she discovered the King when he disguised himself among the courtiers to deceive her, and that, as a proof of her mission, she demanded a sword from a tomb in the church of St. Cathu- rine, are facts in which all historians agree. If this had been done by collusion, the Maid must have known herself an impostor, and with that knowledge could not have performed the enterprise she undertook. Enthusiasm, and that of no common kind, was necessary, to enable a young maiden at once to assume the profession of arms, to lead her troops to battle, to fight among the foremost, and to subdue with an inferior force an enemy then believed invincible. It is not possible that one who felt herself the puppet of a party, could have performed these things. The artifices of a court could not have persuaded her that she discovered Charles in disguise; nor could they have prompted her to demand the sword which they might have hidden, without discovering the deceit. The Maid then was not knowingly an impostor; nor could she have been the instrument of the court; and to say that she believed herself inspired, will neither account for her singling out the King, or prophetically claiming the sword. After crowning Charles, she declared that her mission was accomplished, and demanded leave to retire. Enthusiasm would not have ceased here; and if they who imposed on her could persuade her still to go with their armies, they could still have continued her delusion.

This mysteriousness renders the story of Joan of Arc peculiarly fit for poetry. The aid of angels and devils is not necessary to raise her above mankind; she has no gods to lackey her, and inspire her with courage, and heal her wounds: the Maid of Orleans acts wholly from the workings of her own mind, from the deep feeling of inspiration. The pulpy agency of superior powers would destroy the obscurity of her character, and sink her to the mere heroine of a fairy tale.

The alterations which I have made in the history are few and trifling. The death of Salisbury is placed later, and of the Talbots earlier than they occurred. As the battle of Patay is the concluding action of the Poem, I have given it all the previous solemnity of a settled engagement. Whatever appears miraculous is asserted in history, and my authorities will be found in the notes.

It is the common fault of Epic Poems, that we feel little interest for the heroes they celebrate. The national vanity of a Greek or a Roman might have been gratified by the renown of Achilles or Æneas; but to engage the unprejudiced, there must be more of human feelings than is generally to be found in the character of a warrior. From this objection, the Odyssey alone may be excepted.
Ulysses appears as the father and the husband, and the affections are enlisted on his side. The judgment must applaud the well-digested plan and splendid execution of the picture. But the heart always bears testimony to the merit of the Odyssey: it is the poem of nature, and its personages inspire love rather than command admiration. The good herdsman Eumaeus is worth a thousand heroes. Homer is, indeed, the best of poets, for he is at once dignified and simple; but Pope has disguised him in popery, and Cowper has stripped him naked. There are few readers who do not prefer Turnus to Aeneas—a fugitive, suspected of treason, who negligently left his wife, seduced Dido, deserted her, and then forcibly took Lavinia from her betrothed husband. What avails a man's piety to the gods, if in all his dealings with men he prove himself a villain? If we represent Deity as commanding a bad action, this is not exculpating the man, but criminating the God.

The ill-chosen subjects of Lucan and Statius have prevented them from acquiring the popularity they would otherwise have merited; yet in detached parts, the former of these is perhaps unequalled, certainly unexcelled. I do not scruple to prefer Statius to Virgil; with inferior taste, he appears to me to possess a richer and more powerful imagination; his images are strongly conceived, and clearly painted, and the force of his language, while it makes the reader feel, proves that the author felt himself.

The power of story is strikingly exemplified in the Italian heroic poets. They please universally, even in translations, when little but the story remains. In proportioning his characters, Tasso has erred; Godfrey is the hero of the poet, Rinaldo of the poet, and Tancred of the reader. Secondary characters should not be introduced, like Gyas and Clonanthus, merely to fill a procession: neither should they be so prominent as to throw the principal into shade.

The lawless magic of Ariosto, and the singular theme as well as the singular excellence of Milton, render it impossible to deduce any rules of epic poetry from these authors. So likewise with Spenser, the favorite of my childhood, from whose frequent perusal I have always found increased delight. Against the machinery of Camoens, a heavier charge must be brought than that of profaneness or incongruity. His floating island is but a floating brothel, and no beauty can make atonement for licentiousness. From this ascension, none but a translator would attempt to justify him; but Camoens had the most able of translators. The Lusiac, though excellent in parts, is uninteresting as a whole: it is read with little emotion, and remembered with little pleasure. But it was composed in the anguish of disappointed hopes, in the fatigues of war, and in a country far from all he loved; and we should not forget, that as the Poet of Portugal was among the most unfortunate of men, so he should be ranked among the most respectable. Neither his own country nor Spain has yet produced his equal: his heart was broken by calumny, but the spirit of integrity and independence never forsook Camoens.

I have endeavored to avoid what appears to me the common fault of epic poems, and to render the Maid of Orleans interesting. With this intent I have given her, not the passion of love, but the remembrance of subdued affection, a lingering of human feelings not inconsistent with the enthusiasm and holiness of her character. The multitude of obscure epic writers copy with the most gross servility their ancient models. If a tempest occurs, some envious spirit procures it from the God of the winds or the God of the sea. Is there a town besieged? the eyes of the hero are opened, and he beholds the powers of Heaven assisting in the attack; an angel is at hand to heal his wounds, and the leader of the enemy in his last combat is seized with the sudden cowardice of Hector. Even Tasso is too often an imitator. But notwithstanding the censure of a satirist, the name of Tasso will still be ranked among the best heroic poets. Perhaps Boileau only condemned him for the sake of an antithesis; it is with such writers, as with those who affect point in their conversation—they will always sacrifice truth to the gratification of their vanity.

I have avoided what seems useless and wearing in other poems, and my readers will find no descriptions of armor, no muster-rolls, no geographical catalogues, lion, tiger, bull, bear, and boar similies, Phoebuses or Auroras. And where in battle I have particularized the death of an individual, it is not, I hope, like the common lists of killed and wounded.

It has been established as a necessary rule for the epic, that the subject should be national. To this rule I have acted in direct opposition, and chosen for the subject of my poem the defeat of the English. If there be any readers who can wish success to an unjust cause, because their country was engaged in it, I desire not their approbation.

In Millin's National Antiquities of France, I find that M. Laverdy was, in 1791, occupied in collecting whatever has been written concerning the Maid of Orleans. I have anxiously looked for his work, but it is probable, considering the tumults of the intervening period, that it has not been accomplished. Of the various productions to the memory of Joan of Arc, I have only collected a few titles, and, if report may be trusted, need not fear a heavier condemnation than to be deemed equally bad. A regular canon of St. Lorette has written what is said to be a very bad poem, entitled the Modern Amazon. There is a prose tragedy called La Facelle d'Orleans, variously attributed to Benesera, to Boyer, and to Ménardie. The abbé Daubignac published a prose tragedy with the same title in 1627. There is one under the name of Jean Baruel of 1531, and another printed anonymously at Rouen, 1606. Among the manuscripts of the queen of Sweden in the Vatican, is a dramatic piece in verse called Le Mystere du Siege d'Orleans. In these modern
times, says Millin, all Paris has run to the theatre of Nicolet to see a pantomime entitled Le Faunez Siege de la Puellc d'Orleans. I may add, that, after the publication of this poem, a pantomime upon the same subject was brought forward at Covent-Garden Theatre, in which the heroine, like Don Juan, was carried off by devils and precipitated alive into hell. I mention it, because the feelings of the audience revolted at such a catastrophe, and, after a few nights, an angel was introduced to rescue her.

But among the number of worthless poems upon this subject, there are two which are unfortunately notorious,—the Puelles of Chapelain and Voltaire. I have had patience to peruse the first, and never have been guilty of looking into the second; it is well said by George Herbert,

Make not thy sport abuses, for the fly
That feeds on dung, is colored thereby.

On the eighth of May, the anniversary of its deliverance, an annual fête is held at Orleans; and monuments have been erected there and at Rouen to the memory of the Maid. Her family was ennobled by Charles; but it should not be forgotten in the history of this monarch, that in the hour of misfortune he abandoned to her fate the woman who had saved his kingdom.

BRISTOL, November, 1795.

The poem, thus crudely conceived, rashly prefaced, and prematurely hurried into the world, was nevertheless favorably received, owing chiefly to adventitious circumstances. A work of the same class, with as much power and fewer faults, if it were published now, would attract little or no attention. One thing which contributed to bring it into immediate notice was, that no poem of equal pretension had appeared for many years, except Glover's Atheniad, which, notwithstanding the reputation of his Leonidas, had been utterly neglected. But the chief cause of its favorable reception was, that it was written in a republican spirit, such as may easily be accounted for in a youth whose notions of liberty were taken from the Greek and Roman writers, and who was ignorant enough of history and of human nature to believe, that a happier order of things had commenced with the independence of the United States, and would be accelerated by the French Revolution. Such opinions were then as unpopular in England as they deserved to be; but they were cherished by most of the critical journals, and conciliated for me the good-will of some of the most influential writers who were at that time engaged in periodical literature, though I was personally unknown to them. They bestowed upon the poem abundant praise, passed over most of its manifold faults, and noticed others with indulgence. Miss Seward wrote some verses upon it in a strain of the highest elegy and the bitterest invective; they were sent to the Morning Chronicle, and the editor (Mr. Perry) accompanied their insertion with a vindication of the opinions which she had so vehemently denounced.

Miss Seward was then in high reputation; the sincerity of her praise was proved by the severity of her censure; and nothing could have been more serviceable to a young author than her notice, thus indignantly, but also thus generously, bestowed. The approbation of the reviewers served as a passport for the poem to America, and it was reprinted there while I was revising it for a second edition.

A work, in which the author and the bookseller had engaged with equal imprudence, thus proved beneficial to both. It made me so advantageously known as a poet, that no subsequent hostility on the part of the reviews could pull down the reputation which had been raised by their good offices. Before that hostility took its determined character, the charge of being a hasty and careless writer was frequently brought against me. Yet to have been six months correcting what was written in six weeks, was some indication of patient industry; and of this the second edition gave further evidence. Taking for a second motto the words of Erasmus, Ut homines ita libros, indies scipiss meliores fieri aperit, I spared no pains to render the poem less faulty both in its construction and composition; I wrote a new beginning, threw out much of what had remained of the original draught, altered more, and endeavored, from all the materials which I had means of consulting, to make myself better acquainted with the manners and circumstances of the fifteenth century. Thus the second edition differed almost as much from the first, as that from the copy which was originally intended for publication. Less extensive alterations were made in two subsequent editions; the fifth was only a reprint of the fourth; by that time I had become fully sensible of its great and numerous faults, and requested the reader to remember, as the only apology which could be offered for them, that the poem was written at the age of nineteen, and published at one-and-twenty. My intention then was, to take no further pains in correcting a work of which the inherent defects were incorrigible; and I did not look into it again for many years.

But now, when about to perform what at my age may almost be called the testamentary task of revising, in all likelihood for the last time, those works by which it was my youthful ambition to be forever known," and part whereof I dare believe has been "so written to after times as they should not willingly let it die," it appeared proper that this poem, through which the author had been first made known to the public, two-and-forty years ago, should lead the way; and the thought that it was once more to pass through the press under my own inspection, induced a feeling in some respects resembling that with which it had been first delivered to the printer — and yet how different! for not in hope and ardor, nor with the impossible intention of rendering it what it might have been had it been planned and execu-
ted in middle life, did I resolve to correct it once more throughout; but for the purpose of making it more consistent with itself in diction, and less inconsistent in other things with the well-weighed opinions of my mature years. The faults of effort, which may generally be regarded as hopeful indications in a juvenile writer, have been mostly left as they were. The faults of language which remained from the first edition have been removed, so that in this respect the whole is sufficiently in keeping. And for those which expressed the political prejudices of a young man who had too little knowledge to suspect his own ignorance, they have either been expunged, or altered, or such substitutions have been made for them as harmonize with the pervading spirit of the poem, and are nevertheless in accord with those opinions which the author has maintained for thirty years, through good and evil report, in the maturity of his judgment as well as in the sincerity of his heart.

KESWICK, August 30, 1837.

TO EDITH SOUTHEY

Edith! I brought thee late a humble gift, The songs of earlier youth; it was a wreath With many an unripe blossom garlanded And many a weed, yet mingled with some flowers Which will not wither. deerest! now I bring A worthier offering; thou wilt prize it well, For well thou know'st amid what painful cares My solace was in this: and though to me There is no music in the hollowness Of common praise, yet well content am I Now to look back upon my youth's green prime, Nor idly, nor unprofitably past, Imposing in such adventurous essay The wing, and strengthening it for steadier flight.

BURTON, near Christ Church, 1797.

THE FIRST BOOK.

There was high feasting held at Vaucouleur, For old Sir Robert had a famous guest, The Bastard Orleans; and the festive hours, Cheer'd with the Troubadour's sweet minstrelsy, Pass'd gayly at his hospitable board. But not to share the hospitable board And hear sweet minstrelsy, Dunois had sought Sir Robert's hall; he came to rouse Lorraine, And glean what force the wasting war had left For one last effort. Little had the war Left in Lorraine, but age, and youth unripe For slaughter yet, and widows, and young maids Of widow's loves. And now with his great guest The Lord of Vaucouleur sat communing On what might profit France, and found no hope, Despairing of their country, when he heard An old man and a maid awaited him In the castle-hall. He knew the old man well, His vassal Claude; and at his bidding Claude Approach'd, and after meet obeisance made, Bespake Sir Robert.

"Good my Lord, I come With a strange tale; I pray you pardon me If it should seem impertinent, and like An old man's weakness. But, in truth, this Maid Hath with such boding thoughts impress'd my heart, I think I could not longer sleep in peace Gainsaying what she sought. She saith that God Bids her go drive the Englishmen from France! Her parents mock at her and call her crazed, And father Regnier says she is possess'd;— But I, who know that never thought of ill Found entrance in her heart, for, good my Lord, From her first birth-day she hath been to me As mine own child,—and I am an old man, Who have seen many moon-struck in my time, And some who were by evil Spirits vex'd,— I, Sirs, do think that there is more in this. And who can tell but, in these perilous times, It may please God,—but hear the Maid yourselves, For if, as I believe, this is of Heaven, My silly speech doth wrong it." While he spake, Curious they mark'd the Damsel. She appear'd Of eightieen years; there was no bloom of youth Upon her cheek, yet had the loveliest hues Of health with lesser fascination fix'd The gazer's eye; for wan the Maiden was, Of saintly paleness, and there seem'd to dwell In the strong beauties of her countenance Something that was not earthly. "I have heard Of this your niece's malady," replied The Lord of Vaucouleur, "that she frequents The loneliest haunts and deepest solitude, Estranged from human kind and human cares With loathing like to madness. It were best To place her with some pious sisterhood, Who duly, moru and eve, for her soul's health Soliciting Heaven, may likeliest remedy The stricken mind, or frenzied or possess'd." So as Sir Robert ceased, the Maiden cried, "I am not mad. Possess'd indeed I am! The hand of God is strong upon my soul, And I have wrestled vainly with the Lord, And stubbornly, I fear me. I can save This country, Sir! I can deliver France! Yea—I must save the country!—God is in me; I speak not, think not, feel not of myself. He knew and sanctified me ere my birth; He to the nations hath ordained me; And whither he shall send me, I must go; And whatsoever commands that I must speak; And whatsoever is his will, that I must do; And I must put away all fear of man, Lest me in wrath confound me." At the first With pity or with scorn Dunois had heard The Maid inspired; but now he in his heart Felt that misgiving which precedes belief
In what was disbelieved and scoff'd at late
For folly. "Damsel!" said the Chief, "methinks
It would be wisely done to doubt this call,
Haply of some ill Spirit prompting thee
To self-destruction."

"Doubt!" the Maid exclaim'd:
It were as easy when I gaze around
On all this fair variety of things,
Green fields and tufted woods, and the blue depth
Of heaven, and yonder glorious sun, to doubt
Creating wisdom!—When in the evening gale
I breathe the mingled odors of the spring,
And hear the wildwood melody, and hear
The populous air vocal with insect life,
To doubt God's goodness! There are feelings, Chief,
Which cannot lie; and I have oftentimes
Felt in the midnight silence of my soul
The call of God."

They listen'd to the Maid,
And they almost believed. Then spake Dunois,
"Wilt thou go with me, Maiden, to the King,
And there announce thy mission?" Thus he said,
For thoughts of politic craftiness arose
Within him, and his faith, yet unconfirm'd,
Determined to prompt action. She replied,
"Therefore I sought the Lord of Vaucouleur,
That with such credence as prevents delay,
He to the King might send me. Now beseech you
Speed our departure!"

Then Dunois address'd Sir Robert, "Fare thee well, my friend and host!
It were ill done to linger here when Heaven
Vouchsafes such strange assistance. Let what force
Lorraine can raise to Chimon follow us;
And with the tidings of this holy Maid,
Sent by the Lorrain, fill thou the country; soon
Therewith shall France awake as from the sleep
Of death. Now, Maid! depart we at thy will."'

"God's blessing go with ye!" exclaim'd old Claude,
"Good Angels guard my girl!" and as he spake
The tears stream'd fast adown his aged cheeks.
"And if I do not live to see thee more,
As sure I think I shall not,—yet sometimes
Remember thine old Uncle. I have loved thee
Even from thy childhood, Joan! and I shall lose
The comfort of mine age in losing thee.
But God be with thee, Child!"

Nor was the Maid,
Though all subdued of soul, untroubled now.
In that sad parting;—but she calm'd herself,
Painfully keeping down her heart, and said,
"Comfort thyself, my Uncle, with the thought
Of what I am, and for what enterprise
Chosen from among the people. Oh! be sure
I shall remember thee, in whom I found
A parent's love, when parents were unknown!
And when the ominous broodings of my soul
Were scoff'd and made a mock of by all else,
Thou for thy love didst hear me and believe.
Shall I forget these things?"—By this Dunois
Had arm'd, the steeds stood ready at the gate.
But then she fell upon the old man's neck
And cried, "Pray for me!—I shall need thy prayers!"
The Meuse, that in its winding mazes shows,
As on the farther bank, the distant towers
Of Vaucouleur? there in the hamlet Arc
My father's dwelling stands;"a lowly hut,
Yet nought of needful comfort did it lack,
For in Lorraine there lived no kinder Lord
Than old Sir Robert, and my father Jaques
In flocks and herds was rich; a toiling man,
Intent on worldly gains, one in whose heart
Affection had no root. I never knew
A parent's love; for harsh my mother was,
And deem'd the care which infancy demands
Irksome, and ill-repaid. Severe they were,
And would have made me fear them; but my soul
Possess'd the germ of inborn fortitude,
And stubbornly I bore unkind rebuke
And angry chastisement. Yet was the voice
That spake in tones of tenderness most sweet
To my young heart; how have I felt it leap
With transport, when my Uncle Claude ap-
proach'd me!
For he would take me on his knee, and tell
Such wondrous tales as childhood loves to hear,
Listening with eager eyes and open lips
Devoutly in attention. Good old man!
Oh, if I ever pour'd a prayer to Heaven
Unhallow'd by the grateful thought of him,
Methinks the righteous winds would scatter it!
He was a parent to me, and his home
Was mine, when in advancing years I found
No peace, no comfort in my father's house.
With him I pass'd the pleasant evening hours,
By day I drove my father's flock afar,
And this was happiness.

"Amid these wilds
Often to summer pasture have I driven
The flock; and well I know these woodland wilds,
And every bosom'd vale, and valley stream
Is dear to memory. I have laid me down
Beside you valley stream, that up the ascent
Scarce sends the sound of waters now, and watch'd
The beck roll glittering to the noon-tide sun,
And listen'd to its ceaseless murmuring,
Till all was hush'd and tranquil in my soul,
Fill'd with a strange and undefined delight
That pass'd across the mind like summer clouds
Over the vale at eve; their fleeting hues
The traveller cannot trace with memory's eye,
Yet he remembers well how fair they were,
How beautiful.

"In solitude and peace
Here I grew up, amid the loveliest scenes
Of unpolluted nature. Sweet it was,
As the white mists of morning roll'd away,
To see the upland's wooded heights appear
Dark in the early dawn, and mark the slope
With gorse-flowers glowing, as the sun illumed
Their golden glory with his deepening light;
Pleasant at noon beside the vocal brook
To lay me down, and watch the floating clouds,
And shape to fancy's wild simulacres
Their ever-varying forms; and oh how sweet!
To drive my flock at evening to the fold,
And hasten to our little hut, and hear
The voice of kindness bid me welcome home.

"Amid the village playmates of my youth
Was one whom riper years approved a friend.
A gentle maid was my poor Madelon;
I loved her as a sister, and long time
Her undivided tenderness possess'd,
Until a better and a holier tie
Gave her one nearer friend; and then my heart
Partook her happiness, for never lived
A happier pair than Arnaud and his wife.

"Lorraine was call'd to arms, and with her youth
Went Arnaud to the war. The morn was fair,
Bright shone the sun, the birds sung cheerfully,
And all the fields seem'd joyous in the spring;
But to Domremy wretched was that day,
For there was lamentation, and the voice
Of anguish, and the deeper agony
That spake not. Never can my heart forget
The feelings that shot through me, when the horn
Gave its last call, and through the castle-gate
The banner moved, and from the clinging arms
Which hung on them, as for a last embrace,
Sons, brethren, husbands, went.

"More frequent now
Sought I the converse of poor Madelon,
For now she needed friendship's soothing voice.
All the long summer did she live in hope
Of tidings from the war; and as at eye
She with her mother by the cottage door
Sat in the sunshine, if a traveller
Appear'd at distance coming o'er the brow,
Her eye was on him, and it might be seen
By the flush'd cheek what thoughts were in her
heart,
And by the deadly paleness which ensued,
How her heart died within her. So the days
And weeks and months pass'd on; and when the
leaves
Fall in the autumn, a most painful hope
That reason own'd not, that with expectation
Did never cheer her as she rose at morn,
Still linger'd in her heart, and still at night
Made disappointment dreadful. Winter came,
But Arnaud never from the war return'd;
He far away had perish'd; and when late
The tidings of his certain death arrived,
Sore with long anguish underneath that blow
She sunk. Then would she sit and think all day
Upon the past, and talk of happiness
That never could return, as though she found
Best solace in the thoughts which minister'd
To sorrow: and she loved to see the sun
Go down, because another day was gone,
And then she might retire to solitude
And wakeful recollections, or perchance
To sleep more wearily far than wakefulness,
Dreams of his safety and return, and starts
Of agony; so neither night nor day
Could she find rest, but pined and pined away.

"Death! to the happy thou art terrible;
But how the wretched love to think of thee,
Oh thou true comforter, the friend of all
Who have no friend beside!" By the sick bed
Of Madelon I sat, when sure she felt
The hour of her deliverance drawing near;
I saw her eye kindle with heavenly hope,
I had her latest look of earthly love,
I felt her hand's last pressure. — Son of Orleans!
I would not wish to live to know that hour,
When I could think upon a dear friend dead,
And weep not; but they are not bitter tears,—
Not painful now; for Christ hath risen, first fruits
Of them that slept; and we shall meet again,
Meet, not again to part: the grave hath lost
Its victory.

"I remember, as her bier
Went to the grave, a lark sprung up aloft,
And soar'd amid the sunshine, carolling
So full of joy, that to the mourner's ear
More mournfully than dirge or passing bell,
The joyous carol came, and made us feel
That of the multitude of beings, none
But man was wretched.

"Then my soul awoke,
For it had slumber'd long in happiness,
And never feeling misery, never thought
What others suffer. 1, as best I might,
Solaced the keen regret of Elinor,
And much my cares avail'd, and much her son's,
On whom, the only comfort of her age,
She centred now her love. A younger birth,
Aged nearly as myself was Theodore,
An ardent youth, who with the kindest care
Had sooth'd his sister's sorrow. We had knelt
By her death-bed together, and no bond
In closer union knits two human hearts
Than fellowship in grief.

"It chanced as once
Beside the fire of Elinor I sat,
The night was comfortless, the loud blast howl'd,
And as we drew around the social hearth,
We heard the rain beat hard. Driven by the storm
A warrior mark'd our distant taper's light;
We heapt the fire, and spread the friendly board.
'Tis a rude night,' the stranger cried: 'safe
housed
Pleasant it is to hear the pelting rain.
I too could be content to dwell in peace,
Resting my head upon the lap of love,
But that my country calls. When the winds roar,
Remember sometimes what a soldier suffers,
And think on Conrade.'

"Theodore replied,
'Success go with thee! Something we have known
Of war, and tasted its calamity;
And I am well content to dwell in peace,
Albeit inglorious, thanking the good God
Who made me to be happy.'

"Did that God,'
Cried Conrade, 'form thy heart for happiness,
When Desolation royally careers
Over thy wretched country? Did that God
Form thee for Peace when Slaughter is abroad,
When her brooks run with blood, and Rape, and
Murder,
Stalk through her flaming towns? Live thou in
peace,
Young man! my heart is human: I must feel
For what my brethren suffer.' While he spake
Such mingled passions character'd his face
Of fierce and terrible benevolence,
That I did tremble as I listen'd to him;
And in my heart tumultuous thoughts arose
Of high achievements, indistinct, and wild,
And vast,—yet such they were as made me pant
As though by some divinity possess'd.

"But is there not some duty due to those
We love?" said Theodore; 'is there an employ
More righteous than to cheer declining age,
And thus with filial tenderness repay
Parental care?"

"Hard is it," Conrade cried,
'Ay, hard indeed, to part from those we love;
And I have suffer'd that severest pang.
I have left an aged mother; I have left
One upon whom my heart has fasten'd all
Its dearest, best affections. Should I live
Till France shall see the blessed hour of peace,
I shall return; my heart will be content,
My duties then will have been well discharged,
And I may then be happy. There are those
Who deem such thoughts the fancies of a mind
Strict beyond measure, and were well content,
If I should soften down my rigid nature
Even to inglorious ease, to honor me.
But pure of heart and high in self-esteem
I must be honor'd by myself: all else,
The breath of Fame, is as the unsteady wind
Worthless.'

"So saying from his belt he took
The encumbering sword. I held it, listening to him,
And wistless what I did, half from the sheath
Drew forth its glittering blade. I gazed upon it,
And shuddering, as I touch'd its edge, exclaim'd,
How terrible it is with the keen sword
To gore the finely-fibred human frame!
I could not strike a lamb.

"He answer'd me,
'Maiden, thou sayest well. I could not strike
A lamb! — But when the merciless invader
Spares not gray age, and mocks the infant's shriek
As it doth writhe upon his cursed lance,
And forces to his foul embrace the wife
Even where her suckler'd husband bleeds to death,
Almightv God! I should not be a man
If I did let one weak and pitiful feeling
Make mine arm impotent to cleave him down.
Think well of this, young man!' 12 he cried, and took
The hand of Theodore; 'think well of this;
As you are human, as you hope to live
In peace, amid the dearest joys of home,
Think well of this! You have a tender mother;
As you do wish that she may die in peace,
As you would even to madness agonize
To hear this maiden call on you in vain
For help, and see her dragg'd, and hear her scream
In the blood-rocking soldier's lustful grasp,
Think that there are such horrors! 13 that even now,
Some city flames, and haply, as in Roan,
Some famish'd babe on his dead mother's breast
Yet hangs and pulls for food!" — Woe be to those
By whom the evil comes! And woe to him,
For little less his guilt,—who dwells in peace, When every arm is needed for the strife!''

"When we had all betaken us to rest, Sleepless I lay, and in my mind revolved The high-souled warrior's speech. Then Madelon Rose in remembrance; over her the grave Had closed; her sorrow were not register'd In the rolls of fame; but when the tears run down The widow's cheek, shall not her cry be heard In Heaven against the oppressor? Will not God In snadder smite the unmeritorious, and break The sceptre o'the wicked? 13—Thoughts like these Possess'd my soul, till at the break of day I slept; nor did my heated brain repose Even then; for visions, sent, as I believe, From the Most High, arose. A high-tower'd town Hemm'd in and girt with enemies, I saw, Where Famine on a heap of carcasses, Half envious of the unutterable feast, Mark'd the gorged raven clog his beak with gore. I turn'd me then to the besieger's camp, And there was revolby: a loud, loud laugh Burst on mine ear, and I beheld the chiefs Sit at their feast, and plan the work of death. My soul grew sick within me; I look'd up, Reproaching Heaven,—lo! from the clouds an arm As of the avenging Angel was put forth, And from his hand a sword, like lightning, fell.

"From that night I could feel my burden'd soul Heaving beneath incumbent Doity. I sate in silence, musing on the days To come, unheeding and unseening all Around me, in that dreaminess of thought When every bodily sense is as it slept, And the mind alone is wakeful. I have heard Strange voices in the evening wind; strange forms Dimly discover'd through the twilight air. The neighbors wonder'd at the sudden change; They call'd me crazed: and my dear Uncle, too, Would sit and gaze upon me wistfully, A heartiness upon his aged brow, And in his eye such sorrow, that my heart Sometimes misgave me. I had told him all The mighty future laboring in my breast, But that the hour, methought, not yet was come.

"At length I heard of Orleans, by the sea Wall'd in from human help; thither all thoughts, All hopes were turn'd; that bulwark beaten down, All were the invaders. Then my troubled soul Grew more disturb'd, and shunning every eye, I loved to wander where the woodland shade Was deepest, there on mightiest deeds to brood Of shadowy vastness, such as made my heart Throb loud: anon I paused, and in a state Of half-expectance, listen'd to the wind.

"There is a fountain in the forest call'd The Fountain of the Fairies: 16 when a child With a delightful wonder I have heard Tales of the Elfin tribe who on its banks Hold midnight revelry. An ancient oak, The goodliest of the forest, grows beside; Alone it stands, upon a green grass plat, By the woods bounded like some little isle. It ever hath been deem'd their favorite tree; They love to lie and rock upon its leaves, 17 And bask in moonshine. Here the Woodman leads His boy, and showing him the green-sward mark'd With darker circlets, says their midnight dance Hath traced the rings, and bids him spare the tree. Fancy had cast a spell upon the place Which made it holy; and the villagers Would say that never evil thing approach'd Unpunish'd there. The strange and fearful pleasure Which fill'd me by that solitary spring, Ceased not in riper years; and now it woke Deeper delight, and more mysterious awe.

"A blessed spot! Oh, how my soul enjoy'd Its holy quietness, with what delight Escaping from mankind I hasten'd there To solitude and freedom! Thitherward On a spring eve I had betaken me, And there I sat, and mark'd the deep red clouds Gather before the wind — the rising wind, Whose sudden gusts, each wilder than the last, Appear'd to rock my senses. Soon the night Darken'd around, and the large rain-drops fell Heavy; anon tempestuously the gale Swept o'er the wood. Methought the thunder-shower Fell with refreshing coolness on my head, And the hoarse dash of waters, and the rush Of winds that mingled with the forest roar, Made a wild music. On a rock I sat; The glory of the tempest fill'd my soul; And when the thunders peal'd, and the long flash Hung durable in heaven, and on my sight Spread the gray forest, memory, thought, were All sense of self annihilate, I seem'd gone, 19 Diffused into the scene.

"At length a light Approach'd the spring; I saw my Uncle Claude; His gray locks dripping with the midnight storm. He came, and caught me in his arms, and cried, 'My God! my child is safe!' I felt his words Pierce in my heart; my soul was overcharged; I fell upon his neck and told him all; God was within me; as I felt, I spake, And he believed.

"Ay, Chieftain! and the world Shall soon believe my mission; for the Lord Will raise up indignation and pour on't His wrath, and they shall perish who oppress.' 19

THE SECOND BOOK.

And now beneath the horizon westering slow Had sunk the orb of day: o'er all the vale A purple softness spread, save where some tree Its lengthen'd shadow stretch'd, or winding stream Mirror'd the light of Heaven, still traced distinct When twilight dimly shrouded all beside.
A grateful coolness freshen'd the calm air,  
And the hoarse grasshoppers their evening song  
Sung shrill and ceaseless, as the dews of night  
Descended. On their way the travellers wend,  
Cheering the road with converse, till at length  
They mark a cottage lamp, whose steady light  
Shone through the lattice; thitherward they turn,  
There came an old man forth; his thin gray locks  
Moved to the breeze, and on his wither'd face  
The characters of age were written deep.  
Them, louting low with rustick courtesy,  
He welcomed in; on the white-enam'rd hearth  
Heapt up fresh fuel, then with friendly care  
Spread out his homely board, and fill'd the bowl  
With the red produce of the vine that arch'd  
His evening seat; they of the plain rest  
Partook, and quaff'd the pure and pleasant draught.

"Strangers, your fare is homely," said their Host,  
"But such it is as we poor countrymen  
Earn with our toil: in faith ye are welcome to it!  
I too have borne a lance in younger days;  
And would that I were young again to meet  
These haughty English in the field of fight;  
Such as I was when on the fatal plain  
Of Agincourt I met them."

"Wert thou then  
A sharer in that dreadful day's defeat?"

Exclaim'd the Bastard. "Didst thou know the Lord  
Of Orleans?"

"Know him?" cried the veteran,  
"I saw him ere the bloody fight began  
Riding from rank to rank, his beaver up,  
The long lance quivering in his mighty grasp.  
His eye was wrathful to an enemy,  
But for his countrymen it had a smile  
Would win all hearts. Looking at thee, Sir Knight,  
Methinks I see him now; such was his eye,  
Gentle in peace, and such his manly brow."

"No tongue but speakeath honor of that name!"

Exclaim'd Dunois. "Strangers and countrymen  
Alike revered the good and gallant Chief.  
His vassals like a father loved their Lord;  
His gates stood open to the traveller;  
The pilgrim when he saw his towers rejoiced,  
For he had heard in other lands the fame  
Of Orleans. — And he lives a prisoner still!  
Losing all hope because my arm so long  
Hath fail'd to win his liberty!"

He turn'd  
His head away, hiding the burning shame  
Which flash'd his face. "But he shall live,  
Dunois."

The Bastard said: "he shall live  
To hear good tidings; hear of liberty,  
Of his own liberty, by his brother's arm  
Achieved in well-won battle. He shall live  
Happy; the memory of his prison'd years  
Shall heighten all his joys, and his gray hairs  
Go to the grave in peace."

"I would fain live  
To see that day," replied their aged host:  
"How would my heart leap to behold again  
The gallant, generous chieftain! I fought by him,  
When all our hopes of victory were lost,  
And down his battle'd arms the blood stream'd fast  
From many a wound. Like wolves they hemm'd us in,  
Fierce in unhoped for conquest: all around  
Our dead and dying countrymen lay heap'd;  
Yet still he strove; — I wonder'd at his valor!  
There was not one who on that fatal day  
Fought bravely."

"Fatal was that day to France,"  
Exclaim'd the Bastard: "there Alençon fell,  
Valiant in vain; there D'Albert, whose mad pride  
Brought the whole rain on. There fell Brabant,  
Vandemont, and Marie, and Bar, and Faubergen,  
Our noblest warriors; the determin'd foe  
Fought for revenge, not hoping victory,  
Desperately brave; ranks fell on ranks before them;  
The prisoners of that shameful day out-summ'd  
Their conquerors!"

"Yet believe not," Bertran cried,  
"That cowardice disgrac'd thy countrymen!  
They, by their leader's arrogance led on  
With heedless fury, found all numbers vain,  
All effort fruitless there; and hadst thou seen,  
Skilful as brave, how Henry's ready eye  
Lost not a thicket, nor a hillock's aid;  
From his herdsed bowmen how the arrows flew  
Thick as the snow-flakes and with lightning force;  
Thou wouldst have known such soldiers, such a  
Chief,  
Could never be subdued."

"But when the field  
Was won, and they who had escaped the fight  
Had yielded up their arms, it was foul work  
To turn on the defenceless prisoners  
The cruel sword of conquest.  
Girt around I to their mercy had surrender'd me,  
When lo! I heard the dreadful cry of death.  
Not as amid the fray, when man met man  
And in fair combat gave the mortal blow;  
Here the poor captives, weaponless and bound,  
Saw their stern victors draw again the sword,  
And groan'd and strove in vain to free their hands,  
And bade them think upon their plighted faith,  
And pray'd for mercy in the name of God,  
In vain: the King had bade them massacre,  
And in their helpless prisoners' naked breasts  
They drove the weapon. Then I look'd for death,  
And at that moment death was terrible, —  
For the heat of fight was over; of my home  
I thought, and of my wife and little ones  
In bitterness of heart. But the brave man,  
To whom the chance of war had made me thrall,  
Had pity, loosed my hands, and bade me fly.  
It was the will of Heaven that I should live  
Childless and old to think upon the past,  
And wish that I had perish'd!"

The old man
Wept as he spake. "Ye may perhaps have heard  
Of the hard siege that Rouv so long endur'd.  
I dwelt there, strangers; I had then a wife,  
And I had children tenderly beloved,  
Who I did hope should cheer me in old age  
And close mine eyes. The tale of misery
Mayhap were tedious, or I could relate
Much of that dreadful time."  

The Maid replied,
Wishing of that devoted town to hear.
Thus then the veteran.

"So by Heaven preserved,
From the disastrous plain of Agincourt,
I speeded homewards, and abode in peace.
Henry, as wise as brave, had back to England
Led his victorious army; well aware
That France was mighty, that her warlike sons,
Impatient of a foreigner's command,
Might rise insipient, and with multitudes
Tread down the invaders. Wisely he return'd
For our proud barons in their private broils
Wasted the strength of France. I dwelt at home,
And with the little I possessed content,
Lived happily. A pleasant sight it was
To see my children, as at eve I sat
Beneath the vine, come clustering round my knee,
That they might hear again the oft-told tale
Of the dangers I had past: their little eyes
Would with such anxious eagerness attend
The tale of life preserved, as made me feel
Life's value. My poor children! a hard fate
Had they! But oft and bitterly I wish
That God had to his mercy taken me
In childhood, for it is a heavy lot
To linger out old age in loneliness!

"Ah me! when war the masters of mankind,
Woe to the poor man! if he sow his field,
He shall not reap the harvest; if he see
His offspring rise around, his bleeding heart
Aches at the thought that they are multiplied
To the sword! Again from England the fierce foe
Came on our ravaged coasts. In battle bold,
Merciless in conquest, their victorious King
Swept like the desolating tempest round.
Dambleres subnats; on Caen's subjected wall
The flag of England waved. Roan still remain'd,
Emblazon'd Roan, bulwark of Normandy;
Nor unresisted round her massy walls
Pitch'd they their camp. I need not tell, Sir Knight,
How oft and boldly on the invading host
We burst with fierce assault impetuous forth,
For many were the warlike sons of Roan.

One gallant Citizen was famed o'er all
For daring hardihood prominent,
Blanchard. He, gathering round his countrymen,
With his own courage kindling every breast,
Had made them vow before Almighty God
Never to yield them to the usurping foe.
Before the God of Hosts we made the vow;
And we had bided the besetting power,
Had not the patient enemy drawn round
His wide intrenchments. From the watch-tower's top
In vain with fearful hearts along the Seine
We strain'd the eye, and every distant wave
Which 'n the sunshine glitter'd, fondly thought
The white sail of supply. Ah! no more
The white sail rose upon our aching sight;
For guarded was the Seine, and our stern foe
Had made a league with Fanime. How my heart
Sink'd in me when at night I carried home
The scanty pittance of to-morrow's meal!
You know not, strangers, what it is to see
The asking eye of hunger!

"Still we strove,
Expecting aid; nor longer force to force,
Valor to valor, in the fight opposed,
But to the exasperate patience of the foe,
Desperate endurance. Though with Christian zeal
Urino would have pour'd the balm of peace
Into our wounds, Ambition's ear, best pleased
With the war's chamar and the groan of death,
Was deaf to prayer. Day after day pass'd on;
We heard no voice of comfort. From the walls
Could we behold their savage Irish Kerns.

Ruffians half-clothed, half-human, half-baptized,
Come with their spoil, mingling their hideous shouts
With mean of weary flocks, and pitious low
Of kine sore-laden, in the mirthful camp
Scattering abundance; while the loathsome food
We priz'd above all price; while in our streets
The dying groan of hunger, and the cries
Of famishing infants echoed, — and we heard,
With the strange selfishness of misery,
We heard, and heeded not.

Thou wouldst have deem'd
Roan must have fallen an easy sacrifice,
Young warrior! hadst thou seen our meagre limbs,
And pale and shrunken cheeks, and hollow eyes,
Yet still we struggled bravely! Blanchard still
Spake of the obdurate temper of the foe,
Of Harleur's wretched people driven out
Houseless and destitute, while that stern King
Knelt at the altar, and with impious prayer
Gave God the glory, even while the blood
That he had shed was reeking up to Heaven.
He bade us think what mercy they had found
Who yielded on the plain of Agincourt,
And what the gallant sons of Caen, by him
In cold blood slaughter'd: then his scanty food
Sewing with the most wretched, he would bid us
Bear with our miseries manfully.

Thus press'd,
Lest all should perish thus, our chiefs decreed
Women and children, the innum and old,
All who were useless in the work of war,
Should forth and take their fortune. Age, that makes
The joys and sorrows of the distant years
Like a half-remember'd dream, yet on my heart
Leaves deep impress'd the horrors of that hour.
Then as our widow-wives clung round our necks,
And the deep sob of anguish interrupted
The prayer of porting, even the pious priest
As he implored his God to strengthen us,
And told us we should meet again in Heaven,
He groan'd and curse'd in bitterness of heart.

That merciful King. The wretched crowd pass'd on;
My wife — my children — through the gates they pass'd,
Then the gates closed — Would I were in my
That I might lose remembrance!
"What is man
That he can hear the groan of wretchedness
And feel no fleshly pang? Why did the All-Good
Create these warrier scourges of mankind,
These who delight in slaughter? I did think
There was not on this earth a heart so hard
Could hear a famish'd woman ask for food,
And feel no pity. As the outcast train
Drew near, relentless Henry bade his troops
Drive back the miserable multitude.
They drove them to the walls; — it was the depth
Of winter, — we had no relief to grant.
The aged ones groan'd to our foes in vain,
The mother pleaded for her dying child,
And they felt no remorse!

The mission'd Maid
Rose from her seat, — "The old and the infirm,
The mother and her babes! — and yet no lightening
Blasted this man!"

"Aye, Lady," Bertram cried,
"And when we sent the herald to implore
His mercy28 on the helpless, his stern face
Assum'd a sterner smile of callous scorn,
And he replied in mockery. On the wall
I stood and watch'd the miserable outcasts,
And every moment thought that Henry's heart,
Hard as it was, would melt. All night I stood,
Their deep groans came upon the midnight gale;
Fainters they grew, for the cold wintry wind
Blew bleak; fainters they grew, and at the last
All was still, save that ever and anon
Some mother raised o'er her expiring child
A cry of frenzying anguish.39

"From that hour
On all the busy turmoil of the world
I look'd with strange indifference; bearing want
With the sick patience of a mind worn out.
Nor when the traitor yielded up our town40
Aught heed'd I as through our ruin'd streets,
Through patrid heaps of famish'd carcases,
The pomp of triumph pass'd. One pang alone
I felt, when by that cruel King's command
The gallant Blanchard died; 41 calmly he died,
And as he bow'd beneath the axe, thank'd God
That he had done his duty.

"I survive,
A solitary, friendless, wretched one,
Knowing no joy save in the certain hope
That I shall soon be gather'd to my sires,
And soon repose, there where the wicked cease
From trembling; and the weary are at rest."

"And happy," cried the delegated Maid,
"And happy they who in that holy faith
Bow meekly to the rod! A little while
Shall they endure the proud man's contumely,
The injustice of the great: a little while
Though shelterless they feel the wintry wind,
The wind shall whistle o'er their turf-grown grave,
And all be peace below. But woe to those,
Woe to the Mighty Ones who send abroad
Their ministers of death, and give to Fury
The flaming firebrand; these indeed shall live
The heroes of the wandering minstrel's song;
But they have their reward; the innocent blood
Steams up to Heaven against them: God shall hear
The widow's groan."

"I saw him," Bertram cried,
"Henry of Agincourt, this mighty King,
Go to his grave. The long procession pass'd
Slowly from town to town, and when I heard
The deep-toned dirge, and saw the banners wave.
A pompous shade, 42 and the tall torches cast
In the mid-day sun a dim and gloomy light,43
I thought what he had been on earth who now
Was gone to his account, and blest my God
I was not such as he!"

So spake the old man,
And then his guests betook them to repose.

THE THIRD BOOK.

Fair dawn'd the morning, and the early sun
Pour'd on the latticed cot a cheerful gleam,
And up the travellers rose, and on their way
Hasten'd, their dangerous way, 44 through fertile tracts
Laid waste by war. They pass'd theAuxerrois;
The autumnal rains had beaten to the earth 45
The unceasp'd harvest; from the village church
No even-song bell was heard; the shepherd's dog
Pry'd on the scatter'd flock, for there was now
No hand to feed them, and upon the hearth
Where he had slumber'd at his master's feet
Weeds grew and reptiles crawled. Or if they found
Sometimes a welcome, those who welcomed them
Were old and helpless creatures, lingering there
Where they were born, and where they wish'd to die,
The place being all that they had left to love.
They pass'd the Yonne, they pass'd the rapid Loire,
Still urging on their way with cautious speed,
Shunning Auxerre, and Bar's embattled wall,
And Romerantin's towers.

So journeying on,
Fast by a spring, which welling at his feet
With many a winding erump along the mead,
A Knight they saw, who there at his repast
Let the west wind play round his ungirt brow.
Approaching near, the Bastard recognized
That faithful friend of Orleans, the brave chief
Du Chastel; and their mutual greeting pass'd,
They on the streamlet's mossy bank reclined
Beside him, and his fragal fare partook,
And drank the running waters.

"Art thou bound
For the Court, Dunois?" exclaimed the aged
Knight;
"I thought thou hadst been far away, shut up
In Orleans, where her valiant sons the siege
Right loyally endure!"

"I left the town,"
Dunois replied, "thinking that my prompt speed
Might seize the enemy's stores, and with fresh force
Reenter. Fastolfe's better fate prevail'd; 46
And from the field of shame my maddening horse
Bore me, an arrow having pierced his flank.
Therefore as by judicial frenzy stricken,
Lawless and godless, fill the whole wide realm
With terror, and with wickedness and woe,—
A more astounding judgment than when Heaven
Shower’d on the cities of the accursed plain
Its fire and sulphur down.

In Paris now
The Invader triumph’d. On an infant’s head
Had Bedford plac’d the crown of Charlemagne,
And factious nobles bow’d the subject knee,
And own’d an English infant for their King,
False to their own liege Lord.

"Beloved of Heaven,"
Then said the Son of Orleans to the Maid,
"Lo these the walls of Chinon, this the abode
Of Charles our monarch. Here in revelry
He of his armies vanquish’d, his fair towns
Subdued, hears careless and prolongs the dance.
And little marv’l I that to the cares
Of empire still he turns the unwilling ear,
For loss on loss, defeat upon defeat,
His strong holds taken, and his bravest Chiefs
Or slain or captured, and the hopes of youth
All blasted, have subdued the royal mind
Undisciplined in Fortitude’s stern school.
So may thy voice arouse his sleeping virtue!"

The mission’d Maid replied, “Do thou, Dunor,
Announce my mission to the royal ear.
I on the river’s winding bank the while
Will roam, collecting for the interview
My thoughts, though firm, yet troubled. Who
Achievements of great import will performe
Feel the heart leave; and in my breast I own
Such perturbation.”

On the banks of Vienne
Devises the Damsel turn’d, while through the gate
The Son of Orleans press’d with hasty step
To seek the King. Him from the public view
He found secluded with his blameless Queen,
And his partaker of the unlawful bed,
The lofty-minded Agnes.

“Son of Orleans!”
So as he enter’d cried the haughty fair,
“Thou art well come to witness the disgrace,
The weak, unmanly, base despondence
Of this thy Sovereign Liege. He will retreat
To distant Dauphiné and fly the war!
Go then, unworthy of thy rank! retreat
To distant Dauphiné, and fly the war,
Recreant from battle! I will not partake
A fugitive’s fate; when thou hast lost thy crown
Thou losest Agnes. — Do’st not blush, Dunor!
To bleed in combat for a Prince like this,
Fit only, like the Merovingian race
On a May morning deck’d with flowers, to mount
His gay-bedeck’d car, and ride abroad
And make the multitude a holiday.
Go, Charles! and hide thee in a woman’s garb,
And these long locks will not disgrace thee then!"

“Nay, Agnes!” Charles replied, “reproach me not!
I have enough of sorrow. Look around,
Be spared the shame of further loss incur'd
By credulous faith. Well might the English scoff,
If on a frantic woman we should rest
Our last reliance. Thus the King resolved,
And with a faith half-doubting at the proof
Dunois despatch'd a messenger, to seek
Beside the banks of Vienne, the mission'd Maid.

Soon is the court convened: the jewell'd crown
Shines on a courter's head. Amid the train
The Monarch undistinguish'd takes his place,
Expectant of the event. The Virgin comes,
And as the Bastard led her to the throne,
Quick glancing o'er the mimic Majesty,
With gesture and with look like one inspired,
She fix'd her eye on Charles: "Thou art the
King!" Then in a tone that thrill'd all hearts, pursued;
"I come the appointed Minister of Heaven,
To wield a sword before whose fated edge,
Far, far from Orleans shall the English wolves
Speed their disastrous flight. Monarch of France!
Send thou the tidings over all the realm,
Great tidings of deliverance and of joy;
The Maid is come, the mission'd Maid, whose hand
Shall in the consecrated walls of Rheims
Crown thee, anointed King."

In wonder mute
The courtiers heard. Astonish'd Charles exclaim'd,
"This is indeed the agency of Heaven!
Hard, Maiden, were I of belief," he said,
"Did I not now, with full and confirm'd faith,
Receive thee as a Prophetess raised up
For our deliverance. Therefore, not in doubt
Of Providence or thee do I delay
At once to marshal our brave countrymen
Beneath thy banner; but to satisfy
Those who at distance from this most sacred proof
Might hear and disbelieve, or yield at best
A cold assent. These fully to confirm,
And more to make thy calling manifest,
Fortwith with all due speed I will convene
The Doctors of Theology, wise men,
And learned in the mysteries of Heaven.
By them thy mission studied and approved,
As needs it must, their sanction to all minds
Will bring conviction, and the sure belief
Lead on thy favor'd troops to mightiest deeds,
Surpassing human possibility."

Well pleas'd the Maiden heard. Her the King
leads
From the disbanding throng, meantime to dwell
With Mary. Watchful for her Lord's return
She sat with Agnes; Agnes proud of heart,
Majestically fair, whose large full eye
Of flashing anger, or with scornful scowl
Too oft deform'd her beauty. Yet with her
The lawless idol of the Monarch's heart,
The Queen, obedient to her husband's will,
Dwelt meekly in accord. With them the Maid
Was left to sojourn; by the gentle Queen
With cordial affability received;
By Agnes courteously, whose outward show
Of graciousness concealed an inward awe,
BOOK III.
JOAN OF ARC.

23

For while she hoped and trusted through her means
Charles should be restablish'd in his realm,
She felt rebuk'd before her.
Through the land
Meantime the King's convoking voice went forth,
And from their palaces and monasteries
The theologians came, men who had grown
In midnight studies gray; Prelates, and Priests, And Doctors: teachers grave, and with great
nanes,
Scaphic, Subtile, or Irrefragable,
By their adorning scholars dignified.

They met convened at Châlons, to the place
Of judgment, in St. Katharine's fame assign'd.
The floor with many a monumental stone
Was spread, and brass-encrusted cibigies Of holy abbots honor'd in their day,
Now to the grave gone down. The branching arns
Of many a ponderous pillar met aloft,
Wreath'd on the roof embois'd. Through storied
panes
Of high arch'd windows came the tinted light;
Pure water in a font beneath reflects
The many-color'd rays; around that font
The fathers stand, and there with rites ordain'd
And signs symbolic strew the hallowing salt,
Wherewith the limpid water, consecrate,
So taught the Church, became a spell approved
Against the fiends of Satan's fallen crew;
A lie spell of mightier potency
Than e'er the hell-hags taught in Thessaly;
Or they who sitting on the rided grave,
By the blue tomb-fire's lurid light dim seen,
Share with the Gods their banquet.

This perform'd,
The Maid is summon'd. Round the sacred font,
Mark'd with the mystic tonsure and enrobed
In sacred vestments, a venerable train,
They stand. The delegated Maid obeys
Their summons. As she came, a blush suffused
Her pallid cheek, such as might well be seen
One mindfull still of maiden modesty,
Though to her mission true. Before the train
In reverent silence waiting their sage will,
With halfaverted eye she stood composed.
So have I seen a single snow-drop rise
Amid the mstur leaves that hide the earth
In early spring, so soon it gently bend
In modest loveliness alone amid
The waste of winter.

By the Maiden's side
The Son of Orleans stood, prepared to vouch
That when on Charles the Maiden's eye had fix'd,
As led by power miraculous, no fraud,
Nor juggling artifice of secret sign
Disembled inspiration. As he stood
Steadily viewing the mysterious rites,
Thus to the attentive Maid the President
Severely spake.

"If any fiend of Hell
Lurk in thy bosom, so to prompt the vault
Of inspiration, and to mock the power
Of God and holy Church, thus by the virtue
Of water hallowed in the name of God
Adjure I that foul spirit to depart
From his deluded prey." Slowly he spake,

And sprinkled water on the virgin's face:
Indignant at the unworthy charge, the Maid
Felt her cheek flush; but soon, the transient glow
Fading, she answer'd meek.

"Most holy Sires,
Ye reverend Fathers of the Christian church,
Most catholic! I stand before you here
A poor weak woman; of the grace vouchsafed,
How far unworthy, conscious; yet though mean,
Innocent of fraud, and call'd by Heaven to be
Its minister of aid. Strange voices heard,
The dark and shadowing visions of the night,
And feelings which I may not dare to doubt,
These portents make me certain of the God
Within me; He who to these eyes reveal'd
My royal Master, mingled with the crowd
And never seen till then. Such evidence
Given to my mission thus, and thus confirm'd
By public attestation, more to say,
Methinks, would little boot, — and less become
A silly Maid.'"

"Thou speakest," said the Priest,
"Of dark and shadowing visions of the night.
Cans thou remember, Maid, what vision first
Seem'd more than fancy's shaping? From such
tale,
Minutely told with accurate circumstance,
Some judgment might be form'd."

The Maid replied
"Amid the mountain valleys I had driven
My father's flock. The eve was drawing on,
When by a sudden storm surprised, I sought
A chapel's neighboring shelter; ruin'd now,
But I remember when its vesper bell
Was heard among the hills, a pleasant sound,
That made me pause upon my homeward road,
Awakening in me comfortable thoughts
Of holiness. The unsparing soldier
Had sack'd the hamlet near, and none was left
Duly at sacred seasons to attend
St. Agnes' chapel. In the desolate pile
I drove my flock, with no irreverent thoughts,
Nor mindless that the place on which I trod
Was holy ground. It was a fearful night!
Devoutly to the virgin Saint I pray'd,
Then hear'd the wither'd leaves which autumn
winds
Had drifted in, and laid me down upon them,
And sure I think I slept. But so it was
That, in the dead of night, Saint Agnes stood
Before mine eyes, such and so beautiful
As when, amid the house of wickedness,
The Power whom with such fervent love she served
Veild her with glory. And I saw her point
To the moss-growen altar, and the crucifix
Half hid by weeds and grass; — and then I thought
I could have wither'd armies with a look,
For from the present Saint such divine power
I felt infused — 'Twas but a dream perhaps.
And y'et methought that when a louder peal
Burst o'er the roof, and all was left again
Utterly dark, the bodily sense was clear
And accurate in every circumstance
Of time and place.'

Attentive to her words
Thus the Priest answer'd: "Brethren, ye have heard
The woman's tale. Behoves us now to ask
Whether of holy Church a duteous child
Before our court appears, so not unlike
Heaven might vouchsafe its gracious miracle;
Or unbelieving heretic, whose thoughts,
Erring and vain, easily might stray beyond
All reason, and concur strange dreams and signs
Impossible. Say, woman, from thy youth
Hast thou, as rightly mother Church demands,
Confess'd at stated times thy secret sins,
And, from the priestly power conferr'd by Heaven,
Sought the soul free. Could Nature teach thee this?
Or tell thee that St. Peter holds the keys,
And that his successor's unbounded power
Extends o'er either world? Although thy life
Of sin were free, if of this holy truth
Ignorant, thy soul in liquid flames must rue
Its error."

"Father," she replied, "The forms of worship in mine earlier years
Waked my young mind to artificial awe,
And made me fear my God. Warm with the glow
Of health and exercise, whence'er I pass'd
The threshold of the house of prayer, I felt
A cold damp chill me; I beheld the tapers
That with a pale and feeble glimmering
Dimm'd the noon-light; I heard the solemn mass,
And with strange feelings and mysterious dread
Telling my beads, gave to the mystic prayers
Devoutest meaning. Often when I saw
The pictured flames with'round a penanced soul,
I knelt in fear before the Crucifix,
And wept and pray'd, and trembled, and adored
A God of Terrors. But in riper years,
When as my soul grew strong in solitude,
I saw the eternal energy pervade
The boundless range of nature, with the sun
Pour life and radiance from his flamy path,
And on the lowest flow'ret of the field
The kindly dew-drops shed. And then I felt
That He who form'd this goodly frame of things
Must needs be good, and with a Father's name
I call'd on Him, and from my burden'd heart
Pour'd out the yearnings of unmingled love.
Methinks it is not strange then, that I fled
The house of prayer, and made the lonely grove
My temple, at the foot of some old oak
Watching the little tribes that had their world
Within its mossy bark; or laid me down
Beside the rivulet whose murmuring
Was silence to my soul, and mark'd the swarm
Whose light-edged shadows on the beaded sand
Mirror'd their many sports, — the insect hum,
The flow of waters, and the song of birds
Making a holy music to mine ear:
Oh! was it strange, if for such scenes as these,
Such deep devoutness, such intense delight
Of quiet adoration, I forsook
The house of worship? strange that when I felt
How God had made my spirit quick to feel
And love whate'er was beautiful and good,
And from aught evil and deform'd to shrink
Even as with instinct; — father! was it strange
That in my heart I had no thought of sin,
And did not need forgiveness?"

As she spake

The Doctors stood astonish'd, and some while
They listen'd still in wonder. But at length
A Monk replied, "Woman, thou seem'st to scorn
The ordinances of our holy Church;
And, if I rightly understand thy words,
Nature, thou say'st, taught thee in solitude
Thy feelings of religion, and that now
Masses and absolution and the use
Of the holy wafer, are to thee unknown.
But how could Nature teach thee true religion,
Deprived of these? Nature doth lead to sin,
But 'tis the Priest alone can teach remorse,
Can bid St. Peter open the gates of Heaven,
And from the penal fires of purgatory
Set the soul free. Could Nature teach thee this?
Or tell thee that St. Peter holds the keys,
And that his successor's unbounded power
Extends o'er either world? Although thy life
Of sin were free, if of this holy truth
Ignorant, thy soul in liquid flames must rue
Its error."

Thus he spake; applauding looks
Went round. Nor dubious to reply the Maid
Was silent.

"Fathers of the holy Church,
If on these points abstruse a simple maid
Like me should err, impute not you the crime
To self-will'd reason, vaunting its own strength
Above eternal wisdom. True it is
That for long time I have not heard the sound
Of mass high-chanted, nor with trembling lips
Partook the holy wafer: yet the birds
Who to the matin ray preclusive pour'd
Their joyous song, methought did warble forth
Sweeter thanksgiving to Religion's ear
In their wild melody of happiness,
Than ever rung along the high-arch'd roofs
Of man: — yet never from the bending vine
Pluck'd I its ripen'd clusters thanklessly,
Or of that God unmindful, who bestow'd
The bloodless banquet. Ye have told me, Sirs,
That Nature only teaches man to sin!
If it be sin to seek the wounded lamb,
To bind its wounds, and bathe them with my tears
This is what Nature taught! No, Fathers, no!
It is not Nature that doth lead to sin:
Nature is all benevolence, all love,
All beauty! In the greenwood's quiet shade
There is no vice that to the indignant cheek
Bids the red current rush; no misery there;
No wretched mother, who with pallid face
And famine-fallen looks o'er her hungry babes,
With such a look, so wan, so woe-begone,
As shall one day, with damning eloquence,
Against the oppressor plead! — Nature teach sin!
Oh blasphemy against the Holy One,
Who made us in the image of Himself,
Who made us all for happiness and love,
Infinite happiness, infinite love,
Partakers of his own eternity."

Solemn and slow the reverend Priest replied,
"Much, woman, do I doubt that all-wise Heaven
Would thus vouchsafe its gracious miracles
BOOK IV.

On one forescorn'd to misery; for so doom'd is that dedicated one, who, of the mass Unheeding, and the Church's saving power, Decius Nature sinless. Therefore, mark me well! Beethoven, I would propose this woman try The holy ordeal. Let her, bound and search'd, Rest haply in her clothes should be conceal'd Some holy relic so profane, be cast In some deep pool; there if she float, no doubt The fiend upholdeth; but if at once she sink, It is a sign that Providence displays Her free from witchcraft. This done, let her walk Blindfold and bare o'er ploughshafts heated red, And o'er these past, her naked arm immerse In scalding water. If from these she come Unhurt, to holy father of the church, Most blessed Pope, we then refer the cause For judgment: and this Chief, the Son of Orleans, Who comes to vouch the royal person known By her miraculous power, shall pass with her The sacred trial."

"Grace of God!" exclam'd The astonish'd Bastard; "plunge me in the pool, O'er red hot ploughshafts make me skip to please Your dotard fancies! Fathers of the church, Where is your gravity? what false-like Would ye this fairer than Susannah eye? Ye call for ordeals; and I too demand The noblest ordeal, on the English host By victory to approve her mission sent From favoring Heaven. To the Pope refer For judgment! Know ye not that France even now Stands tottering on destruction!"

Starting then
With a wild look, the mission's Maid exclam'd, "The sword of God is here! the grave shall speak To manifest me!"

Even as she spake,
A pale blue flame rose from the trophied tomb Beside her; and within that house of death A sound of arms was heard, as if below A warrior, buried in his armor, stirr'd.

"Hear ye!" the Damsel cried; "these are the arms Which shall flash terror o'er the hostile host. These, in the presence of our Lord the King, And of the assembled people, I will take Here from the sepulchre, where many an age, They, incorruptible, have him conceal'd, For me reserved, the Delegate of Heaven."

Recovering from amaze, the Priest replied: "Thou art indeed the Delegate of Heaven! What thou hast said surely thou shalt perform. We ratify thy mission. Go in peace."

THE FOURTH BOOK.

The feast was spread, the sparkling bowl went round, And in the assembled court the minstrel harp'd

A song of other days. Sudden they heard The horn's loud blast. "This is no time for cares; Feast ye the messenger without!" cried Charles, "Enough hath of the wearying day been given To the public weal."

Obedient to the King
The guard invites the way-worn messenger. "Nay, I will see the monarch," he replied, "And he must hear my tidings; duty-urged, I have for many a long league hasten'd on, Not thus to be repell'd." Then with strong arm Removing him who bared his outward way, The hall he enter'd.

"King of France! I come From Orleans, speedy and effectual aid Demanding for her gallant garrison, Faithful to thee, though th'arm'd in many a fight, And now sore pressed by want. Rouse thou thy- self, And with the spirit that becomes a King Responsive to his people's loyalty, "Bring succor to the brave who in thy cause Abide the extremity of war."

He said,
And from the hall departing, in amaze At his audacious bearing left the court. The King exclam'd, "But little need to send Quick succor to this gallant garrison, It to the English half so firm a front They bear in battle!"

"In the field, my liege,"
Dunois replied, "yon Knight hath serv'd thee well. Him have I seen the foremost of the fight, Wielding so manfully his battle-axe, That where'er he turn'd, the affrighted foe Let fall their pulsed arms with powerless stroke, Desperate of safety. I do marvel much That he is here: Orleans must be hard press'd To send the bravest of her garrison On such commission."

Swift the Maid exclam'd, "I tell thee, Chief, that there the English wolves Shall never raise their yells of victory! The will of God defends those fated walls, And resting in full faith on that high will, I mock their efforts. But the night draws on; Retire we to repose. To-morrow's sun, Breaking the darkness of the sepulchre, Shall on that armor gleam, through many an age There for this great emergency reserved."

She said, and rising from the board, retired.

Meantime the herald's brazen voice proclaimed Coming solemnity, and far and wide Spread the glad tidings. Then all labor ceased; The ploughman from the unfinish'd furrow hastens; The armorier's anvils sicken no more the din Of future slaughter. Through the thronging streets The buzz of asking wonder lums aloof.

On to St. Katharin's sacred fane they go; The holy fathers with the imaged cross Leading the long procession. Next, as one Suppliant for mercy to the King of kings, And grateful for the benefits of Heaven,
The Monarch pass'd, and by his side the Maid;
Her lovely limbs robed in a snow-white vest,
Wistless that every eye on her was bent,
With stately step she moved; her laboring soul
To high thoughts elevate; and gazing round
With a full eye, that of the circling throng
And of the visible world unseen, seem'd
Fix'd upon objects seen by none beside.

Near her the warlike Son of Orleans came
Pace'dly. He, nerving his young frame
With exercise robust, had scaled the cliff;
And plunging in the river's full-swollen stream,
Stemm'd with broad breast its current; so his form,
Sinewy and firm, and fit for deeds of arms,
Tower'd above the throng effeminate.

No dainty bath had from his hardy limbs
Effaced the hauberk's honorable marks;
His helmet bore of hostyle steel the dints
Many and deep; upon his pictured shield
A Lion vainly struggled in the toils,
Whilst by his side the cub with pious rage,
Assail'd the huntsman. Truncouile followed them,
Proud of the favor of a Prince who seem'd
Given up to vain delights; conspicuous he
In arms with azure and with gold annecal,
Gaudily graceful, by no hostyle blade
Defaced, nor e'er with hostyle blood distain'd;
Truly accourt'd court-habiliments,
Gay lady-dazzling armor, fit to adorn
Tourney, or tilt, the gorgeous pageantry
Of mimick warfare. After him there came
A train of courtiers, summer flocks that sport
In the sunbeam of favor, insects sprung
From the court dunghill, greedy blood-suckers,
The foul corruption-gender'd swarm of state.

As o'er some flowery field the busy bees
Fill with their happy hum the fragrant air,
A grateful music to the traveller,
Who in the shade of some wide-spreading tree
Rests on his way awhile; or like the sound
Of many waters down some far-off steep
Holding their endless course, the murmurl rose
Of admiration. Every gazing eye
Dwellt on the Prophetess; of all beside,
The long procession and the gorgeous train,
Though glittering they with gold and sparkling gems,
And their rich plumes high waving to the air,
Heedless.

The consecrated dome they reach,
Rear'd to St. Katharine's holy memory.
Her tale the altar told; how Maximin,
His raised lip kindled with a savage smile,
In such deep fury bade the tender'd wheel
Rend her life piecemeal, that the very face
Of the hard executioner relax'd
With pity; calm she heard, no drop of blood
Forsook her cheek, her steady eye was turn'd
Heaven-ward, and hope and meekest piety
Beam'd in that patient look. Nor vain her trust;
For lo! the Angel of the Lord descends,
And crumbles with his fiery touch the wheel!
One glance of holy triumph Katherine cast,
Then bow'd her to the sword of martyrdom.67

Her eye averting from the pictured tale,
The delegated damsel knelt and pour'd
To Heaven her earnest prayer.

A trophies tomb
Stood near the altar where some warrior slept
The sleep of death beneath. A massy stone
And rude-ensculptured effigy o'erli'd
The sepulchre. In silent wonderment
The expectant multitude with eager eye
Gaze, listening as the mattock's heavy stroke
Invades the tomb's repose: the heavy stroke
Sounds hollow: over the high-vaulted roof
Roll the repeated echoes: soon the day
Dawns on the grave's long night, the slant sunbeam
 Falls on the arms inshrined, the crested helm,
The baudbrick, and the shield, and sacred sword.68
A sound of awe-repress'd astonishment
Rose from the crowd. The delegated Maid
Over her robes the ballow'd breastplate threw,
Self-fitted to her form; on her helm'd head
The white plumes nod, majestically slow;
She lifts the buckler and the sacred sword,
Gleaming portentous light.

The wondering crowd
Raise their loud shout of transport. "God of Heaven,"
The Maid exclaim'd, "Father all merciful!
Devoted to whose holy will, I wield
The sword of vengeance; go before our host!
All just avenger of the innocent,
Be thou our Champion! God of Peace, preserve
Those whom no lust of glory leads to arms."

She ceased, and with an eager rush the crowd
Still listen'd; a brief while throughout the dome
Deep silence dwelt; then with a sudden burst
Devout and full, they raised the choral hymn,
"Thee Lord we praise, our God!" the throng
without
Catch the strange tidings, join the hymn of joy,
And thundering transport peals along the heaven.

As through the parting crowd the Virgin pass'd,
He who from Orleans on the yesternight
Demanded succor, chas'd with warmth her hand,
And with a bosom-thrilling voice exclaim'd,
"Ill-omen'd Maid! victim of thine own worth,
Devoted for this king-curst realm of France,
Ill-omen'd Maid, I pity thee!" so saying,
He turn'd into the crowd. At his strange words
Disturb'd, the warlike Virgin pass'd along,
And much revolving in her troubled mind,
Retrod the court.

And now the horn announced
The ready banquet; they partook the feast,
Then rose and in the cooling water cleansed
Their hands, and seated at the board again
Enjoy'd the bowl, or scented high with spice,
Or flavor'd with the fragrant summer fruit,
Or luscious with metheglin mingled rich.

Meantime the Trouvere struck the harp; he sung
Of Lancelot du Lake, the truest Knight
That ever loved fair Lady; and the youth
Of Cornwall underneath whose maiden sword
The strength of Ireland fell; and he who struck
The dolorous stroke, the blameless and the brave, 
Who died beneath a brother's erring arm. 
Ye have not perish'd, Chief of Carduel! 
The songs of earlier years embalm your fame. 
And haply yet some Poet shall arise, 
Like that divinest Tuscan, and enervate 
The immortal garland for himself and you. 

The harp still rung beneath the high-arch'd roof, 
And listening eager to the favorite lay, 
The guests sat silent, when into the hall 
The Messenger from that besieged town, 
Re-enter'd. It is pleasant, King of France," 
Said he, "to sit and hear the harper's song: 
Far other music hear the men of Orleans! 
Funine is there; and there the imploring cry 
Of Hunger ceases not." 

"Insolent man!" 
Exclaim'd the Monarch, "cease to interrupt 
Our hour of festival; it is not time 
To instruct me in my duty." 

Of reproof 
Careless, the stranger to the mistried cried, 
"Why harp'st thou of good King Arthur's fame 
Amid these walls? Virtue and genius love 
That lofty lay. Hast thou no leisure, lewd tale 
To temper and provoke the appetite? 
Such should procure thee worthy recompense! 
Or rather sing thou of that wealthy Lord, 
Who took the eager lamb from the poor man's bosom, 
That was to him even as a daughter! Charles, 
This parable would I tell, prophet-like, 
And look at thee and say, 'Thou art the man!" 

He said, and with a quick and troubled step 
Withdrew. Astonish'd at his daring guise, 
The guests sat helessed of the lay awhile, 
Pondering his words mysterious, till at length 
The Court dispers'd. Retiring from the hall, 
Charles and the delegated damsel sought 
The inner palace. There the gentle Queen 
 Awaited them: with her Joan lov'd to pass 
Her intervals of rest; for she had won 
The Virgin's heart by her mild melancholy, 
The calm and duteous patience that deplored 
A husband's cold half-life. To her she told 
With what strange words the messenger from 
Orleans 
Had roused uneasy wonder in her mind; 
For on her ear yet vibrated his voice, 
When lo! again he came, and at the door 
Stood scowling round. 

"Why dost thou haunt me thus," 
The monarch cried; "is there no place secure 
From thy rude insolence? ummanner'd man! 
I know thee not!" 

"Then learn to know me, Charles!" 
 Solemnly he replied; "read well my face 
That thou may'st know it on that dreadful day, 
When at the Throne of God I shall demand 
His justice on thee!" 
Turning from the King, 
To Agnes as she entered, in a tone 
More low, more mournfully severe, he cried, 
"Dost thou too know me not!" 

She glanced on him, And pale and breathless hid her head convuls'd 
In the Maid's bosom. 

"King of France!" he said, 
"She loved me, and by mutual word and will 
We were betroth'd, when, in unhappy hour, 
I left her, as in fealty bound, to fight 
Thy battles. In mine absence thou didst come 
To tempt her thus unsuspected purity — 
For pure she was. — Alas! these courtly robés 
Hide not the indelible stain of infamy! 
Thou canst not with thy golden belt put on 
An honorable name; O lost to me, 
And to thyself, forever, ever lost, 
My poor polluted Agnes! — Charles, that faith 
Almost is shaken, which should be henceforth 
My only hope: thou hast thy wicked will, 
While I the victim of her guilt and thine, 
Though mercy alike from her and thee 
Far other guerdon, hear about with me 
A wound for which this earth affords no balm, 
And doubt Heaven's justice."

So he said, and frown'd 
Austere as he who at Mahomed's door 
Knock'd loud and frequent, at whose dreadful mien 
Stricken with terror, all beholders fled. 
Even the prophet, almost terrified, 
Scarcely could hear his presence; for he knew 
That this was the Death-Angel Azrael, 
And that his hour was come. Consciences of guilt 
The Monarch sate, nor could endure to face 
His bosom-provoking frown. The Maid of Arc 
Meantime had read his features, and she cried 
"I know thee, Conrade!" Rising from her seat, 
She took his hand, for he stood motionless, 
Gazing on Agnes now with steady eye, 
Severe though calm: him from the Court she drew, 
And to the river side, resisting not, 
Both sad and silent, led; till at the last 
As from a dream awaking, Conrade look'd 
Full on the Maid, and falling on her neck, 
He wept. 

"I know thee, Damesl!" he exclaim'd. 

"Dost thou remember that tempestuous night, 
When I, a weather-beaten traveller, sought 
Your hospitable door? Ah me! I then 
Was happy! You too sojourn'd then in peace. 
Fool that I was! I blanched such happiness, 
Arraign'd it as a guilty, selfish sloth, 
Unhappily prevailing, so I fear me, 
Or why art thou at Chimon?"

Him the Maid 
Answering, address'd: "I do remember well, 
That night; for then the holy Spirit first, 
Waked by thy words, possess'd me."

Conrade cried, 
"Poor Maidcn, thou wert happy! thou hast liv'd 
Blessing and bliss, if I had never stray'd, 
Needlessly rigid, from my peaceful path. 
And thou hast left thine home then, and obey'd 
The feverish fancies of an ardent brain! 
And hast thou left him too, the youth whose eye 
Forever glancing on thee, spake so well 
Affection's eloquent tale?"

So as he said, 
Rush'd the warm purple to the Virgin's cheek
"I am alone," she answered, "for this realm
Devoted." Nor to answer more the Maid
Endured, for many a melancholy thought
Throng'd on her aching memory. Her mind sate
Beheld Domremi and the fields of Arc;
Her bidden heart was full; such grief she felt,
Yet such sweet solacing of self-applause,
As cheers a banish'd Patriot's lonely hours
When Fancy pictures to him all he loved,
Till the big tear-drop rushes o'er its orb,
And drowns the soft enchantment.

With a look
That spake solicitous wonder, Conrade eyed
The silent Maid; nor would the Maid repress
The thoughts that swell'd within her, or from him
Hide her soul's workings. "'Twas on the last day
Before I left Domremi; eye had closed;
I sat beside the brook; my soul was full,
As if imbriate with Divinity.
Then, Conrade! I beheld a rufian herd
Circle a flaming pile, where at the stake
A woman stood; the iron bruised her breast,
And raised her limbs, half-garmented, the fire
Cur'd its fierce flakes. I saw her countenance,
I knew MYSELF." Then, in a tone subdued
Of calmness, "There are moments when the soul
From her own impulse with strange dread recoils,
Suspicious of herself; but with a full,
And perfect faith I know this vision sent
From Heaven, and feel of its unwrung truth,
As that God liveth, that I live myself,
The feeling that deceives not."

By the hand
Her Conrade held and cried, "Ill-fated Maid,
That I have torn thee from affection's breast,
My soul will groan in anguish. Thou wilt serve,
Like me, the worthless Court, and having served,
In the hour of ill abandon'd, thou wilt curse
The duty that deluded. Of the world
Fatigued, and loathing at my fellow-men,
I shall be seen no more. There is a path—
The eagle hath not mark'd it, the young wolf
Knows not its hidden windings: I have trod
That path, and found a melancholy den,
Fit place for penitence and hopeless woe,
Where sepulchred, the ghost of what he was,
Conrade may pass his few and evil days,
Waiting the wish'd-for summons to lay down
His weary load of life."

But then the Maid
Fix'd on the warrior her reproofing eye;
"I pass'd the fertile Auxerrois," she said,
"The vines had spread their interwoven shoots
Over the unpruned vineyards, and the grape
Rotten beneath the leaves; for there was none
To tread the vintage, and the birds of Heaven
Had had their fill. I saw the cattle start
As they did hear the loud alarum-bell,
And with a piteous moaning vainly seek
To fly the coming slaughterers. I look'd back
Upon the cottage where I had partaken
The peasant's meal, — and saw it wrapt in flames.
And then I thank'd my God that I had burst
The ties, strong as they are, which bind us down
To selfish happiness, and on this earth

Was as a pilgrim? — Conrade! rouse thyself!
Cast the weak nature off? A time like this
Is not for gentler feelings, for the glow
Of love, the overflowing of the heart.
There is oppression in thy country, Conrade!
There is a cause, a holy cause, that needs
The brave man's aid. Live for it, and enjoy
Earth's noblest recompense, thine own esteem;
Or die in that good cause, and thy reward
Shall sure be found in Heaven."

He answer'd not,
But pressing to his heart the virgin's hand,
Hasten'd across the plain. She with dim eyes —
For gushing tears obscured them — follow'd him
Till lost in distance. With a weight of thought
Opprest, along the poplar-planted Vienn
Awhile she wander'd, then upon the bank
She laid her down, and watch'd the tranquil stream
Flow with a quiet murmuring, by the clouds
Of evening purpled. The perpetual flow,
The ceaseless murmuring, lull'd her to such dreams
As memory in her melancholy mood
Loves best. The wonted scenes of Arc arose;
She saw the forest brook, the weed that waved
Its long green tresses in the stream, the crag
Which overbrow'd the spring, and that old yew
Which through the bare and rifted rock had forced
Its twisted trunk, the berries cheerful red
Standing its gloomy green. Her pleasant home
She saw, and those who made that home so dear,
Her lov'd lost friends. The mingled feelings fill'd
Her eyes, when from behind a voice was heard —
"O Lady! canst thou tell me where to find
The Maid whom Heaven hath sent to rescue
France?"

Thrill'd by the well-known tones, she started up,
And fell upon the neck of Theodore.

"Have I then found thee!" cried the impassion'd youth;

"Henceforth we part no more; but where thou
Goest
Thither go I. Beloved! in the front
Of battle thou shalt find me at thy side;
And in the breach this breast shall be thy shield
And rampart. Oh, ungenerous! Why from me
Conceal the inspiration? why from me
Hide thy miraculous purpose? Am I then
So all-unworthy that thou shouldst set forth
Beneath another's guidance?"

Thus he cried,
Mingling reproach with tenderness, yet still
Clasping in warm embrace the maid beloved.
She of her bidding and futurity
Awhile forgetful, patient of the embrace,
With silent tears of joy bedew'd her neck.
At length, "I hope," she cried, "thou art not come
With heavier fault and breach of nearer tie!
How did thy mother spare thee,—thou alone
The stay and comfort of her widow'd age?
Did she upon thy parting steps bestow
Her free-will blessing? or hast thou set forth,
Which Heaven forbid, unlicensed and unblest?"

"Oh, surely not unblest!" the youth replied;
Yet conscious of his unrepented fault,
With countenance flush'd, and fluctuating in reply:
"She wept at my departure; she would fain
Have turned me from my purpose, and my heart
Perhaps had fail'd me, if it had not glow'd
With ardor like thine own; the sacred fire
With which thy bosom burns had kindled me;
High in prophetic hope, I bade her place
Her trust in Heaven; I bade her look to hear
Good tidings soon of glorious victory;
I told her I should soon return,—return
With thee, and thou wouldst be to her old age
What Madelon had been."

As thus he spake,
Warm with the imaginary bias, he clasped'd
The dear one closer to his yearning heart.
But the devoted Virgin in his arms
Started and shudd'er'd, for the flaming pile
Flashed on remembrance now, and on her soul
The whole terrific vision rose again.
A death-like paleness at the dreadful thought
Withter'd her cheek; cold damps suffused her brow,
And falling on the neck of Theodore,
Feeble and faint she hung. His eager eye
Concentrating all the anguish of the soul,
And strain'd in anxious love, gazed fearful
With wondering anguish; till emmoblins thoughts
Of her high mission roused her, and her soul
Collected, and she spake.

"My Theodore,
Thou hast done ill to quit thy mother's home!
Alone and aged she will weep for thee,
Wasting her little that is left of life
In anguish. Now go back again to Arc,
And cheer her wintry hours of widowhood,
And love my memory there."

Swift he exclaim'd,
"Nay, Maid! the pang of parting is overpast,
And my dear mother looks for the glad hour
When we shall both return. Amid the war
How many an arm will seek thy single life,
How many a sword and spear! I will go with thee
And spread the guardian shield"

"Nay," she replied,
"I shall not need thy succor in the war.
Me, Heaven, if so seem good to his high will,
Will save. I shall be happier, Theodore,
Thinking that thou dost sojourn safe at home,
And make thy mother happy."

The youth's cheek
A rapid blush disorder'd. "Oh! the court
Is pleasant then, and thou wouldst fain forget
A humble villager, who only boasts
The treasure of the heart!"

She look'd at him
With a reproaching eye of tenderness:
"Injurious man! devoted for this realm,
I go a willing victim. The dark veil
Hath been withdrawn for me, and I have seen
The fearful features of Futurity.
Yes, Theodore, I shall redeem my country,
Abandoning for it the joys of life,
Yea, life itself!" Then on his neck she fell,
And with a filtering voice, "Return to Arc! I
do not tell thee there are other maids
As fair; for thou wilt love my memory,
Hallowing to me the temple of thy heart.
Worthy a happier, not a better love."

My Theodore!"—Then, pressing his pale lips,
A last and holy kiss the virgin fix'd,
And fled across the plain.

She reach'd the court
Breathless. The mingled movements of her mind
Shook every fibre. Sad and sick at heart,
Fain to her lonely chamber's solitude
The Maiden had retired; but her the King
Met on the threshold. He of the late scene
Forgetful and his crime, as cheerful seem'd
As though there had not been a God in Heaven!
"Enter the hall," he said, "the maskers there
Join in the dance. Why, Maiden, art thou sad?
Has that rude madman shook thy gentle frame
With his strange speeches?"

Ere the Maid replied,
The Son of Orleans came with joyful speed,
Pois'd his massy javelin. "Thou hast roused
The sleeping virtue of the sons of France;
They crowd around the standard," cried the chief.
"Our brethren, pent in Orleans, every moment
Gaze from the watch-tower with the sickening eye
Of expectation."

Then the King exclaim'd,
"O chosen by Heaven! doer one day thry march,
That humbled at the altar we may join
The general prayer. Be these our holy rites
To-morrow's task;—to-night for merriment!"

The Maid replied, "The wretched ones in Orleans,
In fear and hunger and expiring hope,
Await my succor, and my prayers would plead
In Heaven against me, did they waste one hour
When active duty calls. For this night's mirth
Hold me excused; in truth I am not fit
For merriment; a heavy charge is on me,
And I must put away all mortal thoughts."

Her heart was full, and pausing, she represt'd
The unbidden anguish. "Lo! they crowd around
The standard! Thou, Dunois, the chosen troops
Marshal in speed, for early with the dawn
We march to rescue Orleans from the foe."

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**THE FIFTH BOOK.**

Scarcely had the early dawn from Chion's towers
Made visible the mist that curl'd along
The river's winding way, when from her couch
The martial Maid arose. She mail'd her limbs;
The white plumes nodded o'er her helmed head;
She girt the sacred falchion by her side,
And, like a youth who from his mother's arms,
For his first field impatient, breaks away,
Posing the lance went forth.

Twelve hundred men,
Rearing in order'd ranks their glittering spears,
Await her coming. Terrible in arms
Before them tower'd Dunois, his manly face
Wilt his beloved to the youth restore;
And trust me, Maid! the miserable feel
When they on others bestow happiness,
Their happiest consolation."

She replied,
Pressing the damsel's hand, in the mild tone
Of equal friendship, solacing her cares.
"Soon shall we enter Orleans," said the Maid;
A few hours in her dream of victory
England shall triumph, then to be awakened
By the loud thunder of Almighty wrath!
Irksome meantime the busy camp to me
A solitary woman. Isabel,
Wert thou the while companion of my tent,
Lightlier the time would pass. Return with me;
I may not long be absent."

So she spake.
The wanderer in half-utter'd words express'd
Grateful assent. "Art thou astonish'd, then,
That one though powerful is benevolent?
In truth thou well mayst wonder." Conrade cried.
"But little cause to love the mighty ones
Hath the low cottager; for with its shade
Too oft doth Poverty, a death-dew-dropping tree,
Blast every herb beneath its baleful boughs!
Tell thou thy sufferings, Isabel! Relate
How warr'd the chieftains, and the people died,
The mission'd Virgin hath not heard thy woes;
And pleasant to mine ear the twice-told tale
Of sorrow."

Gazing on the martial Maid
She read her wish, and spake. "A wanderer now,
Friendless and hopeless, still I love to think
Upon my native home, and call to mind
Each haunt of careless youth; the woodbine wall,
The jessamine that round the straw-roof'd cot
Its fragrant branches wreathed, beneath whose shade
I went to sit and watch the setting sun,
And hear the thrush's song. Nor far remote,
As o'er the subject landscape round I gazed,
The towers of Yenneville rose upon the view.
A foreign master holds my father's home!
I, far away, remember the past years,
And weep.

"Two brethren form'd our family;
Humble we were, and happy; honest toil
Preceded our homely sustenance; our herds
Duly at morn and evening to my hand
Gave their full stores; the vineyard we had reared
Purpled its clusters in the southern sun,
And, plenteous produce of my father's toil,
The yellow harvest billow'd o'er the plain.
How cheerfully around the blazing hearth,
When all the labor of the day was done,
We past the evening hours; for they would sing
Or merry roundelay, or ditty sad
Of maid forsaken and the willow weep,
Or of the doughty Paladins of France
Some warlike fit, the while my spinning-wheel
A fitting music made.

"Thus long we lived,
And happy. To a neighboring youth my hand,
In holy wedlock soon to be consign'd,
Was plighted: my poor Francis!" Here she paused, And here she wept awhile.  

"We did not think The desolating stream of war would reach 
To us: but soon as with the whirlwind's speed Rain ruin's round us. 52 Mohun, Clery, fell, 
The banner'd Leopard waved on Gorgeant's wall; 
Baugency yielded; soon the foe approach'd 
The towers of Yenville. 

"Fatal was the hour 
To me and mine: for from the wall, alas! 
The rusty sword was taken, and the shield 
Which long had mouldered on the mouldering nail, 
To meet the war repair'd. No more was heard 
The ballad, or the merry rondelay; 
The clattering hammer's clank, the grating file 
Harrow sounded through the day a dismal din; 
I never shall forget their mournful sound! 

"My father stood encircling his old limbs 
In long-forgotten arms. 'Come, boys,' he cried; 
'I did not think that this gray head again 
Should bear the helmet's weight; but in the field 
Better to bravely die a soldier's death, 
Than here be tamely butcher'd. Isabel, 
Go to the abbey! If we should survive, 
We soon shall meet again; if not, my child, 
There is a better world!' 

In broken words, 
Lifting his eyes to Heaven, my father breathed 
His blessing on me. As they went away, 
My brethren gazed on me, and wrong my hand 
In silence, for they loved their sister well. 
From the near cottage Francis join'd the troop. 
Then did I look on our forsaken home, 
And almost sob my very soul away; 
For all my hopes of happiness were fled, 
Even like a dream!' 

"Perish these mighty ones," 
Cried Conrade, 'those who let destruction loose, 
Who walk hated o'er their fields of fame, 
And count the thousands that lie slaughtered there, 
And with the bodies of the innocent, rear 
Their pyramid of glory! perish these, 
The epitome of all the pestilent plagues 
That Egypt knew! who send their locust swarms 
O'er ravaged realms, and bid the brooks run blood. 
Fear and Destruction go before their path, 
And Famine dogs their footsteps. God of Justice, 
Let not the innocent blood cry out in vain!' 

Thus while he spake, the murmur of the camp 
Rose on their ear; first like the distant sound 
When the full-ridged forest to the storm 
Shakes its horrid head; anon with louder din; 
And through the opening glade gleam'd many a fire. 
The Virgin's tent they enter'd; there the board 
Was spread, the wanderer of the faire partook, 
Then thus her tale renew'd: — 

"Slow o'er the hill 
Whose rising head conceal'd our cot I past, 
Yet on my journey paused awhile, and gazed 
And wept; for often had I cross'd the hill 
With cheerful step, and seen the rising smoke 
Of hospitable fire; alas! no smoke 

Curl'd o'er its melancholy chimneys now! 
Orleans I reach'd. There in the suburbs stood 
The abbey; and ere long I learnt the fall 
Of Yenville. 

"On a day, a soldier ask'd 
For Isabel. Scarcely could my faltering feet 
Support me. It was Francis, and alone — 
The sole survivor of that company! 

"And soon the foe approach'd: impending war 
Soon sadden'd Orleans. There the bravest chiefs 
Assembled: Thouars, Carême, Chabannes, 
And the Sire Chapelle; 8 in successful war 
Since wounded to the death; and that good Knight 
Giscome of Rhodes, who in a better cause 
Can never wield the crucifix that hails 
His hallowed sword; 59 and Xaintrailles ran'somed now, 
And Fayette late released, and that young Duke 54 
Who at Verneuil senseless with many a wound 
Fell prisoner, and La Hire, the merriest man 57 
That ever yet did win his soldiers' love; 
And over all for hardihood renown'd 
The Bastard Orleans. 

"These within the town 
Expect the foe. Twelve hundred chosen men, 
Well tried in war, uprear the guardian shield 
Beneath their banners. Dreadful was the sight 
Of preparation. The wide suburbs stretch'd 
Along the pleasant borders of the Loire, 
Late throng'd with multitudes, now feel the hand 
Of ruin. These preventive care destroys, 
Lost England, shelter'd by the friendly walls, 
Securely should approach. The monasteries 
Fell in the general waste. The holy monks 
Unwillingly their long-acustom'd haunts 
Abandon, haunts where every gloomy nook 
Call'd to awaken'd memory some trace 
Of vision seen, or sound miraculous. 
Trembling and terrified, their noiseless cells, 
For the rude uproar of a world unknown, 
The nuns desert: their abbeys, more composed, 
Collect her maids around, and tells her heads, 
And pours the timid prayer of piety. 
The pioneers, by day and night employ'd, 
Throw up the violated earth, to impede 
The foe: the hollow chambers of the dead 
Echo'd beneath their stroke. The brazen tomb 
Which late recorded death, in the furnace cast 
Is made to inflict it now. Sad sight it was 
To see so wide a waste; the aged ones 
Hanging their heads, and weeping as they went 
O'er the fallen dwellings of their happier years; 
The stern and sullen silence of the men 
Musing on vengeance: but ill repose, 
The mother's fears as to her breast she clasp'd: 
Her ill-doom'd infant. Soon the suburbs lay 
One ample ruin; 81 whence the stones were borne 
Within the town to serve in its defence. 

"And now without the walls the desolate space 
Appear'd, a rough and melancholy waste, 
With upturned pavements and foundations deep 
Of many a ruin'd dwelling. Nor within 
Less dreary was the scene; at evening hour
No more the merry viol's note was heard;
No more the aged matron at her door
Human'd cheery to her spinning-wheel, and saw
Her children dancing to the roundelay.
The chieftains strengthening still the ancient walls,
Survey them every where with prying eye;
The eager youth, in anxious preparation,
Practise the arts of war; silent and stern,
With the hurrying restlessness of fear, they urge
Their gloomy labors. In the city dwelt
An utter silence of all pleasant sounds;
But all day long the armorer's beat was heard,
And all night long it echoed.

"Soon the foe
Led to our walls the siege: as on they move
The clarions clangor, and the cheerful fifes,
Accordant to the thundering drum's deep sound,
Direct their measured march. Before the ranks
Salisbury was seen, Salisbury, so long the scourge
Of France; and Talbot towered by his side,
Talbot, at whose dread name the froward child
Clings mute and trembling to his nurse's breast.
Suffolk was there, and Hungerford, and Scales,
And Fastolfe, victor in the frequent fight.
Dark as the autumnal storm they roll'd along,
A countless host! From the high tower I mark'd
The dreadful scene; I saw the iron gleam
Of javelins sparkling to the noontide sun,
Their banners toosing to the troubled gale,
And — fearful music — heard upon the wind
The modulated step of multitudes.

"There in the midst, shuddering with fear, I saw
The dreadful stores of death; tremendous roll'd
Over rough roads the harrow wheels; the brazen tubes
Flash'd in the sun their fearful splendor far,
And, last, the loaded wagons creak'd along.

"Nor were our chieftains, whilst their care procured
Human defence, neglectful to implore
That heavenly aid, deprived of which the strength
Of man is weakness. Bearing through our streets
The precious relics of the holy dead,
The monks and nuns pour'd many an earnest prayer,
Devoutly join'd by all. Saint Aignan's shrine
Was throng'd by suppliants, the general voice
Call'd on Saint Aignan's name again to save
His people, as of yore, before he past
Into the fulness of eternal rest;
When by the Spirit to the lingering camp
Of Ætitus borne, he brought the timely aid,
And Attin, with all his multitudes,
Far off retraced to their field of shame.

And now Dunois — for he had seen the camp
Well-order'd — enter'd. "One night more in peace
England shall rest," he cried, "ere yet the storm
Burst on her guilty head! then their proud vaunts
Forgotten, or remember'd to their shame,
Vainly her chiefs shall curse the hour when first
They pitch'd their tents round Orleans."

"Of that siege,"
The Maid of Arc replied, "gladly I hear
The detail. Isabel, proceed! for soon
Destined to rescue this devoted town,
The tale of all the ills she hath endured
I listen, sorrowing for the past, and feel
Joy and contentment in the merciful task
For which I am sent forth."

Thus spake the maid.
And Isabel pursued. "And now more near
The hostile host advancing pitch their tents.
Unnumber'd streamers wave, and clamorous shouts,
Anticipating conquest, rend the air
With universal uproar. From their camp
A herald came; his garb emblazon'd o'er
With leopards and the lilies of our realm
Tulé shame to France! The summons of the foe
He brought."

The Bastard interrupting cried,
"I was with Gaucour and the assembled chiefs,
When by his office privileged and proud
That herald spake, as certain of success
As he had made a league with Victory.
'Noble's of France rebellious! from the chief
Of your victorious host, the mighty Earl
Of Salisbury, now there in place of him
Your Regent John of Bedford: in his name
I come, and in our sovereign Lord the King's,
Henry. Ye know full well our master's claim,
Incontrovertible to this good realm,
By right descent, and solemnly confirm'd
By your great monarch and our mighty king
Fifth Henry, in the treaty ratified
At Troyes, wherein your monarch did disdain
All future right and title to this crown,
His own exempted, for his son and heirs
Down to the end of time. This sign'd and seal'd
At the holy altar, and by nuptial knot
Of Henry and your princess, gives the realm,
Charles dead and Henry, to his infant son
Henry of Windsor. Who then dares oppose
My master's title, in the face of God,
Of wilful perjury, most atrocious crime,
Stands guilty, and of that rebellion against
The Lord's anointed. He, at Paris crowned
With loud acclaim of dueble multitudes,
Thus speaks by me. Deliver up your town
To Salisbury, and yield yourselves and arms,
So shall your lives be safe: and such his grace,
If of your free accord to him you pay
Due homage as your sovereign Lord and King,
Your rich estates, your houses shall be safe,
And you in favor stand, as is the Duke,
Philip of Burgundy. But — mark me well! If,
Obstinate willful, you persist
To scorn his proffer'd mercy, not one stone
Upon another of this wretched town
Shall then be left; and when the English host
Triumphant in the dust have tread the towers
Of Orleans, who survive the dreadful war
Shall die like traitors by the hangman's hand,
Ye men of France, remember Chen and Roan!"

"He ceased: nor Gaucour for a moment paused
To form reply."

"Herald! to all thy vaunts
Of English sovereignty let this suffice

20
For answer: France will only own as King Her own legitimate Lord. On Charles's brow, Transmitted through a long and good descent, The crown remains. We know no homage due To English robbers, and disclaim the peace Inglorious made at Troyes by factious men Hostile to France. Thy master's proffer'd grace Meets the contumpt it merits. Herald, yes, Be sure we shall remember Caen and Rouan To tell the mighty Earl of Salisbury, That as like Blanchard, Gaucour daces his power, Like Blanchard, he can brave his cruelty, And triumph by enduring. Speak I well, Ye men of Orleans? 

"Never did I hear A shout so universal as ensued Of approbation. The assembled host As with one voice pour'd forth their loyalty, And struck their sounding shields; and walls and towers Echoed the loud uproar. The herald went. The work of war began."

"A fearful scene," Cried Isabel. "The iron storm of death Clash'd in the sky; the mighty engines hurl'd Huge stones, which shook the ground where'er they fell. Then was there heard at once the clang of arms, The thundering cannons, and the soldier's shout, The female's shriek, the affrighted infant's cry, The groan of death, — discord of dreadful sounds That jar'd the soul."

"Not while the encircling foe Lung'er'd the walls of Orleans, silly slept Our friends: for winning down the Loire its way The frequent vessel with provision fraught, And men, and all the artillery of death, Cheer'd us with welcome succor. At the bridge These safely landed mock'd the foeman's force. This to prevent, Salisbury, their watchful chief, A mighty work prepares. Around our walls, Encircling walls he builds, surrounding thus The city. Firm'd with massiest buttresses, At equal distance, sixty posts protect The English lines. But chief where in the town The six great avenues meet in the midst, Six castles there he rear'd impregnable, With deep-dug moats and bridges drawn aloft, Where over the strong gate suspended hung The dread portcullis. Thence the gunner's eye From his safe shelter could with case survey Intended Sally, or approaching aid, And point destruction."

"It were long to tell, And tedious, how in many a bold assault The men of Orleans sallied on their foes: How after difficult fight the enemy Possess'd the Tourneelles, and the embattled tower That shadows from the bridge the subject Loire: Though numbering now three thousand daring men, Frequent and fierce the garrison repell'd Their far outnumbering foes. From every aid Included, they in Orleans groan'd beneath All ills accumulate. The shatter'd roofs Allow'd the dews of night free passage there; And ever and anon the ponderous stone, Ruining where'er it fell, with hideous crash Came like an earthquake, startling from his sleep The affrighted soldier. From the brazen slings The wild-fire balls issu'd through the midnight sky; And often their huge engines cast among us The dead and loathsome cattle of their camp, As though our enemies, to their deadly league Forcing the common air, would make us breathe Poisonous pollution. Through the streets were seen The frequent fire, and heaps of dead, in haste Piled up and streaming to infected Heaven. For ever the incessant storm of death Pours down, and crowded in unwholesome vaults The wretched females hide, not idle there, Wasting the hours in tears, but all employ'd, Or to provide the hungry soldier's meal, Or tear their garments to bind up his wounds: A sad equality of wretchedness!"

"Now came the worst of ills, for Famine came: The provident hand deals out its scantly dole, Yielding so little a supply to life As but protracted death. The loathliest food Hunted with eager eye and dainty deem'd, The dog is slain, that at his master's feet Howling with hunger lay; with jealous fear, Hating a rival's look, the husband hides His miserable meal; the famish'd babe Chings closely to his dying mother's breast; And — horrible to tell! — where, thrown aside, There lay unburied in the open streets Huge heaps of carcasses, the soldier stands Eager to mark the carrion crow for food."

"O peaceful scenes of childhood! pleasant fields! Haunts of mine infancy, where I have stray'd Tracing the brook along its winding way, Or pluck'd the primrose, or with giddy speed Chased the gay butterfly from flower to flower! O days in vain remember'd! how my soul, Sick with calamity, and the sore ills Of hunger, dwelt on you and on my home! Thinking of you amid the waste of war, I could in bitterness have cursed the great Who made me what I was, a helpless one, Orphan'd, and wanting bread!"

"And be they curst!" Conrade exclaim'd, his dark eye flashing rage; "And be they curst! O groves and woodland shades, How blest indeed were you, if the iron rod Should one day from Oppression's hand be wrench'd By everlasting Justice! Come that hour, When in the Sun the Angel of the Lord Shall stand and cry to all the fowls of Heaven, Gather ye to the supper of your God, That ye may eat the flesh of mighty men, Of captains, and of kings! Then shall be peace."

"And now lest all should perish," she pursued,
The women and the infirm must from the town
Go forth and seek their fate.

"I will not now
Recall the moment, when on my poor Francis
With a long look I hung. At dead of night,
Made mute by fear, we mounted the secret bark,
And glide adown the stream with silent ears:
Thus thrown upon the mercy of mankind,
I wandered reckless where, till wearied out,
And cold at heart, I laid me down to die;
So by this warrior found. Him I had known
And loved, for all loved Conrade who had known
him;
Nor did I feel so pressing the hard hand
Of want in Orleans, ere he parted thence
On perilous envoy. Of his small fare —"

"Of this enough," said Conrade. "Holy Maid!
One duty yet awaits me to perform.
Orleans her envoy sent me, to demand
Aid from her idle sovereign. Willingly
Did I achieve the hazardous enterprise,
For rumor had already made me fear
The ill that hath fallen on me. It remains,
Ere I do banish me from human kind,
That I return Orleans, and announce
Thy march. 'Tis night, and hark! how dead a
silence!
Fit hour to tread so perilous a path!"

So saying, Conrade from the tent went forth.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

Till night was calm, and many a moving cloud
Shadow'd the moon. Along the forest glade
With swift foot Conrade past, and now had reach'd
The plain, where whilome by the pleasant Loire,
Cheer'd with the song, the rustics had beheld
The day go down upon their merriment:
No song of peace now echoed on its banks.
There tents were pitch'd, and there the sentinel,
Slow pacing on his sullen rounds, beheld
The frequent corte roll down the tainted stream.
Conrade with wider sweep pursued his way,
Shunning the camp, now hush'd in sleep and still.
And now no sound was heard save of the Loire,
Murmuring along. The noise of coming feet
Alarm'd him; nearer drew the rapid steps
As of pursuit; anon — the clash of arms!
That instant breaking through a rifted cloud
The moonlight show'd, where two with force
combined
Prest on a single foe, who, warring still
Their swords, retreated in unequal fight,
As he would make the city. Hastening
With timely help to save him, Conrade sped.
One with an unexpected stroke he slew;
The other fled: "Now let us speed our best,
Frenchman!" he cried. On to the Loire they ran,
And making way with practised arms across,
Ere long in safety gain'd the opposite shore.

"Whence art thou?" cried the warrior; "and on what
Commission?"

"Is it not the voice of Conrade?"
Francis replied; "and dost thou bring to us
Tidings of success? oh! that it had come
A few hours earlier! Isabel is gone!"

"Nay, she is safe," cried Conrade; "her I found
Bewild'red in the forest, and consign'd her
To the protection of the holy Maid,
Whom Heaven hath sent to rescue us. Now say
Wherefore alone? A fugitive from Orleans,
Or sent on dangerous service from the town?"

"There is no food in Orleans," he replied,
"Scarce a meal more. The assembled chiefs
resolve,
If thou shouldst bring no tidings of near aid,
To cut their way to safety, or by death
Prevent the pang of famine. One they sought,
Who, venturing to the English lines, should spy
Where best to venture on this desperate chance,
And I, believing all I loved was lost,
Offer'd myself."

So saying, they approach'd
The gate. The sentinel, soon as he heard
Thitherward footsteps, with uplifted lance
Challenged the darkling travellers. At their voice
He drew the strong bolts back, and cautiously
Open'd the wicket. To the careful chiefs
Who sate in midnight council, they were led,
And Conrade thus address'd them:

"Sirs, the Lord,
In this our utmost need, hath sent us aid.
A holy Maid hath been raised up by Heaven;
Her mission is by miracles confirm'd,
And hither, with twelve hundred chosen men,
Led by Dunois, she comes. I am myself
A witness to the truth of what I tell;
And by to-morrow's noon, before these walls
Her banner will be seen."

Thereat the chiefs
Were fill'd with wonder and with joy, by doubt
Little repress'd. "Open the granaries!"
Xaintrailles exclaim'd; "give we to all the host
With hand unsparing now a plenteous meal;
To-morrow we are safe! for Heaven all-just
Hath seen our sufferings and decreed their end.
Let the glad tidings echo through the town!
God is with us!"

"Be not too confident,"
Graville replied, "in this miraculous aid.
Some frantic woman this, who gives belief
To idle dreams, and with her madness then
Inflicts the simple! That Dunois is there,
Leading in arms twelve hundred chosen men,
Affords a better hope; yet lavish not
Our stores, lest in the enterprise he fail,
And Orleans then be fain to bear the yoke
Of England!"

"Chief! I tell thee," Conrade cried,
"I did myself behold the sepulchre,
Fulfilling what she spake, give up those arms
Which surely for no common end the grave
Through many an age hath held inviolate.
She is the Prophetess of the Most High,
And will deliver Orleans!"

Gaucour then,
"Be it as thou hast said. For I must think,
That surely to no vulgar tale these chiefs
Would yield a light belief; and our poor stores
Must speedily, ye know, be clean consumed.
Spread then the joyful tidings through the troops
That God hath to deliver the oppress'd,
As in old time, raised up a Prophetess,
And the belief itself will make them fight
With irresistible courage."

Thus the chief,
And what he said seem'd good. The men of Orleans,
Long by their foesmen bay'd, such transport felt,
As when the Mexicans, with eager eye
Gazing to Huixachtl'a distant top,
On that last night, doubtful if ever born
Again shall cheer them, mark the mystic fire
Flame on the breast of some brave prisoner,
A dreadful altar. As they see the blaze
Beaming on Izatlapan's near towers,
Or on Tezecueo's calm lake flash'd far,
Songs of thanksgiving and the shout of joy
Wake the loud echo; the glad husband tears
The mantling aloe from his consort's face,
And children, now deliver'd from the dread
Of everlasting darkness, look abroad,
Hail the good omen, and expect the sun
Uninjur'd still to run his flaming race.

While thus in Orleans hope had banished sleep,
The Maiden's host perform'd their evening prayer,
And in the forest took their rest secure.
And now the morning came. At earliest dawn
Lightly upstarting, and bedight in arms,
The Bastard moved along, with provident eye
Marshalling the troops. All high in hope they
marched;
And now the sun shot from the southern sky
His noontide radiance, when afar they hear
The hum of men, and see the distant towers
Of Orleans, and the bulwarks of the foe,
And many a streamer wantoning in air.
These as they saw and thought of all the ills
Their brethren had endured, closely pent there
For many a month, such arder for the fight
Burnt in each bosom, as young Ali felt
Then when Mohammed of the assembled tribe
Ask'd who would be his Vizir. Fierce in faith,
Forth from the race of Hashem stept the youth,
"Prophet of God! lo — I will be the man!"
And well did Ali merit that high post,
Victorious upon Beder's fertile vale,
And on mount Ohad, and before the walls
Of Chaisar, when down-cleaving to the chest
His giant foe, he grasped the massy gate,
Shook with strong arm and tore it from the fort,
And lifted it in air, portentous shield!

"Behold the towers of Orleans," cried Dunois,
"Lo! this the vale where on the banks of Loire,
Of yore, at close of day the rustic band
Danced to the roundelay. In younger years

As oft I glided down the silver stream,
Frequent upon the lifted oar I paused,
Listening the sound of far-off murmured
There wave the hostile banners: martial Maid,
Give thou the signal — let us full upon
These merciless invaders, who have sack'd
Village and town, and made the hamlet haunts
Silent, or hearing but the widow's groan.
Give but the signal, Maiden!"

Her dark eye
Fix'd sadly on the foe, the holy Maid
Answer'd him; " Ere the avenging sword be drawn,
And slaughter be let loose, befits us send
Some peaceful messenger, who shall make known
The will of Heaven: so timely warn'd, our foes
Haply may yet repent, and quit in peace
Besieged Orleans, for I faint would spare
The bloody price of victory."

So she said;
And as she spake, a soldier from the ranks
Came forward. " I will be thy messenger,
O Prophetess! and to the English camp
Will bear thy bidding."

"Go," the Virgin cried;
"Say to the Lord of Salisbury, and the chiefs
Of England, Suffolk, Fastolfe, Talbot, Scales,
Invaders of the country, say, thus says
The Maid of Orleans: ' With your troops retire
In peace. Of every captured town the keys
Restore to Charles; so bloodless you may seek
Your native island; for the God of Hosts
Thus hath decreed. To Charles the rightful heir,
By long descent and by the willing choice
Of dutious subjects, hath the Lord assign'd
The kingdom. In His name the Virgin comes
Arm'd with the sword, yet not of mercy void.
Depart in peace: for ere the morrow dawns,
Victorious upon yonder wall shall wave
Her holy banner. ' To the English camp
Fearsless the herald went.

At mid-day meal,
With all the dissuasion of boisterous mirth,
The British chiefs caroused and quaff'd the bowl,
When by the sentinel conducted there
The Maiden's herald came.

"Chiefs," he began,
"Suffolk, and ye the representatives
Of the English King, usurper of this realm,
To ye the leaders of the English host
I come, no welcome messenger. Thus saith
The Maid of Orleans: ' With your troops retire
In peace. Of every captured town the keys
Restore to Charles; so bloodless you may seek
Your native island; for the God of Hosts
Thus hath decreed. To Charles the rightful heir,
By long descent and by the willing choice
Of dutious subjects, hath the Lord assign'd
The kingdom. In His name the Virgin comes,
Arm'd with the sword, yet not of mercy void.
Depart in peace: for ere the morrow dawns,
Victorious upon yonder wall shall wave
Her holy banner."

Wonder made a pause;
To this a laugh succeeds. " What!" Fastolfe cried,
"A virgin warrior hath your monarch sent

"Behold the towers of Orleans," cried Dunois,
To save devoted Orleans? By the rood, I thank his grace. If she be young and fair, No worthless prize, my lords! Go, tell your Maid, Joyful we wait her coming.”

There was one
Among the English chiefs who had grown old In arms, yet had not age unnerved his limbs, But from the flexible nimbleness of youth To unyielding stiffness braced them. One who saw Him seated at the board, might well have deemed That Talbot with his whole collection might Wielded the sword in war, for on his neck The veins were full, and every muscle bore The character of strength. He his stern eye Fix’d on the herald, and before he spake His silence threaten’d.

“Get thee gone!” exclaim’d
The indignant chief: “Away! nor think to scare With girlish phantasies the English host That scorns your bravest warriors. Hee thence, And tell this girl she may expect to meet The mockery of the camp!”

“Nay, scare her not,” Replied their chief: “Go, tell this Maid of Orleans, That Salisbury longs to meet her in the fight. Nor let her fear that cords or iron chains Shall gall her tender limbs; for I myself Will be her prison, and — —”

“Contemptuous man!”
No more!” the herald cried, as to his cheek Rush’d the red anger: “bearing words of peace And timely warning came I to your camp; And here have been with insolent rilsadry Received. Bear witness, chief-ains! that the French, Free from blood-guiltiness, shall meet the war.”

“And who art thou?” cried Suffolk, and his eye Grew fierce and wrath-infam’d: “What fool art thou, Who at this woman’s bidding comes to brave The host of England? Thou shalt have thy meed!”

Then turning to the sentinel he cried, “Prepare a stake! and let the men of Orleans. And let this woman who believes her name May privilege her herald, see the fire.

Consume him.”

Plant a stake! for by my God He shall be kalendar’d of this new faith First martyr.”

As he spake, a sudden flush Came o’er the herald’s cheek, and his heart beat With quicker action; but the sudden flush, Nature’s instinctive impulse, faded soon To such a steady hue as spake the soul Roused up with all its powers, and unabated, And strengthen’d for endurance. Through the camp Soon as the tides spread, a shout arose, A hideous shout, more savage than the howl Of midnight wolves, around him as they throng’d, To gaze upon their victim. He pass’d on; And as they led him to the appointed place Look’d round, as though forgetful of himself, And cried aloud, “Oh! woe it is to think So many men shall never see the sun

Go down! Ye English mothers, mourn ye now! Daughters of England, weep! for, hard of heart. Still your mad leaders urge this impious war; And for their folly and their wickedness, Your sons, your husbands, by the sword must fall. Long-suffering is the Lord, and slow to wrath, But heavy are his judgments!”

He who spake
Was young and comely; had his cheek been pale With dread, and had his eye look’d fearfully, Sure he had won compassion; but the blood Gave now a livelier meaning to his cheek, As with a prophet’s look and prophet’s voice He raised his ominous warning: they who heard Wonder’d, and they who saw the slate perform’d With half-unwilling hands their slacken’d toil, And doubted what might follow.

Not unseen
Rear’d they the stake, and pired around the wood; In sight of Orleans and the Maid’s host, Had Suffolk’s arrogant fierceness bade the work Of death be done. The Maid’s host beheld; At once in eager wrath they raised the loud And general clamor. “Lead us to the foe!”

“Not upon us, O God!” the Maid exclaim’d, “Not upon us cry out the innocent blood!”

And bade the signal sound. In the English camp The clarion and the trumpet’s bane was heard; In haste they seize their arms, in haste they form, Some by bold words seeking to hide their fear Even from themselves, some silently in prayer, For much their hearts misgave them.

But the rage
Of Suffolk swell’d within him. “Speed your work!” Exclaim’d the injurious earl: “kindle the pile, That France may see the fire, and in defeat Feel aggravated shame!”

And now they bound
The herald to the stake: he cried aloud, And fix’d his eye on Suffolk. “Let not him Who girdeth on his harness boast himself As he that puts it off? They come; they come! God and the Maid!”

The host of France approach’d, And Suffolk eagerly beheld the fire Brought near the pile; when suddenly a shout Toward Orleans call’d his eye, and thence he saw A man-at-arms upon a barbed steed Come thundering on.

As when Chedrelles comes To aid the Moamen on his deathless horse, Swaying the sword with such resistless arm, Such mightiest force, as he had newly quaff’d The hidden waters of eternal youth, Till with the copious draught of life and strength Inebriate: such, so fierce, so terrible, Came Conrade through the camp. Aright, aleft, The affrighted foemen scatter from his spear; Onward he comes, and now the circling throng Fly from the stake, and now he cheeks his course, And cuts the herald’s bonds, and bids him live To arm, and fight, and conquer.

“Haste thee hence
To Orleans,” cried the warrior. “Tell the chiefs
There is confusion in the English camp.
Bid them come forth." On Comrade's steed the youth
Leapt up, and hasten'd onward. He the while
Turn'd to the war.

Like two conflicting clouds,
Pregnant with thunder, moved the hostile hosts.
Then man met man, then on the batter'd shield
Rung the-loud lance, and through the dark'en sky
Fast fell the arrowy storm. Amid his foes
The Hazard's arm dealt irresistibly
The strokes of death; and by his side the Maid
Led the fierce fight, the Maid, though all unused
To such rude conflict, now inspired by Heaven,
Flashing heranny falseh through the troops,
That like the thunderbolt, where'er it fell,
Scatter'd the trembling ranks. The Saracen,
Though arm'd from Cashbin or Damascus, yielded
A weaker sword; nor might that magic blade
Compare with this, which Oriana saw
Flame in the ruffian Ardan's robber hand,
When, sick and cold as death, she turn'd away
Her dizzy eyes, lest they should see the fall
Of her own Amadis. Nor plated shield,
Nor the strong hauberk, nor the crested casque,
Stay that descending sword. Dreadful she moved
Like as the Angel of the Lord went forth
And smote his army, when the Assyrian king,
Haughty of Hanath and Sepharvaim fallen,
Blasphemed the God of Israel.

Yet the fight
Hung doubting where, examplemmg hardest deeds,
Salisbury struck down the foe, and Fastolfe strove,
And in the hottest doings of the war
Towered Talbot. He, remembering the past day
When from his name the affrighted sons of France
Fled trembling, all astonish'd at their force
And wordless valor, rages round the field
Dreadful in anger; yet in every man
Meeting a foe fearless, and in the faith
Of Heaven's assistance firm.

The clang of arms
Reaches the walls of Orleans. For the war
Prepared, and confident of victory,
Forth speed the troops. Not when afar exhaled
The hungry raven snuffs the steam of blood
That from some carcass-cover'd field of fame
Taints the pure air, flies he more eagerly
To feed upon the slain, than the Orleanites,
Impatient now for many an ill endured
In the long siege, to wreak upon their foes
Due vengeance. Then more fearful grew the fray;
The swords that late flash'd to the evening sun
Now quench'd in blood their radiance.

O'er the host
Howl'd a deep wind that ominous of storms
Roll'd on the lurid clouds. The black'en night
Frown'd, and the thunder from the troubled sky
Roar'd hollow. Javelins clash'd and bucklers rang;
Shield prest on shield; loud on the helmet jar'd
The ponderous battle-axe; the frequent groan
Of death conmingling with the storm was heard,
And the shrill shriek of fear. Even such a storm
Before the walls of Chartres quell'd the pride

Of the third Edward, when the heavy hail
Smote down his soldiers, and the conqueror heard
God in the tempest, and remembered then
With a remorseful sense of Christian fear
What misery he had caused, and in the name
Of blessed Mary vowed a rye of peace. 109

Lo! where the holy banner waved aloft,
The lambent lightnings play. Irradiate round,
As with a blaze of glory, o'er the field
It stream'd miraculous splendor. Then their hearts
Sunk, and the English trembled; with such fear
Possess'd, as when the Canaanites behold
The sun stand still on Gideon, at the voice
Of that king-conquering warrior, who smote
The country of the hills, and of the south,
From Baal-gad to Halak, and their chiefs,
Even as the Lord commanded. Swift they fled
From that portentous banner, and the sword
Of France; though Talbot with vain valiancy
Yet urged the war, and stemm'd alone the tide
Of battle. Even their leaders felt dismay;
Fastolfe fled first, and Salisbury in the rout
Mingled, and all impatient of defeat,
Borne backward Talbot turns. Then echoed loud
The cry of conquest, deeper grew the storm,
And darkness, hovering o'er on raven wing,
Brooded the field of death.

Nor in the camp
Deem themselves safe the trembling fugitives;
On to the forts they haste. Bewilder'd there
Amid the moats by fear and the thick gloom
Of more than midnight darkness, plunge the troops,
Crush'd by fast-following numbers, who partake
The death they give. As swol'n with vernal snows
A mountain torrent hurry's on its way,
Till at the brink of some abrupt descent
Arrived, with deafening clamor down it falls,
Thus borne along, tumultuously the troops
Driven by the force behind them, plunge amid
The liquid death. Then rose the dreadful cries
More dreadful, and the dash of breaking waters
That to the passing lightning as they broke
Open'd their depth.

Nor of the host so late
Exultant in the pride of long success,
A remnant had escaped, had not their chief,
Slow as he moved unwilling from the field,
What most might profit the defeated ranks
Betrayed him. He, when he had gain'd thefort
Named from St. John, there kindled up on high
The guiding fire. Not unobserved it rose;
The watchful guards on Tournelles, and the pile
Of that proud city in remembrance fond
Call'd London, light their beacons. Soon the fires
Flame on the summit of the circling forts,
Which, with their moats and crenelated walls,
Included Orleans. Far across the plain
They cast a lurid splendor; to the troops
Grateful, as to the way-worn traveller,
Wandering with parch'd feet o'er Arabian sands,
The far-seen cistern; he for many a league
Travelling the trackless desolate, where heave
With tempest swell the desert billows round,
Pauses, and shudders at his peril past,
Then wild with joy speeds on to taste the wave
So long bewail'd.

Swift as the affrighted herd
Send o'er the plain, when rattling thunder-cracks
Upon the bolted lightning follow close,
The English hasten to their sheltering forts,
Even there of safety doubtful, still appal'd
And trembling, as the pilgrim who by night
On his way wilder'd, to the wolf's deep howl.
Hears the wood echo, when from close pursuit
Escaped, the topmost branch of some tall tree
He grasps close clunging, still of the wild beast
Fearful, his teeth jar, and the cold sweat stands
Upon his clammy limbs.

Nor now the Maid
Greedy of vengeance presseth the pursuit;
She bids the trumpet of retreat resound;
A welcome note to the affrighted foe
Blew that loud blast, whereat obediently
The French, though eager on the invaders' heads
To wreak their wrath, stand the victorious sword.

Loud is the cry of conquest as they turn
To Orleans. There what few to guard the town
Unwilling had remain'd, haste forth to meet
The triumph. Many a blazing torch they held,
Which raised aloft amid the midnight storm
Flash'd far a festive light. The Maid advanced;
Deep through the sky the hollow thunders
roll'd; 111
Innocent lightnings round the hallowed banner
Wreath'd their red radiance.

Through the city gate
Then, as the laden convoy pass'd, was heard
The shout of exultation; and such joy
The men of Orleans at that welcome sight
Possess'd, as when from Bactria late subdued,
The mighty Macedonian led his troops
Amid the Sagdian desert, where no stream
Wastes on the wild its fertilizing waves,
Fearful alike to pause, or to proceed;
Scorch'd by the sun, that o'er their morning march
Steam'd its hot vapors, heart-subdued and faint;
Such joy as they felt, when from the heights
Burst the soul-gladdening sound, for thence was
seen
The evening sun silverying the fertile vale,
Where Oxus roll'd below.

Clamors of joy
Echo along the streets of Orleans, wont
Long time to hear the infant's feeble cry,
The mother's frantic shriek, or the dread sound,
When from the cannon burst its stores of death.
Far flames the fire of joy on ruin'd piles
And high heap'd carcasses, whence scared away
From his abhorred meal, on clattering wing
Rose the night-raven slow.

In the English forts
Sad was the scene. There all the livelong night
Steal in the straggling fugitives; as when
Past is the storm, and o'er the azure sky
Serenely shines the sun, with every breeze
The waving branches drop their gather'd rain,
Renewing the remembrance of the storm.

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

Strong were the English forts, 112 by daily toil
Of thousands rear'd on high, when to insure
His meditated conquest Salisbury
Resolved from Orleans to shut out all means
Of human succor. Round the city stretch'd
Their line continuous, massy as the wall
Erst by the fearful Roman on the bounds
Of Caledonia raised, when soul-enslaved
The race degenerate fear'd the car-borne chiefs
Who moved from Morven down.

Broad battlements
Crested the bulwark, and safe standing place
For archer or for man-at-arms was there.
The frequent battlements at just distance rose
Declining from its base, and sixty forts
Seem'd in their strength to render all secure.
But loiter and massier than the rest,
As though of some large castle each the keep,
Stood six square fortresses with turrets flank'd,
Piles of unequall'd strength, though now deem'd weak
'Though
Gainst puszansse more than mortal. Safely thence
The skilful bowman, entering with his eye 113
The city, might, himself the while unseen;
Through the long opening aim his winged deaths.
Loire's waves diverted fill'd the deep-dug moat
Circling the whole; a bulwark vast it was
As that which round their camp and stranded ships
The Achizians raised, a common sepulchre
Of thousands slaughter'd, and the doom'd death-place
Of many a chief, when Priam's virtuous son
Assail'd then, thence in hope, with favoring Jove

But covering now amid their sheltering forts
Trembled the invading host. Their leader's care
In anxious vigilance prepares to ward
The assault expected. Rightly he ached
The Maid's intent, but vainly did he seek
To kindle in their breasts the wonted flame
Of valor, for, by prodigies unnann'd,
They wait the morn. The soldiers' pride was
gone;
The blood was on their swords, their bucklers lay
Defiled and unrepair'd, 114 they sharpen'd not
Their blunted spears, the affrighted archer's hand
Relax'd not his bent bow. To them, confused
With fears of unknown danger, the long night
Was dreadful, but more dreadful dawn'd the day
the morning came; the martial Maid arose;
Lovely in arms she moved. Round the gate,
Eager again for conquest, throng the troops.
High tower'd in the Son of Orleans, in his strength
Posing the ponderous spear. His batter'd shield,
Witnessing the fierce fray of yesternight,
Hung on his sinewy arm.

"Maiden of Arc,
So as he spake approaching, cried the chief,
"Well hast thou proved thy mission, as by words
And miracles attested when dismay'd
The grave theologists dismiss'd their doubts,
BOOK VII.

JOAN OF ARC.

39

So in the field of battle now continued.
You well-fenced forts protect the fugitives,
And seem as in their strength they mock'd our force.
Yet must they fall."

"And fall they shall!" replied

The Maid of Orleans. "Ere the sun be set
The lily on that shattered wall shall wave
Triumphant. — Men of France! ye have fought
Well
On you blood-reek ing plain. Your huddled foes
Lurk trembling now behind their massy walls.
Wolves that have ravaged the neglected flock!
The Shepherd — the Great Shepherd is arisen!
Ye fly! yet shall not ye by flight escape
His vengeance. Men of Orleans! it were vain
By words to waken wrath within your breasts.
Look round! Your holy buildings and your homes —
Ruins that choke the way! your populous town —
One open sepulchre! who is there here
That does not mourn a friend, a brother slain,
A parent famished, — or his dear, loved wife
Turn from his bosom — outcast — broken-hearted—
Cast on the mercy of mankind?"

She ceased;

A cry of indignation from the host
Burst forth, and all impatient for the war
Demand the signal. These Dunois arrays
In four battalions. Xaintrailles, tried in war,
Commands the first; Xaintrailles, who oftentimes
Defected, oft a prisoner, and as oft
Released for ransom, both with friend and foe
Growing ripe of active hardihood,
And martial skill obtained; so erst from earth
Anteas vaunting in his giant bulk,
When grasp'd by force Herelecan, down he fell
Vanquish'd, anon uprose more fierce for war.

Gaunce the second battle led, true friend
And faithful servant of the imprison'd Duke;
In counsel provident, in action prompt,
Collected always, always self-controll'd,
He from the soldiers' confidence and love
Prompter obedience gain'd, than ever fear
Forced from the heart reluctant.

The third band
Alençon leads. On Verneuil's fatal field
The day when Buchan and the Douglas died,
Wounded and senseless with the loss of blood,
He fell, and there being found, was borne away
A prisoner, in the ills of that defeat
Participant, partaking not the fame:
But for his rank and high desert, the King
Had ransom'd him, doom'd now to meet the foe
With better fortune.
O'er the last presides
The bastard son of Orleans, great in arms.
His prowess knew the foes, and his fair fame
Acknowledged, since before his stripping arm
Fled Warwick; Warwick, he whose wide renown
Greece knew, and Antioch, and the holy soil
Of Palestine, since there in arms he went
On gallant pilgrimage; yet by Dunois
Baffled, and yielding him the conqueror's praise
And by his side the martial Maiden pass'd,

Lovely in arms, as that Arcadian boy
Parthenopaeus, when the war of beasts
Dreaded, he to cope with men went forth,
Bearing the bow and these Dacian shafts
Diana gave; when she the youth's fair form
Saw, sooth'd, and forgave the mother's fault.

Loup's was the nearest fort. Here Gladdisdales
Commands the English, who as the enemy
Moved to the assault, from bow and arbalist
Their shafts and quarrils showered. Nor did they use
Hand-weapons only and hand-engines here,
Nor by the arm alone, or bow-string sped
The missile flew, but driven by the strain'd force
Of the balista, in one body spent
Stay'd not; through arms and men it made its way,
And leaving death behind, still held its course
By many a death unlook'd. With rapid march
Onward the assailants came; and now they reach'd
Where by the bayle's embattled wall in arms
The knights of England stood. There Poyning's shok
His lance, and Gladdisdale's heavy mace,
For the death-blow prepared. Alençon here,
And here the Bastard came, and by the Maid,
That daring man who to the English host,
Then insolent of many a conquest gain'd,
Had borne her bidding. A rude coat of mail,
Unhosed, unhooled, as of lowly line,
He wore, though here, amid the high-born chiefs
Precipitate for prowess. On his head
A black plume shadow'd the rude-featured helm.
Then was the war of men, when front to front
They rear'd the hostile hand, for low the wall
Where an assailant's upward-driven spear
Might reach his enemy.

As Alençon moved,
On his crown-crested helm with ponderous blow
Fell Gladdisdale's huge mace. Back he recoil'd
Astonish'd; soon recovering, his sharp lance
Thrust on the warrior's shield: there fast infixed,
Nor could Alençon the deep-driven spear
Recover, nor the foeman from his grasp
Wrench the contended weapon. Fierce again
He lifts the mace, that on the ashen hilt
Fell full; it shiver'd, and the Frenchman held
A pointless truncheon. Where the Bastard fought,
The spear of Poyning, through his plated mail
Pierced, and against the iron fence beneath
Blunted its point. Again he thrust the spear;
At once Dunois on his broad buckler met
The maiming stroke, and aim'd with better hap
His javelin. Through his sword-arm did it pierce
Munger the mail: hot from the streaming wound
He pluck'd the weapon forth, and in his breast
Clean through the hauberck drove.

But there the war
Raged fiercest where the martial Maiden moved
A minister of wrath; for thither throng'd
The bravest champions of the adverse host.
And on her either side two warriors stood
Protecting her, and aiming at her foes
Watchful their weapons, of themselves the while
Little regarding: on the one side lie
Who to the English had her bidding borne;
Firmly he stood, untired and unsay'd;
Though many a spear against his burgonet
Was thrust, and on his arm the buckler hung
Heavy, thick-bridled with the hostile shafts,
Even like a porcupine, when in his rage
Roused, he collects within him all his force,
Himself a quiver. On the other hand,
Competing with him to protect the Maid,
Conrade maintain'd the fight; at all points arm'd,
A jazerent of double mail he wore;
Its weight in little time had wearied one
Of common strength; but an enemysmarter he,
And unfatigued, alarum moved in it,
And wielded with both hands a battle-axe,
Which gave no second stroke; for where it fell,
Not the strong buckler nor the plated mail
Might save, nor crested casque. On Moly's head,
As at the Maid he nimb'sd his javelin,
Forceful it fell, and shiver'd with the blow
The iron helm, and to his brain pan drove
The fragments. At his fall the enemy,
Stricken with instantaneous fear, gave way.
That instant Conrade, with an active bound,
Sprung on the battlements; 122 and thence he stood,
Keeping the ascent. The herald and the Maid
Follow'd, and soon the exulting cry of France
Along the lists was heard, as there they saw
Her banner planted. Gladdisdale beheld,
And hastened from his well-defended post,
That where immediate danger more required
There might he take his stand; against the Maid
He bent his way, and hoped one happy blow
Might end at once the new-raised hopes of France,
And by her death, to the English arms their old
Ascendency restore. Nor did not Joan
Ache his purpose, but with lifted shield
Prepared she stood, and poised her sparkling spear.
The English chief came on; he raised his mace;
With circling force the iron weight swung high, 122
And Gladdisdale with his collected strength
Impell'd the blow. The man of lowly line
That instant rush'd between, and ward'sd his shield,
And met the broken stroke, and thrust his lance
Clean through the gorge of the English knight.
A gallant man, of no ignoble line,
Was Gladdisdale. His sires had lived in peace;
They heap'd the hospitable hearth, they spread
The feast, their vassals loved them, and afar
The traveller told their fame. In peace they died,
And to their ancient burial-place were borne
With book and bell, torches, and funeral chant;
And duly for their souls the neighboring monks
The solemn office sung. Now far away
Their offspring falls, the last of all his race,
Slain in a foreign land, and doom'd to share
A common grave.

Then terror seized the host,
Their chieftain dead. And lo! where on the wall
Maintain'd of late by Gladdisdale so well,
The Son of Orleans stands, and sways around
His felction, keeping thus at bay the foe,
Till on the battlements his comrades climb
And raise the shout of conquest. Then appall'd

The English fled: nor fled they unpursued,
For mingling with the foremost fugitives,
The gallant Conrade rush'd; and with the throng
The knights of France together o'er the bridge
Ress'd forward. Nor the garrison within
Durst let the ponderous portcullis fall;
For in the entrance of the fort the fight
Raged fiercely, and together through the gate
The vanquish'd English and their eager foes
Pass'd in the flying conflict.

Well I deem
And wisely did the heroic Spaniard act
At Vera Cruz, when he his yet sound ships
Dismantling, left no spot where treacherous fear
Might still with wild and wistful eye look back
For knowing no retreat, his desperate troops
In conquest sought their safety: victors hence
At Tlascala, and o'er the Chiolans,
And by Otoman, on that bloody field
When Mexico her patriot thousands pour'd,
Fierce in vain valor, on their dreadful foes.
There was a portal in the English fort
Which open'd on the wall; 123 a speedier path
In the hour of safety, whence the soldier's eye
Might overlook the river's pleasant course.
Fierce in the gate-way rag'd the deadly war;
For there the Maiden strove, and Conrade there,
And he of lowly line, traveller than whom
Fought not in that day's battle. Of success
Desperate, for from above the garrison
(Lest upon friend and enemy alike
The indiscriminating blow should light)
Could give no aid, the English of that way
Bethought them; by that egress they forsook
St. Loup's, and the Orleanites with shouts of joy
Beheld the Virgin's banner on its height
In triumph planted. Swift along the wall
The English haste to St. John's neighboring fort,
Flying with fearful speed. Nor from pursuit
The victors ceased, but with the fugitives
Mingled and waged the war; and combatants,
Lock'd in each other's grasp, together fell
Precipitate.

But foremost of the French,
Dealing destruction, Conrade made his way
Along the wall, and to the nearest fort
Came in pursuit; nor did not then the chief
What most might serve bethink him; but he took
His stand in the portal, and first looking back,
Lifted his voice aloud; three times he raised,
Cheering and calling on his countrymen,
That voice o'er all the uproar heard afar,
Then to the strife address himself, assail'd
By numerous foes, who clamorously now
Menaced his single person. He the while
Stood firm, not vainly confident, or rash,
But in his vantage more than his own strength
Trusting; for narrow was the portal way,
To one alone fit passage, from above
Not overbrow'd by jutting parapet, 126
Whence ought might crush him. He in double mail
Was arm'd; a massy burgonet, well tried
In many a hard-fought field, helming his head;
And fenced with iron plates, a buckler broad
Hung from his neck. Nor to dislodge the chief
Could the English bring their numbers, for the way
By upward steps presented from the fort
A narrow ascent, where one alone could meet
The war. Yet were they of their numbers proud.
Though useless numbers were in that stray path,
Save by assault unceasing to outlast
A single warrior, who at length must sink
Fatigued with slaughter, and by toil forborne
Succumb.

There was amid the garrison
A gallant knight who at Vernon had fought,
And good renown for feats of arms achieved
Had gain'd in that day's victory. For him
His countrymen made way, and he his lance
Thrust upward against Conrade, who perceived
The intent, and, as the weapon touch'd his shield,
Smote with his battle-axe the ashen shaft;
Then plucking from the shield the severed head,
He threw it back. With wary bend the foe
Shrunk from the flying death; yet not in vain
From that strong hand the fate-flaunting weapon flew;
Full on the corselet of a meaner man.
It fell, and pierced him where the heaving lungs,
In vital play distended, to the heart
Roll back their brightness'd tide: from the deep
Wound
The red blood gush'd; prone on the steps he fell,
And in the strong, convulsive grasp of death
Grasped his long pike. Of unrecorded name
The soldier died; and yet he left behind
One who then never said her daily prayers
Of him forgetful; who to every tale
Of the distant war lending an eager ear,
Grew pale and trembled. At her cottage door
The wretched one shall sit, and with fix'd eye
Gaze on the path, where on his parting steps
Her last look hung. Nor ever shall she know
Her husband dead, but cherishing a hope,
Whose falsehood inwardly she knows too well,
Feel life itself with that false hope decay;
And wake at night from miserable dreams
Of his return, and weeping o'er her babe,
Too surely think that soon that fatherless child
Must of its mother also be bereft.

Dropping his broken spear, the exasperate knight
Drew forth the sword, and up the steps advanced,
Like one who disregarded in his strength
The enemy's vantage, destined to abide
That rashness dearly. Conrade stood prepared,
Held forth his buckler, and his battle-axe
Uplifted. Where the buckler was beneath
Rounded, the falchion struck, a bootless blow
To pierce its plated folds; the buckler finally
Full on his crested helm the battle-axe
Descended, driving in both crest and crown;
From the knight's eyes, at that death-stroke, the blood
Started; with blood the chambers of the brain
Were fill'd; his breastplate with convulsive throe
Heaved as he fell. Victorious, he the prize
At many a tournament had borne away
In minnie war; happy, if so content
With bloodless glory, he had never left
The mansion of his sires.
Anon I shall be with you. Thus he said;
Then to the damsel. "Maid of Arc! awhile
Let thou and I withdraw, and by short rest
Renew our strength." So saying he his helm
Unbuckled, and in the Loire's near flowing stream
Cool'd his hot face. The Maid her head unhelmed,
And stooping to the stream, reflected there
Saw her white plumage stain'd with human blood!
Shuddering she saw, but soon her steady soul
Collected: on the banks she hid her down,
Freely awhile respiring, for her breath
Still panted from the flight: silent they lay,
And gratefully the cooling breezes bathed
Their throbbing temples.

Eve was drawing on:
The sunbeams on the gently-waving stream
Danced sparkling. Lost in thought the warrior lay;
Then as if waking from a dream he said,
"Maiden of Arc! at such an hour as this,
Beneath the o'erarching forest's cheeker'd shade,
With that lost woman have I wander'd on,
Talking of years of happiness to come!
Oh! hours forever fled! delightful hopes
Of the unsuspecting heart! I do believe
If Agnes on a worship one had fix'd
Her love, that though my heart had burst till death
Its sorrows, I had never on her choice
Cast one upbraiding—but to stoop to him!
A harlot!— an adulteress!"  [129]

In his eye
Fierce anger flash'd; anon of what she was
Ere the contagious viciss of the course
Polluted her, he thought. "Oh, happy age!"
He cried, "when all the family of man
Freely enjoy'd their godly heritage,
And only bow'd the knee in prayer to God!
Calm flow'd the unruffled stream of years along,
Till o'er the peaceful rustic's head the hair
Grew gray in full of time. Then he would sit
Beneath the coetaneous oak, while round,
Sons, grandsons, and their offspring join'd to form
The blameless merriment; and learnt of him
What time to yoke the oxen to the plough,
What hollow moanings of the western wind
Forbidd't the storm, and in what lurid clouds
The embryo lightning lies. Well pleased, he taught,
A heart-smile glowing on his aged cheek,
Mild as the summer sun's decaying light.
Thus quietly the stream of life flow'd on,
Till in the shoreless ocean lost at length.
Around the bed of death his numerous race
Listen'd, in unprofitable grief;
His last advice, and caught his latest sigh:—
And when he die'd, as he had fallen asleep,
In his own ground, and underneath the tree
Which, planted at his birth, with him had grown,
And flourish'd in its strength when he decay'd,
They delved the narrow house: where oft at eve
Their children's children gathered round to hear
The example of his life and death impress'd.
Maiden! and such the evening of my days
Fondly I hoped; and would that I had lived
In those old times, [130] or till some better age
Slumber'd unborn; for this is a hard race,
An evil generation:— nor by day

Nor in the night have respite from their cares
And wretchedness. But I shall be at rest
Soon, in that better world of peace and love
Where evil is not: in that better world,
Joan! we shall meet, and he too will be there,
Thy Theodore."  

Soothed by his words, the Maid
Had listen'd sadly, till at that loved name
She wept. "Nay, Maid!" he cried, "I did not think
To wake a tear;—yet pleasant is thy grief:"
Thou know'st not what it is, around thy heart
To have a false one wreath'd in viper folds.
But to the battle! in the clang of arms,
We win forgetfulness."  Then from the bank
He sprang, and helm'd his head. The Maid arose,
Bidding awhile adieu to gentle thoughts.
On to the fort they speed, whose name recall'd
England's proud capital to the English host,
Now half subdued, anticipating death,
And vainly wishing they from her white cliffs
Had never spread the sail. Cold terror creeps
Through every nerve: already they look round
With laggard eyes, as seeking where to fly,
Though Talbot there presided, with their chief,
The dauntless Salisbury.

"Soldiers, tried in arms!" Thus, hoping to revive with gallant speech
Their courage, Salisbury spake; "Brave country-
men,
Victorious in so many a hard-fought fight,
What—shrink ye now dismally? Oh call to mind
The plains of Agincourt, where vanquish'd France
Fled with her thousands from your fathers' arms?
Have ye forgotten how our English swords,
On that illustrious day before Verneuil,
Cut down the flower of all their chivalry?
Then was that noble heart of Douglas pierced, [131]
Bold Bucian hit the earth, and Narbonne died,
And this Alençon, booster as he is,
Cried mercy to his conqueror. Shall I speak
Of our victorious banner on the walls
Of Yenville and Baugenci triumphing;—
And of that later hour of victory
When Clermont and the Bastard plo'd their spurs:
Shame! shame! that beaten boy is here in arms,
And ye will fly before the fugitives,—
Fly from a woman! from a frantic girl!
Who with her empty mummeries tries to blast
Your courage; or if miracles she bring,
Aid of the Devil! Who is there among you
False to his country,— to his former fame,
To your old leader who so many a time
Hath led ye on to glory?" From the host
There came a heartless shout; then Talbot's cheek
Grew red with indignation. "Earl!" said he,
Addressing Salisbury, "there is no hope
From these white-liver'd dastards, and this fort
Will fall an easy conquest. We must out
And gain the Tournelles, better fortified,
Fit to endure a siege: that hope in view,
Cow'd as they are, the men from very fear
May gather what will do for this poor turn
The work of courage."
Bravely thus he spake,
Advising well, and Salisbury replied:

"Rightly thou say'st. But, Talbot, could we reach
The sorceress in the battle, one sure blow
Might give us back, this hour, the mastery
So marvellously lost: nor difficult
To meet the wench, for from the battlements
I have beheld her foremost in attack,
Playing right valiantly the soldier's part.
In her the enemy have their strength; with her
Their strength would fail. And had we her but once
Within arm-stroke, witch though she be, methinks
Her devils could neither blunt the edge
Of thy good sword, or mine."

Thus commending them,
And through the host the gladdening tidings ran,
That they should seek the Tournelles. Then their
hearts
Gather'd new strength, placing on those strong
walls
Dependence; oh vain hope! for neither wall,
Nor most, nor fort can save, if fear within
Palsy the soldier's arm.

Then issuing forth,
As from the river's banks they pass'd along,
The Maid beheld "Lo! Conrade!" she exclaim'd,
"The fee advance to meet us — look! they lower
The bridge! and now they rush upon the troops: —
A gallant onset! Dost thou mark the man
Who all this day has by our side endured
The hottest conflict? Often I beheld
His feats with wonder, but his prowess now
Makes all his actions in the former fight
Seem as of no account: knowest thou him?
There is not one, amid the host of France,
Of fairer promise."

"He," the chief replied,
"Wretched and prodigal of life, achieves
The exploits of despair; a gallant youth,
Widow'd like me of hope, and but for whom
I had been seen among mankind no more.
Maiden! with me thy comrade in the war,
His arm is vow'd to heaven. Lo! where he stands
Bearing the battle's brunt!"

Nor paused they now
In further converse, to the perilous fray
Sprint, not unserved; for Salisbury saw
And call'd on Talbot. Six, the bravest knights,
And sworn with them, against the Virgin's life
Address'd their course. She by the herald's side
Now urged the war, when on her white-plumed helm
The hostile falchion fell. On high she lifts
That hallowed sword, which in the tomb for her
Age after age, by miracle reserved,
Had him, which time itself could not corrode,
How then might shield, or breastplate, or close mail
Retund its edge? Beneath that edge her foe
Fell; and the knight who to avenge him came,
Smitten by Conrade's battle-axe, was fell'd
Upon his dying friend. With Talbot here
The daring herald urged unequal fight;
For, like some oak that in its rooted strength
Defies the storm, the undaunted Earl endured
His quick assault. The herald round him wheels
Rapidly, now on this side, now on that,
With many a feign'd and many a frustrate aim
Flashing his falchion; now, as he perceives
With wary eye the Earl's intended stroke,
Bending, or leaping, lithe of limb, aside,
Then quick and agile in assault again.
Ill-fated man! one deed of glory more
Shall with the short-lived lightning's splendor grace
This thy death-day; for slaughter even now
Stands o'er thy boon of life, and lifts his sword.

Upon her shield the martial Maid received
An English warrior's blow, and in his side,
Beneath the arm upraised, in prompt return
Pierced him: that instant Salisbury sped his sword,
Which, glancing from her helm, fell on the folds
That arm'd her neck, and making there its way,
Stain'd with her blood its edge. The herald saw,
And turn'd from Talbot, heedless of himself,
And lifting up his falchion, all his force
Concentred. On the breast of Salisbury
It fell, and left his mail, and through the plate
Beneath it drove, and in his heart's blood plunged.
Lo! as he struck, the mighty Talbot came,
And smote his helmet: slant the weapon fell;
The strings gave way, the helmet dropt, the Earl
Repeated on that head disarm'd his blow:
Too late to interpose the Maiden saw,
And in that miserable moment knew
Her Theodore.

Him Conrade too had heard, and
From a foe whom he had beaten down
Turn'd terrible in vengeance. Front to front
They stood, and each for the death-blow prepared
His angry might. At once their weapons fell,
The Frenchman's battle-axe and the good sword
Of Talbot. He, stunn'd by the weighty blow,
Sunk senseless, by his followers from the field
Convey'd with timely speed; nor had his blade
Fallen vainly on the Frenchman's crested helm,
Though weak to wound; for from his eyes the fire
Sparkled, and back recoiling with the blow,
He in the Maiden's arms astounded fell.

But now their troops, all captains, confused,
Fear seiz'd the English. Not with more dismay
When over wild Caffarin's wooded hills
Echoes the lion's roar, the timid herd
Fly the death-boding sound. The forts they seek,
Now reckless which, so from that battle's rage
A present refuge. On their flying ranks
The victors press, and mark their course with blood.

But loud the trumpet of retreat resounds,
For now the westering sun with many a hue
Streak'd the gay clouds.

"Deo salutis!" the Maiden cried,
"Forsa now around you stronger pile the siege,
There for the night encamping."

She, the chief to Orleans for their needful food,
And enginey to batter that huge pile,
Dismiss'd a troop, and round the Tournelles led
The host beleaguered. There they pitch their tents,
And plant their engines for the morrow's war,
Then, to their meal, and o'er the cheerful bowl
The night is far advanced; thou to the camp
Return: it fits not darkling thus to stray."

"Conrade!" the Maid exclam'd, for well she knew
His voice:—With that she fell upon his neck
And cried, "My Theodore:—But wherefore thus
Through the dead midnight dost thou bear his corse?"

"Peace, Maiden!" Conrade cried, "collect thy soul!
He is but gone before thee to that world
Whither thou soon must follow! Yestermorn,
Ere yet from Orleans to the war we went,
He pour'd his tale of sorrow on mine ear.
'Lo, Conrade, where she moves! beloved Maid!
Devoted for the realm of France she goes,
Abandoning for this the joys of life,
Yea—life itself! Yet on my heart her words
Vibrate. If she must perish in the war,
I will not live to bear the thought that I
Perhaps might have preserved her. I will go
In secret to protect her. If I fall,—
And trust me I have little love of life,—
Do thou in secret bear me from the field,
Lest haply I might meet her wandering eye
A mangled corpse. She must not know my fate.
Do this last act of friendship, and in the stream
Cast me,—she then may think of Theodore
Without a pang.' Maiden, I vow'd with him
To take our place in battle by thy side,
And make thy safety our peculiar care.
And now I hoped thou hadst not seen him fall.'

Saying thus, he laid the body on the ground.
With steady eye the wretched Maiden view'd
That life-left tenement: his batter'd arms
Were with the night-dews damp; his brown hair
Gore-clotted in the wound, and one loose lock
Play'd o'er his cheek's black paleness.134 "Gallant youth!"

She cried, "I would to God the hour were come
When I might meet thee in the bowers of bliss!
No, Theodore! the sport of winds and waves,
Thy body shall not float adown the stream!
Bear him with me to Orleans, there to rest
In holy ground, where priests may say their prayers
And hymn the requiem to his parted soul.
So will not Elinor in bitterness
Lament that no dear friend to her dead child
Paid the last office."

From the earth they lift
Their mournful burden, and along the plain
Pass with slow footsteps to the city gate.
The obedient sentinel, knowing Conrade's voice,
Admits them at that hour, and on they go,
Till in the neighboring abbey's porch arrived
They rest the lifeless load.

Loud rings the bell,
The awak'n'd porter turns the heavy door,
To him the Virgin: 'Father, from the slain
On yonder field, a dear-loved friend we bring
Hither for Christian sepulture—chant ye

Recount the tale of danger; soon to rest
Bettaking them; for now the night drew on.

THE EIGHTH BOOK.

Now was the noon of night, and all was still,
Save where the sentinel paced on his rounds
Humming a broken song. Along the camp
High flames the frequent fire. The Frenchmen there,

On the bare earth extended, rest their limbs
Fatigued; their spears lay by them, and the shield
Pillow'd the hemmed head:132 secure they slept,
And busy in their dreams they fought again
The fight of yesterday.

But not to Joan,
But not to her, most wretched, came thy aid,
Soother of sorrows, Sleep! no more her pulse,
Amid the battle's tumult throbbing fast,
Allow'd no pause for thought. With clasp'd hands
now
And with fix'd eyes she sat, and in her mind
The spectres of the days departed rose,
A melancholy train! Upon the gale
The raven's croak was heard; she started then,
And passing through the camp with hasty step,
She sought the field of blood.

The night was calm;
Nor ever clearer welkin canopied
Chaldea, while the watchful shepherd's eye
Survey'd the host of heaven, and mark'd them rise
Successive, and successively decay,
Lost in the stream of light, as lesser springs
Amid Euphrates' current. The high wall
Cast a deep shadow, and the Maiden's feet
Stumbled o'er carcases and broken arms;
And sometimes did she hear the heavy groan
Of one yet struggling in the pangs of death,
She reach'd the spot where Theodore was slain
Before Fort London's gate; but vainly there
Sought she the youth, on every clay-odd face
Gazing with such a look as though she fear'd
The thing she sought.135 And much she marvell'd then.
For there the victim of his vengeful arm,
And close beside where he himself had fallen,
Known by the buckler's blazon'd heraldry,
Salisbury lay dead. So as the Virgin stood
Looking around the plain, she mark'd a man
Pass slowly on, as burden'd. Him to aid
She sped, and soon with unencumber'd speed
O'ertaking, thus bespake him: "Dost thou bear
Some slaughter'd friend? or is it one whose wounds
Leave yet a hope of life? oh! if he lives,
I will with earnest prayer petition Heaven
To shed its healing on him!"

So she said,

And as she spake stretch'd forth her careful hands
To case the burden. "Warrior!" he replied,
"Thanks for thy proffer'd aid: but he hath ceased
To suffer, and my strength may well suffice
To bear him hence for burial. Fare thee well!"
The requiem to his soul: to-morrow eve
I will return, and in the narrow house
Will see him laid to rest." The father knew
The Prophets, and humbly bow'd as sent.

Now from the city, o'er the shadowy plain,
Backward they bend their way. From silent thoughts
The Maid awaking cried, "There was a time
When thinking on my closing hour of life,
Though with a mind resolved, some natural fears
Shook my weak frame; but now the happy hour,
When this emancipated soul shall burst
The cumulous fetters of mortality,
I look for wishfully. Courage! my friend,
This wounded heart would feel another pang.
Shouldst thou forsake me?"

"Joan!" the chief replied,
"Along the weary pilgrimage of life
Together will we journey, and beguile
The painful way with hope,—such hope as, fix'd
On heavenly things, brings with it no deceit,
Lays up no food for sorrow, and endures
From disappointment safe."

Thus communing
They reach'd the camp, yet hush'd; there separating,
Each in the post allotted restless waits
The day-break.

Morning came: dim through the shade
The twilight glimmers; soon the brightening clouds
Imbibe the rays, and o'er the landscape spread
The dewy light. The soldiers from the earth
Arise invigorated, and each his food
Receives, impatient to renew the war.
Dunois his javelin to the Tournelles points—
"Soldiers of France! behold, your foes are there!"
As when a band of hunters, round the den
Of some wood-monster, point their spears, elate
In hope of conquest and the future feast,
When on the hospitable board their spoil
Shall smoke, and they, as foaming bowls go round,
Tell to their guests their exploits in the chase,
With their shots of exultation make
The forest ring; so elevate of heart,
With such loud clamors for the fierce assault
The French prepare. Nor, keeping now the lists
Dare the disheartened English man to man
Meet the close conflict. From the barbarian,
Or from the embattled wall at random they
Their arrows and their death-traught enginery
Discharged; meantime the Frenchmen did not cease
With well-directed shafts their lothier foes
to assay: behind the guardian pavisa fenced,
Their at the batements their arrows aim'd,
Showering an iron storm, whilst o'er the bayle,
The bayle now level'd by victorious France,
The assailants pass'd with all their mangonels; 126
Or tortoises, 127 beneath whose roofing safe,
They, filling the deep moat, might for the towers
Make fit foundation; or with petraries,
War-wolves, and bengles, and that murderous sling
The matealfind, from whence the ponderous stone
Made but one wound of him whom in its way
It met; no pious hand might then compose
The crush'd and mangled corpse to be conveyed
To where his fathers slept: a dreadful train
Prepared by Salisbury o'er the town besieged
For hurling ruin; but that dreadful train
Must hurl its ruin on the invader's head;
Such retribution righteous Heaven decreed.

Nor lie the English trembling, for the fort
Was ably garrison'd. Glacidas, the chief,
A gallant man, sped on from place to place
Cheering the brave; or if an archer's hand,
Palsied with fear, shot wide his ill-aim'd shaft,
Driving him from the ramparts with reproach
And shame. He bore an artist of himself,
A weapon for its sure destructiveness.
Abominated once; 141 wherefore of yore
The assembled fathers of the Christian church
 Pronounced the man accursed whose impious hand
Should use the murderous engine. Such decrees
Befell them, as ministers of peace,
To promulgate, and with a warning voice,
To cry aloud and spare not. Woe to them
Whose hands are full of blood!"

An English king,
The lion-hearted Richard, their decree
First broke, and rightly was he doom'd to fall
By that forbidden weapon; since that day
Frequent-in fields of battle, and from far
To many a good knight bearing his death wound
From hands unknown. With such an instrument
Arm'd on the ramparts, Glacidas his eye
Cast on the assailing host. A keener glance
Darts not the hawk when from the feather'd tribe
He marks its prey.

A Frenchman for his aim
He chose, who kneeling by the trebuchet,
Charged its longslung with death. 132 Him Glacidas,
Secure behind the battlements, beheld,
And strang'd his bow; then bending on one knee,
He in the grove the feather'd quarel placed,
And levelling with sure eye, his victim mark'd.
The bow-string twang'd, swift on its way the dart
Whizz'd, and it struck, there where the helmet's clasps
Defend the neck; a weak protection now;
For through the tube which draws the breath of life
Pierced the keen shaft; blood down the unwonted way
Gush'd to the lungs, prone fell the dying man
Grasping, convulsed, the earth; a hollow groan
In his throat struggled, and the dews of death
Stood on his livid cheek. The days of youth
He had pass'd peaceful, and had known what joys
Domestic love bestows, the father once
Of two fair children; in the city hemm'd
During the siege, he had beheld their cheeks
Grow pale with famine, and had heard their cries
For bread. His wife, a broken-hearted one,
Sunk to the cold grave's quiet, and her babies
With hunger pined, and follow'd; he survived,
A miserable man, and heard the shouts
Of joy in Orleans, when the Maid approach'd,
As o'er the corpse of his last little one
He leap'd the unhallowed earth. To him the foe
Perform'd a friendly part, hastening the hour
Grief else had soon brought on.

The English chief,
Pointing again his arbalist, let loose
The string; the quarrel, by that impact driven,
True to its aim, fled fatal: one it struck
Dragging a tortoise to the moat, and fix'd
Deep in his liver; blood and mangled gull
Flow'd from the wound, and writhing with keen
pangs,

Headlong he fell. He for the wintry hour
Knew many a merry ballad and quaint tale,
A man in his small circle well beloved.
None better knew with prudent hand to guide
The vine's young tendrils, or at vintage time
To press the full-swollen clusters; he, heart-glad,
Taught his young boys the little all he knew,
Enough for happiness. The English host
Laid waste his fertile fields: he, to the war,
By want compelled, adventured, in his gore
Now wetering.

Nor the Gallic host remit
Their eager efforts; some, the watery fence,
Beneath the tortoise roofed, with engines apt
Drain painful; 144 part, laden with wood, throw there
Their buoyant burdens, laboring so to gain
Firm footing: some the mangonels supply,
Or charging with huge stones the murderous
slug. 145
Or petary, or in the espingal
Fix the brass-winged arrows: 146 hoarse around
The uproar and the din of multitudes
Arose. Along the ramparts Gargrave went,
Cheering the English troops; a bow he bore;
The quiver rattle as he moved along.
He knew aight to aim his feathered shafts,
Well skilled to pierce the mottled roebuck's side,
O'er taken in his speed. Him passing on;
A ponderous stone from some huge martinet. 147
Struck: on his breastplate falling, the huge weight
Shattered the bone, and to his mangled limbs
Drove in the fragments. On the gentle brow
Of a fair hill, wood-circled, stood his home,
A stately mansion, far and wide from whence
The sight ranged unimpeded, and surveyed
Streams, hills, and forests, fair variety!
The traveller knew its hospitable towers,
For open were the gates, and bazed for all
The friendly fire. By glory lured, the youth
Went forth; and he had bathed his fashion's edge
In many a Frenchman's blood; now crush'd beneath
The ponderous fragments' force, his lifeless limbs
Lie quivering.

Lo! towards the levelled moat,
A moving tower, the men of Orleans wheel: 148
Four stages elevate. Above was hung,
Equalling the walls, a bridge; in the lower stage
A battering-ram: within a chosen troop
Of archers, through the opening, shot their
shafts. 149
In the loftiest part was Conrade, so prepared
To mount the rampart; for, no hunter he,
He loved to see the dappled foresters
Browse fearless on their lair, with friendly eye,
And happy in beholding happiness,
Not meditating death: the bowman's art
Therefore he little knew, nor was he wont
To aim the arrow at the distant foe,
But uprear in close conflict, front to front,
His battle-axe, and break the shield and helm,
First in the war of men. There too the Maid
Awaits, impatient on the wall to wield
Her falchion. Onward moves the heavy tower,
Slow o'er the moat and steady, though the foe
Showered there their javelins, aimed their engines there,
And from the arbalist the fire-tipt dart
Shot burning through the sky. 150 In vain it flamed
For well with many a recking hide secured,
Passed on the dreadful pile, and now it reached
The wall. Below, with forceful impulse driven,
The iron headed engine swings its stroke,
Then back recoils; while they within who guide,
In backward step collecting all their strength,
Anon the massy beam with stronger arm
Drive full and fierce. So rolls the swelling sea
Its curly billows to the unmoved foot
Of some huge promontory, whose broad base
Breaks the rough wave; the shivered surge rolls back,
Till, by the coming billow borne, it bursts
Again, and foams with ceaseless violence:
The wanderer, on the sunny clift outstretched,
Harks to the roaring surges, as they rock
His weary senses to forgetfulness.

But nearer danger threats the invaders now;
For on the ramparts, lowered from above
The bridge reclines. 151 A universal shout
Rose from the hostile hosts. The exultant French
Break out in loud rejoicing, whilst the foe
Raise a responsive cry, and call aloud
For speedily succor there, with deafening shout
Cheering their comrades. Not with loader din
The mountain torrent flings precipitate
Its bulk of waters, though amid the fall
Shattered, and dashing silvery from the rock.

Lo! on the bridge forth comes the undaunted man,
Conrade: the gathered foes along the wall
Throng opposite, and on him point their pikes,
Cresting with armed men the battlements.
He undismayed, though on that perilous height,
Stood firm, and hurled his javelin; the keen point
Pierced through the destined victim, where his arm
Joined the broad breast: a wound which skilful care
Haply had healed; but, him disabled now,
For further service, the unpitying throng
Of his tumultuous comrades from the wall
Thrust headlong. Nor did Conrade cease to throw
His deadly javelins fast, for well within
The tower was stored with weapons, to his hand
Quickly supplied. Nor did the missioned Maid
Rest idle from the combat; she, secure,
Aimed the keen quarrel: taught the crossbow's use
By the willing mind that what it well desires
Gains aptly: nor amid the numerous throng,
Though haply erring from their destined mark,
Sped her sharp arrows frustrate. From the tower
JOAN OF ARC.

BOOK VIII.

Ceaseless the bow-strings twang: the knights below,
Each by his parvis bulwarked, thither aimed
Their darts, and not a dart fell woundless there;
So thickly through they sped, and fell as fast
As when the monarch of the East goes forth
From Gennu's banks and the proud palaces
Of Delhi, the wild monsters of the wood
Dir in the blameless warfare: closed within
The still-contracting circle, their brute force
Wasting in mutual rage, they perish there,
Or by each other's fury lacerate.
The archer's barred arrow, or the lance
Of some bold youth of his first exploits vain,
Rajah or Omrah, in the war of beasts
Venturous, and learning thus the love of blood.

Shouts of alarm ring now along the wall,
For now the French their scaling-ladders place,
And bearing high their bucklers, to the assault
Mount fearless: from above the furious troops
Fling down such weapons as inventive care
Or frantic rage supplies: huge stones and beams
Crush the assailants; some, thrust from the height,
Fall living to their death; tormented, some,
And writhing wildly as the liquid lead
Consumes their flesh, leap desperately down,
To end their pain by death. Still others mount,
And by their fellows' fate unterrified,
Still dare the perilous way. Nor dangerless
To the English was the fight, though where they stood
The vantage-place was theirs; for them amidst
Fast fled the arrows there; and brass-wing'd darts,
There driven resistless from the espingal,
Keeping their impulse even in the wound,
Whirl as they pierce the victim. Some
Crush'd beneath the ponderous fragment that descends
The heavier from its height: some the long lance,
Whizzing impetuous on its viewless way,
Transfix'd. The cannon ever and anon
With thunder rent the air; conflicting shouts
And war-cries French and English rung around,
And Saints and Devils were invoked in prayers
And execrations, Heaven and Hell adjured.

Conrade, meantime, who stood upon the bridge,
With many a well-aim'd javelin dealing death,
Made way upon the rampart, and advanced
With wary valor o'er his slaughter'd foes.
Two youths, the boldest of the English host,
Essay'd to thrust him from that perilous height;
At once they press'd upon him: he, his axel
Dropping, the dagger drew: one through the throat
He pierce'd, and swinging his broad-backer round,
Struck down his comrade. Even thus unmoved,
Stood Corninus, the sire of Grendolen.
When, grappling with his monstrous enemy,
He the brute vastness held aloft, and bore,
And headlong hurl'd, all shatter'd to the sea,
Down from the rock's high summit, since that day
Him, hugest of the giants, chronicling,
Called Langemagog.

Behold, the Maid
 Bounds o'er the bridge, and to the wind displays
Her hallow'd banner. At that welcome sight
A general shout of acclamation rose,
And loud, as when the trumpet-tossing forest
Roars to the roaring wind. Then terror seized
The garrison; and fired anew with hope,
The fierce assailants to their prize rush on
Resistless. Vainly do their English foes
Hurl there their beams, and stones, and javelins,
And firebrands: fearless in the escalade,
The assailants mount, and now upon the wall
Wage equal battle.

 But Conrade, rolling round his angry eyes,
Beheld the English chieftain as he arm'd
Again the bow: with rapid step he strode;
And Glacidas, perceiving his approach,
At him the quarell turn'd, which vainly sent
Him, hurled from his buckler. Conrade came
And lifting high the deadly battle-axe,
Through poultron and through shoulder deeply driven
Buried it in his bosom: prone he fell;
The cold air rush'd upon his heaving heart.
One whose low lineage gave no second name
Was Glacidas, a gallant man; and still
His memory in the records of the foe
Survives.

And now, dishearten'd at his fall,
The vanquish'd English fly towards the gate,  
Seeking the inner court,  
as yet in hope  
To abate a second siege, and with their friends  
Find present refuge there. Mistaken men!  
The vanquish'd have no friends! defeated thus,  
Press'd by pursuit, in vain with eager voice  
They call their comrades in the suppliant tones  
Of pity now, with now the bitter curse  
Of fruitless anger; they indeed within  
Fast from the ramparts cast upon the French  
Beams, stones, and javelins,—but the gate is  
barr'd!  
The huge portcullis down!  

Then terror seized  
Their hopeless hearts: some, furious in despair,  
Turn on their foes; fear-palmed some await  
The coming death; some drop the useless sword,  
And cry for mercy.  

Then the Maid of Arc  
Took pity on the vanquish'd; and she call'd  
Aloud, and cried unto the host of France,  
And bade them cease from slaughter. They obey'd  
The delegated Damself. Some there were  
Apart who communed murmuring, and of those  
Graville address'd her. "Prophetess! our troops  
Are few in number; one to well secure  
These many prisoners such a force demands,  
As should we spare might shortly make us need  
The mercy we bestow; not mercy then,  
Rather to these our soldiers, cruelly,  
Justice to them, to France, and to our king,  
And that regard wise nature hath in each  
Implanted of self-safety, all demand  
Their deaths."  

"Foul fall such evil policy!"  
The indignant Maid exclaim'd. "I tell thee, chief,  
God is with us! but God shall hide his face  
From them, short-sighted they, as hard of heart,  
Who, disregarding all that mitigates,  
All that ennobles dreadful war, shed blood  
Like water; who, in the deceitful scales  
Of worldly wisdom, dare to counterpoise  
The right with the expedient, and resolve  
Without compunction, as the beam inclines  
Held in a faltering or a faithless hand,  
These men shall live to see their homes again,  
Some to be welcomed there with tears of joy  
By those who to the latest hour of life  
Will in their grateful prayers remember us.  
And when that hour shall come to us, that comes  
To all, how gladly should we then exchange  
Renown, however splendid, for the thought  
That we have saved one victim from the sword,—  
If only one,—who begs for us from Heaven  
That mercy which to others we have shown!"  

Turning to Conrade, then she said, "Do thou  
Appoint an escort for the prisoners.  
Thou need'st not be reminded they are men,  
Rather by fortune, or by fate, than choice,  
Brought hither from their homes to work our bale,  
And for their own not less; but yielded thus  
Whom we must neither treat as enemies  
Nor trust as friends, but in safe-keeping hold,  
Both for their own security and ours."  

She said: when Conrade cast his eyes around,  
And saw from man to man where Francis ran,  
Bidding them spare the vanquish'd; him he hail'd.  
"The Maid hath bade me choose a leader forth  
To guard the prisoners; thou shalt be the man;  
For thou wilt guard them with due diligence,  
Yet not forgetful of humanity."  

Meantime the garrison of that stronghold,  
Who, lest the French should enter, had exposed  
Their comrades to the sword, sustain'd the siege  
In desperate valor. Fast against the walls  
The battering-ram was driven; the mangle  
Placed at the ramparts fast; the catapults  
Drove there their dreadful darts; the war-wolves there  
Hurl'd their huge stones; and, through the kindled sky,  
The engines shower'd their sheets of liquid fire.  

"Feel ye not, comrades, how the ramparts shake?"  
Exclaim'd a daring Englishman. "Our foes,  
In woman-like compassion, have dismiss'd  
A powerful escort, weakening thus themselves,  
And giving us fair hope, in equal field,  
Of better fortune. Solely here annoy'd,  
And slaughter'd by their engines from afar,  
We perish. Vainly may the soldier boast  
Undaunted courage and the arm of strength;  
If thus pent up, like some wild beast he falls,  
Mark'd for the hunter's arrows. Let us out  
And meet them in the battle, man to man,  
Either to conquer, or at least to die  
A soldier's death."  

"Nay, nay — not so," replied  
One of less hopeless courage. "Though they point  
Their engines here, our archers not in vain  
Discharge their quarrels. Let the walls and works  
Still be defended; it will then be time  
To meet them in the battle man to man,  
When these shall fail us."  

Scarcely had he said,  
When a huge stone, thrown from some petrify  
Smote him upon the breast, and with dismay  
Fill'd all around; for as it shattered him,  
His blood besprinkled them, and they beheld  
His mangled limbs lie quivering.  

"Such the fate  
Of those who trust them to their walls' defence!"  
Again exclaim'd the soldier: "Thus they fall,  
Betray'd by their own fears. Courage alone  
Can save us."  

Nor to draw them from the fort  
Now needed eloquence; with one accord  
They bade him lead the onset. Forth they rush'd  
Impetuous. With such fury o'er the plain,  
Swollen by the autumnal tempest, Vega rolls  
His rapid waters, when the gathered storm  
On the black heights of Hatteril bursting, swells  
The tide of desolation.  

Then the Maid  
Spake to the Son of Orleans. "Let our troops  
Fall back, so shall the English in pursuit  
Leave this strong fortress, thus an easy prey."
Disabling from pursuit our weaken'd troops; —
God is with us!" she cried — "God is with us!
Our Champion manifest!"

Even as she spake,
The tower, the bridge, and all its multitudes,
Sunk with a mighty crash. 159

Astonishment
Seized on the French; an universal cry
Of terror burst from them. Crush'd in the fall,
Or by their armor hopelessly weigh'd down,
Or while they pled their unencumber'd arms,
Caught by some sinking wretch, who grasp'd them fast,
Shrieking they sunk, while frequent fragments huge
Fell in the foaming current. From the fort
Talbot beheld, and gnash'd his teeth, and cursed
The more than mortal Virgin; whilst the towers
Of Orleans echoed to the loud uproar,
And all who heard trembled, and cross'd their breasts,
And as they hasten'd to the city walls,
Told fearfully their beads.

'T was now the hour
When o'er the plain the fading rays of eve
Their sober light effuse; when the loving herd,
Slow as they move to shelter, draw behind
Their lengthening shadows; and toward his nest,
As heavily he flaps the dewy air,
The hoarse rook breathes his melancholy note.
" Now then, Dunois, for Orleans!" cried the Maid
And give we to the flames these monuments
Of sorrow and disgrace. The ascending flames
Will to the dwellers of yon rescued town
Rise with a joyful splendor, while the foe
Behold and tremble." 171

As she spake, they ran
To burn the forts; they shower their wild fire there,
And high amid the gloom the ascending flames
Blaze up; 170 then joyful of their finish'd toil
The host retire. Hush'd is the field of fight
As the calm'd ocean, when its gentle waves
Heave slow and silent, wafting tranquilly
The shattered fragments of some midnight wreck.

THE NINTH BOOK.

Far through the shadowy sky the ascending flames
Stream'd their fierce torrents, by the gales of night
Now curl'd, now flashing their long lightnings up
That made the stars seem pale; less frequent now
Through the red volumes more splendor's shot,
And blacker waves roll'd o'er the darken'd heaven.
Dismay'd amid the forts which yet remain'd
The invaders saw, and clamor'd for retreat,
Deeming that aided by invisible powers
The Maid went forth to conquer. Not a sound
Moved on the air but fill'd them with vague dread
Of unseen dangers; if a sudden blast
Arose, through every fibre a deep fear
Crept shivering, and to their expecting minds
Silence itself was dreadful. 161 One there was
Who, learning wisdom in the hour of ill,
Exclaim'd, 'I marvel not that the Most High
Hath hid his face from England! Wherefore thus
Quitting the comforts of domestic life,
Came we to desolate this godly land,
Making the drench'd earth rank with human blood,
Scatter pollution on the winds of Heaven?
Oh! that the sepulchre had closed its jaws
On the proud prelate, that blood-guilty man,
Who, trembling for the church's ill-got wealth,
Bade our Fifth Henry claim the crown of France! 162
Oh! that the grave had swallow'd him, ere he
Stirr'd up the sleeping claim, and sent him forth
To slaughter! Sure that holy hermit spake
The Almighty's bidding, 163 who in his career
Of conquest met the King, and bade him cease
The work of death, before the wrath divine
Fell heavy on his head. — Full soon it fell,
And sunk him to the grave; — and soon that wrath
On us, alike in guilt, alike shall fall;
For thousands and ten thousands, by the sword
Cut off, and sent before the Eternal Judge,
With all their unrepented crimes upon them,
Cry out for vengeance; for the widow's groan,
Though here she groan unpitied or unheard,
Is heard in Heaven against us; o'er this land
For hills of human slain, unsepulchred,
Steam pestilence, and cloud the blessed sun!
The wrath of God is on us,— God hath raised
This Profligate, and goes before her path; —
Our brethren, vainly valiant, fall beneath them,
Clogging with gore their weapons, or in the flood
Whelm'd like the Egyptian tyrant's impious host,
Mangled and swoln, their blacken'd carcases
Float on the tainted current! We remain,—
For yet our rulers will pursue the war,—
We still remain to perish by the sword,
Soon to appear before the throne of God,
Conscious, too late, of folly and of guilt,
Uninjured, unprovoked, who dared to risk
The life His goodness gave us, on the chance
Of war, and in obedience to our chiefs
Durst disobey our God.'

Then terror seized
The troops and late repentance; and they thought
The spirits of the mothers and their babes
Famish'd at Roan sat on the clouds of night, 164
Circling the forts, to hail with gloomy joy
The hour of vengeance.

Nor the English chiefs
Heard these loud murmurs heedless; counselling
They met despondent. Suffolk, now their chief,
Since Salisbury fell, began.

"It now were vain
Lightly of this our more than mortal foe
To speak contemptuous. She hath vanquish'd us,
Aided by Hell's leagued powers, nor aught avails
Man unassisted 'gainst Infernal powers
To dare the conflict. 165 Were it best remain
Waiting the doubtful aid of Burgundy,
 Doubtful and still delay'd? or from this place,
Scene of our shame, retiring as we may,
Yet struggle to preserve the guarded towns
Of the Orleans?

He ceased, and with a sigh,
Struggling with pride that heaved his gloomy breast,
Talbot replied, 'Our council little hopes;
For by their numbers now made bold in fear 166
The soldiers will not fight; they will not heed
Our vain resolves, heart-wither'd by the spells
Of this accursed sorceress. Soon will come
The expected host from England; even now
Perchance the tall bark sends across the deep
That bears my son: young Talbot comes, — he comes
To find his sire disgraced! But soon mine arm,
By vengeance nerved, and shame of such defeat,
Shall from the crest-fallen courage of you witch,
Regain its ancient glory. Near the coast
Best is it to retreat, and there expect
The coming succor.'

Thus the warrior spake.
Joy ran through all the troops, 167 as though retreat
Were safety. Silently in order's ranks
They issue forth, favor'd by the thick clouds
Which mantled o'er the moon. With throbbing
hearts
Fearful they speeded on; some in sad thoughts
Of distant England, and now wise too late,
Cursing in bitterness the evil hour
That led them from her shores; some in faint hope
Thinking to see their native land again;
Talbot went musing on his former fame,
Sullen and stern, and feeling on dark thoughts,
And meditating vengeance.

In the walls
Of Orleans, though her habitants with joy
Humbly acknowledged the high aid of Heaven,
Of many a heavy ill and bitter loss
Mindful, such mingled sentiments they felt
As one from shipwreck saved, the first warm glow
Of transport past, who contemplates himself
Preserved alone, a solitary wretch,
Possess'd of life indeed, but reft of all
That makes man love to live. The chieftains
shared
The social bowl, 168 glad of the town relieved,
And commingling of that miraculous Maid,
Who came the savior of the realm of France,
When, vanquish'd in the frequent field of shame,
Her bravest warriors trembled.

Joan the while
Fasting and silent to the convent pass'd,
Conrade with her, and Isabel; both mute,
Yet gazing on her oft with anxious eyes,
Looking the consolation that they fear'd
To give a voice to. Now they reach'd the dome:
The glaring torches o'er the house of death
Stream'd a sad splendor. Flowers and funeral herbs
Bedeck'd the bier of Theodore, — the rue,
The dark green rosemary, and the violet,
That pluck'd like him wither'd in its first bloom.
Dissolved in sorrow, Isabel her grief
Pour'd copiously, and Conrade also wept:
Joan only shed no tears; from her fix'd eye
Intelligence was absent; and she seem'd,
Though listening to the dirge of death, to hear
And comprehend it not, till in the grave, —
In his last home, — now Theodore was laid,
And earth to earth upon the coffin thrown;
Then the Maid started at that mortal sound,
And her lip quiver'd, and on Isabel,
Trembling and faint, she leaned, and pale as death.

Then in the priest arose an earnest hope,
That, weary of the world and sick with woe,
The Maid might dwell with them a virgin vow'd.
"Ah, damsel!" slow he spake, and cross'd his breast,
"Ah, damsel! favor'd as thou art of Heaven,
Let not thy soul beneath its sorrow sink;
Descendent; Heaven by sorrow disciplines
The froward heart, and chastens whom it loves.
Therefore, companion of thy way of life,
Shall sorrow wean thee from this faithless world,
Where happiness provokes the traveller's chase,
And like the midnight meteor of the marsh
Allures his long and perilous pursuit,
Then leaves him dark and comfortless. O Maid!
Fix thou thine eyes upon that heavenly dawn
Beyond the night of life! Thy race is run,
Thou hast deliver'd Orleans; now perfect
Thyself, accomplish all, and be the child
Of God. Amid these sacred haunts the groan
Of woe is never heard; these hallow'd roofs
Reecho only to the pealing quire,
The chantèd mass, and virgin's holy hymn,
Celestial sounds! Secluded here, the soul
Receives a foretaste of her joys to come;
This is the abode of piety and peace;
Oh! be their inmate, Maiden! Come to rest,
Die to the world, and live espoused to Heaven!"

Then Conrade answered, "Father! Heaven has
call'd
This Maid to active duties."
"Active!" cried
The astonish'd Monk; "thou dost not know the toils
This holy warfare asks; thou dost not know
How powerful the attacks that Satan makes
By sinful Nature aided! Dost thou think
It is an easy task from the fond breast
To root affection out? to burst the cords
Which grapple to society the heart,
Of social man? to rouse the unwilling spirit,
That, rebel to devotion, faintly pours
The cold lip-worship of the wearying prayer?
To fear and tremble at Him, yet to love
A God of Terrors? Maid beloved of Heaven,
Come to this sacred trail! share with us
The day of penance and the night of prayer!
Humble thyself; feel thine own worthlessness,
A reptile worm, before thy birth condemn'd
To all the horrors of thy Maker's wrath,
The lot of fallen mankind! Oh, hither come!
Humble thyself in ashes. So thy name
Shall live amid the blessed host of saints,
And unborn pilgrims at thy hallowed shrine
Four forth their pious offerings.
"Hear me, father!"
Exclaim'd the awaken'd Maid. "Amid these toms,
Cold as their chary tenants, know, my heart
Must never grow to stone! Chill thou thyself,
And break thy midnight rest, and tell thy beads,
And labor through thy still repeated prayer;

Fear thou thy God of Terrors; spurn the gifts
He gave, and sepulchre thyself alive!
But far more valued is the vine that bends
Beneath its swelling clusters, than the dark
And joyless ivy, round the cloister's wall
Wreathing its barren arms. For me, I know
That I have faithfully obey'd my call,
Confiding not in mine own strength, but His
Who sent me forth to suffer and to do
His will; and in that faith I shall appear
Before the just tribunal of that God
Whom grateful love has taught me to adore!"

Severe she spake, for sorrow in her heart
Had wrought unawomt'd sternness. From the dome
They pass'd in silence, when, with hasty steps,
Sent by the chiefs, a messenger they met,
Who, in alarm, the mission'd Virgin sought.
A bearer of ill tidings.
"Holy Maid!"
He said, "they ask thy counsel. Burgundy
Comes in the cause of England, and his troops
Searce three leagues from the walls, a fearful power.
Rest tented for the night."
"Say to the chiefs,
At morn I will be with them," she replied;
"And to this urgency will give meantime
My nightly thoughts."

So saying, on she went
In thoughtful silence. A brief while she musèd,
Brief, but sufficient to excite her soul,
As with a power and impulse not its own,
To some great purpose. "Conrade!" then she said,
"I pray thee meet me at the eastern gate
With a swift steed prepared, — for I must hence."

Her voice was calm, and Conrade through the gloom
Saw not the flush that witness'd on her cheek
Inward emotion at some thought conceived.
She to her quarters hastily repair'd,
There with a light and unplumed casque: She
helmet her head, hung from her neck the shield,
And forth she went. Her Conrade by the gate
Awak'd. "May I, Maiden, ask unblamed
Whither this midnight journey? may I share
The peril?" cried the warrior. She rejoind,
"This, Conrade, must not be. Alone I go,
That impulse of the soul which comes from God
Sends me. But thou of this remain assured,
If anght that I must enterprise required
Associate firmness, thou shouldst be the man,
Best, — last, — and only friend!"

So up she sprang
And left him. He beheld the warden close
The gate, and listen'd to her conquer's tramp,
Till soon upon his ear the far-off sound
Fell faintly, and was lost.

Swift over the vale
Sped the good courser; eagerly the Maid
Gave the loose rein; and now her speed attain'd
The dark encompassment. Through the sleeping ranks
Onward she past. The trampling of her steed
Or mingled with the soldier’s busy dreams,  
Or with vague terrors fill’d his startled sense,  
Prompting a secret prayer.  
So on she past  
To where in lofter shade arose the tent  
Of Burgundy: light leaping from her seat  
She enter’d.

On the earth the chieftain slept,  
His mantle scarft around him; near him hung  
His helmet and his shield, and at his side  
Within hand-reach his sword. Profound he slept,  
Nor heard the coming courser’s sounding hoof,  
Nor entering footsteps. “Burgundy!” she cried,  
“What, Burgundy! awake!” He started up,  
And saw the gleam of arms, and to his sword  
Reach’d a quick hand. But what he now beheld  
Threw him, for full upon her face the lamp  
Cast its deep glare, and in her solemn look  
Was an unearthly meaning. Pale she was;  
And in her eye a saintly lustre beam’d,  
And that most calm and holiest confidence  
That guilt knows never. “Burgundy, thou seest  
The Maid of Orleans!”

As she spake, a voice  
Exclaim’d, “Die, sorceress!” and a knight rush’d in,  
Whose name by her illustrated yet lives,  
Franquet of Arras. With uplifted arm  
Furious he came; her buckler broke the blow,  
And forth she flash’d her sword, and with a stroke  
Swift that no eye could ward it, and of strength  
No mail might blunt, smote on his neck, his neck  
Unfenced, for he in haste aroused had cast  
An armet; on; resistless there she smote,  
And to the earth prone fell the headless trunk  
Of Franquet.

Then on Burgundy she fix’d  
Her eye severe. “Go, chief, and thank thy God  
That he with lighter judgments visits thee  
Than fell on Sisera, or by Judith’s hand  
He wrought upon the Assyrian! Thank thy God,  
That when his vengeance smote the invading sons  
Of England, equal though thou wert in guilt,  
Thee he has spard to work by penitence  
And better deeds sternement.”

Thus she spake,  
Then issued forth, and bounding on her steed  
Sped o’er the plain. Dark on the upland bank  
The hedge-row trees distinct and colorless  
Rose on the gray horizon, and the Loire  
Form’d in its winding way islands of light  
Amid the shadowy vale, when now she reach’d  
The walls of Orleans.

From the eastern clouds  
The sun came forth, as to the assembled chieft’s  
The Maiden pass’d. Her bending thitherwards  
The Bastard met. “Now perils threaten us,”  
He said, “new toils await us; Burgundy, —”

“Fear not for Burgundy!” the Maid replied,  
“Him will the Lord direct. Our earliest scouts  
Shall tell his homeward march. What of the troops  
Of England?”

“They,” the Son of Orleans cried,  
“By darkness favor’d, fled; yet not by flight  
Shall these invaders now escape the arm  
Of retribution. Even now our troops,  
By battle unfatigued, unsatisfied  
With conquest, clamor to pursue the foe.”

The delegated Damsel thus replied:  
“So let them fly, Dunois! But other work  
Than that of battle, now must be perform’d.  
We move not in pursuit, till we have paid  
The rites of burial to our countrymen,  
And hymn’d our gratitude to that All-just  
Who gave the victory. Thou, meantime, despatch  
Tidings to Chicon: let the King set forth,  
That crowning him before assembled France,  
In Rheims delivered from the enemy,  
I may accomplish all.”

So said the Maid,  
Then to the gate moved on. The assembled troops  
Beheld her coming, and they smote their shields,  
And with one voice of greeting bless’d her name,  
And pray’d her to pursue the flying foe.  
She waved her hand, and silently they stood,  
Attentive while she spake; — “Fellows in arms!  
We must not speed to joyful victory,  
And leave our gallant comrades where they lie.  
For dogs, and wolves, and carrion-birds a prey;  
ERE we advance, let us discharge to them  
The duty that is due.”

So said the Maid;  
And as she spake, the thirst of battles dies  
In every breast, such awe and love pervade  
The listening troops. They o’er the corse-strewn plain  
Speed to their sad employment: some dig deep  
The house of death; some bear the lifeless load;  
Others the while search carefully around,  
If haply they may find surviving yet  
Some wounded wretches. As they labor thus,  
They mark far off the iron-blaze of arms;  
See distant standards waving on the air,  
And hear the clarion’s clang. Then spake the Maid  
To Conrade, and she bade him haste to copy  
The coming army; or to meet their march  
With friendly greeting, or if foes they came  
With such array of battle as short space  
Allow’d: the warrior sped across the plain,  
And soon beheld the banner’d lines wave.

Their chief was Richemont: he when as he heard  
What rites employed the Virgin, straightway bade  
His troops assist in burial; they, though grieved  
At late arrival, and the expected day.  
Of conquest past, yet give their willing aid:  
They dig the general grave, and thither bear  
English or French, alike commingled now,  
And heap the mound of death.  

Amid the plain  
There was a little eminence, of old  
Raised o’er some honored chieftain’s narrow house.  
His praise the song had ceased to celebrate,  
And many an unknown age had the long grass  
Waved o’er that nameless mound, though barren now  
Beneath the frequent tread of multitudes  
There elevate, the martial Maiden stood,
Her brow unconfin'd, and floating on the wind
Her long, dark locks. The silent troops around
Stood thickly throng'd, as o'er the fertile field
Billows the ripen'd corn. The passing breeze
Bore not a murmur from the numerous host,
Such deep attention held them. She began.

"Glory to those who in their country's cause
Fall in the field of battle! Countrymen,
I stand not here to mourn these gallant men,
Our comrades, nor, with vain and idle phrase
Of sorrow and compassion, to console
The friends who loved them. They indeed who fall
Beneath oppression's banner, merit well
Our pity; may the God of Peace and Love
Be merciful to those blood-guiltily men
Who came to desolate the realm of France,
To make us bow the knee, and crouch like slaves
Before a foreign master. Give to these,
And to their wives and orphan little ones
That on their distant father vainly cry
For bread, give these your pity! — Wretched men,
Forced or inveigled from their homes, or driven
By need and hunger to the trade of blood;
Or, if with free and willing mind they came,
Most wretched, for before the eternal throne,
Guilty alike in act and will, they stand.
But our dead comrades for their country fought;
No arts they needed, nor the specious bribes
Of promise, to allure them to this fight,
This holy warfare! them their parents sent,
And as they raised their streaming eyes to Heaven,
Bade them go forth, and from the scalian sword
Save their gray hairs: them their dear wives sent out,
Fix'd their last kisses on their armed hands,"

And bade them in the battle think they fought
For them and for their children. Thus inflamed,
By every milder feeling, they went forth:
They fought, they conquer'd. To this holy ground
The men of Orleans in the days to come
Shall bring their boys, and tell them of the deeds
Their countrymen achieved, and bid them learn
Like them to love their country, and like them,
Should usurpation pour again its tide
Of desolation, to step forth and stem,
Fearless, the furious torrent. Men of France,
Mourn not for these our comrades! boldly they
Fought the good fight, and that Eternal One,
Who bade the Angels harbing'er his Word
With 'Peace on earth,' rewards them. We survive,
Honoring their memories to avenge their fall
Upon the unjust invaders. They may drain
Their kingdom's wealth and lavishly expend
Its blood, insanely thinking to subdue
This wide and populous realm; for easier were it
To move the ancient mountains from their base,
Than on a nation knowing its own strength
To force a foreign yoke. France then is safe.
My glorious mission soon will be fulfill'd,
My work be done. But, oh! remember ye,
And in their generation let your sons
Transmit to theirs the all-concerning truth,
That a great people, wrongfully assaul'd,
If faithful to themselves, and resolute
In duty to the last, betide what may,—
Although no signs be given, no miracles
Vouchsafed, as now, no Prophetess ordain'd,
May yet with hope invincible hold on,
Relying on their courage, and their cause,
And the sure course of righteous Providence."

THE TENTH BOOK.

Thus to the martyrs in their country's cause
The Maiden gave their fame; and when she ceased,
Such murmur from the multitude arose,
As when at twilight hour the summer breeze
Moves o'er the elany vale. There was not one
Who mourn'd with feebly sorrow for his friend,
Slain in the fight of freedom; or if chance
Remembrance with a tear suffus'd the eye,
The patriot's joy shone through.

And now the rites
Of sepulture perform'd, the hymn to Heaven
They chant'd. To the town the Maid return'd,
Dunois with her, and Richemont, and the man
Conrade, whose converse most the Virgin loved.
They of pursuit and of the future war
Sat communing; when loud the trumpet's voice
Proclaim'd a herald's coming.

"To the Maid,"

Such was his errand,— "and to thee, Dunois,
Son of the chief he loved, Du Chastel sends
Greeting. The aged warrior hath not spared
All active efforts to partake your toil,
And serve his country; and though late arrived,
He share not in the fame your arms acquire,
His heart is glad that he is late arrived,
And France preserv'd thus early. He were here
To join your host, and follow the pursuit,
But Richemont is his foe. To that high Lord
Thus says my master: We, though each to each
Be hostile, are alike the embattled sons
Of our dear country. Therefore do thou join
The conquering troops, and prosecute success;
I will the while assist what guarded towns
Bedford yet holds in Orleans: one day,
Perhaps the Constable of France may learn
He wrong'd Du Chastel."

As the herald spake,
Richemont's cheek redder'd, partly with a sense
Of shame, and partly anger half supprest.
"Say to thy master," eagerly he said,
"I am the foe of those court parasites
Who poison the King's ear. Him who shall serve
Our country in the field, I hold my friend:
Such may Du Chastel prove."

So said the chiet
And passing as the herald went his way,
Turn'd to the Virgin: "If I guess aright,
It is not from a friendly tongue's report,
That thou hast heard of me."

Dissembling not
The unwelcome truth, "Yes, chieftain!" she
replied,
"Report bespeaks thee haughty, violent,
Suffering no rival, brooking no control,
And executing by unrighteous means
The judgments of thine own unlawful will."

"But hear me, Maid of Orleans!" he exclaimed:
"Should the wolf enter thy defenceless fold,
Were it a crime if thy more mighty force
Destroy'd the fell destroyer? If thy hand
Had slain a ruffian as he burst thy door
Prepared for midnight murder, should'st thou feel
The weight of blood press heavy on thy soul?
I slew the wolves of state, the murderers
Of thousands! Joani! when rusted in its sheath
The sword of justice hung, blanest thou the man
That lent his weapon for the righteous deed?"

Conrade replied, "Nay, Richemont, it were well
To slay the ruffian as he burst thy doors;
But if he bear the plunder safely hence,
And thou should'st meet him on the future day,
Vengeance must not be thine: there is the law
To punish; and the law alloweth not,
That the accuser take upon himself
The judge's part; still less doth it allow
That he should execute upon the accused
Untried, unheard; a sentence, which so given
Becomes, whate'er the case, itself a crime."

"Thou hast said wisely," cried the Constable;
"But there are guilty ones above the law,
Men whose black crimes exceed the utmost bound
Of private guilt; court vermin that buzz round,
And fly-blow the King's ear, and make him hate,
In this most perilous time, his people's wealth
And blood; immersed one while in sensual sloth,
Heedless though sin threaten the realm they rule;
And now projecting some mad enterprise,
Sending their troops to sure defeat and shame.
These are the men who make the King suspect
His wisest, faithfulest, best counsellors;
And for themselves and their dependents, seize
All places, and all profits; and they wrest
To their own ends the statutes of the land,
Or safely break them; thus, or indolent,
Or active, ravenous alike to France.
Wisely thou sayest, warrior, that the Law
Should strike the guilty; but the voice of Justice
Cries out, and brings conviction as it cries,
Whom the laws cannot reach, the dagger should."
With clamors ominous of victory.
Thus urging on, one from the adverse host
Advanced to meet them: they his garb of peace
Knew, and they hailed as the herald spoke
His bidding to the chieftains. "Sir!" he cried,
"I hear defiance to you from the Earl
William of Suffolk. Here on this fit ground,
He wills to give you battle, power to power,
So please you, on the morrow."

"On the morrow
We will join battle then," replied Dunois,
"And God befriend the right!" Then on the herald
A robe rich-furred and embroidered he bestow'd, 174
A costly girdon. Through the array dignity
The unwelcome tidings of delay; possess'd
With agitating hopes they felt the hours
Pass heavily; but soon the night waned on,
And the loud trumpets' blare from broken sleep
Roused them; a second time the thrilling blast
Bade them be arm'd, and at the third long sound
They ranged them in their ranks. 175 From man to man
With pious haste hurried the confessors
To shrive them, 156 lest with souls all unprepared
They to their death might go. Dunois meantime
Rode through the host, the shield of dignity 177
Before him borne, and in his hand he held
The white wand of command. The open helm
Disclosed that eye which temper'd the strong lines
Of steady valor, to obedient awe
Winning the will's assent. To some he spake
Of late-earn'd glory; others, new to war,
He bade bethink them of the feats achieved
When Talbot, recreant to his former fame,
Fled from belager'd Orleans. Was there one
Whom he had known in battle? by the hand
Him did he take, and bid him on that day
Summon his wonted courage, and once more
Support his chief and comrade. Happy he
Who caught his eye, or from the chieftain's lips
Heard his own name! joy more inspiring
Fills not the Persian's soul, when sure he deems
That Mithra hears propitiously his prayer,
And o'er the scattered cloud of morning pours
A brighter ray responsive.

Then the host
Partook due food, this their last meal belike
Receiving with such thoughtful doubts as make
The soul, impatient of uncertainty,
Rush eager to the event; being thus prepared,
Upon the grass the soldiers laid themselves,
Each in his station, waiting there the sound
Of onset, that in undiminish'd strength
Strong, they might meet the battle; 178 silent some
Pondering the chances of the coming day,
Some whiling with a careless gayety
The fearful pause of action.

Thus the French
In such array and high in confident hope
Await the signal; whilst with other thoughts,
And ominous awe, once more the invading host
Prepare them in the field of fight to meet
The Prophetaess. Collected in himself
Appear'd the might of Talbot. Through the ranks
He stalks, reminds them of their former fame,
Their native land, their homes, the friends they loved,
All the rewards of this day's victory.
But awe had fill'd the English, and they struck
False to their shields; for they who had beheld
The hallowed banner with celestial light
Irradiate, and the mission'd Maiden's deeds,
Felt their hearts sink within them at the thought
Of her near vengeance; and the tale they told
Roused such a tumult in the new-comc troops,
As fitted them for fear. The aged Earl
Beheld their drooping valor, and his brow,
Wrinkled with thought, bewray'd his inward doubts:
Still he was firm, though all might fly, resolved
That Talbot should retrieve his old renown,
And end his life with glory. Yet some hope
Inspired the veteran, as, across the plain
Casting his eye, he mark'd the embattled strength
Of thousands; archers of unequalled skill,
Brigants and pikemen, from whose lifted points
A fearful radiance flash'd, and young esquires,
And high-born warriors, bright in blazon'd arms.

Nor few, nor fameless were the English chiefs.
In many a field victorious, he was there,
The garter'd Fastolfe; Hungerford, and Scales,
Men who had seen the hostile squadrons fly
Before the arms of England; Suffolk there,
The haughty chieftain, tower'd; his head had fallen
Even a courtly minion he was mark'd
By public hatred, and the murderer's guilt!
There too the son of Talbot, young in arms,
Heir of a noble race and mighty name:
At many a tilt and tournament had he
Approved his skill and prowess; confident
In strength, and jealous of his future fame,
His heart bent high for battle. Such array
Of marshall'd numbers fought not on the field
Of Cressy, nor at Poictiers; nor such force
Led Henry to the fight of Agincourt,
When thousands fell before him.

Onward move
The host of France. It was a goodly sight
To see the embattled pomp, as with the step
Of stateliness the barded steeds came on,—
To see the pennons rolling their long waves
Before the gale, and banners broad and bright
Tossing their blazonry, and high-plumed chiefs,
Vidames, 179 and Seneschalls, and Chastellains,
Gay with their buckler's gorgeous heraldry,
And silken surcots to the mid-day sun
Glittering,
And now the knights of France dismount,
For not to brutal strength they deemed it right
To trust their fame and their dear country's weal,
Rather to manly courage, and the glow
Of honorable thoughts, such as inspire
Emolting energy. Unhorsed, unspur'd,
Their javelins shortened to a weily length,
They to the foe advanced. The Maid alone,
Conspicuous on a coal-black courser, meets
The war. They moved to battle with such sound
As rushes over the vaulted firmament,
When from his seat, on the utmost verge of heaven
That overhangs the void, the Sire of Winds,
Himmavanger starting, 184 rears his giant bulk,
And from his eagle pinions shakes the storm.

High on her stately steed the martial Maid
Rode foremost of the war; her burnish'd arms
Shone like the brook that o'er its pebbled course
Runs glittering gayly to the noon-tide sun.
The foaming courser, of her guiding hand
Impatient, snote the earth, and toss'd his mane,
And rear'd aloft with many a froward bound,
Then answered to the rein with such a step,
As, in submission, he were proud to show
His spirit unsubdued. Slow on the air
Waved the white plumes that shadow'd o'er her helm.

Even such, so fair, so terrible in arms,
Pelides moved from Scyros, where, conceal'd,
He lay obedient to his mother's fears
A seemly damsel; thus the youth appear'd
Terribly graceful, when upon his neck
Deidameia hung, and with a look
That spake the tumult of her troubled soul,
Fear, anguish, and upbraiding tenderness,
Gazed on the father of her unbore birth.

An English knight, who, eager for renown,
Late left his peaceful mansions, mark'd the Maid.
Her power miraculous and portentous deeds
He from the troops had heard incredible,
And scold'd their easy fears, and vow'd that he,
Proving the magic of this dreaded girl
In equal battle, would dissolve the spell,
Powerless opposed to valor. Forth he spurr'd
Before the ranks; she mark'd the coming foe,
And fix'd her lance in rest, and rush'd along.
Midway they met; full on her buckler driven,
Shiver'd the English spear: her better force
Drove the brave foeman senseless from his seat.
Headlong he fell, nor ever to the sense
Of shame awok'd; for crowding multitudes
Soon crush'd the helpless warrior.

Then the Maid
Rode through the thickest battle; fast they fell,
Pierc'd by her forceful spear. Amid the troops
Plunged her strong war-horse, by the noise of arms
Elate and roused to rage, he tramples o'er,
Or with the lance pretendent from his hand, 185
Thrusts down the thronging squadrons. Where she turns,
The foe tremble and die. Such ominous fear
Seizes the traveller o'er the trackless sands,
Who marks the dread Simoon across the waste
Sweep its swift pestilence: to earth he falls,
Nor dares give utterance to the inward prayer,
Deeming the Genius of the desert breathes
The purple blast of death.

Such was the sound
As when a tempest, mingling air and sea,
Flies o'er the upthorn ocean: dashing high
Their foamy heads amid the incumbent clouds,
The madden'd billows with their deafening roar
Drown the loud thunder's peal. In every form
Of horror, death was there. They fall, transfix'd
By the random arrow's point, or fierce-thrust lance,
Or sink, all battered by the ponderous mace:
Some from their courser's thrown, lie on the earth,
Helpless because of arms, that weak to save,
Lengthened the lingering agonies of death.
But most the English fell, by their own fears
Betray'd, for fear the evil that it dreaded
Increseth. Even the chiefs, who many a day
Had met the war and conquer'd, trembled now,
Appall'd before the Maid miraculous.
As the blood-nurtur'd monarch of the wood,
That o'er the wilds of Afric in his strength
Resistless ranges, when the mutinous clouds
Burst, and the lightnings through the midnight sky
Dart their red fires, lies fearful in his den,
And howls in terror to the passing storm.

But Talbot, fearless where the bravest fear'd,
Mow'd down the hostile ranks. The chieftain stood
Like a strong oak, amid the tempest's rage,
That stands unharmin'd, and while the forest falls
Uprooted round, lifts his high head aloft,
And nods majestic to the warring wind.
He fought, resolved to snatch the shield of death 186
And shelter him from shame. The very herd
Who fought near Talbot, though the Virgin's name
Made their cheeks pale and drove the carding blood
Back to their hearts, caught from his daring deeds
New force, and went like eaglets to the prey
Beneath their mother's wing: to him they look'd,
Their tower of strength, 187 and follow'd where his sword
Made through the foe a way. Nor did the son
Of Talbot shame his lineage; by his sire
Emulous he strove, like the young lionet
When first he bathe's his murderous jaws in blood.
They fought intrepid, though amid their ranks
Fear and confusion triumph'd; for such dread
Possess'd the English, as the Etruscans felt,
When self-devoted to the infernal gods
The awful Decius stood before the troops,
Robed in the victim garb of sacrifice,
And spake aloud, and call'd the shadowy powers
To give to Rome the conquest, and receive
Their willing prey; then rush'd amid the foe,
And died upon the hecatombs he slew.

But hope inspired the assailants. Xaintrailles there
Spread fear and death, and Orleans' valiant son
Fought as when Warwick fled before his arm.
O'er all preeminent for hardest deeds
Was Conrade. Where he drove his battle-axe,
Weak was the buckler or the helm's defence,
Hauberk, or plated mail; through all it pierced,
Resistless as the fork'd flash of heaven.
The death-doom'd foe, who mark'd the coming chief,
Felt such a chill run through his shivering frame,
As the night-traveller of the Pyrenees,
Lone and bewilder'd on his wintry way,
When from the mountains round reverberates
The hungry wolves' deep yell: on every side,
Their fierce eyes gleaming as with meteor fires,
The famish'd pack come round; the allrighted mule
Snorts loud with terror, on his slumbering limbs
The big sweat starts, convulsive pant his sides,
Then on he gallops, wild in desperate speed.
Him deasting death an English knight beheld,
And spurred his steed to crush him: Conrade leap'd!

Lightly aside, and through the warrior's grave's
Fix'd a deep wound; nor longer could the foe,
Disabled thus, command his mettled horse,
Or his rude plunge endure; headlong he fell,
And perish'd. In his castle hall was hung
On high his father's shield, with many a dint
Graced on the glorious field of Agincourt.
His deeds the son had heard; and when a boy,
Listening delighted to the old man's tale,
His little hand would lift the weighty spear
In warlike pastime: he had left behind
An infant offspring, and had fondly deem'd
He too in age the exploits of his youth
Should tell, and in the stripling's bosom rouse
The fire of glory.

Conrade the next foe
Smote where the heaving membrane separates
The chambers of the trunk. The dying man,
In his lord's castle dwelt, for many a year,
A well-beloved servant: he could sing
Carols for Shrove-tide, or for Candlemas,
Songs for the wassail, and when the boar's head,
Crown'd with gay garlands and with rosemary,
Smoked on the Christmas board: 180 he went to war
Following the lord he loved, and saw him fall
Beneath the arm of Conrade, and expired,
Slain on his master's body.

Nor the fight
Was doubtful long. Fierce on the invading host
Press the French troops impetuous, as of old,
When pouring o'er his legion slaves on Greece,
The eastern despot bridged the Hellespont,
The rushing sea against the mighty pile
Roll'd its full weight of waters; far away
The fearful Satrap mark'd on Asia's coasts
The floating fragments, and with ominous fear
Trembled for the great king.

Still Talbot strove,
His foot firm planted, his uplifted shield
Fencing that breast which never yet had known
The thrub of fear. But when the warrior's eye,
Glancing around the fight, beheld the French
Pressing to conquest, and his heartless troops
Striking with feebler force in backward step,
Then o'er his cheek he felt the indignant flush
Of shame, and loud he lifted up his voice,
And cried, 181 "Fly, cravens! leave your aged chief
Here in the front to perish! his old limbs
Are not like yours, so supple in the flight. 182
Go tell your countrymen how ye escaped
When Talbot fell!"

In vain the warrior spake;
In the uproar of the fight his voice was lost;
And they, the nearest, who had heard, beheld
The Prophetsse approach, and every thought
Was overwhe'md in terror. But the son
Of Talbot mark'd her thus across the plain

Careering fierce in conquest, and the hope
Of glory rose within him. Her to meet
He spurred his horse, by one decisive deed
Or to retrieve the battle, or to fall
With honor. Each beneath the other's blow
Bow'd down; their lances shiver'd with the shock:
To earth their courser fell: at once they rose,
He from the saddle-bow his falchion caught 183
Rushing to closer combat, and she bared
The lightening of her sword. 184 In vain the youth
Essay'd to pierce those arms which even the power
Of time was weak to injure: she the while
Through many a wound beheld her foe'sman's blood
Ooze fast. 185 "Yet save thyself!" the Maiden cried.
"Me thou canst not destroy: be timely wise,
And live!" He answer'd not, but lifting high
His weapon, smote with fierce and forceful arm
Full on the Virgin's helm: fire from her eyes
Flash'd with the stroke; one step she back recoil'd,
Then in his breast plunged deep the sword of death.

Talbot beheld his fall; on the next foe,
With rage and anguish wild, the warrior turn'd;
His ill-directed weapon to the earth
Drove down the unwounded Frank: he strikes again,
And through his all-in-vain imploaring hands
Cleave the poor suppliant. On that dreadful day
The sword of Talbot, 186 clogg'd with hostile gore,
Made good its vaunt. Amid the heaps his arm
Had slain, the chieftain stood and sway'd around
His furious strokes: nor ceased he from the fight,
Though now, discomfited, the English troops
Fled fast, all panic-struck and spiritless,
And mingling with the routed, Fastolfie fled,
Fastolfie, all fierce and haughty as he war,
False to his former fame; for he beheld
The Maiden rushing onward, and such fear
Ran through his frame, as thrills the African,
When, grateful solace in the sultry hour,
He rises on the buoyant billow's breast,
And then beholds the inevitable shark
Close on him, open-mouth'd.

But Talbot now
A moment paused, for bending thitherward
He mark'd a warrior, such as well might ask
His utmost force. Of strong and stately port
The onward foeman moved, and bore on high
A battle-axe, 187 in many a field of blood
Known by the English chieftain. Over heaps
Of slaughter'd, he made way, and bade the troops
Retire from the bold Earl: then Conrade spake.
"Vain is thy valor, Talbot! look around,
See where thy squadrons fly! but thou shalt lose
No honor, by their cowardice subdued,
Performing well thyself the soldier's part."

"And let them fly!" the indignant Earl ex-
claim'd,
"And let them fly! and bear thou witness, chief
That guiltless of this day's disgrace, I fall.
But, Frenchman! Talbot will not tamely fall,
Nor unreenged."

So saying, for the war
He stood prepared: nor now with heedless rage
The champions fought, for either knew full well
His foeman’s prowess: now they aim the blow
Insidious, with quick change then drive the steel
Fierce on the side exposed. The unfaithful arms
Yield to the strong-driven edge; the blood streams
down
Their batter’d mail. With swift eye Conrade
mark’d
The lifted buckler, and beneath impell’d
His battle-axe; that instant on his helm
The sword of Talbot fell, and with the blow
It broke. “Yet yield thee, Englishman!”’ exclaim’d
The generous Frank: “vain is this bloody strife:
Me should’st thou conquer, little would my death
Avail thee, weak and wounded!”

“Long enough
Talbot has lived,” replied the sullen chief:
“His hour is come; yet shalt not thou survive
To glory in his fall!” So, as he spake,
He lifted from the ground a massy spear,
And came again to battle.
Now more fierce
The conflict raged, for careless of himself,
And desperate, Talbot fought. Collected still
Was Conrade. Wheresoe’er his foeman aim’d
The well-thrust javelin, there he swung around
His guardian shield: the long and vain assault
Exhausted Talbot now; forborne with toil,
He bare his buckler low for weariness;
The buckler, now splinter’d with many a stroke,105
Fell piecemeal; from his riven arms the blood
Stream’d fast: and now the Frenchman’s battle-axe
Came unresisted on the shieldless mail.
But then he held his hand. “Urge not to death
This fruitless contest!” he exclaim’d: “oh chief!
Are there not those in England who would feel
Keen anguish at thy loss: a wife perchance
Who trembles for thy safety, or a child
Needing a father’s care!”

Then Talbot’s heart
Smote him. “Warrior!” he cried, “if thou dost think
That life is worth preserving, hie thee hence,
And save thyself: I loathe this useless talk.”

So saying, he address’d him to the fight,
Impatient of existence: from their arms
Fire flash’d, and quick they pant’d; but not long
Endured the deadly combat. With full force
Down through his shoulder even to the chest,
Conrade impell’d the ponderous battle-axe;
And at that instant underneath his shield
Received the hostile spear. Frome fell the Earl,
Even in his death rejoicing that no foe
Should live to boast his fall.

Then with faint hand
Conrade unlaced his helm, and from his brow
Wiping the cold dews onimous of death,
He laid him on the earth, thence to remove,
While the long lance hung heavy in his side,
Powerless. As thus beside his lifeless foe
He lay, the herald of the English Earl
With faltering step drew near, and when he saw
His master’s arms, “Alas! and is it you,
My lord?” he cried. “God pardon you your sins!
I have been forty years your officer,
And time it is I should surrender now
The ensigns of my office!” So he said,
And paying thus his rite of sepulture,
Threw o’er the slaughter’d chief his blazon’d coat.106

Then Conrade thus bespoke him: “Englishman,
Do for a dying soldier one kind act!
Seek for the Maid of Orleans, bid her haste
Hither, and thou shalt gain what recompense
It pleaseth thee to ask.”

The herald soon,
Meeting the mission’s Virgin, told his tale.
Trembling she hasten’d on, and when she knew
The death-pale face of Conrade, scarce could Joan
Lift up the expiring warrior’s heavy hand,
And press it to her heart.

I sent for thee,
My friend!” with interrupted voice he cried,
“That I might comfort this my dying hour
With one good deed. A fair domain is mine;
Let Francis and his Isabel possess
That, mine inheritance.” He paused awhile,
Struggling for utterance; then with breathless speed,
And pale as him he mourn’d for, Francis came,
And hung in silence o’er the blameless man,
Even with a brother’s sorrow: he pursued,
“This, Joan, will be thy care. I have at home
An aged mother — Francis, do thou soothe
Her childless age. Nay, weep not for me thus: Sweet to the wrretched is the tomb’s repose!”

So saying, Conrade drew the javelin forth,
And died without a groan.
By this the scouts,
Forerunning the king’s march, upon the plain
Of Taty had arrived, of late so gay
With marshall’d thousands in their radiant arms,
And streamers glittering in the noon-tide sun,
And blazon’d shields and gay appendments,
The pageantry of war; but now defiled
With mingled dust and blood, and broken arms,
And mangled bodies. Soon the monarch joins
His victor army. Round the royal flag,
Upraise in conquest now, the chieftains flock,
Proffering their eager service. To his arms,
Or wisely fearful, or by speedy force
Compell’d, the embattled towns submit and own
Their rightful king. Bangueri strives in vain;
Yeville and Mchnon yield; from Sully’s wall
Hurl’d is the banner’d lion: on they pass,
Auxerre, and Troyes, and Chalons, ope their gates,
And by the mission’s Maidens’ rumor’d deeds
Inspired, the citizens of Rheims
Feel their own strength; against the English troops
With patriot valor, irresistible,
They rise, they conquer, and to their liege lord
Present the city keys.
The morn was fair
When Rheims rejoiced to the busy hum
Of multitudes, for high solemnity
Assembled. To the holy fabric moves
The long procession, through the streets bestrewed With flowers and laurel boughs. The courier thronged Were there, and they in Orleans, who endured The siege right bravely; Gaucourt, and La Hire, The gallant Xaintrailles, Boussac, and Chabannes, Alençon, and the bravest of the brave, The Bastard Orleans, now in hope elate, Soon to release from hard captivity His dear-beloved brother; gallant men, And worthy of eternal memory, For they, in the most perilous times of France, Despair'd not of their country. By the king The delegated Damsel pass'd along Clad in her batter'd arms. She bore on high Her hallow'd banner to the sacred pile, And fix'd it on the altar, whilst her hand Pour'd on the monarch's head the mystic oil.197 Wafted by yore, by milch-white dove from heaven, (So legends say;) to Clovis when he stood At Rheims for baptism; dubious since that day, When Tolbiac plain reck'd with his warrior's blood, And fierce upon their flight the Almanaci prest, And near'd the shout of triumph; in that hour Clovis invoked aloud the Christian God And conquer'd: waked to wonder thus, the chief Became love's convert, and Clotilda led Her husband to the font.

The mission's Maid Then placed on Charles's brow the crown of France, And back retiring, gaz'd upon the king One moment, quickly scanning all the past, Till, in a tumult of wild wonderment, She wept aloud. The assembled multitude In awful stillness witness'd; then at once, As with a tempest-rushing noise of winds, Lifted their mingled clamours. Now the Maid Stood as prepared to speak, and waved her hand, And instant silence followed. "King of France!"

She cried, "at Chicon, when my gifted eye Knew thee disguis'd, what inwardly the spirit Prompted, I promised, with the sword of God, To drive from Orleans far the English wolves, And crown thee in the rescued walls of Rheims. All is accomplish'd. I have here this day Fulfill'd my mission, and anointed thee King over this great nation. Of this charge, Or well perform'd or carelessly, that God Of Whom thou holdest thine authority Will take account; from Him all power deriv'd. Thy duty is to fear the Lord, and rule, According to His word and to the laws, The people thus committed to thy charge: Theirs is to fear Him and to honor Thee, And with that fear and honor to obey In all things lawful; both being thus alike By duty bound, alike restricted both From wilful license. If thy heart be set To do His will and in His ways to walk, I know no limit to the happiness Thou may'st create. I do beseech thee, King!" The Maid exclaim'd, and fell upon the ground, And clasped his knees, "I do beseech thee, King! By all the thousands that depend on thee, For woe or woe,—consider what thou art, By Whom appointed: If thou dost oppress Thy people, if to agrandize thyself [them Thou tear'st them from their homes, and sendest To slaughter, prodigal of misery; If when the widow and the orphan groan In want and wretchedness, thou turnest thee To hear the music of the flatterer's tongue; If, when thou hear'st of thousands who have fallen, Thou say'st, 'I am a King! and fit it is That these should perish for me:'—if thy realm Should, through the counsels of thy government, Be fill'd with woe, and in thy streets be heard The voice of upbraiding and the feeble cry Of asking hunger; if in place of Law Iniquity prevail; if Aviareat grind The poor; if discipline be utterly Relax'd, Vice charter'd, Wickedness let loose; Though in the general ruin all must share, (Each answer for his own peculiar guilt, Yet at the Judgment-day, from those to whom The power was given, the Giver of all power Will call for righteous and severe account. Choose thou the better part, and rule the land In righteousness; in righteousness thy throne Shall then be establish'd, not by foreign foes Shaken, nor by domestic enemies, But guarded then by loyalty and love, True hearts, Good Angels, and All-seeing Heaven. Thus spake the Maid of Orleans, solemnly Accomplishing her marvellous mission here.

NOTES.

Note 1, p. 13, col. 1. — The Bastard Orleans.

1 Lewes duke of Orleans murdered in Paris, by John duke of Burgoyne, was owner of the castle of Concy, on the frontiers of France toward Artois, whereas for made constable the lord of Cauny, a man not so wise as his wife was faire, and yet she was not so faire, but she was as well beloved of the duke of Orleans, as of her husband. Between the duke and her husband (I cannot tell who was father,) she conceived a child, and brought further a pretty boye called John, which child being of the age of one yere, the duke deceased, and not long after the mother and the lord of Cauny ended their lives. The next of kynne to the lord Cauny challenged the inheritance, which was worth fare thousande crowne a yere, alledgeing that the boye was a bastard; and the kynd of the mother's side, for to save her honesty, it plainly denied. In conclusion, this matter was in continuance before the presidents of the parliament of Paris, and there hang in controversie till the child came to the age of eight years old. At whiche tymne it was demanded of hym openly whose sonne he was; his frendes of his mother's side advertised hym to require a day, to be advised of so great an answer, whiche he asked, and to hym it was granted. In the mean season, his said frendes persuaded him to claim his inheritance as some to the lorde of Cauny, which was an honorable living, and an nutrient patrimony, affirming that if he said contrary, he not only slandered his mother, stained hymself, and stained his blood, but also should have no living, nor any thing to take to. The scholemaster thiknyng that his discipels had well learned his lesson, and would rehearse it according to his instruction, brought hym before the judges at the date assigned, and when the question was repeated to hym again, he boldly answered, 'My hartes giveth me, and my tongue
telleth me, that I am the sonne of the noble duke of Orleans, more glad to be his bastarde, with a meane living, then the lawful sonne of that coward cuclode Cawny, with his four thousand crownes." The judges much marvelled at his bold answer, and his mother's coxen detected hym for shaming of his mother, and his father's supposed kinne rejoyned in gaining the patrimony and possessions. Charles duke of Orleans boryng of this judgment, took hym into his family, and gave hym greate offices and fees, which he well deserved, for (during his captivity), he defended his launders, expelled the Englishmen, and in conclusion, procured his deliverance.

There can be no doubt that Shakespeare had this anecdote in his mind when he wrote the first scene wherein the bastard Falconbridge is introduced.

When the duke of Orleans was so villanously assassinated by order of the duke of Burgundy, the murder was thought at first to have been perpetrated by sir Aubert de Cauvy, says Monstrellet, (Johnnes's translation, vol. i. p. 188); from the great hatred he bore the duke for having carried off his wife; but the truth was soon known who were the guilty persons, and that sir Aubert was perfectly innocent of the crime. Marrietta d'Eguenien was the name of the adulteress.

44 On rapporte que la dotoucher d'Orleans, Valentine de Milan, princesse celebre par son esprit et par son courage, ayant a la nouvelle de la mort sanguinaire de son epoux, rassemble toute sa maison et ses seigneurs seigneur et serviteur; et ce conclave, en exemple du celebre : 1 Qui de vous marchoz le premier pour venger la mort de frere de Roy ? Frappez de terreur, chacun gardait un mourne silence, Indigne de voir que personne ne repassait et ce noble appel, le petit Jean d'Orleans (Dionys), alors age de ses ey et douez de courage tant a coup au milieu de l'assemblage, et s'ecrin d'une voix animee: Ce sera moy, madame, et je me nourr sauray digne d'autre fils. Depuis ce moment, Valentine oubliait la naissance illegitime de ce jeune prince, avoit conq pour lui une affection extreme naturelle. On lui awant extendu ce mot de la mort, et par une espéce de prodigieuse de la grandeur future de ce héra, 2 Qu'il luy ayoit esté enlevé, et qu'il n'y avoit au de ses enfants qui fut si bien taille a venger la mort de son pere. Cette erreur de vengezce l'entourant meme d'abord trop loin, et c'est a peu pres l'unique reproche qu'on puisse faire a la jeunesse de ce guerrier. Il se vanta quitte fous, dans la premiere minute de sa vie d'avoir immole de sa main dix mille Bourguignons aux noms de son père. 3
Le Brun de Chartennes, t. 1. 99.

Note 3, p. 13, col. 1. — Cher'd with the Tribador's accent

Lorraine, according to Chaucer, was famous for its singers. There mightest thou see those flutures, Miestrallas and eke jogelours, That wel to singin did ther paine; Some songis songis of Lorraine, For in Lorraine ther notis be Full sweter than in this countey.

Reverant of the Rose.

No mention is made of the Lorraine songs in the corresponding lines of the original.

Le eatest honurs, hauers, 
Et de moult d'instrumentz joyeurs; 
Les uns dievauz chansons facez, 
Les autres nouttez nouvelles, 
V. 779—3.

Note 3, p. 13, col. 2. — Gaining what she sought.

The following account of Joan of Arc is extracted from a history of the siege of Orleans, prise de met a met, sans aucun accident de langage, d'un vrai exemplaire ecrit a la main de parchemin, and found in the mansion of the dite ville of Orleans. Troyes, 1621.

Or en cet temps avoir une jeune fille au pays de Lorraine, ange de dic-viatoz ans ou environ, nommee Jeanne d'Arc, atteinte d'une paroisse nommee Domrmppe, demeure nomme Jacques Test; que jamais n'avoit esté autre chose que garder les bestes aux champs, et la quelle, ainsi qu'elle disoit, avoit esté revécu que Dieu vouloit qu'elle allast devers le Roy Charles septime, pour luy aider et le consulter a recouvrer son regne et ses villes et places que les Anglais avoient Glasses en son pays. La quelle revelation elle

Note 3, p. 13, col. 2. — Last in her worth confound me.

Then the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Before I formed thee in the belly, I knew thee; and before thou camest forth at thy birth, I sanctified thee, and ordained thee a prophet unto the natioun.

Then said I, Ah, Lord God, behold I cannot speak, for I am a child.

But the Lord said unto me, Say not, I am a child, for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak.

Therefore give up thy troun, and arise, and speak unto them all that I command thee: be not dismayed at their faces, lest I confound thee before them. — Jeremiah, chap. i.

Note 6, p. 14, col. 2. — Thought wisdom to mankind?

But as for the mighty man, he had the earth, and the honorable man dwelt in it.
O Death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that hath prosperity in all things, yea unto him that is yet able to receive meat!

O Death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy, and unto him whose strength falteth, that is now in the last 250, and is vexed with all things, and to him that despaireth, and hath last patience! - Ecclesiastes, vi. 20.

Note 12, p. 16, col. 2. - Think well of this, young man!

Dreadful indeed must have been the miseries of the French from vulgar plunderers, when the names of the highest classes were marked by hideous groanings and vice that may not be uttered.

"Of nets so ill examples are not good."

Yet it may be right to justify the saying in the text by an extract from the notes to Andrews's History of Great Britain.

"Agriola quilibet, opponam juwenum arquistas, ac in vieniam allieus iri nobilis et propretiam habitas, crudilissime vexare deberas. Nonem nonnamquam in suis domus irauros sive opulentos, magnum constiitn facer, pretium ingens redemptions et teste ac non pretiosum subiectum, istum miserum in magna aurae prostrandum, venusse ac tearear; sui super (super iurem prostratam) viae vir nobilis adverter; eae alienamur horrenda. "Antique Rustic! jujumas, super home arcum contumulat istor nec suis senvas, quod-unum hoc superbe nec sint redemper (horeo referens) signification expiars maritus, nisi magnum prætius sven super vita libertatem ejus relinquat."

- J. de Paris.

Let us add to this the detestable history of a great commander under Charles VII of France, the bastard of Bourbon, who (after having committed the most execrable crimes during a series of years with impunity) was drowned in 1411, by the constable Richemont, (a treacherous assassin himself, but a mirror of justice when compared to some of his contemporaries,) on its being proved against him "Quod super ipsum marium et prosstratum, uos, frustrae reppugnantes, viam advertere. Enuit te ait fatte et executus iri morti, tanti que est pili a certa."

- Mem. de Richemont.

Note 13, p. 16, col. 2. - Think that there are such horrors.

I translate the following anecdote of the Black Prince from Froissart:

The Prince of Wales was about a month, and not longer, before the city of Lymoges, and he had no other aim, but always continued mining. When the miners of the prince had finished their work, they said to him, "Sir, we will throw down a great part of the wall into the moat whenever it shall please you, so that you may enter into the city at your ease, without danger."

The prince, who was great men, replied, "I shall do that to the Duke of Lancaster, the count of Canterbury, the count of Pembroke, Messire Guiscard Dangle, and all the other chiefs and their people who entered in; and millions of foot who were prepared to do mischief, and to run through the town, and to kill men and women, and children, and so they had been commanded to do. There was a great pitiful sight, for men and women and children cast themselves on their knees before the prince and cried "mercy!" but he was so enamoured with so great regard that he heard them not whether man or woman would be heard, but they were all put to the sword wherever they were found, and these people had not been guilty. I know not how they could have no pity upon poor people, who had never been powerful enough to do any treason. There was no heart so hard in the city of Lymoges which had any remembrance of God, that did not lament the
NOTES TO JOAN OF ARC.

great mischief that was there; for more than three thousand men and women and children were burned to death that day; God has their souls, for indeed they were martyred. In entering the town a party of the English went to the palace of the bishop and found him there, and took him and led him before the prince, who looked at him with a murderous look, (Jeanneau, p. 17.) and the best word that he could say to him was that his head should be cut off, and then he made him be taken from his presence. — I, 355.

The crime which the people of Lymoges had committed was that of surrendering when they had been besieged by the duke of Berry, and in consequence turning French. And this crime was thus punished at a period when no necessity of conduct was thought dishonorable. The phrases tourner Anglais — tourner Français — retourne Anglais, occur repeat, edly in Passmore. I should add that of all the heroes of that period the Black Prince was the most generous and the most humane.

After the English had taken the town of Montreoue, the seigneur de Guityer, who commanded there, retired to the castle, and Henry V. threatened, unless he surrendered, to hang eleven gentlemen, taken in the town. These poor men trented the governor to comply, for the sake of saving their lives, letting him at the same time know how impossible it was that his defence could be of any avail. He was not to be persuaded; and when they saw this, and knew that they must die, some of them requested that they might first see their wives and their friends. This was allowed: la y est de piteux regrets au prendre coups, says Pierre de PamIn, and on the following morning they were executed as Henry had threatened.

The governor held out for fifteen days, and then yielded by capitulations which secured himself. — (Cott. des Mémoires, v. p. 450.)

In the whole history of these dreadful times I remember but one man whom the cruelty of the age had not contami-

nated, and that was the Porto parvo hero Nuno Alvares Pereira, a man who appears to me to have been a perfect example of patriotism, heroism, and every noble and lovely quality, above all others of any age or country.

Atrocious, however, as these instances are, they seem as nothing when compared to the atrocities which the French exercised upon each other. When Poitiers was captured by Charles VI. (1414) in person, "in regard to the destruction committed by the king's army (says Moustrellet), it cannot be estimated; for after they had plundered all the inhabitants, and their dwellings, they despoiled the churches and monasteries. They erected on the spot and robbed the murdered bodies of the sacred shrines of many bodies of saints, which they stripped of all the precious stones, gold and silver, together with many other jewels and holy things appertaining to the aforesaid churches. There is not a Christian but would have shuddered at the atrocious excesses committed by the soldiery in Poitiers; murder, robbery, and the flagellation of all the people, either in the presence of their parents and relatives; holy nuns, gentlewomen of all ranks, of whom there were many in the town; all, or the greater part, were violated against their wills by divers nobles and others, who after having satisfied their own lustious passions, delivered them over without mercy to their servants; and there is no remembrance of such disorder and havoc being done by christians, considering the many persons of high rank that were present, and who made no efforts to check them. There were also many gentleman in the king's army who had relations in the town, as well secular as church-

men; but the disorder was not the less on that account."


What a national contrast is there between the manner in which the English and French have conducted their civil wars! Even in the wars of the Fronde, when all parties were alike thoroughly unprincipled,credulities were committed on both sides which it might have been thought nothing but the strong feelings of a perverted religious principle could have given birth to.

Note 15, p. 16, col. 2. — Yet hangs out pulls for food.

Hollowed says, speaking of the siege of Rouen, "If I should rehearse how decleirle dogs, rats, mice, and cats were sold within the towns, and how greedily they were by the poor people eaten and devoured, and how the people daily died for fault of food, and young infants late suckling in the streets on their mothers' breasts, being dead starved for hunger, the reader might lament his extreme miserie.s."

Note 15, p. 17, col. 1. — The sceptre of the wicked?

"Do not the tears run down the widow's cheek? and is not her cry against him that causeth them to fall? The Lord will not be slack till he have smitten in under the loins of the unmerciful, till he have taken away the multitude of the proud, and broken the sceptre of the mighty."

— Ecclesiasticus.

Note 16, p. 17, col. 1. — The Fountain of the Fairies.

In the Journal of Paris in the reigns of Charles VI. and VII. it is asserted that the Maid of Orleans, in answer to an interrogatory of the doctors, who wished she had ever assisted at the assemblies held at the Fountain of the Fairies near Dom-

prein, round which the evil spirits dance, confessed that she had often repaired to a beautiful fountain in the country of Lor-

raine, which she named the good Fountain of the Fairies of our Lord. — From the notes to the English version of Le Grand's Fables.

Note 17, p. 17, col. 2. — They love to lie and rock upon its leaves.

Being asked whether she had ever seen any fairies, she answered no; but that one of her god-mothers pretended to have seen some at the Fairy-tree, near the village of Dampure.

— Rapin.

Note 18, p. 17, col. 2. — Memory, thought, were gone.

"In this representation which I made to place myself near to Christ (says St. Teresa), there was an enchantment suddenly upon me, without either expectation or any preparation on my part, such an evident feeling of the presence of God, as that I could by no means doubt, but that either he was within me, or else I was altogether in him. This was not in the manner of a vision, but I think they call it Mistic Theology; and it suspended the soul in such sort, that she seems to be wholly out of herself. The Will is in act of loving, the Memory seems to be in a manner lost, the understanding, in my opinion, discourses not; and although it be not lost, yet it works not as I was saying, but remains as it were amazed to consider how much it understands."

— Life of St. Teresa, written by herself.

Teresa was well acquainted with the feelings of enthusiasm. I had, however, described the sensations of the Maid of Orleans before I had met with the life of the saint.

Note 19, p. 17, col. 2. — And they shall perish who oppress.

"Raise up indignation, and pour out wrath, and let them perish who oppress the people!" — Ecclesiasticus, xxxii.

Note 20, p. 18, col. 1. — The hoarse grasshoppers their evening song.

"Sing shrill and cesatles.

The epithets shrill and hoarse will not appear incongruous to one who has attended to the grasshopper's chirp. Gazau has characterized the sound by a word certainly accurate, in his tale of a grasshopper who perched upon St. Francis's finger, and sung the praises of God and the wonder of his own body in his vernacular, or coque, St. Francis and all the grass-
hoppers listening with equal edification.

 Cicada
Canxobut (ut sic effereb) cicadet. 
Vio Hilaria Angelinia Gazai.

Perhaps he remembered two lines in the Zanintonella of the Macaronic poet,

Satis a quaetae elicitant Cigale,
Quae nihui rumpunt ceipendo testam.

The marginal note says, Cigave, vel cicada vel cigale.

St. Francis labored much in the conversion of animals In the fine series of pictures representing his life, lately painted for the new Franciscan convent at Madrid, I recollect seeing him preach to a congregation of birds. Gazau has a poem upon his instructing a war. His advice to her is somewhat curious:
The Maid declared upon her trial, that God loved the duke of Orleans, and that she had received more revelations concerning him, than any person living, except the king. — Repin.

Dorward, during his long captivity, had learnt to count the fair ladies of England in their native strains. Among the Huns, a MSS. is a collection of love poems, roundels and songs, composed by the French prince during his confinement.

Note 22, p. 18, col. 2. — The prisoners of that shameful day out unman'd

Their conquerors:

According to Holinshed, the English army consisted of only 13,000 men, harried with a tedious march of a month, in very bad weather, through a district for which it is most part sick of a flux. He states the number of French at 61,000, of whom 10,000 were slain, and 1500 of the higher order taken prisoners. Some historians make the disproportion in numbers still greater. Gosselin says, that among the plain there were one archer, the combat six ears, ninety bowmen, fifteen hundred knights, and seven thousand corporals or gentlemen.

Note 23, p. 18, col. 2. — From his heroic bowmen how the arrows flew. This was the usual method of marshalling the bowmen. At Crecy 46 the archers stood in manner of an horse, about two hundred in front and but forty in depth, which is undoubtedly the best way of embattling archers, especially when the enemy is very numerous, as at this time; for by the breadth of the front the extension of the enemies front is matched; and by reason of the thinness in flanks, the arrows do more certain execution, being more likely to reach home. — Bartow.

The victory at Poitiers is chiefly attributed to the horse of archers. After mentioning their charge and conduct, the narrator draws attention to the English archers, who behaved themselves that day with wonderful constancy, bravery, and resolution. So that be their means, in a manner, all the French battalions received their first blow, being by the barbed arrows so galled and terrified, that they were easily opened to the men of arms. 46

"Without all question, the guns which are used now-a-days are neither so terrible in battle, nor do such execution, nor work such confusion as arrows can do: for bullets being not seen only hurt when they hit, but arrows carouse the eache, and break the array, and terrify all that behold them in the bodies of their neighbors. Not to say that every archer can shoot three to a gunner's once, and that whole squadrons of hawks may let fly at one time, when only one or two files of musqueteers can discharge at once. Also, that whereas guns are useless when your pikes join, because they only do execution point blank, the arrows which will kill at random, may do good service even behind your men of arms. And it is notorious, that at the famous battle of Lepanto, the Turkish bowmen did more mischief than the Christian artillery. Besides it is not the least observable, that whereas the weakest may use guns as well as the strongest, in those days your lusty and tall women were chosen for the bow; whose bows being fastened with one point, and their jackets long and easy to shoot in, they had their limbs at full liberty, so that they might easily draw arrows of great strength, and shoot arrows of a yard long beside the head." — Julian Barrow.

During the hour of the combat, when the English had gained the upper hand, and made several prisoners, news was brought to king Henry that the French were attacking his rear, and had already captured the greater part of his baggage and comptoir-horses. This was indeed true, for Robinet de Bourbonville, Ruffet de Chausse, Ysambart d'Arzincourt, and some other men at arms, with about six hundred prisoners, had fallen upon and taken great part of the king's baggage, and a number of horses, while the guard was occupied in the battle. This distressed the king very much, for he saw that though the French army had been routed, they were collecting on different parts of the plain in large bodies, and he was afraid they would resume the battle; he therefore caused instant proclamation to be made by sound of trumpet, that every one should put his prisoners to death, to prevent them from aiding the enemy, should the combat be renewed. This caused an instantaneous and general massacre of the French prisoners, occasioned by the disgraceful conduct of Robinet de Bourbonville, Ysambart d'Arzincourt, and the others, who were afterwards punished for it, and imprisoned a very long time by duke John of Burgundy, notwithstanding they had made a present to the English of a part of a most precious sword ornamented with diamonds, that belonged to the king of England. They had taken this sword, with other rich jewels, from king Henty's baggage, and had made this present, that in case they should at any time be called to an account, their death and confiscation might stand their friend. — Monstrelet, vol. iv. p. 183.

When the king of England had on this Saturday begun his march towards Calais, many of the French returned to the field of battle, where the bodies had been turned over more than once, some to seek for their dead, and others to rot them to their own countries for burial, others to pillage what the English had left. King Henry's army had only taken gold, silver, rich dresses, helmets, and what was of value, for which reason the greater part of the armor was untouched, and on the dead bodies; but it did throw them into mud, and some very soon stripped off, and even the shirts and all other parts of their dress were carried away by the peasants of the adjoining villages.

The bodies were left exposed as naked as when they came into the world. On the Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the corpses of many princes were well washed and raised, namely, the dukes of Brabant, Bar, and Alesouen, the counts de Nevers, de Beaumont, de Vendome, de Foulqueneberge, the lord de Dampierre, admiral sir Charles d'Artigny, and Sir Alberich, count of Thouars, and sixty Minors at Hesdin. Others were carried by their servants, some to their own countries, and others to different churches.

All who were recognized were taken away, and buried in the churches of their mansions.

When Philippe, count de Chabroleis heard of the unfor- tune and melancholy disaster of the French, he was in great grief; more especially for the death of his two sons, the duke of Brabant and count de Nevers. Moved by compassion, he caused all that had remained exposed on the field of battle to be interred, and commissioned the abbot de Roussinville and the bishop of Aire to have it done. They measured out a square of twenty-five yards, wherein were dug three trenches twelve feet wide, in which were buried, by an account kept, five thousand eight hundred men. It was not known how many had been carried away by their friends, or what number of the wounded had died in hospitals, towns, villages, and even in the adjacent woods; but, as I have before said, it must have been very great.

This square was consecrated as a burying-ground by the bishop of Gines, at the command and as protector of Louis de Luxembourg, bishop of Thourenoy. It was surrounded by a strong hoge of thorns, to prevent wolves or dogs from entering it, and to keep up and devouring the bodies.

In consequence of this sad event, some learned clerk of the realm made the following verses:

A chief by dolorous mischance oppress'd,
A prince who rules by arbitrary will,
A royal house by discord soon disturb'd,
A council perjur'd and partial still,
Subjects by prodigality brought low,  
Will fill the land with beggars, well we trow.  

Nobles made noble in dame Nature’s spite  
A timorous terror fear, and truth concealed;  
While humble commoners forgave their right,  
And made the wretched yoke of proud fenceceours feel:  
Thus, while the people mourn, the public we  
Will fill the land with beggars, well we trow.  

Ah feble woe! whose impotent commands  
The very vunables duly do despise:  
Ah helpless monarch! whose enervate bands  
And wavering counsels dare no high emprise,  
Thy hapless reign will cause our tears to flow,  
And fill the land with beggars, well we trow.  


\[\text{John's Monastrel, vol. iv. p. 195.}\]

According to Pierre de Feni, the English did not bury their own dead; but their loss was so small that this is very unlikely. He says, *Après cette douzaine journée, et que toutes les deux portes se furent relachées, Louis de Luxembourg qui estoit Evéque de Tournai, fit faire en la place où le bataille avait estoit des de plusieurs chariours, où il fit assembler tous les morts d'un cote et d'autre; et là les fit enterrer, puis il bâtit la place, et la fort encore de fortes hayes tout autour, pour la garde du batail.*

After the battle of Agincourt Henry lodged at Maisoncelle;  
le lendemain au matin il en délogea, et alla passer tout au milieu des morts qui avoient estoit tus en ce combat; là il arrêta grand espace de temps, et lictèrent ces gens encore des prisonniers hors du nombre des morts, qu'ils començèrent avec ruse. — Coll. des Mémoires, t. v. p. 281.

\[\text{Note 25, p. 19, col. 1. — From the disastrous plains of Agincourt.}\]

Perhaps one consequence of the victory at Agincourt is not generally known. Immediately on his return Henry sent his legates to the council of Constance:  
\[\text{at this council, by the assent of all nations there present, it was authorised and ordained, that England should obtain the name of a nation, and should be said one of the five nations that owe their devotion to the church of Rome, which thing unitt that time men of other nations, for envy, had delayed andbetted. — Stowe, Eltham.}\]

\[\text{Note 26, p. 19, col. 1. — Henry, as wise as brave, had both to England.}\]

Henry judged, that by fomenting the troubles of France, he should procure more certain and lasting advantages than by means of his armies. The truth is, by pushing the French vigorously, he ran the risk of uniting them all against him;  
in which case, his advantages, probably, would have been inconsequential. On the contrary, by granting them what they desired, he gave them opportunity to destroy one another: therefore, contrary to every one's expectation, he laid aside his military affairs for near eighteen months, and betook himself entirely to negotiation, which afforded him the prospect of less doubtful advantages. — Ropin.

\[\text{Note 27, p. 19, col. 1. — For many were the warrior sons of Rous.}\]

Yet although the army was strong without, there lacked not within both hardy captains and manfull soldiers, and as for people, they had more than enough:  
for as it is written by some that had good cause to know the truth, and no occasion to erre from the same, there were in the city at the time of the siege 250,000 persons. Dullie were issues made out of the city at diverse gates, sometime to the losse of the one partie and sometimes of the other, as chances of warre in such adventures happen. — Holinshed, 566.

\[\text{Note 28, p. 19, col. 1. — Had made them now before Almighty God.}\]

The Frenchmen indeed preferring fame before worldly riches and despising pleasure (the enemy to warlike prowess),  
swear to each other never to render or deliver the city, while they might either hold sword in hand or spare in rest. — Holinshed, 566.

\[\text{Note 29, p. 19, col. 1. — Had made a league with Famine.}\]

Henry of England advertised of their hauntie courage,  
determined to conquer them by famine which would not be tamed by weapon. Wherefore he stopped all the passages, both by water and land, that no victuals could be conveyed to the cities, and the people were left without victuals round about the walls, and set them full of stakes, and defended them with archers, so that there was left neither waie for them within to issue out, nor for anie that were abroad to enter in without his license. —  

The king's coozie germane alle (the king of Portugal) sent a great navie, duc d'Alpoimonts ships into the mouth of the river Seine, to stop that no French vessel should enter the river and passe up the same, to the aid of them within Rouen.  

Thus was the faire citie of Rouen compassed about with enemies, both by water and land, having neither comfort nor aid of king, dolphin, or duke. — Holinshed, 566.

King Henry of England marshed a most powerful armie,  
accompanied by a large train of artillery and warlike stores, in the mouth of June, before the noble and potent town of Rouen,  
to prevent the inhabitants and garrison from being supplied with new corn. The van of his armie arrived there at midnight, that the garrison might not make any sally against them. The king was lodged at the Carduatif convent;  
the duke of Gloucester was quartered before the gate of St. Hilire;  
the duke of Clarence at the gate of Cen,  
the earl of Warwick at that of Martivville;  
the duke of Exeter and earl of Dorset at that of Beaunaia;  
in front of the gate of the castle were the lord marshal and sir John de Cornwall.  
At the gate leading to Normandy were posted the earls of Huntleigh,  
and Irish Nevilme, and the lord Fitzwilliam.  
the earl of Westmoreland.  
On the hill fronting St. Catherine's were others of the English burons.  
Before the English could fortify their quarters, many sallies were made on them, and several severe skirmishes passed on both sides. But the English, so soon as they could, dug deep ditches round about town and them, on the top of which they planted a thick hedge of thorns, so that they could not otherwise be annoy'd than by cannon shot and arrows. They also built a jetee on the banks of the Seine, about a cannon shot distant from the town, to which they fastened their chains, one of them half a foot under the water, another level with it, and a third two feet above the stream, so that no boats could bring provision to the town, nor could any escape from it that way. They likewise dug deep galleries of communication from one quarter to another, which completely sheltered those in them from cannon or other warlike machines. — Monastrelte, vol. v. p. 49.

\[\text{Note 30, p. 19, col. 2. — Desperate endurance.}\]

After he had prosecuted the siege of this place for some time, the cardinal Urino repaired to his camp, and endeavored to persuade him to moderate his terms, and agree to an equitable peace: but the king's reply plainly evinced his determination of availing himself of the present situation of public affairs;  
Do you not see, he said, that God has brought me hither, as it were by the hand?  
The throne of France may be said to be vacant;  I have a good title to that crown;  
the whole kingdom is involved in the utmost disorder and confusion;  
few are willing, and still fewer are able, to resist me.  
Can I have a more convincing proof of the interposition of heaven in my favor, and that the Supreme Ruler of all things has decreed that I should ascend the throne of France? —  
Hast. of England, by Hugh Clarron.

\[\text{Note 31, p. 19, col. 2. — Could we behold their savage Irish Kernes.}\]

With the English sixteen hundred Irish Kernes were enrolled from the prior of Kilnshinamer;  able men, but almost naked;  
their arms were targets, darts, and swords;  their horses little, and bare no saddle, yet nevertheless nimble, on which upon every advantage they played with the French, in spoiling the country, ricking the houses, and carrying away children with their baggage upon their cows backs. — Spedc, p. 438.

The king of England laid in his army numbers of Irish, the greater part of whom were on foot, having only a stocking and shoe on one leg and foot, with the other quite naked. They had targets, short javelins, and a strange sort of knives. These
who were on horseback had no saddles, but rode excellently well on small mountain horses, and were mounted on such panniers as are used by the carriers of corn in parts of France. They were, however, miserably accoutred in comparison with the English, and without any arms that could much hurt the French whenever they might meet them. These Irish made frequent excursions during the siege over Normandy, and did infinite mischief, carrying back to their camp large booties. Those on foot took men, and even children from the cradle, with beds and furniture, and plucking them on cows, drove all these things before them, for they were often met thus by the French. — Monstrelet, v. p. 42.

Note 32, p. 19, col. 2. — Ruffians half clothed, half human, half baptized.

"In some corners of Connaught, the people leave the right arms of their infants unchristen'd (as they term it), to the end that at any time afterwards they might give a more deadly and agonizing blow when they strike; which things do not show how palpably they are carried away by dittious obscurities, but do also intimate how full their hearts be of revetment revenge." The hook from which this extract is taken wants the title. The title of the second part is, A Prospect of the most famous Parts of the World. Printed for William Hakluyt, in Pope's Head Place, 1646.

Note 33, p. 19, col. 2. — Of Harlour's wretched people driven out.

"Some writing of this yeelding up of Harlour, doe in like sort make mention of the distresse whereeto the people, then expelled out of their habitations, were driven; insomuch as parents with their children, young masts, and old folk went out of the towne cotes with heavie harts (God wet), as put to their present shifts to seek a new abode." — Holinshed, 553.

This act of barbarity was perpetuated by Henry, that he might people the town with English inhabitants. "This doth Anglorum prælia report, sauing (not without good ground I believe), as followeth:

Tum buonis teneris cum prole parentes
Vincensque chrestos veteres liquere ponentes:
Tim populos cunctus de partis Gallicus exit
Mestus, inarmatus, vacus, miser, super, insipacque,
Utque novas sedes quarat migrare coeputas.
Omissis beli poenitent jure Britannia!" — Holinshed.

There is a way of telling truth so as to convey falsehood. After the capture of Harlour, Stowe says, "All the soldiers and inhabitants, both of the townes and vallies, were suffer'd to goe freely, unharmed, whither they would."—318. Henry's conduct was the same at Caen; he "commanded all women and children to be avyded out of the towne, and so the towne was inhabited of new possessors."—Stowe.

Note 34, p. 19, col. 2. — Knelt at the altar.

Before Henry took possession of Harlour, he went barefooted to the church to give God thanks. — De Serres.

Note 35, p. 19, col. 2. — In cold blood slaughtered.

Henry, not satisfied with the reduction of Caen, put several of the inhabitants to death, who had signalized their valor in the defence of their liberty. — H. Cornewall.

Note 36, p. 19, col. 2. — He ground at and curse'd in bitterness of heart.

After the capture of the city by Luca Italian, the vicar general of the archbishop of Rouen, for demanding the king a necessarium, was delivered to him and detribned in prisons till he died." — Holinshed. Tita Livius.

Note 37, p. 20, col. 1. — Drive back the miserable multitude.

"A great number of poor silly creatures were put out of the gates, which were by the Englishmen that kept the trenches beaten and driven back again to the same gates, which they found closed and shut against them, and so they live between the walls of the city and the trenches of the enemies, still crying for help and releef, for lack whereof great numbers of them die daily." — Holinshed.

Note 38, p. 20, col. 1. — And when we sent the herald to implore His mercy.

At this period, a priest of a tolerable age, and of clear understanding, was deputed, by those besieged in Rouen, to the king of France and his son, to demand : On his arrival at Paris, he was caus'd to be explain'd, by an Augustinian master, named Constace de la Paville, in presence of the king and his ministers, the miserable situation of the besieged. He took for his text, "Domine, quis salvator?" and harangued upon it very sobrely and eloquently. When he had finish'd, the priest addressed the king, saying, "Most excellent prince, and inglorious one, that is accompanied by the inhabitants of Rouen to make loud complaints against you, and against you force, who govern the king, for the oppressions they suffer from the English. They make known to you by me, that if you want of being succour'd by you, they are forced to become subjects to the king of England, you will not have in all the world more bitter enemies; and if they can, they will destroy you and your whole congregation." With these or with similar words did this priest address the king, and his council. After that, he had been well received and entertained, and the duke of Burgundy had promised to provide succours for the town of Rouen as speedily as possible, he returned the best way he could to carry this news to the besieged. — Monstrelet, vol. v. p. 54.

One of the deputed citizens, "showing himselfe more rash than wise, more arrogant than learned, took upon him to show wherein the glorie of victorie consisted; advising the king not to show his manhood in famishing a multitude of poore simple and innocent people, but rather suffer such miserable wretches as late betwixt the walls of the citie and the trenches of his siege, to passe through the camp, that their might get their living in other places; then if he durst manfully assault the place, and by force subdue it, he should win both worlde fame, and merit great meed from the hands of Almighty God, for having compasion of the poore, needy, and indigent people. This orator had said, the king with a force composure and bold spirit, reproved them for their malapert presumption, in that they should seeme to go about to teach him who belonged to the dutie of a conqueror, and therefore since it appeared that the same was unknown to him, he declared that the goddess of brittelle called Helenus had three handsmaids, ever of necessitie attending upon her, as Blood, Fire, and Flame, and whereas he late in his choice to use them all three, he had appointed omelle the meekest maid of those three dansesters to punish them of the four pikes, and cut off their heades brought to reason. This answer put the French ambassador in a great stude, musing much at his excellent wit and hauinnes of courage." — Holinshed.

While the court resided at Beaureux, four gentlemen and four citizens of Rouen were sent to y before the king and council their miserable state: they told them that thousands of persons were already dead with hunger, within their town; and that from the beginning of October, they had been forced to live on horses, dogs, cats, mice, and rats, and other things unfit for human consumption. They had nevertheless driven fully twelve thousand poor people, men, women, and children, out of the place, the greater part of whom had perished wretchedly in the streets of the town. That it had been frequently necessary to draw up in baskets new-born children from mothers who had been brought to bed in those distractions, have before made known their distress: they now again inform you how much they are suffering for you, to which you have not yet provided any remedy according to your promises. We are sent to you for the last time, to announce to you, on the part of the besieged, that within a few days, if more releif shall not be given, they shall surrender themselves and their town to the English king, and thereupon renounce all allegiance, faith, and service, which they have sworn to you." The king.
dake, and council, courteously replied, that the king's forces were not as yet adequate to raise the siege, which they were exceedingly sorry for; but, with God's pleasure, they should very soon be relieved. The deputies asked by what time; the duke answered, before the fourth day after Christmas. They then returned, in this manner, with great regard, from the great danger of being taken by the besiegers, and all that had passed.

The besieged now suffered the greatest distress; and it is impossible to recount the miseries of the common people from hence: it was afterward known that upwards of fifty thousand had perished of hunger. Some, when saw meat carried through the street, in despair, ran to seize it, and so doing, allowed themselves to be severely beaten, and even wounded. During the space of three months no provisions were seen by the inhabitants, but every thing was sold secretly and what before the siege was worth a farthing, was sold for twenty, thirty, or even forty; but these prices were too high for the common people, and hence the great mortality I have mentioned. — Memorials, vol. v. p. 61.

Note 48, p. 90, col. 1. — A cry of screeching anguish.

The names of our Edwards and Henries are usually cited together, but it is disgraceful to the family to mention them with Henry of Mumonmouth. He was a hard-hearted man. We have seen what was his conduct to the famished fugitives from Roan. The same circumstance occurred at the siege of Calais, and the difference between the monarchs cannot be better exemplified in the different conduct of their subjects upon the same occasion. 

"When sir John de Vienne perceived that king Edward intended to lie long there, he thought to rid the town of as many useless mouths as he could; and so on a Wednesday, being the 15th of September, he forced out of the town more than seventeen hundred of the poorest and least necessary people, old men, women, and children, and shut the gates upon them; who being demanded, wherefore they came out of the town, answered with great lamentation, that it was because they had nothing to live on. Then king Edward, who was so fierce in battle, showed a truly royal disposition by considering the condition of these forlorn wretches; for he not only would not force them back again into the town, whereby they might help to consumine the victuals, but he gave them all a dinner and two pence a-piece, and leave to pass through the army without the least molestation: whereby he so wrought upon the hearts of these poor creatures, that many of them prayed to God for his prosperity." — Joshua Barnes.

Note 40, p. 90, col. 1. — Nor when the traitor yielded up our town.

Ran was betrayed by its Burgundian governor flourtheller. During the siege fifty thousand men perished through fatigue, want, and the use of unwholesome provisions.

Note 41, p. 90, col. 1. — The gallant Blanchard died.

Roy d'Angletère fit couper la teste à Aliin Blanchart capitaine du commun. — Monstrelet, f. ccxi.vii.

Note 42, p. 90, col. 1. — There where the wicked caste.

There the wicked cease from troubling; and the weary be at rest. — Job, iii. 17.

Note 43, p. 90, col. 2. — A pompous shade.

Cen drognaux fastheubs Existant en plein jour de pompomeuses ténébres. — Le Meuge. St. Louis, Liv. xvi.

Note 44, p. 90, col. 2. — In the mid-day sun a dim and gloomy light.

"When all things necessary were prepared for the conveyance of the body into England, his body was laid in a chariot, which was drawn by four great horses: and above the dead corpse, they laid a figure made of hoited hides, or leather, representing his person, as near to the semblance of him as could be devised, painted curiously to the similitude of a living creature: upon whose head was set an imperial diadem of gold and precious stones, on his body a purple robe furred with ermine, and in his right hand he held a sceptre royal, and in his left hand a ball of gold, with a cross fixed thereon. Between the chariot: by men of great worth, it was laid in a bed in the said chariot, with his visage uncovered towards the heaven: and the cover of his bed was red silk beaten with gold; and besides that, when the body should pass through any good town, a canopy of marvellous great value was borne over the chariot by men of great worth. In this manner, accompanied of the king of Scots and of all princes, lords, and knights of his house, he was brought from Roane to Abville, where the corpse was set in the church of Saint Ulffe. From Abville he was brought to Bologna, and from thence to Padua, to the chapel of Santa Maria della Carita. In all this journey were many men about the chariote clothed all in white, which bare in their hands tresses burning; after whose followed all the household servants in blacke, and after them came the princes, lords, and estates of the king's blood, adorned in vesture of mourning; and after all this, from the said corpse the distance of two English miles, followed the queen of England right honourably accompanied in this manner they entered Calie. — Steier.

At about a league distant followed the queen, with a numerous attendance from Calais the town, Dover, and passing through Canterbury and Rochester, arrived at London on Martinmas-day.

When the funeral approached London, fifteen bishops dressed in purpulehabits, several mitred abbots and churchmen, were chosen out of persons of high degree to meet it. The churchmen chanted the service for the dead as it passed over London-bridge, through Lombard-street, to St. Paul's cathedral. Near the ear were the relations of the late king, uttering loud lamentations. On the collar of the first horse that drew the car were emblems of the four arms of England: on that of the second, the arms of France and England quartered the same as he bore during his lifetime; on that of the third, the arms of France simply; on that of the fourth horse were painted the arms of the noble king Arthur, when no one could conquer them: they were three crowns on, or a shield aureate.

When the funeral service had been royally performed in the cathedral, the body was carried to be interred at Westminster abbey with his ancestors. At this funeral, and in regard to every thing concerning it, greater pomp and expense were made than had been done for two hundred years at the interment of any king of England; and even now as much honor and reverence is daily paid to his tomb, as if it were certain he was a saint in Paradise.

Thus ended the life of king Henry in the flower of his age, for when he died he was but forty years old. He was very wise and able in every business he undertook, and of a determined character. During the seven or eight years he ruled in France, he made greater conquests than any of his predecessors had done: it is true he was so feared by his princes and captains, that none dared to disobey his orders, however nearly related to him, more especially his English subjects. In this state of obedience were his subjects of France and England in general; and the principal cause was, that if any person transgressed his commands, he had him instantly punished without favor or mercy. — Memorials, vol. v. p. 375.

A noble knight of Picardy used a joking expression to his herald respecting king Henry, which was afterwards often repeated. Sir Sarrasin d'Arly, uncle to the Vame of Amiens, who might be about sixty years of age, rested in the castle of Achere, which he had with his wife, sister to the lord d'Oiffmon, near to Pas in Artois. He was laid up with the gout, but very eager in his inquiries after news of what was going on. One day his pursuivant, named Haurows, of the same age as himself, and who had long served him, returned from making the usual inquiries; and on Sir Sarrasin questioning him and asking if he had heard any particulars of the death of the king of England, he said that he had, and had even seen his corpse at Abville, in the church of St. Ulffe. Sir Sarrasin had not been there before described. The knight then asked him on his faith if he had diligently observed him? On his answering that he had, "Now, on thy oath, tell me," added Sir Sarrasin,
NOTES TO JOAN OF ARC.

If he had his boots on?" 15 "No, my lord, by my faith he had not. The knight then cried out, "Hunereus, my good friend, never believe me if he has not left them in France." This expression set the company a laughing, and then they talked of other matters. 16

Note 45, p. 24, col. 2. — Their dangerous way.

The governor of Vaucouleurs appointed two gentilhommes to conduct the Maid to Chinon. 17 "If there be present so à charger de cette commission, a cause qu'il fallait passer au travers of pays ennemis: mais elle leur dit avec fermeté qu'ils ne crain-\n\nsent rien, et que seulement eux et elle arriveront auprés de lui, sans qu'il leur arrêtât rien de fatal. 18 They patrolled, passant by l'Avre as took obstacle qu'une \n\nArtous en fussent les malles, traversèrent plusieurs rivières \n\nd de la sage, entrèrent dans les pays de la domination du roi, où les \n\nparties ennemies couronnaient de tons âcides, sous en rencontrer aucune, arriverent heureusement à Chinon où le Roi étoit, et \n\nI lui donnèrent ans de leur arrêt et du sujet qui les amena. \n\nTout le monde fut extraordinaire surprise d'un si long voyage fait avec tant de bonheur," 19 — F. Daniel.

Note 46, p. 28, col. 2. — The autumn rains had beaten to the earth.

"Et Octobris perturbabat, ut squalidus, ut aegrotus est; sed neque evan milite melius agritur, quod tam subtus praebat, interim tam trucidabitur passus, dum utrique revolit suas factiones principum in saepe retrectae. 20 Ignar \n\nJas cum cadavera utroque populorum erat, quaque ut duas utrique blanda erat, quaque generationem to oppressum, lucrat \n\nurit, perque inermierint, delubro sese putans, etiam horum \n\nreniperat, cruciatur, ac per id uno quamvis obstatuismini ad \n\napec inculcamentur. Sinul urget habet ut rerum omnium \n\nincipia; passum enim arhagitaret intalci minucie, cum prompt \n\nhumanus pro vidu tuncia, non arm edere sed bello servire \n\nnecessarium engastatur. Isto ut argentum malis, naviter a pace \n\naborbatet, sed alter ad ultero cum aut poteste, vel adlustretu turgi \n\nputavit." 21 — Polybius Virgil.

The effect of this contest upon England was scarcely less ruinous. "In the last year of the victorious Henry V. there was not a sufficient number of gentlemen left in England to carry on the business of civil government. 22 But if the victories of Henry were so fatal to the popula-\n\ntion of his country, the defeats and disasters of the succeeding reign were still more disastrous. In the 25th year of this war, the instructions given to the cardinal of Winchester and other plenipotentiaries appointed to treat with the king of France, showed there must have been men of the same title and chivalry of the crown of France, of so many nations and other, than been at this day in both lands, and so much christened blood shed, that it is to gorge a sorrow and an arroy to think or here it. 23" — Henry. Rymer's Foedera.

Note 47, p. 29, col. 2. — Fadolf's better fate prevailed.

Danvois was wounded in the battle of Herringts, or Rouvail Saint-Denis.

NTE 49, p. 21, col. 1. — To die for him when I have lived to serve.

Tunneyguy du Châtel had saved the life of Charles when Laisir was seized by the Burgundians. Lidie Adam, a man noted for ferocity even in that age, was admitted at midnight into the city with eight hundred horses. The partisans of Burgundy were under arms to assist them, and a dreadful slaughter of the Armaignacs ensued. Du Châtel, then governor of the Bastille, being unable to restrain the tumult, ran to the Louvre, and carried away the Danpoin in his shirt, in order to secure him in his fortress. — Rupa.

Note 49, p. 21, col. 1. — To reach the overhanging fruit.

High favors like as fruit trees are

That grow upon the sides of rocks, where they

Who reach their fruit adventure must so far

As to hazard their deep downfall. — Daniel.

Note 50, p. 21, col. 1. — A base and dishonourable, Danvois!

Dr Serres says, 24 "The king was wonderfully discontented for the departure of Tunneyguy du Châtel, whom he called father; a man beloved, and of amiable conditions. But there was no remedy. He had given the chief stroke to John Burgundy. So likewise he protected without any difficulty, to retire himself withersoever his master should command him."

Note 51, p. 21, col. 1. — Richmond, whom the Latera Senate the black coward of his strengthened.

Richmond caused a Gisc to be strangled in his bed, and thrown into the Loire, to punish the negligence he had suggested him to be defeated by an inferior force at Arvanches. The constable had had siege to St. James de Beuvron, a place strongly garrisoned by the English. He had been promised a convey of money, which De Gisc, who had the management of the treasury, purposely detained to mortify the constable. Richmond openly accused the treasurer, and revenged himself thus violently. After this, he boldly declared that he would serve in the same manner any person whatsoever that should endeavor to express the king's favor. The Canvas of Giscuiss accepted his place, and was by the constable's means assassinated in the king's presence.

Note 52, p. 21, col. 1. — Whose death my arm avenged.

"The duke of Orleans was, on a Wednesday, the fast-day of pope St. Clement, assassinated in Paris, about seven o'clock in the evening, on his return from dinner. The mur-\n\nder was committed by about eighteen men, who had lodge at an hotel having for sign the image of our Lady, near the Porte Barbiere, and who, it was afterwards discovered, had for several days intended this assassination.

On the Wednesday before mentioned, they sent one named Sena de Courcheve, valet de chambre to the king, and one of their accomplices, to the duke of Orleans, who had gone to visit the queen of France at an hotel where she had lately purchased from Montagu, grand master of the king's house-\n\nhold, situated very near the Porte Barbette. She had him in there of a child, which had died shortly after its birth, and had not then accomplished the days of her purification.

Sena, on seeing the duke, said, by way of deceiving him, 25 "My lord, the king sends for you, and you must instantly hasten to him, for he has business of great importance to you and him, which he must communicate to you." 26 The duke, on hearing this message, was eager to obey the king's orders although the monarch knew nothing of the matter, and immediately mounted his mule, attended by two equites on one horse, and four or five valets on foot, who followed behind bearing torches; but his other attendants made no haste to follow him. He had made this visit in a private manner, not withstanding at this time he had within the city of Paris six hundred knights and esquires of his retinue, and at his expense.

On his arrival at the Porte Barbette, the eighteen men, all well and secretly armed, were waiting for him, and were lying in ambush under shelter of a penultimate. The night was pretty dark, and as they sollied out against him, one cried out, 27 "Put him to death!" and gave him such a blow on the wrist with his battle-axe as severed it from his arm.

The duke, astonished at this attack, cried out, 28 "I am the duke of Orleans!" when the assassins continuing their blows answered, 29 "You are the person we were looking for." So many rushed on him that he was struck off his mule, and his scull was split that his brains were dashed on the pavement. They turned him over and over, and massacred him that he was very soon completely dead. A young esquire, a German by birth, who had been his page, was murdered with him; seeing his master struck to the ground, he threw himself on his body to protect him, but in vain, and he suffered for his generous courage. The horse which carried the two esquires that preceded the robber, seeing so many men having advantage, began to snort, and when he passed them set out on a gallop, so that it was some time before he could be checked.

When the esquires had stopped their horses, they saw their lord's mule following them full gallop; having caught him, they fancied the duke must have fallen, and were bringing it
look by the bridge; but on their arrival where their lord lay, they were menaced by the assassins, that if they did not instantly swear that they would share his fate, he would have them all burned on the scaffold. Seeing their horrid threat had been thus easily nullified, they hastened to the hotel of the queen, crying out, Murder! Those who had killed the duke, in their turn, bawled out, Fire! and they had arranged their plan that while some were assassinating the duke, others were to set fire to their lodgings. Some mounted on horseback, and the rest on foot made off as they could, fleeing behind them broken glass and sharp points of iron to prevent their being pursued.

Report said that many of them went back the way to the hotel of Avtau, to their chamber the duke of Burgundy, who had commanded them to do this deed, as he afterwards publically confessed, to inform him of the success of their murder; when instantly afterward they withdrew to places of safety.

The chief of these assassins, and the conductor of the business, was one called Rollet d'Avtauville, a Norman, whom the duke of Orleans had a little before deprived of his office of commissioner of taxes, which the king had given to him at the request of the late duke of Burgundy: from that time the said Rollet had been considering how he could revenge himself on the duke of Orleans. His other accomplices were William Courteheuze and Sess Courteheuze, before mentioned, from the country of Guines, John de la Motte, and others, to the amount of eighteen.

Within half an hour the household of the duke of Orleans, learning of this horrid murder, made loud complaint, and with great crowds of nobles and others hastened to the fatal spot, where they found him lying dead in the street. His knights and esquires, and in general all his dependants, made grievous lamentations, seeing him thus wounded and disfigured. With many groans they raised him to the hotel of the lord de Reviers, marquis of France, which was hard by; and shortly afterward the body was covered with a white pall, and conveyed most honorably to the Guillermus, where it lay, as being the nearest church to where the murder had been committed.

Soon afterward the king of Sicily, and many other princes, knights and esquires, hearing of this fratricidal murder of the only brother of the king of France, came with many tears to visit the body. It was put into a leathen coffin, and the monks of the church, with all the late duke's household, watched it all night, saying prayers, and singing psalms over it. On the morrow his servants found the hand which had been cut off, and collected much of the brain that had been scattered over the street, all of which were enclosed in a vessel covered by the coffin.

The whole of the princes who were at Paris, except the king and his children, namely, the king of Sicily, the dukes of Berry, Burgundy, and Bourbon, the marquis du Pont, the counts de Nevers, de Clermont, de Vendôme, de St. Pol, de Issoudun, constable of France, and several others, having assembled with a large body of the clergy and nobles, and a multitude of the citizens of Paris, went in a body to the church of the Guillermus. Then the principal officers of the late duke's household took the body and bore it out of the church, with a great number of lighted torches carried by the esquires of the defunct. On each side of the body were in due order, uttering groans and shedding tears, the king of Sicily, the dukes of Berry, Burgundy, and Bourbon, each holding a corner of the pall. After the body followed the officers and many nobles and burghers, according to their rank, recommending his soul to his Creator; and thus they passed, the number of the procession being so great that the streets could pass: the servers of the church of the Guillermus being able to hold the body for a time. When a most solemn service had been performed, the body was interred in a beautiful chapel he himself had founded and built. After the service all the princes, and others who had attended it, returned to their homes.—Memorials, vol. i. p. 192.

Note 53, p. 31, col. 1. — When the Burgundian faction filled the streets With carnage.

About four o'clock on the 15th day of June, the populace of Paris rose to the amount of about thirty thousand, fearing (as they said) that the prisoners would be set at liberty, although the new provost of Paris and other lords assured them to the contrary. They were armed with old mallets, lances, staves, and other disorderly weapons, and paraded through the streets shouting, "Long live the king and the duke of Burgundy, and may Heaven protect his islands!" Seeing that the house of Burgundy had been thus barely murdered, they hastened to the hotel of the queen, crying out, Murder! Those who had killed the duke, in their turn, bawled out, Fire! and they had arranged their plan that while some were assassinating the duke, others were to set fire to their lodgings. Some mounted on horseback, and the rest on foot made off as they could, fleeing behind them broken glass and sharp points of iron to prevent their being pursued.

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Within half an hour the household of the duke of Orleans, learning of this horrid murder, made loud complaint, and with great crowds of nobles and others hastened to the fatal spot, where they found him lying dead in the street. His knights and esquires, and in general all his dependants, made grievous lamentations, seeing him thus wounded and disfigured. With many groans they raised him to the hotel of the lord de Reviers, marquis of France, which was hard by; and shortly afterward the body was covered with a white pall, and conveyed most honorably to the Guillermus, where it lay, as being the nearest church to where the murder had been committed.

Soon afterward the king of Sicily, and many other princes, knights and esquires, hearing of this fratricidal murder of the only brother of the king of France, came with many tears to visit the body. It was put into a leathen coffin, and the monks of the church, with all the late duke's household, watched it all night, saying prayers, and singing psalms over it. On the morrow his servants found the hand which had been cut off, and collected much of the brain that had been scattered over the street, all of which were enclosed in a vessel covered by the coffin.

The whole of the princes who were at Paris, except the king and his children, namely, the king of Sicily, the dukes of Berry, Burgundy, and Bourbon, the marquis du Pont, the counts de Nevers, de Clermont, de Vendôme, de St. Pol, de Issoudun, constable of France, and several others, having assembled with a large body of the clergy and nobles, and a multitude of the citizens of Paris, went in a body to the church of the Guillermus. Then the principal officers of the late duke's household took the body and bore it out of the church, with a great number of lighted torches carried by the esquires of the defunct. On each side of the body were in due order, uttering groans and shedding tears, the king of Sicily, the dukes of Berry, Burgundy, and Bourbon, each holding a corner of the pall. After the body followed the officers and many nobles and burghers, according to their rank, recommending his soul to his Creator; and thus they passed, the number of the procession being so great that the streets could pass: the servers of the church of the Guillermus being able to hold the body for a time. When a most solemn service had been performed, the body was interred in a beautiful chapel he himself had founded and built. After the service all the princes, and others who had attended it, returned to their homes.—Memorials, vol. i. p. 192.

Note 53, p. 31, col. 1. — When the Burgundian faction filled the streets With carnage.
before, when they met any person they disliked he was slain instantly; and their principal leader was Cappelle, the haunchman of the city of Paris.

The duke of Burgundy, alarmed at these insurrections, sent for some of the chief citizens, with whom he remonstrated on the consequences these disturbances might have. The citizens excused themselves from being too wayward, and said they were much griefed to witness them; they added, they were all of the lowest rank, and had it thus risen to pillage the more wealthy; and they required the duke to provide a remedy by employing these men in his wars. It was then proclaimed, in the names of the king and the duke of Burgundy, under pain of death, that no person should tumultuously assemble, nor any more murders or pillage take place; but that such as had of late risen in the insurrection should prepare themselves to march to the sieges of Montlhéry and Marceau, now held by the king's enemies. The community made reply, that they would cheerfully do so if they had proper captains appointed to lead them.

Within a few days, to avoid similar tumults in Paris, six thousand of the populace were sent to Montlhéry under the command of the lord de Cohon, sir Walter de Ruppes and sir Walter Baillart, with a certain number of men at arms, and score of cannon and ammunition sufficient for a siege. These knights led them to Montlhéry, where they made a sharp attack on the Dauphiné within the castle.

The duke of Burgundy, after their departure, arrested several of their accomplices, and the principal movers of the late insurrection, some of whom he caused to be beheaded, others to be hanged or drowned in the Seine; even their leader Cappelle, the haunchman, was beheaded in the market-place. When news of this was carried to the Parisians who had been sent to Montlhéry, they marched back to Paris to raise another rebellion, but the gates were closed against them, so that they were forced to return to the siege.


To what is it owing that four centuries should have so little difference in the character of the Parisians?

Note 54, p. 21, col. 2. ————. He will retreat To duist Dauphin.

Charles, in despair of collecting an army which should dare to approach the enemy's entrenchments, not only gave the city of Orleans for lost, but began to entertain a very dismal prospect with regard to the general state of his affairs. He saw that the country in which he had hitherto, with great difficulty, subsisted, would be laid entirely open to the invasion of a powerful, and victorious enemy; and he already entertained thoughts of retiring with the remains of his forces into Languedoc and Dauphiné, and defending himself as long as possible in those remote provinces. It was fortunate for this good prince, that as he lay under the dominion of the fair, the women whom he consulted had the spirit to support his sinking resolution in this desperate extremity. Mary of Anjou, his queen, a princess of great merit and prudence, vehemently opposed this measure, which she foresaw would discourage all his partisans, and serve as a general signal for deserting a prince who seemed himself to despair of success; his mistresses too, the fair Agnes Sorel, who lived in entire amity with the queen, seconded all her remonstrances. — Hume.

L'un fait honneur à la belle Agnès Sorel, Demoiselle de Tourelle, marquise de ce Prince, d'avoir beaucoup contribué à l'anéantir en cette occasion. Il faut qu'aussi le cœur principal soit attaché à ce sujet d'un quatrième rapport par Saint Celais, comme ait été fait par le Roi François I. à l'honneur de cette Demoiselle.

Plus de louange et d'honneur à la mérite, La cause étant de France recouvrer, Que ce qui peut déduire un Chaîte ouver Claud一流iva, ou bien bien Héritier. — P. Daniel.

Note 55, p. 21, col. 2. — On a May morning deck'd with flowers.

Here in this first race you shall see our kings but once a year, the first day of May, in their chariots deckt with flowers and green, and drawn by four oxen. Whose hath occasion to treat with them let him seek them in their chambers,
Note 59, p. 22, col. 2. — *Will might the English staff.*

Yet in the preceding year 1428, the English women had concerned themselves somewhat curiously in the affairs of their rulers. "There was one Mistress Stokes with divers others stout women of London, of good recompensing, well-apparelled, came openly to the upper parliament, and delivered letters to the duke of Gloucester, and to the archbishops, and to the other lords there present, containing matter of rebuke and sharp reprehension of the duke of Gloucester, because he would not deliver his wife Jaqueline out of her grievous imprisonment, being then held prisoner by the duke of Burgundy, although they had scarce any authority to receive the same; and for his public keeping by him another adultery, contrary to the law of God, and the honourable estate of matrimony." — *Stone.*

Note 60, p. 22, col. 2. — *She fired her eye on Charles.*

Of this I may say with Sendry,

*O merelles estoigante, et difficile a creoir! — Mais que nous rapportons sur lafoy de l'Histoire.*

*Alaric, L. 2.*

The matter (says De Serres) was found ridiculous both by the king and his counsellor, yet must they amuse some trial. "The king would not believe the habit of a countess to be disguised; this maid (being brought into the chamber) goes directly to the king in this attire, and submits him with so modest a countenance, as if she had been brought up in all her life. They telling her that she was mistaken, she assured them it was the king and his chamber who had never seen her thus. She begins to deliver unto him this new charge, which, she says, she had received from the God of Heaven; so as she turned the eyes and minds of all men upon her." — *P. Daniel.*

Note 61, p. 22, col. 2. — *Crown the anointed king.*

The anointing was a ceremony of much political and mystical importance. "King Henry III. of England, being desirous to know what was wrought in a king by his anointing, caused the日起 concerning it with that great scholar of the age, Robert Grosseteste bishop of Lincoln, who answered him thus: — "Quod antem in fine litere vestro nobis mandastes, videte quod intimoque quid uctionis sacramentum videntur adiugere regio dignitatem, cum multis sint reges quae mutilantes suam munera descensus, totamque nostre medicamentum compleare horae. Tumma non ignorantia quod regales innatice signum est prærogativa suasionis septemfis donis Sacratissimi Patris, quod sepoforum manere tertiae rex inuentus preeminentium non uelatis regibus omnes reginas et reginam qui antistes dirigere; ut videte non commissur ad eminere et hereditate dono Tunosiris se prius, et divinerop, quantum in ipsa est, suo regimini subjectos, ab omni cohobio illicito; doneque Pietatis defensat subuenit et suaviter facit videre, pupilla, et generaliter omni oppressa: doneque Scientiae leges justae ad regnum justum regendam suam causam observare et obscuri facit, errantium destructam: doneque Fortitudinis suarum regnum adversario repellat et pro salute publicae mortem non timet. Ad prudens aut preceptorem agenda dono Concellii decoratur, quod arcaestitatem et scientiae orbis hujus mundi sensibilis evidenter; done inde Infeliciter, quia carus Angeli orbe adscendet. Tamen vero done Spiritus, quod ad disumdam cognoscam Dei peragitar, ut ad exemplar ordinis mundi et ordinis angelici secundum leges aeternae in aeterna Dei ratione describatur, quas regis universitatem creatur; rempublicadem aliqui subjectam ordinabili regnat tantaque et ijs: Adiecti igitur regis dignitati uctionum sacramento quod rex uocat pre ceretis in suo genere debet, ut protrahat est, ex septemfr Spiritus munere, in omnibus suis regnumm actibus, arctius divinis et herosce pollere." — *History of the Siege of Orleans.*

And some other have conceived this anointing of such effluency, that, as in baptism all former sins are washed away, so also by this unction, as we see in that of Polyecuntas patriarch of Constantinople, who doubted not but that the emperor John Tzaimeres was elected even before Heaven, of the depth of Phoebus, their his being anointed emperor." — *Selden's Tables of Honor.*

The legend of the Ampium made this ceremony peculiarly important in France. I quote the miracle from Desmarets. Chovis is on his knees waiting to be anointed by St. Remigius.

Cependant le prélaut attend les hâles saintes.

Un Discer les parties, et fait un sauvé:

La foi s'empire et respire son adord.

Du Pontile seul la douce impatience,

Des mains et de la voix en vain qu'il s'avance.

Nul ne peut décider, par la force des bras,

De tant de corps pressant l'immoible massas.

Le prélaut, à genoux, longuement dans l'attente,

Aussi qu'on clarte parfois plus éclatante;

Estait tous autres feux par sa vive splendour, Et répond dans le temple une divine odeur.

Dans un air lumineux une Colombe sole,

E t un bon de célévant une lave.

Elle apparte au prélaut une sainte précieux,

Plein d'un bâume sacré, rare présent des Cieux. — *Glosse.*

Guillelmus Brita says that the devil brake the viol of oil which Remigius held in his hand ready to anoint Chovis, and that the oil being so spilt, he obtained by prayer a supply of it from heaven. — *Selden.*

Note 62, p. 23, col. 2. — *The doctors of theology.*

Ces paroles ainsi par elle diées, la fait le ray renomme

honomina en son tas, et ensemble sciential conseil, qu'eat

furent plusieurs prélats, chevaliers, enovres et chefs de guerre,

avoces aucun doctor in theologia en lais et en decret, qui

tous ensemble adherer qu'elle serait interrogée par les

doctors, pour essayer si en elle se trouveror reside raison de

de pouvoir accomplir ce qu'elle disait. Mois les doctors la traaver-

rent de tant honnestence contenance, et tant sage en ses paroles, que

leur revolucion faict, on en tient tres grand estant.

Diverses interrogations leur furent faictes par plusieurs doctors

tous autres gens de grand estat, a quoy elle respondit mout bien, et

par especial a un doctor Jacob, qui lui dit, que si

Dieu vouloit que les Anglois s'en allassent, qu'il ne fallast point

de armes; a quoy elle respondit, qu'elle ne vouloit que peu de
gens qui combattissent, et Dieu donnerait la victoire.

History of the Siege of Orleans.*

In the Ghost Joanna Gallic of Valerius Parsius, one of the counsellors makes a speech of seventy lines upon the wickedness of women, mentioning Helen, Berneshia, Sestira-

, Duldih, Messellina, &c., in examples. The council are

influenced by his opinion, and the Muid, to prove her mission,

eballegues any one of them to a single combat.

Qui me stultitatis? quid me levitate notandam

Credites a patre? a mors, a forisac, injust.

Apost misit vindict, stricta praecesser one.

Aunntis: hec nostri sint prima periculo mortis.

Si ille visa tanta amans, descendat in equo

Plantae munere: milii si victoriae endat

Credite victorie: nostris si vicenti hostis

Compede cinetas abnorme, et coetutis sim habitas peculia.

Note 63, p. 23, col. 2. — *St. Agnes' Chapel.*

Hoc virginius contigit patiendo secreta in saelo vastiora, ad declarandam pluvia obdormire: quo in tempore viatam est in coemis a Des, qui se ille ostendat, adsumoni.

Jacobus Philippus Bergamensis de claris nullissimis.

Joanna Gallica Pulcra, duam aves pascit, tempugne corda in proprium succulent confugit, ubi oblationes vegandae Gallia mundi suscepit. — Bonfils.

Heroinae nobisimmo Joanna Dare Luther ange vulne Aurelia-

esus Pudet historia. Autore Annae Hortal scripsimus

Note 64, p. 23, col. 2. — *Holy Agnes stood*

Before none eyes, such as so beautiful

As when, among the house of wickedness,
The Power whom with such fervent love she served
Field her with glory.

Iacou m j Actor c taurum ut lavare conatis.
At his grant virgo vestita est, statim crine salute, tunc capilla disseratam ejus dianae gratae custodi, ut metens illorum fidebis, quam recordas tuae virilis. 

Have courage, Margaret: she had, rather; These Agnes, in the midst of the flames, stretching out her hands, prayed unto the Lord, saying, 'I bless thee, O Almighty Father! who permitting me to come unto thee, if even in the flames. For behold!' what I have believed, I see; what I have hoped, I possess; what I have desired, I enjoy. Therefore, I confess thee with my lips, I desire thee with my heart, with my most entreats; I come to thee, the living and the true God!' The whole passage, as it stands in the Acta Sanctorum, is very fine. 

Tune Veneris Ascensio sponsis, jaculis in conspectu omnium. Ad passus, ad manus, ad tibi est pararius justit et flammas. Qui quidem non ciceret dominus, et multis dies diebus, et in unum instantias, descendere mortuus, et in calum. Tune B. Agnes expedita manus suas in medio ignis suas vocavit ortum ad Domum: Omnium populus, adventans, condoleans, tremeret. Peter Damasus moniit Jesu Christi, beneficio te qua per filium tuum aurantium Deus missa hanc hominem et apud eum autem etiamsi impulsa turaret. See et manus per Spiritual Sanctorum rare celeri profectam suis: focus unusque mortis, fiamma direcutur, et ardens mecum hujus ad eam quasculus ministretur, refundatur. Befici te pater omnipotens, qui etiam per flammam, interpellans me ad te venire permitte; etsi iterum vel quid video eiusmodi spe te venire nunc, vel qui tuo jubente iubeas te venire. Qui quidem similiter etiam frustra jam tecum, quod concupisci coegatur. Et impiter Libris confitior, te corde, te totis virisceris concupisco. Ecce ad te venio et verum Deum! 

Deo Socr. tom. ii p. 537, Jan. 21. 

Filius S. Agnetis. 
B. S. Ambrosio. 

They have a legend in Cornwall that St. Agnes escaped out of the prison at Rome, and taking ship, lighted at St. Piran's Arwogog, from whence she travelled on foot to what is now her own parish. But being several times tempted by the Devil on her way, as often as she turned about to rebuke him, she turned him into a stone, and indeed there are still to be seen on the Downs, between several large moors, a pitch fork, pointed on end, in a straight line, about a quarter of a mile distant one from the other, doubtless put there on some remarkable account. There lived then in that part of the country a famous Wrath or Grimat, by name Bolster, of that ilk. He got hold of the stone on which she was carried to gather him the stones on his domain; she carried them in three upon-falls to the top of the hill, and made with them three great heaps, from which the hill is now called, sometimes Carne Breanitch, sometimes St. Agnes’ Beacon. At last this Giant or Wrath attempted to seduce her; she pretended to yield; promised he would fill a hole which she showed him with his blood: he agreed to this, not knowing that the hole opened into the sea; she thus cunningly blinding him to death, and then tumbled him over the cliff. This they still call the Wrath’s Hole. It is on the top of the cliff, not far from St. Agnes’ chapel and well, and, enquiring as it goes downward, opens into a cave fretted in by the sea, and, from the nature of the stone, streaked all over with bright red streaks like blood. After this she lived some time here, and then died, having first built her chapel and her well. The water of this well is excellently good; and the pavement, they told you, is covered with her own blood, and the more you rub it, the more it shows,—such being, indeed, the nature of the stone. She likewise left the mark of her foot on a rock, not far from it, still called St. Agnes’ foot, which they tell you will fit a foot of any size; and indeed it is large. These two things being causes a great resort here in former days, and many curing are pretended to have been done by the water of this well, so blest by her miraculous blood. 

St. Agnes, St. Catharine, and St. Margaret, were the saints more particularly revered by the Maid of Orleans.

Note 65, p. 24 col. 1. — This silence to my soul
Through the scene are faintly heard
Sounds that are silence to the mind.

Charles Lloyd.

Note 66, p. 26, col. 1. — Eclipsed the heauber’s honorable marks.

Ajin d’exprimer les impressions que ce treillis de fer devait absrce sur la pauv’e, on aurait soin de se mettrelass en dessous. Malgre ces precautions e Xant il ca laissait encore; ces marques d’appelaient canons, et on les faisait disparaitre par la baie. 

Le Grand.

Note 67, p. 26, col. 1. — Then bound her to the sword of martyrdom.

Such is the legend of St. Katharine, princess of Alexandria, whose story has been pictured upon sign-posts and in churches, but whose memory has been preserved in this country longer by the ale-house than by the altar. The most extravagant perhaps of Dryden’s plays is upon this subject. In the first edition, I had, ignorantly, represented Katharine as dying upon the wheel, and the description of her sufferings was far too minute to be imagined. Dryden has communicated the last fact in a far greater degree; the old martyrlogies particularize no cruelties more revolting than he has detailed in the speech of Maximin when he orders her to execution.

From a passage in the Jerusalem Conquest of which it should seem that St. Katharine was miraculously betrothed to her heavenly spouse. As the crusaders approached Jerusalem, they visit the holy places on their way;

Quia visist el lugar con llanto tierno,
Donde la hermosa virgen Catarina
Se despues con el Espino eterno,
La Angelica Rachel siendo madrina;
Aquell Espino, que el nudo innerno
Se cubrio con escarcha matutina,
El que tiene las ojas de palomas
Y del labio de lero vierta aromas.

La Vega.

The marginal note adds La Virgen fur Madrina en los despues de Caterina y Christo.

Of St. Margaret, the other favorite Saint of the Maid, I find recorded by Bergomensis, that she called the pagan Pagam to the perfection of an impious dog, that she was thrown into a dungeon where a horrible dragon swallowed her, that she crossed herself, upon which the dragon immediately burst and she came out safe, and that she saw the devil standing in the corner like a black man, and seized him and threw him down.

Ab idcirca the legend is, it is once occasioned a very extraordinary murder. A young Lombard, after hearing H., prayed so earnestly for an opportunity of fighting with the devil like St. Margaret, that he went into the fields in full expectation that his desire would be gratified. A hideous old dumb woman came by; he mistook her for the tempter; her indifferent noises confirmed him in this opinion, and he knocked her down and trampled upon her. The poor wretch died of her bruises; but a miracle was wrought to save her murderer, in consideration that his madness was a pious madness, and before she died, she spoke to excuse the mistake. This tale is told in that strange collection of fabulous stories upon religious subjects, the Pia Historia. The authority referred to is Petr. Bemanti Hist. lib. 35.

Note 68, p. 26, col. 2. — The sacred sword.

Puella petit gladium, quem dicimus uti aetate, erat factum
in templo divae Catharinae in Tarantula, inter antiqua
donaria praebent. Maucaus Carolus, gladium impetravit, ac in
incenit proruit, Petale algarri jasuit. — Polittec Virgil. 

Picholbe’s History of Cornwall, i. 176-7. — N.
NOTES TO JOAN OF ARC.

Note 75, p. 28, col. 1. — I knew myself.

Hoc iterum Joanae Pulcella virgo, cum magnam gloriam in armis aedit haud aedificavit, et regnum Francorvm magni a parte deter- dinus, cum multis Anglorum paginis exquisitus, in suis florenti atque constituta, non subit ac mortuorum, sed et genra sua mor- turis canctus predicti. — Bergomannus.

Note 76, p. 28, col. 1. — There is a path.

There is a path which no foul knoweth, and which the vul- ture's eye both not seenthe lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion pass'd by it.— Job, xxxvii, 7, 8.

Note 77, p. 28, col. 1. — As they did hear the loud alarum bell.

In such the estate of France was then most miserable. There appeared nothing but a horrible face, confusion, poverty, desolation, solitude, and famine. The poor and bare labo- rers in the country did terrible even these themselves, who had nothing left them to spoile, but the carcasses of these poor miserable creatures, wandering up and down like ghosts drawne out of their graves. The least farms and hamlets were fortified by these robbers, English, Burgogneans and French, every one striving to do his worst: all men of war were well agreed to spoil the countrymen and merchant. Even the cottell, accustomed to the twayne hill, the signe of the enemy's approach, would run home of themsevles without any guide by this accustomed miserie.

This is the perfect description of those times, taken out of the Historians of our ancestors, set down in the original, says De Serres. But amidst this horrible calamity, God did comfort both the king and realmes, for about the end of the yeare, he gave Charles a goodly sonne by queen Mary his wife.

Note 78, p. 28, col. 2. — Was as a pilgrim.

O my people, hear my word: make you ready to the battle, and in those evils, be even as pilgrims upon the earth.— 2 Esdras, xvi. 40.

Note 79, p. 28, col. 2. — Cast the weak nature off!

Let go from these mortal thoughts, cast away the burdens of man, put off now the weak nature, and set aside the thoughts that are most heavy unto thee, and hast thee to flee from these times.— 2 Esdras, xiv. 14, 15.

Note 80, p. 29, col. 1. — Worthy a happier, not a better love.

Digna minus misericors, non mulieres virgo. — Ovid.

Note 81, p. 29, col. 2. — And I must put away all mortal thoughts.


Note 82, p. 31, col. 1. — Rain wash'd round us.

To succeed in the siege of Orleans, the English first so- cured the neighboring places, which might otherwise have annoyed the besiegers. The months of August and September were spent in this work. During that space they took Meun, Baugécei, Gerguey, Clery, Sully, Jouville, and some other small towns, and at last appeared before Orleans on the 12th of October.— Royin.

Note 83, p. 31, col. 2. — Soon sadden'd Orleans.

The French king used every expedient to supply the city with a garrison and provisions, and enable it to maintain a long and obstinate siege. The lord of Gaucour, a brave and experienced captain, was appointed governor. Many officers of distinction threw themselves into the place. The troops which they conducted were inured to war, and were deter- mined to make the most obstinate resistance: and even the inhabitants, disciplined by the long continuance of hostilities, were well qualified in their own defence, to second the efforts of the most veteran forces. The eyes of all Europe were turned towards this scene; where, it was reasonably sup- posed, the French were to make their last stand for maintain-
NOTES TO JOAN OF ARC

ing the independence of their monarchy, and the rights of their sovereignty.—

Note 84, p. 31, col. 2. — The Sire Chapelpe.

This title was not discriminatorily used by the French. Chapelpe is sometimes styled le sire, and sometimes gentil-homme de Beauvoir, by Daniel. The same title was applied to the Amiens, and to princês; and Schen observes from Pasquier, "four ancien barons affected neither to be stiled by the name of sire than barons, and the baron of Coucy carried to that purpose this rhyme in his device:

Je ne sais roy ne prince aussi,
Je sais le sie de Coucy."

Note 85, p. 31, col. 2. — Can never yield the crusade that kills his halberd sword.

"At the creation of a knight of Rhodes a sword, with a cross for the hilt, was delivered to him in token that his valor must defend religion. No bastard could be a knight hospitalier, from whose order that of Rhodes was formed, except a bastard to a prince, there being honor in that discolor, as there is light in the very spots of the moon." — Fuller's History of the Holy Warre.

Note 86, p. 31, col. 2. — And that young duke. Amençon.

Note 87, p. 31, col. 2. — La Hire, the married man.

"In the late warres in France between king Henry the fifth of England and Charles the seventh of France, the French army being in distress, one captain La Hire, a Frenchman, was sent to declare unto the said French king the estate and affairs of the warre, and how for want of victuals, money, and other necessaries, the French had lost divers towns and battelies to the English. The French king being disposed to use his captain familiarly, showed him such things as himself was delighted in, as his buildings, his banquetts, faire ladies, &c., and then asked the captain how he liked them; 3. Trust me, sir," quoth the captain, speaking his mind freely, "I did never know any prince that more delighted himself with his losses, than you doth with yours." — Nozer.

"La Hire trouva bientôt ce que la gloire avait célébré sous la bannière du chevalier. Tout le royaume se rassembla autour de lui. La Hire répondit qu'il n'avait pas, car il fallait promptement se préparer à la vengeance. Il y avait donc peu de gens de guerre qui osaient s'entraîner. Eux qui ont fait la guerre, vous êtes des guerriers, que vous faites comme ceux qui ont fait la guerre. Et vous serez comme eux."

He knew that the capture of the city sixty forts. How were such a success this might be, nothing could divert him from it, since the success of the siege entirely depended upon it. In vain would he pursue his attack, if the enemies could continually introduce fresh supplies. Besides, the season, now far advanced, suggested to him that he would be forced to pass the winter in the camp, and during that time be liable to many insults. Among the sixty forts, there were six much stronger than the rest, upon the six principal avenues of the city. The French could before with ease introduce carriages into the places, and had made frequent use of that advantage. But after these forts were built, it was with extreme difficulty that they could, now and then, give some assistance to the besieged. Upon these six redoubts the general erected batteries, which thundered against the walls." — Rgin.

Note 89, p. 33, col. 1. — Salisbury, their watchful chief.

"The besiegers received success in the very beginning of the siege; but the earl of Salisbury, who considered this enterprise as a decisive action for the king his master, and his own reputation, omitted nothing to deprive the castle of that advantage. He redoubled the murder and the city sixty forts. How was such a success this might be, nothing could divert him from it, since the success of the siege entirely depended upon it. In vain would he pursue his attack, if the enemies could continually introduce fresh supplies. Besides, the season, now far advanced, suggested to him that he would be forced to pass the winter in the camp, and during that time be liable to many insults. Among the sixty forts, there were six much stronger than the rest, upon the six principal avenues of the city. The French could before with ease introduce carriages into the places, and had made frequent use of that advantage. But after these forts were built, it was with extreme difficulty that they could, now and then, give some assistance to the besieged. Upon these six redoubts the general erected batteries, which thundered against the walls." — Rgin.

Note 90, p. 32, col. 1. — Call'd on Saint Aignan's name.

St. Aignan was the tutelary saint of Orleans. He had miraculously been chosen as the patron of that city when Attila besieged it. As the forces of the Goths were receding to their pretal, lay, nous se souviert, pour le bois de Gien, sortit de la ville et paro a Aletta. Mais Ne l'autre par flebile, il se mit en prières, fit faire des processions, et partit par les rues les religieux des saints. Un prêtre s'estant marque, divinit, que sola s'aurait de revu profeté aux autres viles, tomba toute mort sur la place, portant: par ex moyne la prière de son invariable tenaceur. Après toutes ces choses, il commanda aux habitants de voir si le securrent n'avoir point; point ét repandu que non, il se remit en prières, et puis leur fut secue commandecues: nous n'apparieront point encore de secours, pour la triste fois il se prennerent a terre, les guer et Esprit ver le Cel. Se rendant excité, il fait monter a la guerette, et lay rapportin qu'on l'en voyait rien sinon une grosse nuage de poussière, il assener que c'est le securrent d'Atletta et de Triste Roy des Clohes, laquets tardam a se montrer a Parour d'Atletta. St. Aignan fut discemment transporte en leur camp, et les advercit que tout cownt perd, ils attendant au lendemain. En pourrurent aussi tout, et ferrent Atletta de here si hâtsement le mer, que plusieurs des siez se negrent dans la Loire, d'autres s'estreurcment avec regret d'aurc perdre la veille. En mon corte de cette estoire, le pourusurrirent a inserement avec le Roy. Monez, qui se vit jumere a eux, q'ss le deprec en battaille rangee pres de Chalons, jouchant la campagne de 183,000 calivres."


Note 91, p. 33, col. 2. — . . . . . . . . the treaty ratified At Troyes.

"By the treaty of Troyes, Charles was to remain in quiet possession of the royal dignity and revenues. After his death the crown, with all its rights and dominions, devolved to Henry and his heirs. The inaccessibility of Charles the so great that he could not appear in public, so that the queen and Burgundy swore for him." — Rgin.

Note 92, p. 33, col. 1. — Salisbury, their watchful chief.

"The besiegers received success in the very beginning of the siege; but the earl of Salisbury, who considered this enterprise as a decisive action for the king his master, and his own reputation, omitted nothing to deprive the castle of that advantage. He redoubled the murder and the city sixty forts. How was such a success this might be, nothing could divert him from it, since the success of the siege entirely depended upon it. In vain would he pursue his attack, if the enemies could continually introduce fresh supplies. Besides, the season, now far advanced, suggested to him that he would be forced to pass the winter in the camp, and during that time be liable to many insults. Among the sixty forts, there were six much stronger than the rest, upon the six principal avenues of the city. The French could before with ease introduce carriages into the places, and had made frequent use of that advantage. But after these forts were built, it was with extreme difficulty that they could, now and then, give some assistance to the besieged. Upon these six redoubts the general erected batteries, which thundered against the walls." — Rgin.

Note 93, p. 33, col. 1. — The six great avenues were in the midst.

Rheins had six principal streets meeting thus in one centre, where the cathedral stood. Au centre de la ville, entre six avenues, Scelver un sacré temple a la hauteur des murs.  

Chapelain.

Note 94, p. 33, col. 1. — Posses'th the Tourmelles.

"The balwark of the Tourmelles being much shaken by the besiegers' cannon, and the besieged thinking it proper to set it on fire, the English extinguished the flames, and lodged themselves in that post. At the same time they became masters of the tower on the bridge, from whence the whole city could be viewed." — Rgin.

10

Burman's History of Music.
NOTES TO JOAN OF ARC.

Note 95, p. 33, col. 2. — *The ponderous stone with hideous crash came like an earthquake.*


Note 96, p. 33, col. 2. — *The wild-fire balls hissed through the midnight sky.*

Drayton enumerates these among the English preparations for war:

"The engineer provided the petard To break the strong portcullises, and the balls Of wild-fire devised to throw from fat To burn to ground their palaces and halls." B. and F. : *The Old Lover.

"I do command that particular care be had, advising the gunners to have half butts with water and vinegar, as is accustomed, with bonnets and old sails, and wet mantels to defend fire, that as often is thrown."

"Every ship shall carry two butts haling of stones, to throw to profite in the time of light on the deck, fire-aceaste or tops, according to his burden."

"That the wild-fire be reported to the people most expert, that we have for the use thereof, at due time; for that if it be not overseen, giving charge thereof to those that do understand it, and such as, we know, can tell how to use it; otherwise it may happen to great danger."

Orders set down by the duke of Medinac. to be observed in the voyage toward England.

Hart's Misc. vol. i.

Note 97, p. 33, col. 2. — *Poisonous pollution.*

Thus at the siege of Thion on the Escaut. "Cade de loud their groat, pour leurs eurines keach withouts and othes lytes morts pumpees, pour les empltern, dotz eis estoient la doulces en moult grant destruce. Car lair estoit fort e chant e comme en plain eate, et de eis estoient plus constans que de walle auter eace. Si considererent seulement entre ecle que eel lussusse si ne pourroient longuement endurer se souffrur, tant leur estoit la poussiere aharmable." — Froissart, l. 29.

This was an evil which sometimes annoyed the besieging army. At Dan "pour la poussiere des brutes que leur tuoit en leet, et des chemozis qui estoient morts, lair estoit fort corruppe, dont moult de chevaliers eur eurier estoient conteste et melancoly, et se folloit les plaisanter, refraisce a Engaes et milieures pour estre ce nouveau air." — Froissart, l. 175.

Note 98, p. 33, col. 2. — *Crowded in unhealthsome vaults.*

At Thion on the Escaut, "Lo fist le dede charrer grant foison de eurines de Cambrog et de Toung, et en y est six moutz grene, le dus le fist lecer devant la farrereuse. Leszy: eurines gestroiten nuyt et jour grezises pires et muggounous qui abloisent les combles et le haut de toutz les chambres et des salles. Et en contremoyent les gens du Chastel por eant assailat treurement. Et si estoient les compagnies qui le gardaient demars en chambre nes salles quils cuestent, nes en eave et en eletter." — Froissart, l. 38.

Note 99, p. 33, col. 2. — *Eager to mark the curfew clock for food.*

Scudery has a most ingenious idea of the effects of famine: during the blockade of Rome by the Goths, he makes the inhabitants first eat another, and then eat themselves.

La rage se mediant à leurs douleurs extrêmes, Ils se mangent l'un l'autre, ils se mangent eux-mêmes.

Fuller expresses the want of food pitiful. "The siege grew long, and victuals short." —

Note 100, p. 33, col. 2. — *When in the Sun the Angel of the Lord.*

And I saw an Angel standing in the sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God:

That ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them. — Revelation, xix. 17, 18.

A similar passage occurs in Ezekiel.

And thus, son of man, thus saith the Lord God, Speak unto every feathered fowl, and to every beast of the field, Assemble yourselves, and come; gather yourselves on every side to my sacrifice that I do sacrifice for you, even a great sacrifice upon the mountains of Israel, that ye may eat flesh and drink blood.

Ye shall eat the flesh of the mighty, and drink the blood of the princes of the earth, of the sons of men, and of goats, of bullocks, all of them fatlings of Bashan.

And ye shall eat fat till ye be full, and drink blood till ye be drunken, of my sacrifice which I have sacrificed for you.

Thus ye shall be filled at my table with horses and chariots, with mighty men, and with all men of war, saith the Lord God. — Ezekiel, xxxix. 17, &c.

Note 101, p. 31, col. 2. — *Prevent the pang of famine.*

Fuller calls this "resolving rather to lose their lives by wholesale on the point of the sword, than to retail them out by famine." —

Note 103, p. 35, col. 1. — *As when the Mexicans."

"It was the belief of the Mexicans, that at the conclusion of one of their centuries the sun and earth would be destroyed. On the last night of every century they extinguished all their fires, covered the faces of the women and children, and expected the end of the world. The kindling of the sacred fire on the mountain of Huaxactha was believed an omen of their safety." — Clavigero.

Note 103, p. 36, col. 1. — *The veins were full.*

Φαινεν κεν γνωιν τιν αισχος ελληνιον, Αι ει οι σωσσανοι κατ’ αυξεσα πατενθης εις, Και πολεω περι το δε αθεος αισι τοαν αθαν. Theorists.

Note 104, p. 36, col. 1. — *His silence threatened.*

Son silence menace. — Le Magner.

Note 105, p. 36, col. 1. — . . . . see the fire Consumme him.

Reasons for burning a trumpeter.

"The letter she sent to Suffolk was received with scorn, and the trumpeter that brought it commanded to be burnt, against the law of nations, saith a French author, but erro-

Note 106, p. 36, col. 2. — *In sight of Orleans and the Maiden's Keep.*

De Serres says, "The trumpeter was ready to be burnt in the sight of the besieged." —

Note 107, p. 36, col. 2. — As he that puts it off. — 1 Kings, xx. 11.

* De Serres.
THE KOBENHAMER'S TRAVELS.

I will omit a day and a whole sea, great and adorned, Chrestus, otherwise Terce, quo Dereris vacant, qui e loco inaquum habuit sedem, de hoc quodam Chresto sermones corporis utque animi fortitudines, quae cum audiremus cum nostro D. Georgio fabulatur: calculus illi uidetur quia haec nostri: nimirum est et horrores dramatis eodem acceperit emuntum. At hic ad in utissimam multas, et quod libetum est, communicaret, illam per linguas orae praecepsstit sacrificium, ad actu fornicarum perrexeris, cujus aequa fidebat praestaret immortaliatem. Qui quidem sacrificium, in quae parte terrarum est, non decet: si for- tasse in Chilpilcolin colubris, sed in queo sacrificio te tempore, nihilque quamque ad tibi subire, ad tibi quisque effugere, cajusque tamen sint religiosis." — Beatae Pauli.

The Persians say, that Alexander coming to understand, that in the mountain of Kaf there was a great cave, very black and dark, where in the water of that crater would needes take a journey thither. But being afraid to lose his way in the cave, and considering with himself that he had committed a great oversight in leaving the more aged in cities and fortified places, and keeping about his person only young people, such as were not able to advise him, he ordered to be brought to him some old man, whose counsel he might follow in the adventure he was then upon. There were in the whole army but two brothers, named Chidder and Elia, who had brought their father along with them, and this good old man being chosen, he asked Alexander, that to go through with the design he had undertaken, his own way were to take a more that had a cot at her heels, and to ride upon her into the cave, and leave the cot at the entrance of it, and the mare would infallibly bring him back again to the same place where he left her. Now Alexander, that to go through with the good design, that he would not take any other person with him in that journey but those two brothers, leaving the rest of his retinue at the entrance of the cave. He advanced so far that he came to a gate, so well polished, that notwithstanding the great darkness, it gave light enough to let him see there was a bird fastened thereto. The bird asked Alexander what he would have? He made answer that he looked for the water of immortality. The bird asked him, what was done in the world? Mischief enough, replies Alexander, since there is no water, but the same stone that he any man can get his hands on, and roll it, and fly away, the gate opened and Alexander saw an Angel sitting, with a trumpet in his hand, holding it as if he were going to put it to his mouth. Alexander asked him his name. The Angel made answer his name was Raphael, and that he only stood for a command from God to blow the trum- pet and to call the dead to judgment. Having said this, he asked Alexander who he was? I am Alexander, replied he, and I seek the water of immortality. The Angel gave him a stone, and said to him, go thy ways, and look for another stone of the same weight with this, and then thou shalt find immortality. Whereupon Alexander asked how long he had to live. The angel said to him, till such time as the heaven and the earth which encompass thee be turned to iron. Alex- ander, being come out of the cave, sought a long time, and not meeting with any stone just of the same weight with the other, he put one into the balance which he thought came very near it, and finding but very little difference, he added thereto a little earth, which made the scales even; it being God's intention to shew Alexander thereby, that he was not to expect immortality till he himself were put into the earth. At last Alexander having one day a full off his horse in the barren ground of Ghor, they laid him upon the coat he wore over his armour, and covered him with his backer to keep off the hent of the sun. Then he began to comprehend the prophesy of the prophet, till at the third hour of his death was at hand; accordingly he died.

They add to this fable, that the two brothers Chidder and Elia drank of the water of immortality, and that they are still living but invisible, Elia upon the earth, and Chidder in the water; wherein the latter hath as great power, that those who are in danger of being destroyed by water, if they car-

Note 109, p. 34, col. 2. — The swords that late faisdh to the evening sun,

Now does the day grow blacker than before,
The swords that glistened late, in purple gase
Now all distain'd, their former brightness lose.

May's Edward III.

And again, Book 7.
The glittering swords that shone so bright of late
Are quickly all distain'd with purple gare.

Note 110, p. 37, col. 2. — Of blessed Mary crowned a won of power.

Il avoit a lait et une tete son gest, estant devant Chartres, qui mout humilié et brisé son courage; car entendis que ces trucature Francois alloient et presquey blesr roy et son conseil, et toutes malis responson agréables ne avoient ence.

U n'orace was tempestu et une fustre si grande et si horrible descendent du ciel en las de la roy Dauntetque quis semblait proprement que le stelle descende fyr. Car il estoit si grosses pierres que elles tempon hommes et chevaux, et efo rant les plus hardes tous essais. Advouces regara le roy Dauntetque deves legist de nostre Dame de Chartres, et se voya et rendent devotement a nostre Dame, et promet, et confess sancque il dist depuis qu'il se accordavat a la prië.— Frossart.

But while he lodged there (before Chartres), his army mak- ing a horrible spoile of the whole country, there chanced an occasion, as the work of Heaven, which suddenly quasil his ambitious design to ruin France: for behold a horrible and extraordinary tempest of hail, thunder, and lightnings, fell with such violence as many horses and men in the army period, and getting a vast Effect, and forth his hand from heaven to stay his course. — De Secret.

Note 111, p. 38, col. 1. — Deep through the sky the hollow thunders roll'd.

The circumstance of the Maid's entering Orleans at mid- night in a storm of thunder and lightnings is historically true.

"The Englishmen perceiving that their number could not long continue for want of victual and powder, kept not then watche so diligently as they were accustomed, nor looked not the country environed as they before had onlooked. Which negligence the citizens shut in perceiving, sent ware thereof to the French capitanes, which with Pucelle in the dedde true of the night, and in a great rayne and thunder, with all their vitalie and artillery entered into the city." — Holte, p. 127.

Shakespeare also notices this storm. Striking us the circum- stance is, Chapelain has omitted it.

Note 112, p. 38, col. 1. — Strong were the English forts.

The patience and perseverance of a besieging army in those ages appear almost incredible to us now. The camp of Fer- dinand before Granada swelled into a city. Edward III made a market town before Calais. Upon the captain's refusal to surrender, says Barres, "he began to entrench himself strongly about the city, setting his own tent directly against the chief gate at which he intended to enter; then he placed bastions between the town and the river, and set out regular streets, and reared up decent buildings of strong
timber between the trecherous, which he covered with thatch, reed, bureen and skins. Thus he encompassed the whole town of Cahis, from Risian on the north-west side to Cour-ayne on the northeast, all along by Sangate, at Port and Port de Niculay, commonly by the English called Newland-bridge, down by Hammes, Cologne and Marke; so that his camp looked like a spacious city, and was usually by strangers, that came thither to market, called New Cahis. For this prince's reputation for justice was so great, that to his markets (which he held in his camp twice every week, viz. on Tuesdays and Saturdays for dlesh, fish, bread, wine and ale, with cloth and all other necessities,) there came not only his friends and allies from England, Flanders and Aquitain, but even man of king Philip's subjects and confederates conveyed thither their cattle and other commodities to be sold. 11

Note 115, p. 38, col. 2. — Entering with his eye.

Note 116, p. 39, col. 2. — Gladisdale.

Gladisdale must be the sir William Glendiscle of Shakes-pear. Stowe calls him William Gladesdale.

I am proper to remark that I have introduced no fictitious names among the killed. They may all be found in the various histories.

Note 117, p. 39, col. 2. — The balista.

Note 118, p. 39, col. 2. — Where by the bayle's embattled wall.

The bayle or lists was a space on the outside of the ditch surrounded by strong palisades, and sometimes by a low em- battled wall. In the attack of fortresses, as the range of the machines then in use did not exceed the distance of four stout, the besiegers did not carry on their approaches by means of treches, but began their operations above ground, with the attack of the bayle or lists, where many feats of chivalry were performed by the knights and men at arms, who considered the assault of that work as particularly belonging to them, the weight of their armor preventing them from scaling the walls. As this part was attacked by the knights and men at arms, it was also defended by those of the same rank in the place, whence many single combats were fought here. This was at the first investing of the place. — Grune.

In France, only persons of a certain estate, called un sef de hauber, were permitted to wear a hauber, which was the ar- mor of a knight. Equestrians might only wear a simple coat of mail, without the hood and hose. Had this aristocratic dis- tinction consisted in the ornamental part of the arms alone, it would not have been objectionable. In the enlightened and free states of Greece, every soldier was well provided with defensive arms. In Rome, a civic wresting was the reward of him who should save the life of a citizen. But to use the words of Dr. Gillies, "the miserable presents of modern Europe are exposed without defense as without remorse, by the ambition of men, whom the Greeks would have styled tyrants." 119

Note 119, p. 39, col. 2. — A rude coat of mail, Unhaubed, unhaowed, as of faulty line.

The nature of this barrier has been explained in a previous note. The possibility of leaping upon it is exemplified in the following adventure, which is characteristic of the period in which it happened, (1757.)

At that time there was done an extraordinary feat of arms by a Scotch knight, named sir John Assucton, being one of those men of arms of Scotland, who had now entered king Edward's pay. This man left his rank with his spear in his hand, his page riding behind him, and went towards the bar- riers of Noyen, where he stationed, saying, 'Here hold my horse, and stir not from hence;' and so he came to the bar- riers. There were there at that time sir John de Reyne, and sir Lancelet de Lorriss, with ten or twelve more, who all won- dered that this knight was designed to do. He had the heart being close at the barriers said unto them, 'Gentlemen, I am come hither to visit you, and because I see you will not come forth of your barriers to me, I will come in to you, if I may, and prove my knighthood against you. Win me if you can.' And with this he leaped over the bars, and began to lay about him like a lion, he at them and they at him; so that he alone fought thus against them all for near the space of an hour, and hurt several of them. And all the while those of the town beheld with much delight from the walls and their garret windows his great activity, strength and courage; but they offered not to do him any hurt, as they might very easily have done, if they had been minded to cast stones or darts at him; but the French knights charged them to the contrary, saying, 'how they should let them alone to deal with him.' When matters had continued thus about an hour, the Pechot page came to the barriers with his master's horse in his hand, and said in his language, 'Sir, pray come away, it is high time for you to leave off now; for the army is marched off out of sight.' The knight heard his words, and then gave two or three terrible strokes about him to clear the way, and, armed as he was, he leaped back again over the barriers and mounted his horse, having not received any hurt; and turning to the Frenchmen, said, 'Adieu, Sirs! I thank you for my diversion.' And with that he rode after his man upon the spur towards the army. — J ohn Barnes, p. 291.

Note 120, p. 40, col. 1. — The iron weight swung high.

Le masque est un bâton gros comme le bras, ayant à l'un de ses bouts une fine corne pour tenir barme et pênchâcher de gloisier, et à l'autre trois châines de fer, auxquelles pend un boulet.
NOTES TO JOAN OF ARC.

The arms of the Medici family "are romantically referred to Accurate de Molieu, a commander under Charlemagne, who for his valor in destroying the gigantic plunger Muzello, by whom the surrounding country was laid waste, was honored with the privilege of bearing for his successor palle or bulls, as characteristic of the iron fruits that hung from the mace of his fierce antagonizer, the impression of which remained on his shield." — Rover.

Scenery enumerates the mace among the instruments of war, in a passage whose concluding line may vie with any author of Sir Richard Blackmore.

**Note 125, p. 40, col. 2. — There was a port in the English fort, which open'd on the wall.**

Vitrivius observes, in treating upon fortified walls, that near the towers the walls should be cut within the breadth of the tower, and that the ways broke in this manner should only be joined and continued by beams laid upon the two extremities, without being made fast with iron; that in case the enemy should make himself master of any part of the works, it should be easy to remove this wooden bridge, and thereby prevent his passage to the other parts of the wall and into the towers. — Rolin.

The precaution recommended by Vitrivius had not been observed in the construction of the English walls. On each side of every tower, a small door opened upon the wall; and the garrison of one tower are represented in the poem as flying by this way from one to shelter themselves in the other. With the enterprising spirit and the defensive arms of chivalry, the subsequent events will not be found to exceed probability.

**Note 126, p. 40, col. 2. — Not overthrown by jutting parapet.**

The machicolation: a projection over the gate-way of a town or castle, contrived for letting fall great weights, scalding water, &c. on the heads of any assailants who might have got close to the gate. — Macbethian, or machicolated," says Coke, "is to make a warlike device over a gate or other passage like to a grate, through which scalding water, or ponderous or offensive things may be cast upon the assaillants."

**Note 127, p. 41, col. 1. — Plucking from the shield the seared head, He threw it back.**

I have met with one instance in English history, and only one, of throwing the spears was quaintly term'd of the ancient. It is in Store's chronicle. "1142. The 20th of January, a challenge was done in Smithfield within lists, before the king; the one sir Philip de Beauce of Aragon, a knight, and the other an esquire of the king's house called John Audley or Astley. These coming to the field, took their tents, and there was the knight's son made knight by the king, and so brought again to his father's tent. Then the heralds of arms called them by name to doe their battle, and so they came both all armed, with their weapons; the knight came with his sword drawn, and the esquire with his spear. The esquire cast his spear against the knight, but the knight avoiding it with his sword, cast it to the ground. Then the esquire took his axe and went against the knight suddenly, on whom he stroke many strokes, head and hore upon his breast, and hit his head, and made this cut to the head, and hitt his arm to the ground, and beat up his limbs three times, and caught his dagger and would have smitten him in the face, for to have shine him in the field; and then the king cried hue, and so they were departed and went to their tents, and the king dabbled John Audley, this knight for his valiant tomy, and that knight of Aragon offered his arms at Wimbol."

**Note 129, p. 42, col. 1. — A harlot! — an adventuress!**

This woman, who is always respectfully named in French history, had her punishment both in herself and in her child.

"This fair Agnes had been five years in the service of the queen, during which she had enjoyed all the pleasures of life, and was wearing rich clothes, and a coronet of pearls, and precious stones; and it was commonly reported that the king often visited her, and maintained her in a state of com¬ouflage, for the people are more inclined to speak ill than well of their superiors."

The affection the king showed her was as much for her gaiety of temper, pleasing manners, and agreeable conversation, as for her beauty. She was so beautiful that she was called the Fairlest of the Fair, and the Lady of Beauty, as well on account of her personal charms, as because the king had given her for life the castle of Beauésne near Paris. She was very charitable, and most liberal in her alms, which she distributed among such churches as were out of repair, and to beggars. It is true that Agnes had a daughter who lived but a short time, which she said was the king's, and gave it to him as the proper father; but the king always excused himself as not having any claim to it. She may indeed have called in help, for the matter was variously talked of.

"At length she was seized with a bowal complaint, and was a long time ill, during which she was very contrite, and sincerely repeated of her sins. She often remembered Mary Magdalene, who was painting with the king a great sinner, and had been invoc'd God and the virgin Mary to her aid like a true catholic; after she had received the sacraments, she called for her book of prayers, in which she had written with her own hand the verses of St. Bernard to repeat them. She then made many gifts (which were not numbered in writing) and they might fulfill them, with the other articles of her will), which including alms and the payment of her servants might amount to nearly sixty thousand crowns.

"Her executors were Jacques Cour, counselor and master of the wardrobe to the king, master Robert Poitier in physick, and master Stephen Chevalier treasurer to the king, who was to take the lead in the fulfillment of her will should it be his gracious pleasure."

"The fair Agnes, perceiving that she was daily growing weaker, said to the lord de la Trinonville, the lady of the sequester of Poitou, and one of the king's equerries called Goulier, in the presence of all her damsels, that our fragile life was but a stinking odour.

"She then required that her confessor would give her absolution from all her sins and wickedness, conformable to an absolution, which as she said, at least, on her last confession on her assurance complied with. After this she uttered a loud shriek, and called on the mercy of God and the support of the blessed virgin Mary, and gave up the ghost on Monday the 3d day of February, in the year 1409, about six o'clock in the afternoon. Her body was covered, and her heart inter¬red in the church of the said abbey, to which she had been a most liberal benefactress, and her body was conveyed with many honors to Loches, where it was interred in the collegiate church of our Lady, to which she also had made many handsome donations and several foundations. May God have mercy on her soul, and admit it into Paradise."

Mounstrelet, vol. ix. p. 57

On the 13th day of June, the sequester of Normandy, count of Meulev, and son to the late sir Pierre de Freze, killed at the battle of Melun, went to the village of Romiers near Bourains, which belonged to him, for the sake of hunt¬ing. He took with him his lady, the princess Charlotte of France, natural daughter of the late king Charles the VII. by Agnes Nord. After the chase, when they were returned to Romiers to sup and lodge, the sequester retired to a single-bedded room for the night; his lady retired also to another chamber, when moved by her disorderly passions (as the hus¬ band said) she called to her a gentleman from Poitou, named Pierre de la Vague, who was head huntsman to the sequester, and made him lie with her. This was told to the sequester by the master of his household, called Pierre l'Apotrielle; when he instantly arose, and taking his sword, broke open the door of the chamber where his lady and the huntsman were in bed. The huntsman started up in his shirt, and the sequester gave him first a severe blow with his sword on the head.
and then thrust it through his body, and killed him on the spot. This done, he went into an adjoining room where his children lay, and finding his wife hid under the coverlet of their bed, dragged her thence by the arm along the ground, and struck her between the shoulders with his sword. On her raising herself on her knees he ran his sword through her breast, and she fell hewn dead. He sent her body for interment to the abbey of Coulenso, where her obsequies were performed, and he caused the hunstman to be buried in the garden of the house wherein he had been killed. — *Monstrelet*, vol. ii. p. 223.

Note 130, p. 42, col. 1. — 

Note 131, p. 42, col. 2. — This was that noble heart of Douglas pierced.

The heart of Bruce was, by his own dying will, intrusted to Douglas to bear it to Jerusalem. This is one of the finest stories in the whole age of chivalrous history. Douglas inhaled the heart in a golden case, and wore it round his neck; he landed in Spain on his way, and stopped to assist the Castilians against the Moors, — probably during the siege of Algeciras. There, in the heat of action, he took the heart from his neck, and cast it into the thick of the enemy, exclaiming, as Barbour has it,

"Now pass thou forth before
As thou went west in flight to be,
And I shall follow or else die.

In this action he perished, and from that time the bloody heart has been borne by the family.

Note 132, p. 44, col. 1. — 

Note 133, p. 44, col. 1. — Gazing with such a look as though she feared.

The thing she sought.

With a dumb silence seeming that it fears
The thing it went about to effectuate.

Daniel.

Note 134, p. 44, col. 2. — One loose lock

Plop'd o'er his chef's black painess.

"Notre pasleur."

Le Moyne. *St. Louis Eto. xvi.*

Note 135, p. 45, col. 1. — The barbican.

Next the laye was the ditch, fow, gruff, or mote; generally where it would be a wet one, and pretty deep. The passage over it was by a draw-bridge, covered by an advance work called a barbican. The barbican was sometimes beyond the ditch, that covered the draw-bridge, and in towns and large fortresses had frequently a ditch and drw-bridge of its own.

Great.

Note 133, p. 45, col. 1. — The embattled wall.

The outmost walls enclosing towns or fortresses were commonly perpendicular, or had a very small external talus. They were flanked by semi-circular, polygonal, or square towers, commonly about forty or fifty yards distant from each other. Within were steps to mount the terre-plein of the walls or rampart, which were always defended by an embattled or creviced parapet. — Great.

The fortifications of the middle ages differed in this respect from those of the ancients. When the besiegers had gained the summit of the wall, the descent on the other side was safe and easy. But the ancients did not generally support their walls on the inside with a hill or slope, which made the attacks more dangerous. For though the enemy had gained some footing upon them, he could not assure himself of taking the city. It was necessary to get down, and to make use of some of the ladders by which he had mounted; and that descent exposed the soldier to very great danger. — *Rollin*.

Note 137, p. 45, col. 1. — Behind the guardian pavis fenced.

The pavis, or pavenche, was a large shield, or rather a portable mantlet, capable of covering a man from head to foot, and probably of sufficient thickness to resist the missile weapons then in use. These were in shapes carried by servants, whose business it was to cover their masters with them, whilst they, with their bows and arrows, shot at the enemy on the ramparts. As this must have been a service of danger, it was that perhaps which made the office of scutifer honorable. The pavis was rectangular at the bottom, but rounded off above: it was sometimes supported by props. — Great.

Note 138, p. 45, col. 1. — With all their mangonels.

Mangonel is a term comprehending all the smaller engines.

Note 139, p. 45, col. 1. — Torbicides

The torbicide was a machine composed of very strong and solid timber work. The height of it to its highest beam, which sustained the roof, was twelve feet. The base was square, and each of its fronts twenty-five feet. It was covered with a kind of quilited mattress made of raw hides, and prepared with different drugs to prevent its being set on fire by combustibles. This heavy machine was supported upon four wheels, or perhaps upon eight. It was called torbicide from its serving as a very strong covering and defence against the enormous weights thrown down on it; those under it being safe in the same manner as a torbicide under his shell. It was used both to fill up the fosse, and for sapping. It may not be improper to add, that it is believed, so enormous a weight could not be moved from place to place on wheels, and that it was pushed forward on rollers. Under these wheels or rollers, the way was laid with strong planks to facilitate its motion, and prevent its sinking into the ground, from whence it would have been very difficult to have removed it. The ancients have observed that the roof had a thicker covering, of hides, hurdles, seas-weed, &c. than the sides, as it was exposed to much greater shocks from the weights thrown upon it by the besieged. It had a door in front, which was drawn up by a chain as far as was necessary, and covered the soldiers at work in filling up the fosse with fascines. — *Rollin*.

This is the torbicide of the ancients, but that of the middle ages differed from it in nothing material.

Note 140, p. 45, col. 2. — A dreadful train.

"The besiegers having carried the hayle, brought up their machines and established themselves in the counterscarp, began under cover of their cats, saws, or turvines, to draw the ditch, if a wet one, and also to fill it up with hurdles and fascines, and level it for the passage of their movable towers. Whilst this was doing, the archers, attended by young men carrying shields (pavones), attempted with their arrows to drive the besieged from their resins, and made a show of being covered by these portable mantlets. The garrison on their part assayed by the discharge of machines, cross and long bows, to keep the enemy at a distance." — *Great*.

Note 141, p. 45, col. 2. — He bare an arbalist himself.

*A weapon for its sure destruction in Ambitious ones.*

The cross-bow was for some time kept aside in obedience to a decree of the second Lateran council held in 1123. "Ar-
NOTES TO JOAN OF ARC.

Two other mortifica and Deo adhibitum ballistarium adversus christianos et catholico excercere de ecenea su anathematae prov.

This weapon was again introduced into our armies by Richard I., who being slain with a quarrel shot from one of them, at the siege of the castle of Chouly in Normandy, it was considered as a judgment from heaven inflicted upon him for his iniquity. Guillaume de Breton, relating the death of this king, puts the following into the mouth of Atropos:—

Avec vele, non ali Richardum morte perire,
Ut quasi Francigene ballista privatus inam
Tendit, ipse si vin privantis expiratur,
Quicunque alio daret in se vin sentat arte.

Note 142, p. 46, col. 2. — ... who kaeeld by the trebuchet,
Charged its long slone with death.
From the trebuchet they discharged many stones at once by a sling. It actuated by means of a great weight fastened to the slings of a hoist, which being let fall, raised the end of the long iron with a great velocity. A man is represented kneeling to load one of these in an ivory carving, supposed to be of the age of Edward II. — Grace.

Note 143, p. 46, col. 2. — He in the grove the feather's quarrel placed.
Quarrels, or carreaux, were so called from their heads, which were square pyramids of iron.

Note 144, p. 46, col. 1. — ... sone the sactivy fence ... Drowned painful.
The turrets, &c. and movable towers having reached the walls, the besiegers mounted them either begun to mine, or batter them with the ram. They also established batteries of balistas and mangonels on the counterscarp. These were opposed by those of the enemy.

Note 145, p. 46, col. 1. — Or charging, with huge stones the murderous sling.

The matamunda.

Note 146, p. 46, col. 1. — ... or in the estrapal
Fix the braze-winged arrows.
The estrapal threw large dart's called machete, sometimes winged with brass instead of feathers. Precious says that because feathers could not be put to the large darts discharged from the ballistas, the ancients used pieces of wood six inches thick, which had the same effect.

Note 147, p. 46, col. 1. — A ponderous stone from some huge martinet.
Le lendemain virent deux minister engingeunus au due de Normandie, qui dirent que, si on leur vouloit lever leys et e
veleurs, la ferrent quatro eschaffaulx et haua que on meurrun aux murs du chasteil, et vereau si bas que si normeraient les mures. Le due commanda qu'ils le feisaient, et fônt prendre tous les chas-terreurs du pays, et payer largement. Si furent faits ces quatro eschaffaulx en quatre grosses futs, mais on y mis longue-
ment et cauyèrent grans desiers. Si y fût au les guerres car qu'oeul du chasteil devroient combattre. Quant ils eurent passe la moitie de la riviere, ceul du chasteil desitlentèrent quatro mar-
tinet qu'ils avoient fait nouvellement pour remuider contre lesdits eschaffaulx. Ces quatre martinetz gertiffero si grosses pievres et si souvenir aules eschaffaulx qu'ils furent bien tout fesoirs tout que les gendarmeres et ceul que la comission ne se poirent de-
daus gueryve. Si se retiennent avers le plus tout quils peuvent. Et eloius qu'ils fassent autre la riviere larg des eschaffaulx, fall estondre au faux de leus. — Freisius, 1. 66. 82.

Note 148, p. 46, col. 1. — A moving tower the men of Orleans wheel.
The following extract from the History of Edward III., by Joshua Barnes contains a full account of these moving towers.

Now the earl of Darby had layes before Reule more than nine weeks, in which time he bad made two vast belfrois or bastilles of massy timber, with three stages or floors; each of the belfrois running on four huge wheels, bound about with thick hoops of iron; and the sides and other parts that any way respected the town were covered with raw hides, thick laced, to defend the engines from fire and shot. In every one of these stages were placed a hundred archers, and between the two bastilles, there were two hundred men with pickaxes and mattocks. From these six stages six hundred archers shot so fiercely all altogether, that no man could appear at his defence without a sufficient punishment: so that the belfrois being brought upon wheels by the strength of men over a part of the ditch, which was purposely made plain and level by the faggots and earth and stones cast upon them, the two hundred pioneers plied their work so well under the protection of these engines, that they made a considerable breach through the walls of the town.

Note 149, p. 46, col. 1. — Archers, through the opening, shot their shafts.
The archers and cross-bowmen from the upper stories in the movable towers essayed to drive away the garrison from the parapets, and on a proper opportunity to fall the bridge, by that means to enter the town. In the bottom story was often a large ram. — Grace.

Note 150, p. 46, col. 2. — And from the arbalist the fore-kept dart.
Slit burning through the sky.
Against the movable tower there were many modes of defence. The chief was to break up the ground over which it was to pass, or by undermining it to overthrow it. Attempts were likewise made to set it on fire, to prevent which it was covered with raw hides, or coated over with ash. — Grace.

Note 151, p. 46, col. 2. — On the rampleys lowered from above.
The bridge which.
These bridges are described by Rollin in the account of the moving towers which he gives from Vegetius: — The moving towers are made of a assemblage of beams and strong planks, not unlike a house. To secure them against the fires thrown by the besieged, they are covered with raw hides, or with pieces of cloth made of hair. Their height is in proportion to their base. They are sometimes thirty feet square, and sometimes forty or fifty. They are higher than the walls or even towers of the city. They are supported upon several wheels according to mechanical principles, by the means of which the machine is easily made to move, how great soever it may be. The town is in great danger if this tower can approach the walls; for it has stairs from one story to another, and includes different methods of attack. At bottom it has a ram to batter the wall, and on the middle story a drawbridge, made of two beams with rails of basket-work, which lets down easily upon the wall of a city, when within the reach of it. The besiegers pass upon this bridge, to make themselves masters of the wall. Upon the higher stories are soldiers armed with pavisons and missive weapons, who keep a perpetual discharge upon the works. When affairs are in this posture, a place seldom held out long. For what can they hope who have nothing to conforme in but the height of their rampleys, when they see others suddenly appear which command them? The towers or belfroys of modern times rarely exceeded three or four stages or stories.

Note 152, p. 47, col. 1. — ... the braze-wing'd darts Whil as they pierce the vict'ms.
These darts were called virtores, from their whirling about in the air.

Note 153, p. 47, col. 1. — Corinthus.

And here, with leave bespoken to recite a grand fable, though dignified by our best poets, while Brutus on a certain festival day, solemnly kept on that shore where he first landed, was with the people in great Joy and mirth, a crew of these savages breaking in among them, began on the sudden other
sort of game than at such a meeting was expected. But at length by many hands overcome, Gueunogag the hungriest, in height twelve cubits, is reserved alive, that with him Coninens who desired nothing more, might try his strength; whom in a wrestle the giant catching sholt, with a terrible hugz broke through his arm. And so Coninens bearing him up by main force, and on his shoulders bearing him to the next high rock, threw him headlong all shattered into the sea, and left his name on the cliff, called over since Languemagog, which is to say, the giant's leap. — Milton's Hist. of England.

The expression is taken from the same work of Milton, where he relates the death of Morindus.

Yet fitted to such a beastly crust was his end; for hearing of a huge monster that from the Irish sea infested the coast, and in the pride of his strength foolishly attempting to set many vanities against a brute vanities, when his weapons were all in vain, by that horrid mouth he was caught up and devoured.

Note 154, p. 47, col. 2. — This is a favor.

"The toarmilles adjoining to the bridge was kept by Glacidas (one of the most resolute captains among the English); having well encouraged his men to defend themselves and to fight for their lives.

"Then the skirmish begins at one of the clock in the morning, and the ladders are planted. A storm of English arrows falls upon our men with such violence as they recoiled. How now! 

"The Virgin, I am aware, begun so well to end so ill! let us charge! are we our own, seeing God is on our side! so every one recovering his forces, flocks about the Virgin. The English double the storm upon the thickets of the troopers. The Virgin fighting in the foremost ranks and encouraging her men to do so well was shot through the arm with an arrow; she, nothing amazed, takes the arrow in one hand and her sword in the other, 'This is a favor!' says she, 'let us go on! they cannot escape the hand of GOD!'"

Chaplain has dilated this explanation of the Maid into a ridiculous speech.

Quoy! valeresart Carriers, quoy! dans votre avantge Un peu de sang perdra vous fait perdre courage! Pour vous, je le regrette on suprême bonté, Et dans ce petit mal je trouve un grand honneur; Le succès, bien qu'hasardeux, est en rien d'honneur, Si le Grel n'est perdu un coup si favorable! Vous n'en rejet pas moins vos bras victorieux, J'en ouvrir seulement non plus glorieux. — L. III.

Note 155, p. 47, col. 2. — Glacidas.

I can make nothing English of this name. Monstrelet calls him Glacidas and Clasendas. Daniel says the principal leaders of the English were Suffolk, Talbot, Scales, Fastolf, and an unnamed Glacidas or Clasendis, by the name supposed to the vaisseau, 'Ouvit faire porceau aux premières charges de Formée.'

The importance attached to a second name is well exemplified by an extract in Selden, relating to the creation of Robert earle of Gloucester natural son to king Henry I. The king having speech with Mable the sole daughter and here of Robert Fitz Hayman lord of Gloucester, told her (as it is reported in an old English eithematic story attributed to one Robert of Gloucester) that

— he seeld his son to her spounding avove,
This maid was her agen, and withsaid it long.

The king of sough her smite yon, so that atten ende Mable him answered, as godd maid and hende, Superflit the Virgin, that your sough to me not is.

More von mine eritage than vor my salve ivis.

So vair eritage as ich aibe, it were me great shame, Vor to abbe a lonerd, bote he had an tuoname.

Sir Robert le Fitz Haim my fiders name was,
And that this might might he hit that of his kunnage naw.

Therefore, syre, vor Godes love, let me no mon owen,
Bote he abbe an tuoname war thour he ykhowe.

Damagally, quith the king, than seist well in this cas,
Sir Robert le Fitz Haim thy fiders of name was;

And as vayr name he shall abbe, gif me him may byse

Sir Robert le Fitz Roy is name shall be,
Sure, quoth this maid thow, that is vayr name
As wo seith all his life and of great fame.

As wot shoul his some hote thanne and other that of him come,
Some might his hote neith thereof nameth gone.

But sencion rendered he might ne sole nou outrage,
And that Glacidas was chief of barte eritage.

Dameeille se syde thoy, thi loureri shall abbe a name
Vor him and vor his heirs vayr without blame.

Vor Robert earle of Gloucester is name shall be and yis,
Vor he shall be earle of his name and his heris ywis.

Sure, quoth this maid thow, will leiketh me this,
In this forme inlude that all my theng be his.

Thus was erise of Glacidas first ymade thare
As this Boberd of all thakle that long hyvore were,
This was enveyled hundred yeares, and in the ninth yeare right
After that ure loosed in his mater slygt.

Selden's Tides of Honor.

Note 156, p. 48, col. 1. — Seeking the inner court.

On entering the outer gate, the next part that presented itself was the outer bollium or bailey, separated from the inner bollium by a strong embattled wall and towered gate.

Note 157, p. 48, col. 2. — The engines shou'd'er their sheets of liquid fire.

When the Black Prince attacked the castle of Romesemetin, "there was slain hard by him an English aquire named Jacob Bernard, whereat the prince was so dis pleased, that he took his most solemn oath, and swore by his father's soul not to leave the siege, till he had the castle and all within at his mercy. Then the assault was renewed much hotter than ever, till at last the prince saw there was no likelihood of prevailing that way. Wherefore presently he gave order to raise certain engines, whereby they cast combustible matter enveloped with the manner of wild fire into the base court so fast, and in such quantities, that at last the whole court seemed to be one huge fire. Whereupon the excessive heat prevailed so, that it took hold of the roof of a great tower, which was covered with Reed, and so began to spread over all the castle. Now therefore when those vallant captains within saw that, of necessity they must either submit entirely to the prince s courtsey, or perish by the most merciless of elements, they altogether came down and yielded themselves absolutely to his grace." — Jordan Barnes.

Note 158, p. 49, col. 1. — The orfflamme of death.

The orfflamme was a standard erected to denote that no quarter would be given. It is said to have been of red silk, bordered and with very broad and fair lines of gold, and bordered about with gold and vermillion. Le Moyne has given it a suitable escort:

Ensuite l'orfflamme avoit et liminarui,
Marche sur un grand char, dont la forme est ouvrée.
Quatre envois de sangu en un or emboit éclaire,
Et de porgues, d'azur, et de verte évoluées.
Dans quelque occasion au le bravo le porte,
Luy font une pompeuse et favorable escorte
Dans leur terrible yeux de gernua armées,
De leur feu, de leur sang, font prur aux plus hardis,
Et ce ces perios sont alumer leurs armoirs.

 Aussi prenfruit ce sang animer leur menace,
Le char roulant sous eux, il semble au roulement,
Qu'il les fasse voleur unece sièlement;
Et de la poudre, en fain, il se fait des fumées
À leur bouches du vent et du bruit naissantes.

Philip is said by some historians to have erected the orfflamme at Cressey, where Edward in return raised his burning dragon, the English signal for no quarter. The orfflamme was originally used only in wars against the Infidels, for it was a sacred banner, and believed to have been sent from Heaven.

Note 159, p. 49, col. 2. — The tower, the bridge, and all its multitudes, Sink with a mighty crush.

At this woman's voice amidst the sound of war, the combat
The French, for the most part, drew the institution of the order of St. Michael principally from a purpose that Charles had to make it, after the apparition of the archangel upon Or- 
leans bridges, as the tutelary angel of France asserting against the English in 1429. — Sedley’s Tales of Honor.

The expressions are somewhat curious in the patent of this ordre de Monsieur St. Michael Archange. Louis XI. instituted it "à la gloire et bonheur de Dieu nostre créateur tout puissant, et reverence de sa gloire envers Mari, a l’honneur et reverence de St. Michael, premier chercher, qui par la querelle de Dieu, batcille contre l’ancien enemy de l’homme lignage, et le fit trebacher de Ciel."

Note 100, p. 49, col. 2. — . . . . . . . . . the ascending jaws Blize up.

Les dieux bastans et fortesses furent prestement ares et de- multas jaques en terre, afin que nullus gens de guerre de quel- conque pays quizsent ne si pensent plus lager.

Montesquieu, II. f. 43.

Note 101, p. 49, col. 2. — Silence itself was dreadful.

Un cry, que le besoin ou le peur fait jeter, est tout silencieux. Une helique, un soupir et mesme le silence

Aux chefs, comme aux soldats sert perdre l’assurance.

Chaplain, L. ix.

Note 102, p. 50, col. 1. . . . . . . . . . the proud prelate, that bloody-gowned man. Woe trembling for the church’s ill- 
got wealth. Bade our Fifth Henry claim the crown of France.

But the first terrible blow in England given generally to all Orders, was in the Lay Parliament, as it is called, which did wholly Witsges, kept in the twelfth year of king Henry the Fourth I., wherein the Ambassadors, determined that to the King, that the temporal possessions of Abbeys, Priers, &c. leisurely spent within the Realm, would suffice to find and sustain 150 Earls, 1500 Knights, 6200 Esquiers, 100 Hospitals, more than there were. But this motion was made with the king’s own hand, who shal’d it, personally interposing Himself contrary to that character, which the jealous Clergy had conceived of Him, that coming to the Crown He would be a great enemy to the Church. But though Henry Plunged Duke of Lancaster was no friend to the Clergy, perseverance to intag- nate himself with the people, yet the king Henry king of Eng- land, His interest being altered, to strengthen Him with the considerable power of the Clergy, proved a Patron yea a Champion to defend them. However we may, that now the Act is laid to the root of the tree of Abbeys: and this stroke for the present, though it was so far from hurting the body, that it scarce pierced the bark thereof, yet bare attempts in such matters are important, as putting into people’s heads a feas- ibility of the project formerly conceived altogether impossible.

Two years after, namely, in the second year of king Henry the Fifth, another throw was made at English Abbeys, but it was finely and cleverly put aside by that skilful State- Fencer Henry Chicheley Archbishop of Canterbury. For the former Bill against Abbeys, in full Parliament was revived, when the Archbishop minded king Henry of his undoubted Title, the fair and honorable means thereof, but abandoned this project that king who was a spark in Himself, was enamored to that design by this Prelate’s persuasion: and his native courage ran freely on the project, especially when claps on with conscience and encouragement from a church-man in the law- fulness thereof. An undertaking of such vast dimensions, that the greatest covetousness might spread, and highest am- bition reach itself within the bounds thereof. If to promote this project, the Abbeys advanced not only large and liberal, but vast and incredible sums of money; it might be said they were contented to have their nails pared close to the quick thereby to save their fingers. Over goes king Henry into France, with many martial spirits attending him, so that put- ting the king upon the scaffold with his own hand, kept the Ab- beys’ old Mitres upon their heads; and Monasteries tottering at this time, were (thank a polite Archbishop) fixed on the firm foundations, though this proved rather a repress than a pardon unto them. — Fuller’s Church History, B. 6, p. 362.

The archbishop of Bourges explained to the king, in the hall of the bishop of Winchester, and in the presence of the dukes of Clarence, Bedford and Gloucester, brothers to the king, and of the lords of the council, clergy, chivalry and populace, the objects of his embassy. The archbishop spoke first in Latin, and then in the Walloon language, so eloquently and wisely, that both English and French who heard him were greatly surprised. At the conclusion of his harangue he made offers to the king of a large sum of ready money on his marriage with the princess Catherine, but on condition that he would divide the army he had collected at Southampton, and at the adjacent seaports, to invade England by these means an eternal peace would be established between the two kingdoms.

The assembly broke up when the archbishop had ended his speech, and the French ambassadors were kindly entertained at dinner by the king, who then appointed a day for them to receive his answer to their propositions by the mouth of the archbishop of Canterbury.

In the course of the archbishop’s speech, in which he replied, article by article, to what the archbishop of Bourges had offered, he added to some and passed over others of them, so that he was sharply interrupted by the archbishop of Bourges, who exclaimed, “I did not say so, but such were my words.”

The conclusion, however, was, that unless the king of France would give, as a marriage-portion with his daughter, the dukedoms of Aquitaine, of Normandy, of Anjou, of Touraine, the counties of Ponthieu, Maine and Poitou, and every other part that had formerly belonged to the English marches, he would not desist from his intended invasion of France, but would despoil the whole of that kingdom which had been unjustly detained from him; and that he should depend on his sword for the accomplishment of the above, and for depriving king Charles of his crown.

The king avowed what the archbishop had said, and added that thus, with God’s aid, he would act; and promised it on the word of a king. The archbishop of Bourges then, accord- ing to the custom in France, demanded permission to speak and said, “O king! how canst thou, consistently with honor and justice, thus wish to disgrace and iniquitously destroy the most Christian king of the French, our very dear lord and most excellent of all the kings in christendom? O king! with all due reverence and respect, dost thou think that he has offered by me such extent of territory, and so large a sum of money with his daughter in marriage, through any fear of thee, thy subjects or allies? By no means; but, moved by pity and his love of peace, I have made the best of my endeavors, though the blood of innocent blood, and that Christian people may not be over- whelmed in the miseries of war; for whenever thou shalt make thy promised attempt he will call upon God, the blessed Virgin, and on all the saints, making his appeal to them for the justice of his cause; and with their aid, and the support of his loyal subjects and faithful allies, thou wilt be driven out of his dominions, or thou wilt be made prisoner, or thou wilt there suffer death by orders of that just king whose am- bassadors we are.

“We have now only to intreat of thee that thou wouldst have us safely conducted out of thy realm; and that thou wouldst write to our said king, under thy hand and seal, the answer which thou hast given to us.”

The king kindly granted their request; and the ambassadors, having received the assurance of this event, returned by way of Dover to Calais and thence to Paris.

Montesquieu, iv. p. 129.
Within a few days after the expiration of the truce, king Henry, whose preparations were now completed, sent one of his heralds, called Glosner, to Paris, to deliver letters to the king, of which the contents were as follows.

"To the very noble prince Charles, our cousin and adversary of France, Henry, by the grace of God, king of England and of France. To give to every one what is their due, is a work of instruction and wise council, very noble prince, our cousin and adversary. The noble kingdoms of England and France were formerly united, now they are divided. At that time it was customary for each person to exalt his name by glorious victories, and by this single virtue to extol the honor of God, in whose holiness belongs, and to give peace to his church, by subjecting in battle the enemies of the public weal; but alas! good faith among kindred and brotherly love have been perverted, and Lot persecutes Abraham by human imputation, and Dissention, the mother of Angr, has been raised from the dead.

"We, however, appeal to the sovereign Judge, who is neither swayed by prayers nor gifts from doing right, that we have, from pure affection, done every thing in our power to preserve the peace; and we must now rely on the sword for regaining what is justly our heritage, and those rights which have from old time belonged to us; and we feel such assurance in our courage, that we will fight till death in the cause of justice.

"The written law in the book of Deuteronomy ordains, that before any person commences an attack on a city she shall first offer terms of peace; and although violence has been taken from us our rightful inheritances, charity, however, induces us to attempt, by fair means, their recovery; for should justice be denied us, we may then resort to arms.

"And to avoid having our consciences affected by this matter, we make our personal request to you, and exhort you, by the bowels of Jesus Christ, to follow the dictates of his evangelical doctrine. Friend, restore what thou owest, for such is the will of God to prevent the effusion of the blood of man, who was created in his likeness. Such restitution of rights, cruelly torn from us, and which we have so frequently demanded by our ambassadors, will be agreeable to the supreme God, and secure peace on earth.

"From our love of peace we were inclined to refuse fifty thousand golden crowns lately offered us; for being more desirous of peace than riches, we have preferred enjoying the patrimony left us by our venerable ancestors, with our very dear cousin Catherine, your noble daughter, to iniquitously multiplying our treasures, and thus disgracing the honor of our crown, which God forbid!

"Given under our privy seal, in our castle of Southampton, the 5th day of the month of August."


Note 165, p. 50, col. 1. —————— Sure that holy hermit spoke The Almighty's bidding.

While Henry V. lay at the siege of Rouen, an honest hermit unknown to him, came and told him the great evils he brought upon Christendom by his unjust ambition, who usurped the kingdom of France, against all manner of right, and contrary to the will of God; wherefore in his holy name he threatened him with a severe and sudden punishment, if he desisted not from his enterprise. Henry took this exhortation either as an idle whisper, or a suggestion of the Dauphin's, and was but the more confirmed in his design. But the blow soon followed the threat. The French, within some few months after, he was smitten in the fundament with a strange and incurable disease.

Note 166, p. 50, vol. 2. —————— By their numbers now made bold in fear.

Note 167, p. 51, col. 2. — Hung from her neck the shield.

The shield was often worn thus. "Among the Frenchmen there was a young lusty esquire of Gascoigne, named William Marchant, who came out among the foremost into the field, well mounted, his shield about his neck, and his spear in his hand." — Franciaco.


A lighter kind of helmet.

Note 171, p. 52, col. 1. — An armet.

The armet or chapel de fer was an iron hat, occasionally put on by knights when they retired from the heat of the battle to take breath, and at times when they could not wish propriety go unarmed.
Notes to Joan of Arc

Note 172, p. 53, col. 1. — Field their lost banners on their armed bands.

... contra Ecclesiæ pabes

... alius voce duces aut precepta requi,

... non solum nobilium antiquae, et eorum signa

... Tendentem polos hinc quincunquae oro parentem.

... ostentat pars, regnantque soli sedes

... Corda virtus, armata insignis oscula dextra.

Silva Gallicæ, xii. 557.

Note 173, p. 54, col. 2. — He brake a sullen smile.

... she stranly shook her dewy locks, and brake

... an melancholy smile. — Quarles.

Note 174, p. 55, col. 1. — .....

... when the armies of England and France lay in the plain between Vironfosse and Pernoaguere, 1359, Edward sent to demand a day of battle of the French king. "An herald of the duke of Guiche, being well skilled in the French tongue, was sent on this errand; he rode forth till he came to the French host, where being admitted before his king and his council, he spake aloud these words, "Sir, the king of England is here held by in the fields, and desires to fight you power against power; and if you please to appoint him a day he will not fail to meet you upon the word of a king." This message being thus delivered, King Philip yielded either to give or take battle two days after, and in token of his acceptance of the news, richly rewarded the herald with forded gowns, and other gifts bestowed on him, as well by himself as others, the princes and lords of his host, and so dismissed him again." — Barnes.

Note 175, p. 55, col. 1. — .....

... vouchsafe to arm his host with their banners and standards, and at the third to take horse in hisdue place under the colors. — Barnes.

Note 176, p. 55, col. 1. — To shrieve them.

... religious ceremonies seem to have preceded all settled engagements at this period. On the night before the battle of Creuse, the king prepared on one side for a royal procession for all his chief barons, lords and captains: at which he appeared wonderful cheerful and pleasant, to the great encouragement of his people. But when they were all dismissed to their several quarters, the king himself retired into his private oratory, and came before the altar, and there prostrated himself to almighty God and devoutly prayed, 'That of his infinite goodness he would vouchsafe to look down on the justice of his cause, and remember his unfeigned endeavors for a reconciliation, although they had all been rendered frustrate by his enemies: that if he should be brought to a battle the next day, it would please him of his great mercy to grant him the victory, as his trust was only in him, and in the right which he had given him.' Being thus armed with faith, about midnight he laid himself upon a pallet or mattress to take a little repose; but he arose again betimes and heard mass, with his son the young prince, and received absolution, and the body and blood of his Redeemer, as did the prince also, and most of the lords and others who were so disposed. — Barnes.

... thus also before the battle of Azincourt "after prayers and supplications of the king, his priests and people, done with great devotion, the king of England in the morning very early set forth his hosts in array." — Stowe.

Note 177, p. 55, col. 1. — The shield of dignity.

... the rounded. A shield too weak for service, which was borne before the general of an army.

... that in unimimmuable strength Strong, they might meet the battle.

... The conduct of the English on the morning of the battle of Creuse is followed in the text. "All things being thus ordered, every lord and captain under his own banner and pennon, and the ranks duly settled, the valourous young king mounted on a lusty white hobby, and with a white wand in his hand, rode between his two marshallis from rank to rank, and from one battalia unto another, exhorting and encouraging every man that day to defend and maintain his right and honour: and this he did with so cheerful a countenance, and with such sweet and obliging words, that even the most faint-hearted of the army were sufficiently assured thereby. That by this time the English were thus prepared, it was nine o'clock in the morning, and then the king commanded them all to take the refreshment of meat and drink, which being done, with small disturbance they all repaired to their colours again, and then laid themselves in their order upon the dry and warm grass, with their bows and houettes by their side, to be more fresh and vigorous upon the approach of the enemy. — Barnes.

... The English before the battle of Azincourt fell prostrate to the ground, and committed themselves to God, every one of them took in his mouth a little piece of earth, in remembrance that they were mortal and made of earth, as also in remembrance of the holy communion. — Stowe.

Note 179, p. 55, col. 2. — The pennons rolling their long scenes.

... Before the gate, and banners broad and bright.

... the pennon was long, ending in two points, the banner square.

... En seigneur de l'or et de l'argent, il est portant de prendre à bannière guerre, que lors qu'il pourra entretenir ses deux

... a certain nombre de chevaux et d' Ecuyers, avec leur suite à la guerre; jusqu'à son étendard n'en soit deux que sur fannons, et quand il destinast plus puissant, son souverain coupé la

... prenant les fannons de son étendard, pour le rendre guerre. — Trescau.

... An incident before the battle of Najara exemplifies this. "As the two armies approached near together, the prince went over a little hill, in the descending wherewith he saw plainly his enemies marching toward him; wherefore, when the whole army was come over this mountain, he commanded that there they should make an halt, and so fit themselves for fight. At that instant the lord John Chandos brought his ensign folded up, and offered it to the prince, saying, 'Sir, here is my guidon; I request your highness to display it abroad, and to give me leave to raise it this day as my banner; for I thank God and your highness, I have lands and possessions sufficient to maintain it within.' Then the prince took the pennon, and having cut off the tail, made it a square banner, and this done, both he and king Don Pedro for the greater honour, holding it between their hands displayed it abroad, it being Or, a sharp point Gules: and then the prince delivered it unto the lord Chandos again, saying, 'Sir John, behold here is your banner. God send you much joy and honour with it.' And thus being made a knight banneret, the lord Chandos returned to the breach of his men, and said, 'Now behold my brother, behold my banner and yours! Take and keep it, to your honour and mine! And so they took it with a shout, and said by the grace of God and St. George they would defend it to the best of their powers. But the banner remained in the hands of a gallant English esquire named William Alles- try, who bare it all that day, and acquitted himself in the service right honourably." — Barnes.

Note 180, p. 55, col. 2. — Violence.

... This title frequently occurs in the French Chronicles; it was peculiar to France, "the violence or vicitum being to the bishop in his temporal as the vicervae or vicount antecedently to the earls, in his judiculis." — Peter Heylyn.

Note 181, p. 55, col. 2. — And silent succour to the mid-day sun Glittering.

... Joshua Barnes seems to have been greatly impressed with the splendor of such a spectacle. "It was a glorious and ravishing sight, no doubt," says he, "to behold these two armies standing thus regularly embattled in the field, their banners and standards waving in the wind, their pennons burned, and kings, lords, knights, and esquires richly armed, and all shining in their succorres of satin and embroidery." Thus also at Poyntiers, 'there you might have beheld a most
beautiful sight of fair harness, of shining steel, feathered crests of glittering helmets, and the rich embroidery of silk and satin surcots of arms, cased with golden standards, banners and pennons, moving majestically in the air.\(^1\)

And at Nazarâ the sun being now risen, it was a ravishing sight to behold the armies, and the sun reflecting from their bright steel and shining armor. For in those days the cavalry were generally armed in mail or polished steel at all points, and besides that, the nobility wore over their armour rich surcoats of silk and satin embroidery, whereas was curiously stich or beaten, the arms of their house, whether in colour or metal.\(^2\)

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Note 182, p. 55, col. 2. — *For not to brutal strength they deemed it right To trust their country's well.*

Note 183, p. 55, col. 2. — *Their javelins shortened to a weekly length.*

Thus at Ptolemes, "the three battalions being all ready ranged in the field, and every lord in his due place under his own banner, command was given that all men should put off their spurs, and cut their spears to five foot length, as most commodions for such who had left their horses." \(^3\) *Barnes.*

Note 184, p. 56, col. 1. — *Hausselger starting.*

*Hausselger vocatur Qui sedet in extremitate carri.*

_Gesuexxaniae animus aqua._

_Ez gjas ala._

*Fronteve veemen._

*Ganes super homines._

_Vatacrasimnual._

Where the Heaven's remotest bound

With darkness is encompassed round,

There Hausselger sits and swings

The tempest from his eagle wings.

_The Elda of Xemual_, translated by Anne Cottle.

Among the idols of Aitutak (one of the Hervey Islands,) went home among other trophies of the same kind to the Missionary Museum, is the God of Thunder, Tana. The natives used to believe that when Tana was flying abroad, Thunder was produced by the flapping of his wings. — *Williams' Missionary Enterprise in the South Sea Islands,* p. 102.

At the promontory of Malea on the ruins of the Temple of Apollo, there is a chapel built to the honor of Michael the archangel. Here we could not but laugh at the foolish superstition of the sailors, who say, when the wind blows from that place, that it is occasioned by the violent motion of Michael's wings, because sooth, he is painted with wings. And for that reason, when they sail by Michael they pray to him that he may hold his wings still. — *Baumgarten.*

Note 155, p. 56, col. 1. — *Or with the lance protruded from his front.*

In a combat fought in Smithfield, 1667, between the lord Scales and the bastard of Burgoyne, "the lord Scales' horse had on his charger a long sharp pike of steel, and as the two champions coupled together, the same horse thrust his pike into the nostrils of the bastard's horse, so that for very pain he mounted so high that he fell on the one side with his matter." — *Stowe.*

This weapon is mentioned by Lope de Vega, and by an old Scotch poet.

_Uncinaria et cavallo parecusa_ Cons el fuerte pyramidale discante, Que en medio del bagat resplandecia Como si fueras punta de diamante. _Jerusalem Conquista_, l. 10.

His horse in fyne sandel was tapp'd to the hele.

And, in his chevron lif forme, Stode, as an unicorn, Als sharp as a thorne, An anhus of stele. _Sir Gawan and Sir Galeron._

Floridus found from this part of his horse's armor of good service, when in the combat of eighteen against eighteen, he encountered the king of the Scythians, great demesne; and he beheld a grand animal of song, daym, we so acarons le nom au-dessus de lui de l'aligne aslant and membra, qu'in'sent qu'au fournie raison qui l'espere pout porter. The first encounter fit très belle joute à voir, and au jourdes és armes montrent trente chevaux, comme l'animal du Roy de Scythie, qui fost à l'heure, ment recouru par le destrier de Floridus, pontant barbares de fer, and une pointe accroisc sur le chevauch qui fouain si avant peigny les éclaisses de ceste grosse best, qu'il allorç avec les autres, et le jeande de son maistre demeure. — _Annals_, 1. s. ff. 51, 52.

The Abyssinians use it at this day; Bruce says it is a very troublesome useless piece of their armor.

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Note 186, p. 56, col. 2. — *To snatch the shield of death.*

Thus did John catch up the shield of death to defend himself from ignominy. — _Cicero._

Note 187, p. 56, col. 2. — *Their tower of strength.*

_Διοστ η αυτον Σαφους σε εν σφυλαθείς αροσλα._ — _Tyrtæus._

Guarini has made this expression somewhat ludicrous by calling Samson

Great army of men, the wonder of whose power

Gives thee the title of a walking tower.

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Note 188, p. 57, col. 1. — *and when the horse's head...* 

Slaughtered on the Christmas board.

Two carols for this occasion are preserved in Mr. Ritson's valuable collection of Ancient Songs. The first of these, here alluded to, is as follows:

_Caput apud deixa_ Reddens laudes domini.

The horse's head in hand bring I With garlands gay and rosemary, I pray you all sing merely_ Qui etis in canis._

The horse's head I understand The chief service in this land, Lake where ever it be fam'd Sercite cum cantice.

Be gladl he rodeth both more and lasse For this nath ordened our stowarde, To there you all this chris-tmasse The horse's head with mustard.

When Henry II. had his eldest son crowned as fellow with him in the kingdom; upon the day of coronation, king Henry, the father, served his son at the table as seer, bringing up the boro's head with trumpets before it, according to the man ner; whereupon (according to the old adage,

_Inmutatus wivis homines eum dantur honores_)

the young man conceiving a pride in his heart, beheld the standers-by with a more stately countenance than he had been before. The archbishop of York, who sat by him, marking his
NOTES TO JOAN OF ARC.

behaviour, turned unto him and said, "Be glad, my good son, there is not another prince in the world that hath such a sewer at his table." To this the new king answered as it were disdainingly: "Why dost thou marvel at that? my father in doing it thinketh not more than becometh him, he being born of princely blood only on the mother's side, serveth me that am a king born, having both a king father and a queen to my mother." Thus the young man of an evil and perverse nature, was puffed up in pride by his father's sneering doings.

But the king his father hearing his talk was very sorrowful in his mind, and said to the archbishop softly in his ear, "It repenteth me, it repenteth me, my lord, that I have thus advanced the boy." For he guessed hereby what a one he would prove afterward, that showed himself so disobedient and forward already. — *Heldinsh.*

**Note 189, p. 57, col. 1. — *his old links* Arc not like yours so simple in the right.**

*Tous de palieréders, on ouvrit donna" banf°,* My capitainez est constante tous ces jours.

*Avez vous dé fait tout peacœu peccœu,* Cespez entrouv mots vox palieréders,

*Je ne vus ouvrou caplo, polons te genty,* Ô mons apoteuist alhun en couen. — *Tykewa.*

**Note 190, p. 57, col. 2. — *He from the saddle-bos his faltehon caught.* In the combat between Frances and Phouere, Rosnay said —

*de la main leurs contelas trouversez.*

Bien aiguisez qui de l'arçon pendezent.

On this passage the commentator observes, "Fauhurur arm e ceux chevaliers à la mode de nos gendarmes Français, la lance en la main, la contelas ou neve à l'arçon, et Ponguez eau court.

Thus Desanizats says of the troops of Clovis —

*A tous prou de l'arçon, et leur lance guerrires,* Et la lance tranchezante, et la masse merceteue.

And when Clovis, on foot and without a weapon, bears the shrike of a woman, he sees his horse,

*Jette Paul sur Pargon, et void laire au hache.* Lope de Vega speaks of the sword being carried in the same manner, when he describes Don Juan de Agui ña as —

*Descendo el rapo de la ardiente espada.*

**Jerusalem Conquistada.**

**Note 191, p. 57, col. 2. — *she hord* The lightning of her sword.**

**Jerusalem Conquistada.**

**Note 192, p. 57, col. 2. — *The sword of Talbot.* Talbot's sword, says Camden, was found in the river of Dor-

*don, and sold by a peasant to an armurer of Boudagne,* with this inscription,

Sam Talboti, M. III, C. XLIII

*Pro vincere inimicos meos.*

But pardon the Latin, for it was not his, but his camping chaplain's. — A sword with bad Latin upon it, but good steel within it, says Fuller.

It was not uncommon to bear a motto upon the sword. Lope de Vega describes that of Aguilar as bearing initial in gold, a verse of the psalm. It was, he says,

*Mas famosa que fue de hombre creida,*

*Para ocasion de honro guardarla,*

*Y en ultima defensa de la vida,*

*Y desde cuya guarancia dorada*

*Hasta la puerta la canal branida*

**Tencia escrito de Dorciel un verso.**

*Nibild de oro en el acero tersa.*

**Jerusalem Conquistada.**

**Note 193, p. 57, col. 2. — *Pouillé, all fierce and haughty as he was.* In the Pastor letters, published by Mr. Penn, Pastorle appears in a very unfavorable light. Henry Windsor writes thus of him, "hit is not unknown that eradiclo and voughble he hath lyn ever, and for the most part with oonte pite and mercy. I can no more, but *en face et coree eas,* for truly he cannot bringy about his notice in this word (savell) for the word is not for him. I suppose it woulnot change yeit he be liklynes, but i beleste you sir help not to amend iym unoely, but every other man yf ye kun any mo mysse disposed."**

The order of the garter was taken from Pastorle for his conduct at Patay. He suffered no more material loss in the money he expended in the service of the state. In 1535, 5689. 15. 7. were due to him for costs and charges during his services in France, "whereof the sayd Pastorle had nother payement nor assignation." So he complains,

**Note 194, p. 57, col. 2. — *Battle-arc.* In a battle between the Burgundians and Dauphinois near Abbeville (1429) Monstroillet especially notices the conduct of John Villain, who bad that day been made a knight. He was a nobleman from Flanders, very tall, and of great bodily strength, and was mounted on a good horse, holding a battle-axe in both hands. Thus he pushed into the thickest part of the battle, and throwing the bridle on his horse's neck, gave such blows on all sides with his battle-axe, that whoever was struck was instantly undone and wounded past recovery. In this way he met Poton de Xaintailles, who, after the battle was over, declared the wonder he did, and that he got out of his reach as fast as he could. — Vol. v. p. 294**

**Note 195, p. 58, col. 1. — *The buckler, non splinter'd with many a stroke.* L'oeur des chevaliers était ordinairement un bouclier de ferre a peu près triangulaire, large par le haut pour couvrir le corps, et de terminant ou pointe par le bas, afin d'être moins lourd. On les faisoit de bois qu'on recuervoit avec du cair bouilli, avec des nerfs ou autres matières durcs, mais jamais de fer ou d'acier. Seulement il était permis, pour les empêcher d'être coups troubles par les épées, de mettre un cercle d'argent ou de fer, qui les entouraient. — *Le Grand.*

**Note 196, p. 58, col. 2. — *There ower the slaughter'd chief his blazon'd eut.* This fact is mentioned in Andrews's History of England. I have merely verified the original expressions. "The herald of Talboth sought out his body among the slain. 'Alas, my lord, and is it you? I pray God pardon you all your misdoings. I have been your officer of arms forty years and more; it is time that I should surrender to you the ensigns of my office.' Thus saying, with the tears gushing from his eyes, he threw his eut of arms over the corpse, thus performing one of the ancient rites of sepulture."**

**Note 197, p. 59, col. 1. — *Pour'd on the monarch's head the mystic oil.* "The Frenchmen wonderfully reverence this oyle; and at the coronation of their kings, fetch it from the church where it is kept, with great solemnity. For it is brought (with Sleiden in his Commentaries) by the prior sitting on a white ambling palfrey, and attended by his monks; the archbishop of the town (Rheims) and such bishops as are present, going to the church door to meet it, and leaving for it with the prior some space, and the king, when it is by the archbishop brought to the altar, bowing himself before it with great reverence." — Peter Heylyn.
The Vision of the Maid of Orleans.

In the first edition of Joan of Arc this Vision formed the ninth book, allegorical machinery having been introduced throughout the poem as originally written. All that remained of such machinery was expunged in the second edition, and the Vision was then struck out, as no longer according with the general design.

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THE FIRST BOOK.

Orleans was hush'd in sleep. Stretch'd on her couch
The delegated Maiden lay; with toil
Exhausted, and sore anguish, soon she closed
Her heavy eyelids; not repose there,
For busy phantasy in other scenes
Awaken'd: whether that superior powers,
By wise permission, prompt the midnight dream,
Instructing best the passive faculty;¹
Or that the soul, escaped its fleshly clog,
Flies free, and soars amid the invisible world,
And all things are that seem.²

Along a moor,
Barren, and wide, and drear, and desolate,
She roam'd, a wanderer through the cheerless night.
Far through the silence of the unbroken plain
The bittern's boom was heard; hoarse, heavy, deep,
It made accordant music to the scene.
Black clouds, driven fast before the stormy wind,
Swept shadowing; through their broken folds the moon
Struggled at times with transitory ray,
And made the moving darkness visible.
And now arrived beside a sunny lake
She stands, amid whose stagnant waters, hoarse
The long reeds rustled to the gale of night.
A time-worn bark receives the Maid, impell'd
By powers unseen; then did the moon display
Where through the crazy vessel's yawning side
The muddy waters oozed, A Woman guides,
And spreads the sail before the wind, which moan'd
As melancholy mournful to her ear,
As ever by a dungeon'd wretch was heard
Howling at evening round his prison towers.
Wan was the pilot's countenance, her eyes
Hollow, and her sunk cheeks were farrow'd deep,
Channell'd by tears; a few gray locks hang down
Beneath her hood; and through the Maiden's veins
Chill crept the blood, when, as the night-breeze pass'd,
Lifting her tatter'd mantle, coil'd around
She saw a serpent gnawing at her heart.

The plumeless bats with short, shrill note flit by,
And the night-raven's scream came fitfully,
Borne on the hollow blast. Eager the Maid
Look'd to the shore, and now upon the bank
Leapt, joyful to escape, yet trembling still
In recollection.

There, a moulder ing pile
Stretch'd its wide ruins, o'er the plain below
Casting a gloomy shade, save where the moon
Shone through its fretted windows: the dark yew,
Withering with age, branch'd there its naked roots,
And there the melancholy cypress rear'd
Its head; the earth was heaved with many a mound,
And here and there a half-demolish'd tomb.

And now, amid the ruin's darkest shade,
The Virgin's eye beheld where pale blue flames
Rose wavering, now just gleaming from the earth,
And now in darkness drown'd. An aged man
Sate near, seated on what in long-past days
Had been some sculptured monument, now fallen
And half-obscured by moss, and gather'd heaps
Of wither'd yew-leaves and earth-mouldering bones.
His eye was large and rayless, and fix'd full
Upon the Maid; the tomb-fires on his face
Shed a blue light; his face was of the hue
Of death; his limbs were mantled in a shroud.
Then with a deep heart-terrifying voice,
Exclaim'd the spectre: "Welcome to these realms,
These regions of Despair, O thou whose steps
Sorrow hath guided to my sad abodes!
Welcome to my drear empire, to this gloom
Eternal, to this everlasting night,
Where never morning darts the enlivening ray,
Where never shines the sun, but all is dark,
Dark as the bosom of their gloomy King."

So saying, he arose, and drawing on,
Her to the abbey's inner ruin led,
Resisting not his guidance. Through the roof
Once frett'd and embrazed, but broken now
In part, elsewhere all open to the sky,
The moon-beams enter'd, checker'd here, and here
With unimped'd light. The ivy twined
Round the dismantled columns; image'd forms
Of saints and warrior chiefs, moss-canker'd now
And mutilate, lay strown upon the ground,
With crumbled fragments, crucifixes fallen,
And rusted trophies. Mean time overhead
Roar'd the loud blast, and from the tower the ow
Scream'd as the tempest shook her secret nest.
He, silent, led her on, and often paused,
And pointed, that her eye might contemplate
At leisure the drear scene.

He dragg'd her on
BOOK 1. THE VISION OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

Through a low iron door, down broken stairs;
Then a cold horror through the Maiden’s frame
Crept, for she stood amid a vault, and saw,
By the sepulchral lamp’s dim, glaring light,
The fragments of the dead.

“Look here!” he cried,
“Damsel, look here! survey this house of death;
0, soon to tenant it; soon to increase
These trophies of mortality — for hence
Is no return. Gaze here; behold this skull,
These eyeless sockets, and these unfiled’d jaws,
That with their ghastly grinning seem to mock
Thy perishable charms; for thus thy check
Must moulder. Child of grief! shrinks not thy soul,
Viewing these horrors? trembles not thy heart.
At the dread thought that here its life’s blood soon
Shall stagnate, and the finely-fibred frame,
Now warm in life and feeling, mingle soon
With the cold clod? thing horrid to think; —
Yet in thought only, for reality
Is none of suffering here; here all is peace;
No nerve will throb to anguish in the grave.
Dreadful it is to think of losing life,
But having lost, knowledge of loss is not,
Therefore no ill. Oh, wherefore then delay
To end all ills at once?”

So spake Despair.

The vaulted roof echoed his hollow voice,
And all again was silence. Quick her heart
Panted. He placed a dagger in her hand,
And cried again, “Oh, wherefore then delay!
One blow, and rest forever!” On the fiend
Dark scowl’d the Virgin with indignant eye,
And threw the dagger down. He next his heart
Replaced the murderous steel, and drew the Maid
Along the downward vault.

The damp earth gave
A dim sound as they pass’d: the tainted air
Was cold, and heavy with unwholesome dew.
“Behold!” the fiend exclaimed, “how loathsomely
The fleshly remnant of mortality
Moulder to clay!” then fixing his broad eye
Full on her face, he pointed where a corpse
Lay livid; she beheld with horrent look
The spectacle abhor’d by living man.

“Look here!” Despair pursued; “this loathsome mass
Was once as lovely, and as full of life
As, Damsel, thou art now. Those deep-sunk eyes
Once beam’d the mild light of intelligence,
And where thou seest the panther’d flesh-worm trail,
Once the white bosom heaved. She fondly thought
That at the hallow’d altar, soon the priest
Should bless her coming union, and the torch
Its joyful lustre o’er the hall of joy,
Cast on her nuptial evening: earth to earth
That priest consign’d her, for her lover went
By glory lured to war, and perish’d there;
Nor she endured to live. Ha! fades thy cheek?
Dost thou then, Maiden, tremble at the tale? Look here! behold the youthful paramour!
The self-devoted hero!”

Fearfully [face
The Maid look’d down, and saw the well-known
Of Theodore. In thoughts unspeakable,
Convulsed with horror, o’er her face she clasp’d
Her cold, damp hands. “Shrink not,” the phantom cried;
“Gaze on!” and unrelentingly he grasped
Her quivering arm: “this lifeless, mouldering clay,
As well thou know’st, was warm with all the glow
Of youth and love; this is the hand that clef’t
Proud Salisbury’s crest, now motionless in death,
Unable to protect the ravaged frame
From the foul offspring of mortality
That feed on heroes. Though long years were thine,
Yet never more would life reanimate
This slaughter’d youth; slaughter’d for thee! for thou
Didst lead him to the battle from his home,
Where else he had survived to good old age,
In thy defence he died: strike then! destroy
Remorse with life.”

The Maid stood motionless,
And, wistless what she did, with trembling hand
Received the dagger. Starting then, she cried,
“Avaunt, Despair! Eternal Wisdom deals
Or peace to man, or misery, for his good
Alike design’d; and shall the creature cry,
‘Why hast thou done this?’ and with impious pride
Destroy the life God gave?”

The fiend rejoin’d,
“And thou dost deem it impious to destroy
The life God gave? What, Maiden, is the lot
Assign’d to mortal man? born but to drag,
Through life’s long pilgrimage, the wearying load
Of being; care-corroded at the heart;
Assail’d by all the numerous train of ills
That flesh inherits; till at length worn out,
This is his consummation! — Think again!
What, Maiden, canst thou hope from lengthen’d life,
But lengthen’d sorrow? If protracted long,
Till on the bed of death thy feeble limbs
Stretch out their languid length, oh, think what
thoughts,
What agonizing feelings, in that hour,
Assail the sinking heart! slow beats the pulse,
Dim grows the eye, and clamant drops bedew
The shuddering frame; then in its mightiest force,
Mightiest in impotence, the love of life
Seizes the throbbing heart; the fluctting lips
Pour out the impious prayer that vain would change
The Unchangeable’s decree; surrounding friends
Sob round the sufferer, wet his cheek with tears,
And all he loved in life imbibers death.

“Such, Maiden, are the pangs that wait the hour
Of easiest dissolution! yet weak man
Resolves, in timid piety, to live;
And veiling Fear in Superstition’s garb,
He calls her Resignation!”

“Coward wretch! Fond coward, thus to make his reason war
Against his reason! Insect as he is,
This sport of chance, this being of a day,
Whose whole existence the next cloud may blast,
Believes himself the care of heavenly powers;
That God regards man, miserable man,
And preaching thus of power and providence, 
Will crush the reptile that may cross his path!

"Fool that thou art! the Being that permits
Existence, gives to man the worthless boon;
A goodly gift to those who, fortune-best,
Bask in the sunshine of prosperity,
And such do well to keep it. But to one
Sick at the heart with misery, and sore
With many a hard, unmerited affliction,
It is a hair that chains to wretchedness
The slave who dares not burst it!

"Thinkest thou, The parent, if his child should unrecall'd
Return and fall upon his neck, and cry,
'Oh! the wide world is comfortless, and full
Of fleeting joys and heart-consuming cares;
I can be only happy in my home
With thee — my friend! — my father!' Thinkest thou,
That he would thrust him as an outcast forth?
Oh! he would clasp the truant to his heart,
And love the trespass.'"

Whilst he spake, his eye
Dwelt on the Maiden's cheek, and read her soul
Struggling within. In trembling doubt she stood,
Even as a wretch, whose famish'd entreaties crave
SupPLY, before him sees the poison'd food
In greedily horror.
Yet, not silent long,
"Eloquent tempter, cease!" the Maiden cried;
"What though affliction be my portion here,
Thinkest thou I do not feel high thoughts of joy,
Of heart-enobling joy, when I look back
Upon a life of duty well perform'd,
Then lift mine eyes to heaven, and there in faith
Know my reward? — I grant, were this life all,
Was there no morning to the tomb's long night,
If man did mingle with the senseless clod,
Himself as senseless, then wert thou indeed
A wise and friendly comforter! — But, fiend,
There is a morning to the tomb's long night,
A dawn of glory, a reward in heaven,
He shall not gain who never merited.
If thou didst know the worth of one good deed
In life's last hour, thou wouldst not bid me lose
The precious privilege, while life endures
To do my Father's will. A mighty task
Is mine, — a glorious call. France looks to me
For her deliverance.

"Maiden, thou hast done
Thy mission here," the unbafiled fiend replied:
"The foes are fled from Orleans: thou, perchance
Exulting in the pride of victory,
Forgettest him who perish'd: yet albeit
Thy harden'd heart forget the gallant youth,
That hour allotted canst thou not escape,
That dreadful hour, when contumely and shame
Shall sojourn in thy dungeon. Wretched Maid!
Destined to drain the cup of bitterness,
Even to its dregs,—England's inhuman chiefs
Shall seoff thy sorrows, blacken thy pure fame,
Wit-wanton it with lewd barbarity,
And force such burning blushes to the cheek
Of virgin modesty, that thou shalt wish
The earth night cover thee. In that last hour,
When thy bruised breast shall heave beneath the chains
That link thee to the stake, a spectacle
For the brute multitude, and thou shalt hear
Mockery more painful than the circling flames
Which then consume thee; wilt thou not in vair.
Then wish my friendly aid? then wish thine car
Had drank my words of comfort? that thy hand
Had grasp'd the dagger, and in death preserved
Insulted modesty?"

Her glowing cheek
Blush'd crimson; her wide eye on vacancy
Was fix'd; her breath short panted. The cold fiend
Grasping her hand, exclaim'd, "Too timid Maid,
So long repugnant to the healing aid
My friendship profess'd, now shalt thou behold
The allotted length of life."

He stamp'd the earth
And dragging a huge coffin as his car,
Two Gouls came on, of form more fearful-foul
Than ever pales in her wildest dream
Hag-ridden Superstition. Then Despair
Seized on the Maid whose curdling blood stood still,
And placed her in the seat, and on they pass'd
Adown the deep descent. A meteor light
Shot from the demons, as they dragged along
The unwelcome load, and mark'd their brethren's feast
On carcases. Below, the vault dilates
Its ample bulk. "Look here!" — Despair adddress'd
The shuddering Virgin; "see the dome of Death!"
It was a spacious cavern, hewn amid
The entrails of the earth, as though to form
A grave for all mankind: no eye could reach
Its distant bounds. There, throned in darkness, dwelt
The unseen power of Death.

Here stopp'd the Gouls,
Reaching the destined spot. The fiend stept out,
And from the coffin as he led the Maid,
Exclaim'd, "Where mortal never stood before,
Thou standest; look around this boundless vault;
Observe the dome that Nature deals to man,
And learn to know thy friend."

She answer'd not,
Observing where the Fates their several tasks
Pied ceaseless. "Mark how long the shortest web
Allow'd to man!" he cried; "observe how soon,
Twined round you never-resting wheel, they change
Their snowy hue, darkening through many a shade, Till Atropos relentless shuts the shears."

Too true he spake, for of the countless threads,
Drawn from the heap, as white as unsunn'd snow,
Or as the spotless lily of the vale,
Was never one beyond the little span
Of infancy untainted; few there were
But lightly tinged: more of deep crimson hue,
Or deeper sable dyed. Two Genii stood,
Still as the web of being was drawn forth,
Sprinkling their powerful drops. From ebon urn,
The one unsparing dash'd the bitter drops
Of woe; and as he dash'd, his dark-brown brow
Relax’d to a hard smile. The milder form
Shed less profusely there his lesser store;
Sometimes with tears increasing the scant boon,
Compassionating man; and happy he
Who on his thread those precious tears receives;
If it be happiness to have the pulse
That throb with pity, and in such a world
Of wretchedness, the generous heart that aches
With anguish at the sight of human woe.

To her the fiend, well hoping now success,
"This is thy thread; observe how short the span;
And little doth the evil Genius spare
His bitter tincture there." The Maiden saw
Calmly. "Now gaze!" the tempter fiend exclaim’d,
And placed again the poniard in her hand,
For Superstition, with a burning torch,
Approach’d the loom. "This, Damsel, is thy fate!
The hour draws on—now strike the dagger home!
Strike now, and be at rest!"

The Maid replied,
"Or to prevent or change the will of Heaven,
Impious I strive not: let that will be done!"

THE SECOND BOOK.

She spake, and lo! celestial radiance beam’d
Amid the air, such odors wafting now
As erst came blended with the evening gale,
From Eden’s bowers of bliss. An angel form
Stood by the Maid; his wings, ethereal white,
Flash’d like the diamond in the noon-tide sun,
Dazzling her mortal eye: all else appear’d
Her Theodore.

Amazed she saw the fiend
Was fledge, and on her ear the well-known voice
Sounded, though now more musically sweet
Than ever yet had thrill’d her soul attuned,
When eloquent affection fondly told
The day-dreams of delight.

"Beloved Maid! Lo! I am with thee, still thy Theodore!
Hearts in the holy bands of love combined,
Death has no power to sever. Thou art mine!
A little while and thou shalt dwell with me,
In scenes where sorrow is not. Cheerily
Tread thou the path that leads thee to the grave,
Rough though it be and painful, for the grave
Is but the threshold of eternity.

"Favor’d of Heaven, to thee is given to view
These secret realms. The bottom of the abyss
Thou treadest, Maiden. Here the dungeons are
Where bad men learn repentance. Souls diseased
Must have their remedy: and where disease
Is rooted deep, the remedy is long
Perforce, and painful."

Thus the spirit spake,
And led the Maid along a narrow path,
Dark gleaming to the light of far-off flames,
More dread than darkness. Soon the distant sound
Of clanking anvils, and the lengthen’d breath
Provoking fire are heard; and now they reach
A wide expanded den where all around
Tremendous furnaces, with hellish blaze,
Were burning. At the heaving bellows stood
The meagre form of Care; and as he blew
To augment the fire, the fire augmented scorn’d
His wretched limbs; sleepless forever thus
He toil’d and toil’d, of toil no end to know
But endless toil and never-ending woe.

An aged man went round the infernal vault,
Urging his workmen to their ceaseless task;
White were his locks, as is the wintr y snow
On hoar Plinlimmon’s head. A golden staff
His steps supported: powerful talisman,
Which whose feels shall never feel again
The tear of pity, or the throb of love.

Touch’d but by this, the mazy gates give way,
The buttress trembles, and the guarded wall,
Guarded in vain, submits. Him heathens erst
Had deified, and bowed the suppliant knee
To Plutus. Nor are now his votaries few,
Even though our blessed Savior hath himself
Told us, that easier through the needle’s eye
Shall the huge camel pass, than the rich man
Enter the gates of heaven. "Ye cannot serve
Your God and worship Mammon."

"Mission’d Maid!"
So spake the spirit, "I know that these, whose hands
Round each white furnace ply the unceasing toil,
Were Mammon’s slaves on earth. They did not spare
To wring from poverty the hard-earn’d mite;
They robb’d the orphan’s pitance; they could see
Want’s asking eye unmoved; and therefore these,
Ranged round the furnace, still must persevere
In Mammon’s service, scorched by these fierce fires,
Nor seldom by the overboiling ore
Caught; yet retaining still, to punishment
Converted here, their old besetting sin,
Often impatiently to quench their thirst
Unquenchable, large draughts of molten gold.
They drink insatiate, still with pain renew’d,
Pain to destroy."

So saying, he led
Forth from the dreadful cavern to a cell
Brilliant with gem-born light. The rugged walls
Part gleam’d with gold, and part with silver ore
In milder radiance shone. The carbuncle
There its strong lustre like the flam y sun
Shot forth irradiate; from the earth beneath,
And from the roof there stream’d a diamond light
Rubies and amethysts their glows commix’d
With the gay topaz, and the softer ray
Shot from the sapphire, and the emerald’s hue,
And bright pyropus.

There, on golden seats,
A numerous, sullen, melancholy train
Sat silent. "Maiden, these," said Theodore,
"Are they who let the love of wealth absorb
All other passions: in their souls that vice
Struck deeply-rooted, like the poison-tree
That with its shade spreads barrenness around.
These, Maid! were men by no atrocious crime
Blacken’d, no fraud, nor ruffian violence;"
Men of fair dealing, and respectable
On earth, but such as only for themselves
Heap'd up their treasures, deeming all their wealth
Their own, and given to them, by partial Heaven,
To bless them only: therefore here they sit,
Possess'd of gold enough, and by no pain
Tormented, save the knowledge of the bliss
They lost, and vain repentance. Here they dwell,
Loathing these useless treasures, till the hour
Of general restitution."

Thence they past,
And now arriv'd at such a gorgeous dome,
As even the pomp of Eastern opulence
Could never equal: wandered through its halls
A numerous train; some with the red-swollen eye
Of riot, and intemperance-bloated check;
Some pale and nerveless, and with feeble step,
And eyes lack-lustre.

"Maiden!" said his guide,
These are the wretched slaves of Appetite,
Curst with their wish enjoy'd. The epicure
Here pampers his foul frame, till the pall'd sense
Loathes at the banquet; the voluptuous here
Plunge in the tempting torrent of delight,
And sink in misery. All they wish'd on earth
Possessing here, whom have they to accuse
But their own folly, for the lot they chose?
Yet, for that these injured themselves alone,
They to the house of Penitence may lie,
And, by a long and painful regimen,
To wearied Nature her exhausted powers
Restore, till they shall learn to form the wish
Of wisdom, and Almighty Goodness grants
That prize to him who seeks it."

Whilst he spake,
The board is spread. With bloated paunch, and
eyes
Fat-swollen, and legs whose monstrous size dis-graced
The human form divine, their caterer,
Hight Gluttony, set forth the smoking feast.
And by his side came on a brother form,
With fiery cheek of purple hue, and red
And scurvy-white, mix'd motley; his gross bulk,
Like some huge hogstead shapen'd, as applied.
Him had antiquity with mystic rites
Adored; to him the sons of Greece, and thine,
Imperial Rome, on many an altar pour'd
The victuall blood, with god-like titles graced,
Bacchus, or Dionysus; son of Jove,
Deem'd falsely, for from Folly's idiot form
He sprung, what time Madness, with furious hand,
Seized on the laughing female. At one birth
She brought the brethren, menial here below,
Though sovereigns upon earth, where oft they hold
High revels. 'Mid the monastery's gloom,
Thy palace, Gluttony, and oft to thee
The sacrifice is spread, when the grave voice
Episcopal proclaims approaching day
Of visitation; or church-wardens meet
To save the wretched many from the gripe
Of poverty; or 'mid thy ample halls
Of London, mighty Mayor! rich Aldermen,
Of coming feast hold converse.

Otherwhere,
For though allied in nature as in blood,
They hold divided sway, his brother lifts
His spongy sceptre. In the noble domes
Of princes, and state-wearied ministers, [mind
Maddening he reigns; and when the affrighted
Casts over a long career of guilt and blood
Its eye reluctant, then his aid is sought
To lull the worm of conscience to repose.
He too the halls of country squires frequently;
But chiefly loves the learned gloom that shades
Thy offspring Rhiedycna, and thy walls,
Granta! nightly libations there to him
Profuse are pour'd, till from the dizzy brain
Triangles, circles, parallelograms,
Moods, lenses, dialects, and demigods,
And logic and theology, are swept
By the red deluge.

Unmolested there
He revels; till the general feast comes round,
The sacrifice septennial, when the sons
Of England meet, with watchful care, to choose
Their delegates, wise, independent men,
Unbribing and unribred, and chosen to guard
Their rights and charters from the encroaching
grasp
Of greedy power; then all the joyful land
Join in his sacrifices, so inspired
To make the important choice.

The observing Maid
Address'd her guide: "These, Theodore, thou say'st
Are men, who, pampers their foul appetites,
Injured themselves alone. But where are they,
The worst of villains, viper-like, who coil
Around deluded woman, so to sting
The heart that loves them?"

"Them," the spirit replied,
"A long and dreadful punishment awaits.
For when the prey of want and infamy,
Lower and lower still the victim sinks,
Even to the depth of shame, not one liewd word
One impious imprecation from her lips
Escapes, nay, not a thought of evil lurks
In the polluted mind, that does not plead
Before the throne of Justice, thunder-tongued,
Against the foul seducer."

Now they reach'd
The house of Penitence. Credulity
Stood at the gate, stretching her eager head
As though to listen; on her vacant face,
A look that promised premature assent;
Though her Regret behind, a meagre fiend,
Disciplined sorely.

Here they enter'd in,
And now arrived where, as in study tranced,
They saw the mistress of the dome. Her face
Spake that composed severity, that knows
No angry impulse, no weak tenderness,
Resolved and calm. Before her lay the Book,
Which hath the words of life; and as she read,
Sometimes a tear would trickle down her check,
Though heavenly joy beam'd in her eye the while.

Leaving her undisturb'd, to the first ward
Of this great lazar-house the Angel led
The favor'd Maid of Orleans. Kneeling down
That skilful leech who willingly would heal
The ill they suffer, judging of all else
By their own evil conscience, they suspect
The aid he vainly proffers, lengthening thus
By vice its punishment.

"But who are these,"
The Maid exclaim'd, "that robed in flowing lawn,
And mitred, or in scarlet, and in caps
Like cardinals, I see in every ward,
Performing menial service at the beck
Of all who bid them?"

Theodore replied,
"These men are they who in the name of Christ
Have heaped up wealth, and arrogating power,
Have made kings kiss their feet, yet call'd themselves
The servants of the servants of the Lord.
They dwelt in palaces, in purple clothed,
And in fine linen; therefore are they here;
And though they would not minister on earth,
Here penanced they perfecr must minister:
Did not the Holy One of Nazareth
Tell them, his kingdom is not of the world?"

So saying, on they past, and now arrived
Where such a hideous ghastly group abode,
That the Maid gazed with half-averting eye,
And shudder'd: each one was a lustily corpse;
The worm was feeding on his patrid prey;
Yet had they life and feeling exquisite,
Though motionless and mute.

"Most wretched men
Are these," the angel cried.
"Poets thou scest
Whose loose, lascivious lays perpetuated
Their own corruption. Soul-polluted slaves,
Who sate them down, deliberately low'd,
So to awake and pamper lust in minds
Unborn; and therefore foul of body now
As then they were of soul, they here abide
Long as the evil works they left on earth
Shall live to taint mankind. A dreadful doom!
Yet amply merited by all who thus
Have to the Devil's service dedicated
The gift of song, the gift divine of heaven!"

And now they reach'd a huge and massy pile,
Massy it seem'd, and yet with every blast
As to its ruin shook. There, porter fit,
Remorse forever his sad vigils kept.
Pale, hollow-eyed, enameled, sleepless wretch,
Lonly he stood, or, starting, wildly shriek'd,
Aye as the fabric tottering from its base,
Threaten'd its fall, and so expectant still
Lived in the dread of danger still delay'd.
They enter'd there a large and lofty dome,
Over whose black marble sides a dim, dear light
Struggled with darkness from the unfrequent lamp.
Enthroned around, the murderers of mankind,
Monarchs, the great, the glorious, the august,
Each bearing on his brow a crown of fire,
Sat stern and silent. Nimrod, he was there,
First king, the mighty hunter; and that chief
Who did belie his mother's fame, that so
He might be called young Ammon. In this court
Cæsar was crown'd, the great liberticide;
Nor had the Maiden's footsteps ever reached'd
The insulated coast, eternally
Rapt round in endless whirl: but Theodore
Drove with a spirit's will the obedient bark.

They land; a mighty fabric meets their eyes,
Seen by its gem-born light. Of adamant
The pile was framed, forever to abide
Firm in eternal strength. Before the gate
Stood eager Expectation, as to catch
The half-heard murmurs issuing from within,
Her mouth half-open'd, and her head stretch'd forth.
On the other side there stood an aged crane,
Listening to every breath of air; she knew
Vague suppositions and uncertain dreams
Of what was soon to come, for she would mark
The little glow-worm's self-emitted light,
And argue thence of kingdoms overthrown,
And desolated nations; ever fill'd
With undetermined terror, as she heard
Or distant screech-owl, or the regular beat
Of evening death-watch.

"Maid," the spirit cried,
"Here, robed in shadows, dwells Futurity.
There is no eye hath seen her secret form,
For round the Mother of Time eternal mists
Hover. If thou would'st read the book of fate,
Go in!"

The damsels for a moment paused,
Then to the angel spake: "All-gracious Heaven,
Benignant in withholding, hast denied
To man that knowledge. I, in faith assured,
Knowing my heavenly Father for the best
Ordaineth all things, in that faith remain
Contented."

"Well and wisely hast thou said,"
So Theodore replied; "and now, O Maid!
Is there amid this boundless universe
One whom thy soul would visit? Is there place
To memory dear, or vision'd out by hope,
Where thou would'st now be present? Form the
wish,
And I am with thee, there."

His closing speech
Yet sounded on her ear, and lo! they stood
Swift as the sudden thought that guided them,
Within the little cottage that she loved.
"He sleeps! the good man sleeps!" cried
As bending over her uncle's lowly bed
Her eye retraced his features. "See the beads
Which never morn nor night he fails to tell,
Remembrance me, his child, in every prayer.
Oh! peaceful be thy sleep, thou dear old man!
Good Angels guard thy rest! and when thine hour
Is come, as gently mayst thou wake to life,
As when through yonder lattice the next sun
Shall bid thee to thy morning orisons!"

"Thy voice is heard," the angel guide rejoind;
"He sees thee in his dreams, he hears thee breathe
Blessings, and happy is the good man's rest.
Thy fame has reach'd him, for who hath not heard
Thy wondrous exploits? and his aged heart
Hath felt the deepest joy that ever yet
Made his glad blood flow fast. Sleep on, old Claude!

THE VISION OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

The Maiden, musing on the warrior's words,
Turn'd from the Hall of Glory. Now they reach'd
A cavern, at whose mouth a Genius stood,
In front a beardless youth, whose smiling eye
Beam'd promise, but behind, wither'd and old,
And all unlovely. Underneath his feet
Records obliterat'd lay, and laurels scar.
He held an hour-glass, and as the sands fall,
So pass the lives of men. By him they pass
Along the darksome cave: and reach'd a stream,
Still rolling onward its perpetual course.
Noiseless and undisturb'd. Here they ascend
A bark unpiloted; that down the stream
Borne by the current, rush'd, which circling still,
Returning to itself, an island form'd;
Peaceful, pure spirit, be thy sojourn here,
And short and soon thy passage to that world
Where friends shall part no more!

Does thy soul own
No other wish? or sleeps poor Madelon
Forgotten in her grave?—Seest thou yon star,
The spirit pursued, regardless that her eye
Reprouched him; "seest thou that evening star
Whose lovely light so often we beheld
From yonder woodland porch? How have we gazed
Into the dark, deep sky, till the baffled soul,
Lost in the infinite, return'd, and felt
The burden of her bodily load, and yearn'd
For freedom! Maid, in yonder evening star
Lives thy departed friend. I read that glance,
And we are there!"

He said, and they had past
The immeasurable space.

Then on her ear
The lonely song of adoration rose,
Sweet as the cloister'd virgin's vesper hymn,
Whose spirit, happily dead to earthly hopes,
Already lives in heaven. Abrupt the song
Ceased, tremulous and quick a cry
Of joyful wonder roused the astonish'd Maid,
And instant Madelon was in her arms;
No airy form, no unsubstantial shape,
She felt her friend; she press her to her heart;
Their tears of rapture mingled.

She drew back,
And eagerly she gazed on Madelon,
Then fell upon her neck and wept again,
No more she saw the long-drawn lines of grief,
The emaciate form, the hue of sickness,
The languid eye: youth's loveliest freshness now
Mantled her cheek, whose every lineament
Bespake the soul at rest, a holy calm,
A deep and full tranquillity of bliss.

"Thou then art come, my first and dearest friend!"
The well-known voice of Madelon began,
"Thou then art come! And was thy pilgrimage
So short on earth? and was it painful too,
Painful and short as mine? but blessèd they
Who from the crimes and miseries of the world
Early escape!"

"Nay," Theodore replied,
"She hath not yet fulfill'd her mortal work.
Permitted visitant from earth she comes
To see the seat of rest; and oftentimes
In sorrow shall her soul remember this,
And patient of its transitory woe,
Partake again the anticipated joy."

"Soon be that work perform'd!" the Maid exclaim'd,
"O Madelon! O Theodore! My soul,
Spurning the cold communion of the world,
Will dwell with you. But I shall patiently
Yea, even with joy, endure the allotted ills
Of which the memory in this better state
Shall heighten bliss. That hour of agony,
When, Madelon, I felt thy dying grasp,
And from thy forehead wiped the dews of death,
The very anguish of that hour becomes
A joy for memory now."

"O earliest friend!
I too remember," Madelon replied,
"That hour, thy looks of watchful agony,
The suprest grief that struggled in thine eye
Endearing love's last kindness. Thou didst know
With what a deep and earnest hope intense
I felt the hour draw on: but who can speak
The unutterable transport, when mine eyes,
As from a long and dreary dream, unclosed
Amid this peaceful vale,—unclosed upon
My Arnaud! He had built me up a bower,
A bower of rest. — See, Madelon, when he comes,
His manly liniments, his beaming eye,
The same, but now a holier innocence
Sits on his check, and latier thoughts illumne
The enlighten'd glance."

They met; what joy was theirs
He best can feel, who for a dear friend dead
Hath wet the midnight pillow with his tears.

Fair was the scene around; an ample vale
Whose mountain circle at the distant verge
Lay soft'en'd on the sight: the near ascent
Rose bolder up, in part abrupt and bare,
Part with the ancient majesty of woods
Adorn'd, or lifting high its rocks sublime.
A river's liquid radiance roll'd beneath;
Beside the bower of Madelon it wound
A broken stream, whose shallows, though the waves
Roll'd on their way with rapid melody
A child might tread. Behind, an orange grove
Its gay, green foliage star'd with golden fruit.
But with what odors did their blossoms load
The passing gale of eve! Less thrilling sweets
Rose from the marble's perforated floor,
Where kneeling at her prayers, the Moorish queen
Inhaled the cool delight; and whilst she ask'd
The prophet for his promised paradise,
Shaped from the present bliss its utmost joys.
A goodly scene! fair as that fairy land
Where Arthur lives, by ministering spirits borne
From Camelot's bloody banks; or as the groves
Of earliest Eden, where, so legends say,
Enoch abides; and he who, rap't away
By fiery steeds and charioted in fire,
Past in his mortal form the eternal ways;
And John, beloved of Christ, enjoying there
The beatific vision, sometimes seen,
The distant dawning of eternal day,
Till all things be fulfilled.

"Survey this scene:
So Theodore address'd the Maid of Arc;
"There is no evil here, no wretchedness;
It is the heaven of those who nurt on earth
Their nature's gentlest feelings. Yet not here
Centring their joys, but with a patient hope,
Waiting the allotted hour when capable
Of loftier callings, to a better state
They pass; and lither from that better state
Frequent they come, preserving so those ties
Which through the infinite progressiveness
Complete our perfect bliss.
Even such, so blest,  
Save that the memory of no sorrows past  
Heighten’d the present joy, our world was once,  
In the first era of its innocence,  
Ere man had learnt to bow the knee to man.  
Was there a youth whom warm affection fill’d,  
He spake his honest heart; the earliest fruits  
His toil produced, the sweetest flowers that deck’d  
The sunny bank, he gather’d for the maid,  
Nor she disdain’d the gift; for Vice not yet  
Had burst the dungeons of her Hell, and rear’d  
Those artificial boundaries that divide  
Man from his species.  State of blessedness!  
Till that ill-omen’d hour when Cain’s true son  
Delved in the bowels of the earth for gold,  
Accursed bane of virtue, — of such force  
As poets feign dwelt in the Gorgon’s locks,  
Which whose saw, felt instant the life-blood  
Cold curdle in his veins, the creeping flesh  
Grew stiff with horror, and the heart forgot  
To beat. Accursed hour! for man no more  
To Justice paid his homage, but forsook  
Her altars, and bow’d down before the shrine  
Of Wealth and Power, the idols he had made.  
Then Hell enlarged herself, her gates flew wide,  
Her legion fiends rush’d forth. Oppression came,  
Whose frown is desolation, and whose breath  
Blasts like the pestilence; and Poverty,  
A meagre monster, who with withering touch  
Makes barren all the better part of man,  
Mother of Miseries. Then the goodly earth  
Which God had framed for happiness, became  
One theatre of woe, and all that God  
Had given to bless free men, these tyrant fiends  
His bitterest curses made. Yet for the best  
Have all things been appointed by the All-wise!  
For by experience taught shall man at length  
Dash down his Moloch-idoles, Samson-like,  
And burst his fetters. Then in the abyss  
Oppression shall be chain’d, and Poverty  
Die, and with her, her brood of miseries;  
And Virtue and Equality preserve  
The reign of Love, and earth shall once again  
Be Paradise, where Wisdom shall secure  
The state of bliss which Ignorance betray’d.’’  

“Oh age of happiness!” the Maid exclaim’d,  
“Roll fast thy current, Time, till that blest age  
Arrive! and happy thou, my Theodore,  
Permitted thus to see the sacred depths  
Of wisdom!”  

“Such,” the blessed spirit replied,  
“Beloved! such our lot; allowed to range  
The vast infinity, progressive still  
in knowledge and increasing blessedness,  
This our united portion. Thou hast yet  
A little while to sojourn amongst men:  
I will be with thee; there shall not a breeze  
Wanton around thy temples, on whose wing  
I will not hover near; and at that hour  
When from its fleshly sepulchre let loose,  
Thy phœnix soul shall soar, O best-beloved!  
I will be with thee in thine agonies,  
And welcome thee to life and happiness,  
Eternal, infinite beatitude!”  

He spake, and led her near a straw-roof’d cot,  
Love’s palace. By the Virtues circled there  
The Immortal listen’d to such melodies,  
As aye, when one good deed is register’d  
Above, reëcho in the halls of heaven.  
Labor was there, his crisp locks floating loose;  
Clear was his check, and beaming his full eye,  
And strong his arm robust; the wood-nymph  
Health  
Still follow’d on his path, and where he trod  
Fresh flowers and fruits arose. And there was  
Hope,  
The general friend; and Pity, whose mild eye  
Wept o’er the widow’d dove; and, loveliest form,  
Majestic Chastity, whose sober smile  
Delights and awes the soul; a laurel wreath  
Restrain’d her tresses, and upon her breast  
The snow-drop hung its head,  
That seem’d to grow  
Spontaneous, cold and fair. Beside the maid  
Love went submiss, with eye more dangerous  
Then fancied basilisk to wound who’e’er  
Too bold approach’d; yet anxious would he read  
Her every rising wish, then only pleased  
When pleasing. Hymning him, the song was  
raised.  

“Glory to thee whose vivifying power  
Pervades all Nature’s universal frame!  
Glory to thee, Creator Love! to thee,  
Parent of all the smiling Charities,  
That strow the thorny path of life with flowers!  
Glory to thee, Preserver! To thy praise  
The awakened woodslands echo all the day  
Their living melody; and warbling forth  
To thee her twilight song, the nightingale  
Holds the lone traveller from his way, or charms  
The listening poet’s ear. Where Love shall deign  
To fix his seat, there blameless Pleasure sheds  
Her rosyate dew; Content will sojourn there,  
And Happiness behold Affection’s eye  
Gleam with the mother’s smile. Thrice happy he  
Who feels thy holy power! he shall not drag,  
Forlorn and friendless, along life’s long path  
To age’s drear abode; he shall not waste  
The bitter evening of his days unsooth’d;  
But Hope shall cheer his hours of solitude,  
And Vice shall vainly strive to wound his breast,  
That bears that talisman; and when he meets  
The eloquent eye of Tenderness, and hears  
The bosom-thrilling music of her voice,  
The joy he feels shall purify his soul,  
And imp it for anticipated heaven.”  

NOTES.

Note 1, p. 36, col. 1. — Instructing best the passive faculty.

May says of Scopio,  
Erudit at plerius hæcnam et per anna mentem,  
Nocturnique quieta ducet, nulloque labore  
Hic tantum porta est praecious scientia, nulla  
Excipitur studio verus. Martialis cornu  
Tune Deus tute ducet, cum sunt minus apta doceri,  
Cum valuit obscurum praestat, meritoque facitur.
tunc have It vuinly Whore. Facilius across generous situation,— may i' some had a for it will believe

separated of a^^ty a^^ty servant that both bridge story me and ish a from great
These lines strongly resemble a passage in the Pharamond of William Chamberlayne, a poet who has told an interesting story in uncouth rhymes, and mingled sublimity of thought and expression of beauty, with the quaintest conceits and most awkward inversions.

The same idea, and almost the same words, are in one of Ford's plays. The passage is a very fine one: A', you are wretched, miserably wretched, Almost con'mand'd alive! There is a place, (List, daughter!) in a black and hollow vault, Where day is never seen; there shines no sun, But flaming horror of consuming fires: A lightless silent, also died with smoke foggs Of an infected darkness. In this place Dwelt many thousand thousands sandry sorts Of never-dying deaths; there damned souls Roost without pity, there are gluttons fed With toads and adders: there is burning oil Pour'd down the drunkard's throat, the sourer Is forced to sup whole draughts of molten gold: There is the murderer for ever stabb'd, Yet he can never die: there lies the wanton On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul He feels the torment of his raging lust.

I wrote this passage when very young, and the idea, trite as it is, was new to me. It occurs I believe in must descriptions of hell, and perhaps owes its origin to the fates of Crassus.

During the siege of Jerusalem, "the Roman commander, with a generous clemency, that inseparable attendant on true heroism, labored incessantly, and to the very last moment, to preserve the place. With this view, he again and again entreated the tyrants to surrender and save their lives. With the same view also, after carrying the second wall, the siege was intermitted four days: to resume their fears, pretenses, to the number of five hundred or more, were cruelly and daily before the walls: till space, Josephus says, was wanting for the crews, and croppers for the captives."—Churton'sampton Lectures.

If any of my readers should inquire why Titus Vespasian, the delight of mankind, is placed in such a situation,—I answer, for this instance of "his generous clemency, that inseparable attendant on true heroism."
Juvenile and Minor Poems.

VOL. I.

What I was, is pass'd by Wither.

PREFACE.

The earliest pieces in these Juvenile and Minor Poems were written before the writer had left school; between the date of these and of the latest there is an interval of six and forty years: as much difference, therefore, may be perceived in them, as in the different stages of life from boyhood to old age.

Some of the earliest appeared in a little volume published at Bath in the autumn of 1794, with this title: — "Poems containing the Retrospect, &c. by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey, 1795;" and with this motto:

Minucentur anné Carmine cæo. — HORACE.

At the end of that volume, Joan of Arc was announced as to be published by subscription.

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

Godess of the Lyre, —
with thee comes
Majestic Truth; and where Truth designs to come,
His 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,

Nec her nocivus esse mild;

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 twelfth 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 biographers, should be included here. They who may desire to know more than is stated in the advertisement now prefixed to it, are referred to a Letter addressed to William Smith, 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 Laureate I have written upon national occasions. Of these the Carmen Triumphale, and the Carmen Aulica, were separately published in quarto in 1814, and reprinted together in a little volume in 1821.

The Juvenile and Minor Poems in this Collection bear an inconsiderable proportion to those
of substantive length: for a small part only of my youthful effusions were spared from those autopsidae 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 me little leisure for occasional poetry: the impulse ceased, and latterly the inclination was so seldom felt, that it required an effort to call it forth.

Sir William Davenant, in the Preface to Gondibert, "took occasion to accuse and condemn all those hasty digestions of thought which were published in his youth; a sentence, said he, not pronounced out of melancholy rigour, but from a cheerful obedience to the just authority of experience. For that grave mistress of the world, experience (in whose profitable school those before the Flood stayed long, but we, like wanton children, come thither late, yet too soon are called out of it, and fetched home by death) hath taught me that the engenderings of unrifcage become abortive and deformed: and that 't is a high presumption to entertain a nation (who are a poet's standing guest, and require monarchical respect) with hasty provisions; as if a poet might imitate the familiar despatch of faulconers. mount his Pegasus, unhood his Muse, and, with a few flights, boast he hath provided a feast for a prince. Such posting upon Pegasus I have long since forborne." Yet this eminently thoughtful poet was so far from seeking to suppress the crude compositions which he thus condemned, that he often expressed a great desire to see all his pieces collected in one volume; and, conformably to his wish, they were so collected, after his decease, by his widow and his friend Herringman the bookseller.

Agreeing with Davenant in condemning the greater part of my juvenile pieces, it is only as curdities that I condemn them; for in all that I have written, whether in prose or verse, there has never been a line which, for any compunctions reason, living or dying, I could wish to blot.

Davenant had not changed his opinion of his own youthful productions so as to overlook in his age the defects which he had once clearly perceived; but he knew that pieces which it would indeed have been presumptuous to re-produce 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 literature 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 art it must be studied by 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 imitative talent, and the power of versifying, for which, as for music, there must be a certain natural aptitude. It is not merely because "they have lacked culture and the inspiring aid of books," "that so many poets who have been "sown by Nature," have "wanted the accomplishment of verse," and brought forth no fruit after their kind. 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 endeavor 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 incurable 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. Its fairest promise frequently proves deceitful, whereas both in painting and music the early indications of genius are unequivocal. The children who were called musical prodigies, have become great musicians; and great painters, as far as their history is known, have displayed in childhood that accuracy of eye, and dexterity of hand, and shaping faculty, which are the prime requisites for their calling. But it is often found that young poets, of whom great expectations were formed, have made no progress, and have even fallen short of their first performances. It may be said that this is because men apply themselves to music and to painting as their professions, but that no one makes poetry the business of his 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 favorable 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 learned 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, I have, nevertheless, no 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.

* Wordsworth
TO EDITH SOUTHEY.

With way-worn feet, a traveller woe-begone,
Life's upward road I journey'd many a day,
And framing many a sad yet soothing lay,
Beguiled the solitary hours with song.
Lonely my heart and rugged was the way,
Yet often pluck'd I, as I past along,
The wild and simple flowers of posy;
And sometimes, unreflecting as a child,
Entwined the weeds which pleased a random eye.
Take thou the wreath, Beloved: it is wild
And rudely garlanded; yet scorn not thou
The humble offering, where dark rosemary weaves
Amid gay flowers its melancholy leaves,
And myrtle gathered to adorn thy brow.

Bristol, 1796.

THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN.

The Subject of this Poem is taken from the third and fourth Chapters of the First Book of Esdras.

TO MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

The lily check, the "purple light of love,"
The liquid lustre of the melting eye,—
Mary! of these the Poet sung, for these
Did Woman triumph;—turn not thou away
Contemptuous from the theme. No Maid of Arc
Had, in those ages, for her country's cause
Wielded the sword of freedom; no Roland
Had borne the palm of female fortitude;
No Cordic, with self-sacrificing zeal,
Had glorified again the Avenger's name,
As erst when Caesar perish'd: haply too
Some strains may hence be drawn, befitting me
To offer, nor unworthy thy regard.

Robert Southey.

Bristol, 1795.

THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN.

Glad as the weary traveller tempest tossed
To reach secure at length his native coast,
Who wandering long o'er distant lands hath sped,
The night-blast wildly howling round his head,
Known all the woes of want, and felt the storm
Of the bleak winter parch his shivering form;
The journey o'er and every peril past
Beholds his little cottage-home at last,
And as he sees afar the smoke curl slow,
Feels his full eyes with transport overflow;
So from the scene where Death and Misery reign,
And Vice and Folly drench with blood the plain,
Joyful I turn, to sing how Woman's praise
Avail'd again Jerusalem to raise,

Call'd forth the sanction of the Despot's nod,
And freed the nation best beloved of God.

Darius gives the feast; to Persia's court,
Aved by his will, the obedient throng resort:
Attending Satraps swell their prince's pride,
And vanquish'd Monarchs grace the Conqueror's side.

No more the warrior wears the garb of war,
Girls on the sword, or mounts the scythed car;
No more Judea's sons deserted go,
And hang the head, and heave the sigh of woe.
From Persia's rugged hills descend the train,
From where Orontes foams along the plain,
From where Choaspes rolls his royal waves,
And India sends her sons, submissive slaves.
They daughters, Babylon, for this high feast
Weave the loose robe, and paint the flowery vest,
With roseate wreaths they brind the glossy hair,
They tinge the cheek which nature form'd so fair,
Learn the soft step, the soul-subduing glance,
Melt in the song, and swim adown the dance.

Exalted on the Monarch's golden throne,
In royal state the fair Apane shone;
Her form of majesty, her eyes of fire,
Chill with respect, or kindle with desire;
The admiring multitude her charms adore,
And own her worthy of the rank she bore.

Now on his couch reclined Darius lay,
Tired with the toilsome pleasures of the day;
Without Judea's watchful sons await,
To guard the sleeping idol of the state.
Three youths were these of Judah's royal race,
Three youths whom Nature dower'd with every grace,
To each the form of symmetry she gave,
And haughty genius cursed each favorite slave;
These fill'd the cup, around the Monarch kept,
Served when he spake, and guarded while he slept.

Yet o'er for Salem's hollow'd towers laid low
The sigh would heave, the unbidden tear would flow;
And when the dull and wearying round of power
Allow'd Zorobabel one vacant hour,
He loved on Babylon's high wall to roam,
And lingering gaze toward his distant home;
Or on Euphrates' willowy banks reclined
Hear the sad harp mean fitful to the wind.

As now the perfumed lamps stream wide their light,
And social converse cheers the livelong night,
Thus spake Zorobabel: "Too long in vain
For Zion desolate her sons complain;
All hopelessly our years of sorrow flow,
And these proud heathen mock their captives' woe.
While Cyrus triumph'd here in victor state
A brighter prospect cheer'd our exiled fate;
Our sacred walls again he bade us raise,
And to Jehovah rear the pile of praise.
Quickly these fond hopes faded from our eyes,
As the frail sun that gilds the wintry skies,
And spreads a moment's radiance o'er the plain,
Soon hid by clouds which dim the scene again.
THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN.

"Opprest by Artaxerxes' jealous reign,
We vainly pleaded here, and wept in vain.
Now when Darius, chief of mild command,
Bids joy and pleasure fill the festive land,
Still shall we droop the head in sudden grief,
And sternly silent shun to seek relief."

What if amid the Monarch's mirthful throng
Our harps should echo to the cheerful song?"

"Fair is the occasion," thus the one replied;
"Now then let all our tuneful skill be tried.
And while the courtiers quaff the smiling bowl,
And wine's strong fumes inspire the gladdened soul,
Where all around is merriment, be mine
To strike the lute, and praise the power of Wine."

"And while," his friend rejoined, "in state alone,
Lord of the earth, Darius fills the throne,
Be yours the mighty power of Wine to sing,
My lute shall sound the praise of Persia's King."

To them Zorobabel: "On themes like these
Seek ye the Monarch of Mankind to please;
To Wine superior, or to Power's strong arms,
Be mine to sing resistless Woman's charms.
To him victorious in the rival lays
Shall just Darius give the meed of praise;
A purple robe his honor'd frame shall fold,
The beverage sparkle in his cup of gold;
A golden couch support his bed of rest,
The chain of honor grace his favor'd breast;
His the rich turban, his the car's array,
On Babylon's high wall to wheel its way;
And for his wisdom seated on the throne,
For the King's Counsel shall the Bard be known."

Intent they meditate the future lay,
And watch impatient for the dawn of day.
The morn rose clear, and shrill were heard the flute,
The cornet, sackbut, dulcimer, and lute;
To Babylon's gay streets the throng resort,
Swarm through the gates, and fill the festive court.
High on his throne Darius tower'd in pride,
The fair Apane grace her Sovereign's side:
And now she smiled, and now with mimic frown
Placed on her brow the Monarch's sacred crown.
In transport o'er her faultless form he bends,
Loves every look, and every act commends.

And now Darius bids the herald call
Juda's Bards to grace the thronging hall.
Hush'd are all sounds, the attending crowd are mute,
And then the Hebrew gently touch'd the lute:

When the Traveller on his way,
Who has told the livelong day,
Feels around on every side
The chilly mists of evantide,
Fatigued and faint his weary mind
Recurs to all he leaves behind;
He thinks upon the well-trimm'd hearth,
The evening hour of social mirth,
And her who at departing day
Weeps for her husband far away.

Oh give to him the flowing bowl!
Bid it renovate his soul:
Then shall sorrow sink to sleep,
And he who wept no more shall weep;
For his care-clouded brow shall clear,
And his glad eye will sparkle through the tear.

When the poor man heart-oppress
Betrakes him to his evening rest,
And worn with labor thinks in sorrow
On the labor of to-morrow;
When repining at his lot
He hies him to his joyless cot,
And loathes to meet his children there,
The rivals for his scanty fare;
Oh give to him the flowing bowl!
Bid it renovate his soul!
The generous juice with magic power
Shall cheat with happiness the hour,
And with each warm affection fill
The heart by want and wretchedness made chill.

When, at the dim close of day,
The Captive loves alone to stray
Along the haunts reclusive and rude
Of sorrow and of solitude;
When he sits with mournful eye
To mark the lingering sadness die,
And lets distempered fancy roam
Amid the ruins of his home;—
Oh give to him the flowing bowl!
Bid it renovate his soul!
The bowl shall better thoughts bestow,
And lull to rest his wakeful woe,
And joy shall gild the evening hour,
And make the Captive Fortune's conqueror.

When the wearying cares of state
Oppress the Monarch with their weight,
When from his pomp retired alone
He feels the duties of the throne,
Feels that the multitude below
Depend on him for weal or woe;
When his powerful will may bless
A realm with peace and happiness,
Or with desolating breath
Breathes ruin round, and woe, and death;
Oh give to him the flowing bowl!
Bid it humanize his soul!
He shall not feel the empire's weight;
He shall not feel the cares of state;
The bowl shall each dark thought beguile,
And Nations live and prosper from his smile.

Hush'd was the lute, the Hebrew ceased the song,
Long peals of plaudits echoed from the throng;
All tongues the liberal words of praise repaid,
On every cheek a smile applauding play'd;
The rival Bard approach'd, he struck the string,
And pour'd the lofter song to Persia's King.

Why should the wearying cares of state
Oppress the Monarch with their weight?
Alike to him if peace shall bless
The multitude with happiness;
Alike to him if frenzied War
Career triumphant on the embattled plain,
And rolling on o'er myriads slain,
With gore and wounds shall clog his scythed car.
What though the tempest rage? no sound
Of the deep thunder shakes his distant throne;
And the red flash that spreads destruction round
Reflects a glorious splendor on the crown.

Where is the Man who with ennobling pride
Regards not his own nature? where is he
Who without awe can see
The mysteries of the human mind,
The miniature of Dety?
For Man the vernal clouds descending
Shower down their fertilizing rain;
For Man the ripen'd harvest bending
Waves with soft murmurs o'er the plenteous plain.
He spreads the sail to catch the favoring gale,
Or sweeps with ears the main;
For him the winds of heaven subservient blow,
Earth teems for him, for him the waters flow,
He thinks, and wills, and acts, a Deity below!

Where is the King who with enating pride
Sees not this Man, this godlike Man his slave?
Mean are the mighty by the Monarch's side;
Alike the wise, alike the brave
With timid step and pale, advance,
And tremble at the royal glance;
Suspended millions watch his breath,
Whose smile is happiness, whose frown is death.

Why goes the Peasant from that little cot,
Where Peace and Love have bled his humble life?
In vain his wretched wife
With tears beweeps her husband's face,
And clasps him in a long and last embrace;
In vain his children round his bosom creep,
And weep to see their mother weep,
Fettering their father with their little arms!
What are to him the war's alarms?
What are to him the distant foes?
He at the earliest dawn of day
To daily labor went his way,
And when he saw the sun decline,
He sat in peace beneath his vine.
The King commands, the peasant goes,
From all he loved on earth he flies,
And for his monarch toils, and fights, and bleeds,
And dies.

What though thou city's castled wall
Cast o'er the darken'd plain its crested shade?
What though her Priests in earnest terror call
On all their host of Gods to aid?
Vain is the bulwark, vain the tower!
In vain her gallant youth expose
Their breasts, a bulwark, to the foes!
In vain at that tremendous hour,
Clasp'd in the savage soldier's reeking arms,
Shrieks to deaf Heaven the violated Maid!
By the rude hand of Ruin scatter'd round,
Their moss-grown towers shall spread the desert ground.

Low shall the mouldering palace lie,
Amid the princely halls the grass wave high,
And through the shattered roof descend the in
clement sky.

Gay o'er the embattled plain
Moves yonder warrior train;
Their banners wanton on the morning gale,
Full on their bucklers beans the rising ray;
Their glittering helmets give glory to the day;
The shout of war rings echoing o'er the vale.
Far reaches as the aching eye can strain
The splendid horror of their wide array
Ah! not in vain expectant, o'er
Their glorious pomp the vultures soar!
Amid the Conqueror's palace high
Shall sound the song of victory;
Long after journeying o'er the plain
The traveller shall with startled eye [Iter sky
See their white bones then blanched by many a win

Lord of the earth! we will not raise
The temple to thy bounded praise;
For thee no victor need expire,
For thee no altar blaze with hallow'd fire;
The burning City flames for thee,
Thine Altar is the field of victory!
Thy sacred Majesty to bless
Man a self-offer'd victim freely flies;
To thee he sacrifices happiness,
And peace, and Love's endearing ties;
To thee a Slave he lives, for thee a Slave he dies.

Hush'd was the lute, the Hebrew ceased to sing;
The shout burst forth, "Forever live the King!"
Loud was the uproar, as when Rome's decree
 Pronounced Achaia once again was free;
Assembled Greece enwrapt with fond belief [Chief.
Heard the false boon, and bless'd the treacherous
Each breast with freedom's holy ardor glows,
From every voice the cry of rapture rose;
Their thundering clamors rend the astonished sky,
And birds o'erpassing hear, and drop, and die.
Thus o'er the Persian dome their plaudits ring,
And the high hall reecho'd — "Live the King!"
The mutes bow'd reverent down before their Lord,
The assembled Satraps envied and adored,
Joy sparkled in the Monarch's conscious eyes,
And his pleased pride already doom'd the prize.

Silent they saw Zorobabel advance:
He to Apame turn'd his timid glance;
With downward eye he paused, a moment mute,
Then with light finger touch'd the softer lute.
Apame knew the Hebrew's grateful cause,
And bent her head, and sweetly smiled applause.

Why is the warrior's cheek so red?
Why downward droops his musing head?
Why that slow step, that faint advance,
That keen yet quick retreating glance?
That crested head in war tower'd high;
No backward glance disgraced that eye,
No flushing fear that check o'erspread,
When stern he strode o'er heaps of dead:

THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN.
Strange tumult now his bosom moves,—
The Warrior fears because he loves.

Why does the Youth delight to rove
Arid the dark and lonely grove?
Why in the throng where all are gay,
With absent eyes from gayety distraight,
Sits he alone in silent thought?
Silent he sits, for far away
His passion'd soul delights to stray;
Recluse he roves as if he fain would shun
All human-kind, because he loves but One!

Yes, King of Persia, thou art blest!
But not because the sparkling bowl
To rapture elevates thy waken'd soul;
But not because of power possesst;
Nor that the Nations dread thy nod,
And princes reverence thee their earthly God!

Even on a monarch's solitude
Will Cave, dark visitant, intrude;
The bowl brief pleasure can bestow;
The purple cannot shield from woe;
But, King of Persia, thou art blest,
For Heaven who raised thee thus the world above,
Hath made thee happy in Apame's love!

Oh! I have seen him fondly trace
The heavenly features of her face,
Rove o'er her form with eager eye,
And sigh and gaze, and gaze and sigh.
See! from his brow with mimic frown
Apame takes the sacred crown;
Those sparkling eyes, that radiant face,
Give to the diadem new grace:
And subject to a Woman's laws,
Darius sees, and smiles applause!

He ceased, and silent still remain'd the throng,
While rapt attention own'd the power of song.
Then, loud as when the wintry whirlwinds blow,
From every voice the thundering plaintids flow;
Darius smiled, Apame's sparkling eyes
Glanced on the King, and Woman won the prize.

Now silent sate the expectant crowd:— Alone
The victor Hebrew gazed not on the throne;
With deeper hue his cheek distemper'd glows,
With statelier stature loftier now he rose;
Heavenward he gazed, regardless of the throng,
And pour'd with awful voice sublimer song.

"Ancient of days! Eternal Truth! one hymn,
One holier strain the Bard shall raise to Thee,
Thee Powerful! Thee Benevolent! Thee Just!
Friend! Father! All in all!—The Vine's rich blood,
[charms,
The Monarch's might, and Woman's conquering
Those shall we praise alone?—O ye who sit
Beneath your vine, and quaff at evening hour
The healthful bowl, remember Him whose dews,
Whose rains, whose sun, matured the growing fruit,
Creator and Preserver!—Reverence Him,
O Thou who from thy throne dispensest life
And death, for He hath delegated power,
And thou shalt one day at the throne of God
Render thy strict account!—And ye who gaze
Enrapt on Beauty's fascinating form,
Gaze on with love; and loving beauty, learn
To shun abhorrent all the mental eye
Beholds deform'd and foul; for so shall Love
Climb to the source of goodness. God of Truth! All Just! All Mighty! I should ill deserve
Thy noblest gift, the gift divine of song,
If, so content with car-deep melodies
To please all-profitless, I did not pour
Severer strains,—of Truth,—eternal Truth,
Unechanging Justice, universal Love.
Such strains awake the Soul to loftiest thoughts;
Such strains the blessed Spirits of the Good
Wait, grateful incense, to the Halls of Heaven."

The dying notes still murmur'd on the string,
When from his throne arose the raptured King.
About to speak he stood, and waved his hand,
And all expectant sate the obdient band.

Then just and generous, thus the Monarch cries,
"Be thine, Zorobabel, the well-earn'd prize.
The purple robe of state thy form shall fold,
The beverage sparkle in thy cup of gold,
The golden couch, the car, and honor'd chain,
Requite the merits of thy favor'd strain,
And raised supreme the ennobled race among,
Be call'd My Cousin for the victor song.
Nor these alone the victor song shall bless;
Ask what thou wilt, and what thou wilt possess."

"Fallen is Jerusalem!" the Hebrew cries,
And patriot anguish fills his streaming eyes,
"Hurl'd to the earth by Rapine's vengeful rod,
Polluted lies the temple of our God;
Far in a foreign land her sons remain,
Hear the keen taunt, and drag the galling chain;
In fruitless woe they wear the weary years,
And steep the bread of bitterness in tears.
O Monarch, greatest, mildest, best of men,
Restore us to those ruin'd walls again!
Allow us to rebuild that sacred dome,
To live in liberty, and die at Home."

So spake Zorobabel. — Thus Woman's praise
Avail'd again Jerusalem to raise,
Call'd forth the sanction of the Despot's nod,
And freed the Nation best beloved of God.

Brixton Causeway, 1793.

WAT TYLER;
A DRAMA.

Twenty years ago, upon the surreptitious publication of this notable Drama, and the use which was made of it, I said what it then became me to say is a letter to one of those gentlemen who thought proper to revile me, not for having entertained democratical opinions, but for having outgrown them, and learnt to appreciate and to defend the institutions of my country.
Had I written lewdly in my youth, like Beza,—like Beza, I
would ask pardon of God and man; and no considerations
should induce me to reprint what I could never think of
without sorrow and shame. Had I at any time, like St.
Augustine, taught doctrines which I afterwards perceived
to be erroneous,—and if, as in his case, my position in
society, and the estimation in which I was held, gave weight
to what I had advanced, and made these errors dangerous
to others,—like St. Augustine, I would publish my retrac-
tions, and endeavor to counteract the evil which, though
cringly, with no evil intention, I had caused.
Wherefore then, it may be asked, have I included Wat Tyler
in this authentic collection of my poetical works? For
these reasons,—that it may not be supposed I think it any
reproof to have written it, or that I am more ashamed of
having been a republican, than of having been a boy. Qui-
cunque obtinerent sunt, non me imitantur errantes, sed in melius
proficientem; Internet enim fortasse, quemodo scribens pro-
feram, quia quae opuscula mea, ordinem quo scripta sunt, legert.*

I have endeavored to correct in my other juvenile pieces such
faults as were corrigible. But Wat Tyler appears just as
it was written, in the course of three mornings, in 1791;
the stolen copy, which was committed to the press twenty-
three years afterwards, not having undergone the slightest
correction of any kind.

ACT I.

Scene. A Blacksmith's shop; Wat Tyler at
work within; a May-pole before the door.

Alice, Piers, &c.

Song.

Cheerful on this holiday,
Welcome we the merry May.
On every sunny hillock spread,
The pale primrose lifts her head;
Rich with sweets, the western gale
Sweeps along the cowslip'd dale;
Every bank, with violets gay,
Smiles to welcome in the May.
The linnet from the budding grove
Chirps her vernal song of love.
The cope resounds the thrrostle's notes;
On each wild gale sweet music floats;
And melody from every spray
Welcome in the merry May.

Cheerful on this holiday,
Welcome we the merry May. [Dance.

[During the dance, Tyler lays down his hammer,
and sits mournfully doon before the door.

Hob Carter. Why so sad, neighbor?—do not
these gay sports,
This revelry of youth, recall the days
When we too mingled in the revelry,
And lightly tripping in the morris dance,
Welcome the merry month?

Tyler. Ay, we were young;
No cares had quell'd the heyday of the blood;
We sported deftly in the April morn.

* St. Augustine.

Nor mark'd the black clouds gathering o'er our
Nor fear'd the storm of night. [noon.

Hob. Beshrew me, Tyler,
But my heart joys to see the insp so cheerful!
Young, hale, and happy, why should they destroy
These blessings by reflection?

Tyler. Look ye, neighbor—
You have known me long.

Hob. Since we were boys together,
And play'd at barley-brake, and danced the morris.
Some five-and-twenty years!

Tyler. Was not I young,
And hale, and happy?

Hob. Cheerful as the best. [man?

Tyler. Have not I been a staid, hard-working
Up with the lark at labor; sober, honest,
Of an unblemish'd character?

Hob. Who doubts it?
There's never a man in Essex bears a better.

Tyler. And shall not these, though young, and
hale, and happy,
Look on with sorrow to the future hour?
Shall not reflection poison all their pleasures?
When I—the honest, staid, hard-working Tyler,
Toil through the long course of the summer's day,
Still toiling, yet still poor! when with hard labor
Scarcely can I furnish out my daily food,
And age comes on to steal away my strength,
And leave me poor and wretched! Why should
this be?
My youth was regular—my labor constant—
I married an industrious, virtuous woman—
Nor while I toil'd and sweated at the anvil,
Sat she neglectful of her spinning-wheel.
Hob! I have only six groats in the world,
And they must soon by law be taken from me.

Hob. Curse on these taxes—one succeeds an
other—
Our ministers, panders of a king's will,
Drain all our wealth away, waste it in revels,
And lure, or force away our boys, who should be
The props of our old age, to fill their armies,
And feed the crowns of France. Year follows year,
And still we madly prosecute the war;
Draining our wealth, distressing our poor peasants,
Slaughtering our youths—and all to crown our
chiefs
With glory!—I detest the hell-sprung name.

Tyler. What matters me who wears the crown
of France?
Whether a Richard or a Charles possess it?
They reap the glory—they enjoy the spoil—
We pay—we bleed! The sun would shine as
The rains of heaven as seasonably fall, [cheerly,
Though neither of these royal pests existed.

Hob. Nay, as for that, we poor men should fare
better;
No legal robbers then should force away
The hard-earn'd wages of our honest toil.
The Parliament forever cries more money;
The service of the state demands more money.
Just heaven! of what service is the state?

Tyler. O, 'tis of vast importance! who should
The luxuries and riots of the court? [pay for
Who should support the flattering courtiers' pride,
Pay for their midnight revels, their rich garments,
Did not the state enforce?—Think ye, my friend,
That I, a humble blacksmith, here at Deptford,
Would part with these six groats — earn'd by hard toil,
All that I have! to massacre the Frenchmen,
Murther as enemies men I never saw!
Did not the state compel me?

(Tax-gatherers pass by.)

There they go, Privileged ruffians! [Piers & Alice advance to him.

Alice. Did we not dance it well to-day, my father?
You know I always loved these village sports,
Even from my infancy, and yet methinks
I never tripp'd along the mead so gayly.
You know they chose me queen, and your friend

Piers

Wreathed me this cowslip garland for my head —
Is it not simple? — You are sad, my father!
You should have rested from your work to-day,
And given a few hours up to merriment —
But you are so serious!

Tyler.

Serious, my good girl! I may well be so: when I look at thee,
It makes me sad! thou art too fair a flower
To bear the wintry wind of poverty.

Piers. Yet I have often heard you speak of riches
Even with contempt; they cannot purchase peace,
Or innocence, or virtue; sounder sleep
Waits on the weary ploughman's lowly bed,
Than on the downy couch of luxury
Lulls the rich slave of pride and indolence.
I never wish for wealth; my arm is strong,
And I can purchase by it a coarse meal,
And hunger savors it.

Tyler.

Young man, thy mind
Has yet to learn the hard lesson of experience.
Thou art yet young: the blasting breath of want
Has not yet froze the current of thy blood.

Piers.

Fare not the birds well, as from spray to spray,
Blithesome they bound, yet find their simple food
Scatter'd abundantly?

Tyler.

No fancied boundaries of mine and thine
Restrain their wanderings. Nature gives enough
For all; but man, with arrogant selfishness,
Proud of his heaps, hoards up superfluous stores
Robb'd from his weaker fellows, starves the poor,
Or gives to pity what he owes to Justice!

Piers. So I have heard our good friend John Ball preach.

Alice. My father, wherefore was John Ball immur'd?

Was he not charitable, good, and pious?
I have heard him say that all mankind are brethren,
And that like brethren they should love each other;
Was not that doctrine pious?

Tyler.

Rank sedition —
High treason, every syllable, my child!
The priests cry out on him for heresy,
The nobles all detest him as a rebel,
And this good man, this minister of Christ,
This man, the friend and brother of mankind,
Lingers in the dark dungeon! — My dear Alice,
Retire awhile.

[Exit Alice.

Piers, I would speak to thee,
Even with a father's love! you are much with me,
And I believe do court my conversation;
Thou could'st not choose thee for a truer friend.
I would fain see thee happy, but I fear
Thy very virtues will destroy thy peace.
My daughter — she is young — not yet fifteen:
Piers, thou art generous, and thy youthful heart
Warms with affection; this close intimacy
Will ere long grow to love.

Piers. Suppose it so;
Were that an evil, Walter? She is mild,
And cheerful, and industrious: — now methinks
With such a partner life would be most happy!
Why would ye warn me then of wretchedness?
Is there an evil that can harm our lot?
I have been told the virtuous must be happy,
And have believed it true: tell me, my friend,
What shall disturb the virtuous?

Tyler.

Poverty,
A bitter foe.

Piers. Nay, you have often told me
That happiness does not consist in riches.

Tyler. It is most true: but tell me, my dear boy,
Could'st thou be happy to behold thy wife
Pining with want? the children of your loves
Chid in the squab rays of wretchedness?

And, when thy hard and unremitting toil
Had earn'd with pain a scanty recompense,
Could'st thou be patient when the law should rob thee,
And leave thee without bread, and penniless?

Piers. It is a dreadful picture.

Tyler.

Tis a true one.

Piers. But yet methinks our sober industry
Might drive away the danger! 'tis but little
That I could wish; food for our frugal meals,
Raiment, however homely, and a bed
To shield us from the night.

Tyler. Thy honest reason
Could wish no more: but were it not most wretched
To want the coarse food for the frugal meal?
And by the orders of your merciless lord,
If you by chance were guilty of being poor,
To be turn'd out adrift to the bleak world,
Unhouse'd, unfriended? — Piers, I have not been idle,
I never ate the bread of indolence;
Could Alice be more thriftv than her mother?
Yet with but one child, — and that one how good,
Thou knowest, — I scarcely can provide the wants
Of nature: look at these wolves of the law,
They come to drain me of my hard-earn'd wages.
I have already paid the heavy tax
Laid on the wool that clothes me, on my leather,
On all the needful articles of life!
And now three groats (and I work'd hard to earn them)
The Parliament demands — and I must pay them,
Forsooth, for liberty to wear my head.

[Enter Tax-gatherers.

Collector. Three groats a head for all your family.

Piers. Why is this money gather'd? 'tis a hard tax
On the poor laborer! It can never be
That Government should thus distress the people.
Go to the rich for money — honest labor
Ought to enjoy its fruits.

Collector. The state wants money;
War is expensive — 'tis a glorious war,
A war of honor, and must be supported.

Three groats a head.

Tyler. There, three for my own head,
Three for my wife's; what will the state tax next?
Collector. You have a daughter.

Tyler. She is below the age — not yet fifteen.
Collector. You would evade the tax.

Tyler. Sir Officer,
I have paid you fairly what the law demands.

[Act and her mother enter the shop. The Tax-
gatherers go to her. One of them lays hold of
her. She screams. — Tyler goes in.

Collector. You say she's under age.

[Act screams again. Tyler knocks out the Tax-
gatherer's brains. His companions fly.

Piers. A just revenge. [law

Tyler. Most just indeed; but in the eye of the
'Tis murder: and the murderer's lot is mine.

[Piers goes out — Tyler sits down mournfully.

[Act. Fly, my dear father! let us leave this place
Before they raise pursuit.

Tyler. Nay, nay, my child,
Flight would be useless — I have done my duty;
I have punish'd the brute insolence of lust,
And here will wait my doom.

Wife. Oh, let us fly,
My husband, my dear husband!

Alice. Quit but this place,
And we may yet be safe, and happy too.

Tyler. It would be useless, Alice; 't would but
lengthen
A wretched life in fear.

[Cry without, Liberty, Liberty! Enter Mob, Hon
Carter, &c. crying Liberty! Liberty! No
Poll-tax! No War!

Hob. We have broken our chains; we will arise
in anger;
The mighty multitude shall trample down
The handful that oppress them.

Tyler. Have ye heard
So soon then of my murder?

Hob. Of your vengeance.
Piers ran throughout the village: told the news —
Cried out, To arms! — arm, arm for liberty;
For Liberty and Justice!

Tyler. My good friends,
Heed well your danger, or be resolute!
Learn to laugh menaces and force to scorn,
Or leave me. I dare answer the bold deed —
Death must come once: return ye to your homes,
Protect my wife and child, and on my grave
Write why I died; perhaps the time may come,
When honest Justice shall applaud the deed.

Hob. Nay, nay, we are oppress'd, and have too long
Knelt at our proud lords' feet; we have too long
Obey'd their orders, bow'd to their caprices,
Sweated for them the wearying summer's day,
Wasted for them the wages of our toil,
Fought for them, conquer'd for them, bled for them,
Still to be trampled on, and still despised!
But we have broke our chains.

Tom Miller. Piers is gone on
Through all the neighboring villages, to spread
The glorious tidings.

Hob. He is hurried on
To Maidstone, to deliver good John Ball,
Our friend, our shepherd. [Mob increases.

Tyler. Friends and countrymen,
Will ye then rise to save an honest man
From the fierce clutches of the bloody law?
Oh, do not call to mind my private wrongs, [me,
That the state drain'd my hard-earn'd pittance from
That, of his office proud, the foul Collector
Durst with levied band seize on my darling child,
Insult her maiden modesty, and force
A father's hand to vengeance; heed not this;
Think not, my countrymen, on private wrongs;
Remember what yourselves have long endured;
Think of the insults, wrongs, and contumelies,
Ye bear from your proud lords that your hard toil
Manures their fertile fields — you plough the earth,
You sow the corn, you reap the ripen'd harvest,
— They riot on the produce! — that, like beasts,
They sell you with their land, claim all the fruits
Which the kindly earth produces, as their own,
The privilege, forsooth, of noble birth!
On, on to freedom; feel but your own strength,
Be but resolved, and these destructive tyrants
Shall shrink before your vengeance.

Hob. On to London,—
The tidings fly before us — the court trembles,—
Liberty — Vengeance — Justice.

ACT II.

Scene I. Blackheath.

Tyler, Hob, &c.

song.

'When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?'

Wretched is the infant's lot,
Born within the straw-roof'd cot;
Be he generous, wise, or brave,
He must only be a slave.

Long, long labor, little rest,
Still to toil to be oppress'd;
Drain'd by taxes of his store,
Punish'd next for being poor:
This is the poor wretch's lot,
Born within the straw-roof'd cot.

While the peasant works, — to sleep,
What the peasant sows, — to reap,
On the cough of case to lie,
Rioting in revelry;
Be he villain, be he fool,
Still to hold despotic rule,
Trampling on his slaves with scorn!

This is to be nobly born.
'When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?'

Jack Straw. The mob are up in London — the proud courtiers

Begin to tremble.

Tom Miller. Ay, ay, 'tis time to tremble:
Who'll plough their fields, who'll do their drudgery now.
And work like horses to give them the harvest?

Jack Straw. I only wonder why we lay quiet so long.

We had always the same strength; and we deserved
The ills we met with for not using it.

Hob. Why do we fear those animals call'd lords?
What is there in the name to frighten us?
Is not my arm as mighty as a Baron's?

Enter Pieris and John Ball.

Piers, (to Tyler.) Have I done well, my father? I remember'd
This good man lay in prison.

Tyler. My dear child, most well; the people rise for liberty,
And their first deed should be to break the chains
That binds the virtuous: — Oh, thou honest priest,
How much hast thou endured?

John Ball. Why, ay, my friend!
These squad beasts bespeak what I have suffer'd,
I was reviled, insulted, leant to languish
In a damp dungeon; but I bore it cheerfully
My heart was glad — for I had done my duty.
I pitied my oppressors, and I sorrow'd
For the poor men of England.

Tyler. They have felt
Their strength; look round this heath; 'tis throng'd
With men ardent for freedom: mighty is the event
That waits their fortune.

John Ball. I would fain address them.

Tyler. Do so, my friend, and preach to them
Their duty.

Remind them of their long-withhelden rights.

What ho! there; silence!
Piers. Silence, there, my friends;
This good man would address you.

Hob. Ay, ay, hear him;
He is no mealy-mouth'd court-orator,
To flatter vice, and pamper lordly pride.

John Ball. Friends, brethren! for ye are my
Brethren all;
Englishmen, met in arms to advocate
The cause of freedom, hear me; pause awhile
In the career of vengeance! — It is true
I am a priest, but, as these rags may speak,
Not one who robs in the poor man's seed,
Or trades with his religion. I am one
Who preach the law of Christ; and, in my life,
Would practise what he taught. The Son of God
Came not to you in power: humble in men,
Lowly in heart, the man of Nazareth.
Preach'd mercy, justice, love: "Woe unto ye,
Ye that are rich: if that ye were saved,
Sell that ye have, and give unto the poor."

So taught the Savior. Oh, my honest friends,
Have ye not felt the strong, indignant throb
Of justice in your bosoms, to behold
The lordly Baron feasting on your spoils?
Have you not in your hearts arraison'd the lot
That gave him on the couch of luxury
To pillow his head, and pass the festive day
In sportive feasts, and case, and revelry?
Have you not often in your conscience ask'd,
Why is the difference; wherefore should that man,
No worthier than myself, thus lord it over me,
And lid me labor, and enjoy the fruits?
The God within your breasts has argued thus:
The voice of truth has murmur'd. Come ye not
As helpless to the world? Shines not the sun
With equal ray on both? Do ye not feel
The self-same winds of heaven as keenly parch ye?
Abundant is the earth — the Sire of all
Saw and pronounced that it was very good.
Look round; the vernal fields smile with new
Flowers.

The budding orchard perfumes the sweet breeze,
And the green corn waves to the passing gale.
There is enough for all; but your proud Baron
Stands up, and, arrogant of strength, exclaims,
' I am a Lord — by nature I am noble;
These fields are mine, for I was born to them;
I was born in the castle — you, poor wretches,
Whelp'd in the cottage, are by birth my slaves.'

Almighty God! such blasphemies are utter'd:

Almighty God! such blasphemies believed!

Tom Miller. This is something like a sermon.

Jack Straw. Where's the bishop
Would tell you truths like these? [apostles

There never was a bishop among all the

John Ball. My brethren —

Piers. Silence; the good priest speaks

John Ball. My brethren, these are truths, and

Ye are all equal: nature made ye so.

Equality is your birthright. — When I gaze
On the proud palace, and behold one man
In the blood-purpled robes of royalty,
Feasting at ease, and lording over millions,
Then turn me to the hut of poverty,
And see the wretched laborer, worn with toil,
Divide his scanty morsel with his infants,
I sicken, and, indignant at the sight,
'Blush for the patience of humanity.'

Jack Straw. We will assert our rights.

Tom Miller. We'll trample down

These insolent oppressors.

John Ball. In good truth,
Ye have cause for anger: but, my honest friends,
Is it revenge or justice that ye seek?

Mob. Justice! Justice!

John Ball. Oh, then remember mercy;
And though your proud oppressors spare not you,
Show you excel them in humanity.
They will use every art to disunite you;
To conquer separately, by stratagem,
Whom in a mass they fear; — but ye be firm;
Boldly demand your long-forgotten rights,
Your sacred, your inalienable freedom.
Be bold — be resolute — be merciful
And while you spurn the hated name of slaves,
Show you are men.

Mob. Long live our honest priest.
Jack Straw. He shall be made archbishop.
John Ball. My brethren, I am plain John Ball, your friend.

Your equal: by the law of Christ entwine’d
To serve you, not command.

Jack Straw. March we for London.

Tyler. Mark me, my friends—we rise for Liberty—
Justice shall be our guide: let no man dare
To plunder in the tumult.

Mob. Lead us on. Liberty! Justice!

[Exeunt, with cries of Liberty! No Poll-tax! No War.

Scene II. The Tower.

King Richard, Archbishop of Canterbury,
Sir John Tresham, Walworth, Philpot.

King. What must we do? the danger grows more imminent.
The mob increases.

Philpot. Every moment brings
Fresh tidings of our peril.

King. It were well
To grant them what they ask.

Archbishop. Ay, that, my liege
Were politic. Go boldly forth to meet them,
Grant all they ask—however wild and ruinous—
Meantime, the troops you have already summon’d
Will gather round them. Then my Christian power
Absolves you of your promise. [The rabble
Walworth were but their ringleaders cut off,
Would soon disperse.

Philpot. United in a mass,
There’s nothing can resist them—once divide them,
And they will fall an easy sacrifice. [They fare.

Archbishop. Lull them by promises—bespeak
Go forth, my liege—spare not, if need requires
A solemn oath to ratify the treaty.

King. I dread their fury.

Archbishop. ‘Tis a needless dread;
There is divinity about your person;
It is the sacred privilege of Kings,
How’er they act, to render no account
To man. The people have been taught this lesson,
Nor can they soon forget it.

King. I will go—
I will submit to every thing they ask;
My day of triumph will arrive at last. [Shouts
without.

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. The mob are at the city gates.

Archbishop. Hasten! Haste!
Address them ere too late. I’ll remain here,
For they detest me much. [Shouts again.

Enter another Messenger

Mess. The Londoners have open’d the city gates;
The rebels are admitted. [Mayor,

King. Fear then must give me courage. My lord
Come you with me. [Exeunt. Shouts without.

Scene III. Smithfield.

Wat Tyler, John Ball, Piers, &c. Mob.

Piers. So far triumphant are we. How these
nobles,
These petty tyrants, who so long oppress’d us,
Shrink at the first resistance!

Mob. They were powerful
Only because we fondly thought them so.

Where is Jack Straw?

Tyler. Jack Straw is gone to the Tower
To seize the king, and so to end resistance.

John Ball. It was well judged; fain would I
spare the shedding
Of human blood: gain we that royal puppet,
And all will follow fairly; deprived of him,
The nobles lose their pretext, nor will dare
Rebel against the people’s majesty.

Enter Herald.

Herald. Richard the Second, by the grace of God,
Of England, Ireland, France, and Scotland, King,
And of the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed,
Would parley with Wat Tyler.

Tyler. Let him know
Wat Tyler is in Smithfield. [Exit Herald.]—I will
parley
With this young monarch: as he comes to me,
Trusting my honor, on your lives I charge you
Let none attempt to harm him.

John Ball. The faith of courts
Is but a weak dependence. You are honest—
And better is it even to die the victim
Of credulous honesty, than live preserved
By the cold policy that still suspects.

Enter King, Walworth, Philpot, &c.

King. I would speak to thee, Wat Tyler: bid
Retire awhile. [The mob

Piers. Nay, do not go alone—
Let me attend you.

Tyler. Wherefore should I fear?
Am I not arm’d with a just cause? Retire,
And I will boldly plead the cause of Freedom.

[Advances.

King. Tyler, why have you kill’d my officer,
And led my honest subjects from their homes,
Thus to rebel against the Lord’s anointed?

Tyler. Because they were oppress’d.

King. Was this the way
to remedy the ill? You should have tried
By milder means—petition’d at the throne—
The throne will always listen to petitions.

Tyler. King of England,
Petitioning for pity is most weak—
The sovereign people ought to demand justice.
I kill’d your officer, for his word had
Insulted a maid’s modesty. Your subjects
I lead to rebel against the Lord’s anointed,
Because his ministers have made him odious;
His yoke is heavy, and his burden grievous.
Why do we carry on this fatal war,
To force upon the French a king they hate,
Tearing our young men from their peaceful homes,
Forcing his hard-earn'd fruits from the honest
peasant,
Distressing us to desolate our neighbors?
Why is this ruinous poll-tax imposed,
But to support your court's extravagance,
And your mad title to the crown of France?
Shall we sit tamely beneath these evils
Petitioning for pity? King of England,
Why are we sold like cattle in your markets —
Deprived of every privilege of man?
Must we lie tamely at your tyrant's feet,
And, like your spaniels, lick the hand that beats us?
You sit at ease in your gay palaces!
The costly banquet courts your appetite;
Sweet music soothes your slumbers: we, the while,
Scarcely by hard toil can earn a little food, [wind;
And sleep scarce shelter'd from the cold night.
Whil'st your wild projects wrest the little from us,
Which might have cheer'd the wintry hour of age.
The Parliament forever asks more money;
We toil and sweat for money for your taxes:
Where is the benefit, what good reap we
From all the counsels of your government?
Think you that we should quarrel with the French?
What boots to us your victories, your glory?
We pay, we fight, you profit at your ease.
Do you not claim the country as your own?
Do you not call the venison of the forest,
The birds of heaven, your own? — prohibiting us,
Even though in want of food, to seize the prey
Which nature offers. King! is all this just?
Think you we do not feel the wrongs we suffer?
The hour of retribution is at hand,
And tyrants tremble — mark me, King of England!
Walworth. (comes behind him, and stabs him.)
Insolent rebel, threatening the King!
Piers. Vengeance! Vengeance!
Hob. Seize the King.
King. I must be bold. (Advancing.)
My friends and loving subjects,
I will grant you all you ask; you shall be free —
The tax shall be repeal'd — all, all you wish.
Your leader menaced me; he deserv'd his fate:
Quiet your anguish: on my royal word
Your grievances shall all be done away;
Your vassalage abolish'd. A free pardon
Allow'd to all: So help me God, it shall be.
John Ball. Revenge, my brethren, be seen not
Christians:
Send us these terms, sign'd with your seal of state.
We will await in peace. Deceive us not —
Act justly; so to excuse your late foul deed.
King. The charter shall be drawn out: on mine
honor
All shall be justly done.

ACT III.

Scene 1. Smithfield.

John Ball, Piers, &c.

Piers, (to John Ball.) You look disturbed, my
father.

John Ball. Piers, I am so. [bishop,
Jack Straw has forced the tower; seiz'd the Arch-
And beheaded him.
Piers. The curse of insurrection.
John Ball. Ay, Piers, our nobles level down
their vassals,
Keep them at endless labor, like their brutes,
Degrading every faculty by servitude,
Repressing all the energy of mind:
We must not wonder, then, that, like wild beasts,
When they have burst their chains, with brutal
rage
They revenge them on their tyrants.
Piers. This Archbishop,
He was oppressive to his humble vassals:
Proud, haughty, avaricious —
John Ball. A true high priest,
Preaching humility with his mitre on;
Praising up alms and Christian charity,
Even whilst his unforgiving hand distress'd
His honest tenants.
Piers. He deserved his fate, then.
John Ball. Justice can never link with cruelty.
Is there among the catalogue of crimes
A sin so black that only Death can expiate?
Will reason never rouze her from her slumbers,
And darting through the veil her eagle eye,
See in the sable garments of the law
Revenge conceal'd? This high priest has been
haughty;
He has oppress'd his vassals: tell me, Piers,
Does his death remedy the ills he caused?
Wore it not better to repress his power
Of doing wrong, that so his future life
Might remedy the evils of the past,
And benefit mankind?
Piers. But must not vice
Be punish'd?
John Ball. Is not punishment revenge?
The momentary violence of anger
May be excused: the indignant heart will throbb
Against oppression, and the outstretch'd arm
Resent its injured feelings. The Collector
Insulted Alice, and roused the keen emotions
Of a fond father. Tyler murder'd him.
Piers. Murder'd! — a most harsh word.
John Ball. Yes, murder'd him:
His mangled feelings prompted the bad act,
And Nature will almost commend the deed:ings
That Justice blames: but will the awaken'd feel-
Plead with their heart-enoving eloquence
For the calm, deliberate murder of Revenge?
Would you, Piers, in your calm hour of reason,
Condemn an erring brother to be slain?
Cut him at once from all the joys of life,
All hopes of reformation — to revenge
The deed his punishment cannot recall?
My blood boil'd in me at the fate of Tyler,
Yet I reveng'd not.
Piers. Oh, my Christian father,
They would not argue thus humanely on us,
Were we within their power.
John Ball. I know they would not;
But we must pity them that they are vicious,
Not imitate their vice.
Piers. Alas, poor Tyler! I do repent me much that I stood back, When he advanced, fearless in rectitude, To meet these royal assassins.

John Ball. Not for myself, Though I have lost an honest, virtuous friend, Mourn I the death of Tyler: he was one Gifted with the strong energy of mind, Quick to perceive the right, and prompt to act When Justice needed: he would listen to me With due attention, yet not yielding lightly What had to him seemed good: severe in virtue, He aved the ruder people, whom he led, By his stern rectitude.

Piers. Witness that day When they destroy'd the palace of the Gaunt; And hurl'd the wealth his avarice had amassed, Amid the fire: the people, fierce in zeal, Thriv in the flames a wretch whose selfish hand Purloin'd amid the tumult.

John Ball. I lament The death of Tyler for my country's sake. I shudder lest posterity, enslaved, Should rue his murder. Who shall now control The giddy multitude, blind to their own good, And listening with avidity to the tale Of courteously falsehood?

Piers. The King must perform His plighted promise. (Cry without — The Charter! — the Charter!)

Enter Mob and Herald.

Tom Miller. Read it out — read it out. Hob. Ay, ay, let's hear the Charter. Herald. Richard Plantagenet, by the grace of God, King of England, Ireland, France, Scotland, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, to all whom it may concern, — These presents: Whereas our loving subjects have complained to us of the heavy burdens they endure, particularly from our late enacted poll-tax; and whereas they have risen in arms against our officers, and demanded the abolition of personal slavery, vassalage, and manorial rights; we, ever ready in our sovereign mercy to listen to the petitions of our loving subjects, do annul all these grievances.

Mob. Huzza! long live the King! Herald. (continues.) And do of our royal mercy grant a free pardon to all who may have been anyways concerned in the late insurrections. All this shall be faithfully performed, on our royal word; so help us God — God save the King!

[Land and repeated shouts.]

Herald. Now then depart in quiet to your homes. John Ball. Nay, my good friend, the people will remain Imbodied peaceably, till Parliament Confirm the royal Charter; tell your King so: We will await the Charter's confirmation, Meanwhile comporting ourselves orderly, As peaceful citizens, not risen in tumult, But to redress their evils. [Exit Herald, &c.

Hob. Twas well ordered, I place but little trust in courtly faith. [King

John Ball. We must remain imbody'd; else the Will plunge again in royal luxury, And when the storm of danger is past over, Forget his promises. Hob. Ay, like an aguish sinner, He'll promise to repent, when the fit's on him; When well recover'd, laugh at his own terrors.

Piers. Oh, I am grieved that we must gain so little. Why are not all these empty ranks abolish'd, King, slave, and lord, enmolded into MAN? Are we not equal all? — have you not told me Equality is the sacred right of man, Inalienable, though by force withheld?

John Ball. Even so: but, Piers, my frail and fallible judgment Knows hardly to decide if it be right Peaceably to return, content with little, With this half restitution of our rights, Or boldly to proceed, through blood and slaughter, Till we should all be equal and all happy. I chose the milder way: — perhaps I err'd!

Piers. I fear me! By the mass, the unsteady people Are flocking homewards — how the multitude Diminishes!

John Ball. Go thou, my son, and stay them. Carter, do you exert your influence: All depends upon their stay: my mind is troubled, And I would fain compose my thoughts for action. [Exeunt Hob and Piers.]

Father of mercies! I do fear me much That I have err'd. Thou gavest my ardent mind To pierce the mist of superstitious falsehood; — Gavest me to know the truth. I should have urged it Through every opposition; now, perhaps, The seeming voice of pity has deceived me, And all this mighty movement ends in ruin. I fear me I have been like the weak leech, Who, sparing to cut deep, with cruel mercy Mangles his patient without curing him.

[Great tumult.]

What means this tumult? hark! the clang of arms. God of eternal justice — the false monarch Has broke his plighted vow. [Enter Piers wounded.]

Piers. Fly, fly, my father — the perjured King, — fly, fly.

John Ball. Nay, nay, my child; I dare abide — my fate. Let me bind up thy wounds.

Piers. 'Tis useless succor. They seek thy life; fly, fly, my honored father, And let me have the hope to sweeten death That thou at least hast 'scaped. They are murdering Our unsuspecting brethren: half unarmed, Trusting too fondly to the tyrant's word, [blood. They were dispersing: — the streets swim with Oh, save thyself. [Enter Soldiers. 1st Soldier. This is that old scoundrel heretic. 2d Soldier. And here the young spawn of rebellion: My orders ar'n't to spare him. [Stabs Piers. Come, you old stirrer-up of insurrection,
You bell-wether of the mob — you art'n't to die:
So easily.

(Mob fly across the stage — the troops pursue them —
tumult increases — loud cries and shouts.

SCENE II. Westminster Hall.

King, Walworth, Phillot, Sir John Thesilian, &c.

Walworth. My liege, 'twas wisely ordered to destroy
The dunghill rabble, but take prisoner
That old sedulous priest: his strange, wild notions
Of this equality, when well exposed,
Will create ridicule, and shame the people
Of their late tumults.

Sir John. Ay, there's nothing like
A fair, free, open trial, where the King
Can choose his jury and appoint his judges.

King. Walworth, I must thank you for my deliverance,
'Twas a bold deed to stab him in the parley.
Kneel down, and rise a knight, Sir William Walworth.

Enter Messenger.

Message. I left them hotly at it. Smithfield smoked
With the rebels' blood! your troops fought loyally;
There's not a man of them will lend an ear
To pity.

Walworth. Is John Ball secured?

Message. They have seized him.

Enter Guards, with John Ball.

1st Guard. We've brought the old villain.
2d Guard. An old mischief-maker —
Why, there's fifteen hundred of the mob are killed,
All through his preaching.

Sir John Tr. Prisoner, are you the arch-rebel
John Ball?

John Ball. I am John Ball; but I am not a rebel.
Take ye the name, who, arrogant in strength,
Rebel against the people's sovereignty. [ring up
Sir John Tr. John Ball, you are accused of stirr
The poor deluded people to rebellion;
Not having the fear of God and of the King
Before your eyes; of preaching up strange notions,
Heretical and treasonous; such as saying
That kings have nota right from Heaven to govern;
That all mankind are equal; and that rank
And the distinctions of society,
Ay, and the sacred rights of property,
Are evil and oppressive: plead you guilty
To this most heavy charge?

John Ball. If it be guilt
To preach what you are pleased to call strange notions,
That all mankind as brethren must be equal;
That privileged orders of society
Are evil and oppressive; that the right
Of property is a juggle to deceive
The poor whom you oppress — I plead me guilty.

Sir John Tr. It is against the custom of this court
That the prisoner should plead guilty.

John Ball. Why then put you
The needless question? Sir Judge, let me save
The vain and empty insult of a trial.
What I have done, that I dare justify.

Sir John Tr. Did you not tell the mob they were oppressed,
And preach upon the equality of man,
With evil intent thereby to stir them up
To tumult and rebellion?

John Ball. That I told them
That all mankind are equal, is most true:
Ye came as helpless infants to the world;
Ye feel alike the infirmities of nature;
And at last mould to common clay. [earth
Why then these vain distinctions? — bears not the
Food in abundance? — must your granaries
Overflow with plenty, while the poor man starves?
Sir Judge, why sit you there, clad in your furs?
Why are your cellars stored with choicest wines,
Your larders hung with dainties, while your vassal,
As virtuous, and as able too by nature,
Though by your selfish tyranny deprived
Of mind's improvement, slivers in his rags,
And starves amid the plenty he creates?
I have said this is wrong, and I repeat it —
And there will be a time when this great truth
Shall be confess'd — be felt by all mankind.
The electric truth shall run from man to man,
And the blood-cemented pyramid of greatness
Shall fall before the flash.

Sir John Tr. Audacious rebel!
What does the Government avail the peasant?
Would not he plough his field, and sow the corn,
Ay, and in peace enjoy the harvest too?
Would not the sun shine and the dews descend,
Though neither King nor Parliament existed?
Do your court politics ought matter him?
Would he be warring even unto death
With his French neighbors? Charles and Richard contend,
The people fight and suffer: — think ye, Sirs,
If neither country had been cursed with a chief,
The peasants would have quarrel'd?

King. This is treason!
The patience of the court has been insulted —
Condemn the foul-mouth'd, contemptuous rebel.

Sir John Tr. John Ball, whereas you are accused
before us,
Of stirring up the people to rebellion,
And preaching to them strange and dangerous doctrines;
And whereas your behavior to the court
Has been most insolent and contumacious;
Insulting Majesty — and since you have pleaded
Guilty to all these charges; I condemn you
To death: you shall be hanged by the neck.
But not till you are dead — your bowels open'd —
Your heart torn out, and burnt before your face —
Your traitorous head be severed from your body —
POEMS CONCERNING THE SLAVE TRADE.

SONNET I.

Hold your mad hands! forever on your plain
Must the gorged vulture clog his beak with blood?
Forever must your Niger’s tainted flood
Roll to the ravenous shark his banquet slain?
Hold your mad hands! and learn at length to know,
And turn your vengeance on the common foe,
Yon treacherous vessel and her godless crew!
Let never traders with false pretext fair
Set on your shores again their wicked feet:
With interdict and indignation meet
Repel them, and with fire and sword pursue!
Avarice, the white, cadaverous fiend, is there,
Who spreads his toils accursed wide and far,
And for his purveyor calls the demon War.

SONNET II.

Why dost thou beat thy breast and rend thine hair,
And to the deaf sea pour thy frantic cries?
Before the gale the laden vessel flies;
The Heavens all-flavoring smile, the breeze is fair;
Hark to the clamors of the exulting crew!
Hark, how their cannon mock the patient skieys,
Why dost thou shriek, and strain thy red-swollen eyes,
As the white sail is lessening from thy view?
Ge, pine in want, and anguish, and despair;

There is no mercy found in human-kind!
Go, Widow, to thy grave, and rest thee there!
But may the God of Justice bid the wind
Whelm that curst bark beneath the mountain wave,
And bless with liberty and death the Slave!

SONNET III.

Oh, he is won with toil! the big drops run
Down his dark cheek; hold—hold thy merciless hand,
Pale tyrant! for beneath thy hard command
O’erwaryed nature sinks. The scorching sun,
As pitiless as proud Prosperity,
Darts on him full beams; gasping he lies
Arraigning with his looks the patient skies,
While that inhuman driver lifts on high
The mangling scourge. O ye who at your ease
Sip the blood-sweeten’d beverage, thoughts like these
Haply ye scorn: I thank thee, gracious God,
That I do feel upon my cheek the glow
Of indignation, when beneath the rod
A sable brother writhe in silent woe.

SONNET IV.

’Tis night; the unrelenting owners sleep
As undisturb’d as Justice; but no more
The o’erwaryed slave, as on his native shore,
Rests on his reedy couch: he wakes to weep.
Though through the toil and anguish of the day
No tear escaped him, not one suffering groan
Beneath the twisted thong, he weeps alone
In bitterness; thinking that far away
While happy Negroes join the midnight song,
And merriment resounds on Niger’s shore,
She whom he loves, far from the cheerful throng
Stands sad, and gazes from her lovely door
With dim-grown eye, silent and woegone,
And weeps for him who will return no more.

SONNET V.

Dip then the Negro rear at last the sword
Of vengeance? Did he plunge its thirsty blade
In the hard heart of his inhuman lord?
Oh, who shall blame him? in the midnight shade
There came on him the intolerable thought
Of every past delight; his native grove,
Friendship’s best joys, and liberty and love,
Forever lost. Such recollections wrought
His brain to madness. Wherefore should he live
Longer with abject patience to endure
His wrongs and wretchedness, when hope can give
No consolation, time can bring no cure?
But justice for himself he yet could take,
And life is then well given for vengeance’ sake.
SONNET VI.

The wretchedness of Africa.

Oh! in the air exposed the slave is hung,
To all the birds of heaven, their living food!
He groans not, though awaked by that fierce sun
New torturers live to drink their parent blood:
He groans not, though the gorging vulture tear
The quivering fibre, Hither look, O ye
Who tore this man from peace and liberty!
Look, hither, ye who weigh with politic care
The gain against the guilt! Beyond the grave
There is another world!—hear ye in mind,
Ere your decree proclaims to all mankind
The gain is worth the guilt, that there the Slave,
Before the Eternal, "thunder-tongued shall plead
Against the deep damnation of your deed."

Bristol, 1791.

THE SAILOR,

Who had served in the Slave Trade.

In September, 1798, a Dissenting Minister of Bristol discovered a sailor in the neighborhood of that City, groaning and praying in a cow-house. The circumstance which occasioned his agony of mind is detailed in the annexed ballad, without the slightest addition or alteration. By presenting it as a Poem, the story is made more public; and such stories ought to be made as public as possible.

It was a Christian minister,
Who, in the month of flowers,
Walk'd forth at eve amid the fields
Near Bristol's ancient towers,—

When, from a lonely out-house breathed,
He heard a voice of woe,
And groans which less might seem from pain,
Than wretchedness, to flow.

Heart-rending groans they were, with words
Of bitterest despair;
Yet with the holy name of Christ
Pronounced in broken prayer.

The Christian Minister went in;
A Sailor there he sees,
Whose hands were lifted up to Heaven,
And he was on his knees.

Nor did the Sailor, so intent,
His entering footsteps heed,
But now "Our Father" said, and now
His half-forgotten creed;—

And often on our Savior call'd
With many a bitter groan,
But in such anguish as may spring
From deepest guilt alone.

The miserable man was ask'd
Why he was kneeling there,
And what had been the crime that caused
The anguish of his prayer.

"I have done a cursed thing!" he cried;
"It haunts me night and day;
And I have sought this lonely place
Here undisturb'd to pray.
POEMS CONCERNING THE SLAVE TRADE.

Aboard I have no place for prayer,
So I came here alone,
That I might freely kneel and pray,
And call on Christ, and groan.

If to the main—must head I go,
The Wicked One is there;
From place to place, from rope to rope,
He follows every where.

I shut my eyes—it matters not—
Still, still the same I see,—
And when I lie me down at night,
'Tis always day with me!

He follows, follows every where,
And every place is Hell!
O God—and I must go with Him
In endless fire to dwell?

He follows, follows every where;
He's still above—below!
Oh, tell me where to fly from him!
Oh, tell me where to go!!

"But tell thou," quoth the stranger then,
"What this thy crime hath been;
So haply I may comfort give
To one who grieves for sin."

"Oh cursed, cursed is the deed!"
The wretched man replies;
"And night, and day, and every where,
'Tis still before my eyes.

I sail'd on board a Guinea-man,
And to the slave-coast went;—
Would that the sea had swallow'd me
When I was innocent!

And we took in our cargo there,
Three hundred negro slaves,
And we sail'd homeward merrily
Over the ocean-waves.

But some were sulky of the slaves,
And would not touch their meat,
So therefore we were forced by threats
And blows to make them eat.

One woman, sulkier than the rest,
Would still refuse her food,—
O Jesus God! I hear her cries!
I see her in her blood!

The Captain made me tie her up,
And flog while he stood by;
And then he cursed me if I stayed
My hand to hear her cry.

She shriek'd, she groan'd,—I could not spare,
For the Captain he stood by;—
Dear God! that I might rest one night
From that poor creature's cry!

What woman's child a sight like that
Could bear to look upon!
And still the Captain would not spare—
But made me still flog on.

She could not be more glad than I,
When she was taken down;
A blessed minute!—'t was the last
That I have ever known

I did not close my eyes all night,
Thinking what I had done;
I heard her groans, and they grew faint
Towards the rising sun.

She groan'd and moan'd, but her voice grew
Fainter at morning tide;
Fainter and fainter still it came,
Until at noon she died.

They flung her overboard;—poor wretch,
She rested from her pain,—
But when — O Christ! O blessed God!—
Shall I have rest again?

I saw the sea close over her;
Yet she is still in sight;
I see her twisting every where;
I hear her day and night.

Go where I will, do what I can,
The Wicked One I see:
Dear Christ, have mercy on my soul!
O God, deliver me!

Oh, give me comfort, if you can!
Oh, tell me where to fly!
Oh, tell me if there can be hope
For one so lost as I!"

What said the Minister of Christ?
He bade him trust in Heaven,
And call on Him for whose dear sake
All sins shall be forgiven.

He told him of that precious blood
Which should his guilt efface;
Told him that none are lost, but they
Who turn from profl't—er's grace.

He bade him pray, and knelt with him,
And join'd him in his prayers:—
And some who read the dreadful tale
Perhaps will aid with theirs.

Westbury, 1798.

VERSES

spoken in the theatre at oxford, upon the installation of lord grenville.

Grenville, few years have had their course,
since last
Exulting Oxford view'd a spectacle
Like this day's pomp; and yet to those who
throng'd
These walls, which echo'd then with Portland's praise,
[spring
What change hath intervened! The bloom of
Is fled from many a cheek, where rosyate joy
And beauty bloom'd; the inexorable Grave
Hath claim'd its portion; and the band of youths,
Who then, collected here as in a port,
From whence to launch on life's adventurous sea,
Stood on the beach, ere this have found their lots
Of good or evil. Thus the lapse of years,
Evolving all things in its quiet course,
Hath wrought for them; and though those years
have seen
Fearful vicissitudes, of wilder change
Than history yet had learnt, or old romance
In wildest mood imagined, yet these too,
Portentous as they seem, not less have risen,
Each of its natural cause the sure effect,
All righteously ordained. Lo! kingdoms wreck'd,
Thrones overturn'd, built up, then swept away
Like fabrics in the summer clouds, dispersed
By the same breath that heap'd them; rightful kings,
Who, from a line of long-drawn ancestry,
Held the transmitted sceptre, to the axe
Bowing the anointed head; or dragg'd away
To eat the bread of bondage; or escaped
Beneath the shadow of Britannia's shield,
There only safe. Such fate have vicious courts,
Statesmen corrupt, and fear-struck effect,
Upon themselves drawn down; till Europe, bound
In iron chains, lies bleeding in the dust,
Beneath the feet of upstart tyranny:
Only the heroic Spaniard, 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 undismay'd.
So may the Almighty bless the noble race,
And crown with happy end their holiest cause!

Decem not these dread events the monstrous birth
Of chance! And thou, O 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,
Domestic loves, and ancient liberty,
Look to thyself, O England! for be sure,
Even to the measure of thine own desert,
The cup of retribution to thy lips
Shall soon or late be dealt!—a thought that well
Might fill the stoutest heart of all thy sons
With awful apprehension. Therefore, they
Who fear the Eternal's justice, bless thy name,
Grenville, because the worse of Africa
Cry out no more to draw a curse from Heaven
On England!—for if 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 containing, when they hear
The frequent carcase, from her guilty cheek,
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 scar'd of conscience, men who set at nought
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. Yes, when all
For which the tyrant of these abject times
Hath given his honorable 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,
Willing to let a charitable doubt
Abate their horror; Grenville, even then
Thy memory will be fresh among mankind;
Affic with all her tongues will speak of thee,
With Wilberforce and Clarkson, he whom Heaven,
To be the apostle of this holy work,
Raised up and strengthen'd, and upheld through all
His arduous toil. To end the glorious task,
That blessed, that redeeming deed was thine:
Be it thy pride in life, thy thought in death,
Thy praise beyond the tomb. The statesman's fame
Will fade, the conqueror's laurel crown grow scar;
Fame's londest triumph upon the car of Time
Leaves but a dying echo; they alone
Are held 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.

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**BOTANY-BAY ECLOGUES.**

Where a sight shall shuddering sorrow find,
Sad as the ruins of the human mind—Bowles.

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**I.**

**ELINOR.**

**Time, Morning. Scene, The Shore.**

Once more to daily toil, once more to wear
The livery of shame, once more to search
With miserable task this savage shore!
O thou, who mostest so triumphantly
In yonder Heaven, beginning thy career
Of glory, O thou blessed Sun! thy beams
Fall on me with the same benignant light
Here, at the farthest limits of the world,
And blasted as I am with infamy,
As when in better years poor Elinor
Gazed on thy glad uprise; with eye undimm'd
By guilt and sorrow; and the opening morn
Woke her from quiet sleep to days of peace.
In other occupation then I trod
The beach at eve; and then, when I beheld
The billows as they roll'd before the storm
Burst on the rock and rage, my timid soul
Shrunk at the perils of the boundless deep,
And heaved a sigh for suffering mariners; —
Ah! little thinking I myself was doom'd
To tempt the perils of the boundless deep,
An outcast, unbeloved and unbewail'd.

Still wilt thou haunt me, Memory! still present
The fields of England to my exiled eyes,
The joys which once were mine. Even now I see
The lowly, lovely dwelling; even now
Behold the woodbine clasping its white walls,
Where fearlessly the red-breasts chirp'd around
To ask their morning meal: and where at eve
I loved to sit and watch the rook sail by,
And hear his hollow tone, what time he sought
The church-yard elm, that with its ancient boughs
Full-foliaged, half-conceal'd the house of God;
That holy house, where I so oft have heard
My father's voice explain the wondrous works
Of Heaven to sinful man. Ah! little deem'd
His virtuous bosom, that his shameless child
So soon should spurn the lesson, — sink, the slave
Of Vice and Infamy, — the hirching prey
Of brutal appetite; — at length worn out
With famine, and the avenging scourge of guilt,
Should share dishonesty, — yet dread to die!

Welcome, ye savage lands, ye barbarous climes,
Where angry England sends her outcast sons;
I hail thy joyless shores! My weary bark,
Long tempest-tost on Life's inclement sea,
Here hails her haven; welcomes the dear scene,
The marshy plain, the brier-entangled wood,
And all the perils of a world unknown.
For Elnor has nothing new to fear
From cruel Fortune; all her rankling shafts
Barb'd with disgrace, and venom'd with disease,
Have pierced my bosom, and the dart of death
Has lost its terrors to a wretch like me.

Welcome, ye marshy heaths, ye pathless woods,
Where the rude native rests his wearied frame
Beneath the sheltering shade; where, when the storm
Benumbs his naked limbs, he flies to seek
The dripping shelter. Welcome, ye wild plains
Unbroken by the plough, undelay'd by hand
Of patient rustie; where for lowering herds,
And for the music of the bleating flocks,
Alone is heard the kangaroo's sad note
Deepening in distance. Welcome, wilderness,
Nature's domain! for here, as yet unknown
The comfort and the crimes of polish'd life,
Nature benignly gives to all enough,
Denies to all a superfluity.
What though the garb of infancy I wear,
Though day by day along the echoing bench
I gather wave-worn shells; yet day by day
I earn in honesty my frugal food,
And lay me down at night to calm repose;

No more condemned, the mercenary tool
Of brutal lust, while heaves the indignant heart
Abhorrent, and self-loathed, to fold my arms
Round the rank felon, and for daily bread
To hug contagion to my poison'd breast!
On these wild shores the saving hand of Grace
Will probe my secret soul, and cleanse its wounds,
And fit the faithful penitent for Heaven.

Oxford, 1794.

II

HUMPHREY AND WILLIAM.

Time, Noon.

HUMPHREY.

See'st thou not, William, that the scorching sun
By this time half his daily race hath run?
The savage thrusts his light canoe to shore,
And hurries homeward with his fishy store.
Suppose we leave awhile this stubborn soil,
To eat our dinner and to rest from toil.

WILLIAM.

Agreed. You, tree, whose purple gum bestows
A ready medicine for the sick man's woes,
Forns with its shadowy boughs a cool retreat
To shield us from the noontide's sultry heat.
Ah, Humphrey! now upon old England's shore
The weary laborer's morning work is o'er.
The woodman there rests from his measured stroke,
Flings down his axe, and sits beneath the oak;
Savor'd with hunger there he eats his food,
There drinks the cooling streamlet of the wood.
To us no cooling streamlet winds its way,
No joys domestic crown for us the day;
The felon's name, the outcast's garb we wear,
Toil all the day, and all the night despair.

HUMPHREY.

Aye, William! laboring up the furrow'd ground,
I used to love the village clock's old sound,
Rejoice to hear my morning toil was done,
And trudge it homeward when the clock went one.
Twas ere I turn'd a soldier and a sinner!
Pshaw! curse this whining — let us fall to dinner.

WILLIAM.

I too have loved this hour, nor yet forgot
The household comforts of my little cot;
For at this hour my wife with watchful care
Was wont her humble dainties to prepare;
The keenest sauce by hunger was supplied,
And my poor children prattled at my side.
Methinks I see the old oak table spread,
Bread — the clean white trencher, and the good brown
The cheese, my daily fare, which Mary made,
For Mary knew full well the housewife's trade;
The jug of cider, — cider I could make; —
And then the knives, — I won 'em at the wake.
Another has them now! I toiling here
Look backward like a child, and drop a tear.
HUMPHREY.

I love a dismal story: tell me thine:
Meantime, good Will, I'll listen as I dine:
I too, my friend, can tell a piteous story
When I turn'd hero how I purchased glory.

WILLIAM.

But, Humphrey, sure thou never canst have known
The comforts of a little home thine own;
A home so snug, so cheerful too, as mine;
"Twas always clean, and we could make it fine.
For there King Charles's Golden Rules were seen,
And there — God bless 'em both! the King and Queen.
The pewter plates, our garnish'd chimney's grace,
So bright, that in them you might see your face;
And over all, to frighten thieves, was hung,
Well clean'd, although but seldom used, my gun.
Ah! that damn'd gun! I took it down one morn,
A desperate deal of harm they did my corn!
Our testy Squire, too, loved to save the breed,
So covey upon covey ate my seed.
I mark'd the mischievous rogues, and took my aim:
I fired, and fell, and — up the keeper came;
That cursed morning brought on my undoing;
I went to prison, and my farm to ruin.
Poor Mary! for her grave the parish paid;
No tomb-stone tells where her remains are laid!
My children — my poor boys —

HUMPHREY.

Come! — grief is dry —
You to your dinner; — to my story I.
For you, my friend, who happier days have known,
And each calm comfort of a home your own,
This is bad living: I have spent my life
In hardest toil and unavailing strife,
And here, (from forest unbrush'd at least),
To me this scanty pittance seems a feast.
I was a plough-boy once, as free from woes
And blithesome as the lark with whom I rose.
Each evening at return a meal I found;
And though my bed was hard, my sleep was sound.
One Whitunside, to go to fair I drest,
Like a great bumpkin, in my Sunday's best;
A primrose posy in my hat I stuck,
And to the revel went to try my luck.
From show to show, from booth to booth I stray,
See, stare, and wonder all the live-long day.
A sergeant to the fair recruiting came,
Skill'd in man-catching, to beat up for game;
Our booth he enter'd, and sat down by me; —
Methinks even now the very scene I see!
The canvas roof, the hogshead's running store,
The old blind fiddler seated next the door,
The frothy tankard passing to and fro,
And the rude raddle round the puppet-show.
The sergeant eyed me well; the punch-bowl comes,
And as we laugh'd and drank, up struck the drums.
And now he gives a bumper to his wench;
God save the King! and then, God damn the French!

Then tells the story of his last campaign,
How many wounded and how many slain,
Flags flying, cannons roaring, drums a-beating,
The English marching on, the French retreating —
"Push on — push on, my lads! they fly before ye;
March on to riches, happiness, and glory!"
At first I wonder'd, by degrees grew bolder,
Then cried, "'Tis a fine thing to be a soldier!"
"Aye, Humphrey!" says the sergeant, — "that's your name?
'Tis a fine thing to fight the French for fame!
March to the field, — knock out a Mounseer's brains,
And pick the scoundrel's pocket for your pains.
Come, Humphrey, come! thou art a lad of spirit;
Rise to a halbert, as I did, — by merit!
Wouldst thou believe it? even I was once
As thou art now, a plough-boy and a dunce;
But courage raised me to my rank. How now, boy!
Shall Hero Humphrey still be Numps the plough-boy?
A proper-shaped young fellow! tall and straight!
Why, thou wert made for glory! — five feet eight!
The road to riches is the field of fight! —
Didst ever see a guinea look so bright?
Why, regimentals, Numps, would give thee grace;
A hat and feather would become that face;
The girls would crowd around thee to be kiss'd! —
Dost love a girl?" — "Odd Zounds!" I cried,
"I'll list!"
So pass'd the night; anon the morning came,
And off I set a volunteer for fame.
"Back shoulders, turn out your toes, hold up your head,
Stand easy!" — so I did — till almost dead.
O how I long'd to tend the plough again,
Trudge up the field, and whistle o'er the plain,
When tired and sore, amid the piteous throng,
Hungry, and cold, and wet, I limp'd along,
And growing fainter as I pass'd, and colder,
Cursed that ill hour when I became a soldier!
In town I found the hours more gayly pass,
And time fled swiftly with my girl and glass;
The girls were wondrous kind and wondrous fair;
They soon transferr'd me to the Doctor's care;
The Doctor undertook to cure the evil,
And he almost transferr'd me to the Devil.
"Twere tedious to relate the dismal story
Of fighting, fasting, wretchedness, and glory.
At last discharged, to England's shores I came,
Paid for my wounds with want instead of fame;
Found my fair friends, and plunder'd as they hate me;
They kiss'd me, coax'd me, robb'd me, and betray'd me.
Tried and condemn'd, His Majesty transports me;
And here in peace, I thank him, he supports me.
So ends my dismal and heroic story;
And Humphrey gets more good from guilt than glory.

Oxford, 1791.
III.

JOHN, SAMUEL, AND RICHARD.

Time, Evening.

JOHN.

'Tis a calm, pleasant evening; the light fades away, And the sun going down has done watch for the day.
To my mind we live wondrous well when transported;
It is but to work, and we must be supported.
Fill the can, Dick! Success here to Botany Bay!

RICHARD.

Success, if you will, — but God send me away!

JOHN.

You lubberly landsmen don't know when you're well!
Hadst thou known half the hardships of which I can tell!
The sailor has no place of safety in store;
From the tempest at sea, to the press-gang on shore!
When Roguery rules all the rest of the earth, God be thank'd, in this corner I've got a good berth.

SAMUEL.

Talk of hardships! what these are the sailor don't know;
'Tis the soldier, my friend, that's acquainted with woe;
Long journeys, short halting, hard work, and small pay,
To be popt at like pigeons for sixpence a day! —
Thank God I'm safe quarter'd at Botany Bay.

JOHN.

Ah! you know but little: I'll wager a pot
I have suffer'd more evils than fell to your lot.
Come, we'll have it all fairly and properly tried,
Tell story for story, and Dick shall decide.

SAMUEL.

Done.

JOHN.

Done. 'Tis a wager, and I shall be winner;
Thou wilt go without grog, Sam, to-morrow at dinner.

SAMUEL.

I was trapp'd by the Sergeant's palavering preterences, He listed me when I was out of my senses; So I took leave to-day of all care and all sorrow, And was drill'd to repentance and reason to-morrow.

JOHN.

I would be a sailor, and plough the wide ocean, But was soon sick and sad with the billows' commotion; So the boatswain he sent me aloft on the mast, And cursed me, and bade me cry there, — and hold fast!

SAMUEL.

After marching all day, faint and hungry and sore, [sighs.]
I have lain down at night on the swamps of the Unshelter'd and forced by fatigue to remain, All chill'd by the wind and benumb'd by the rain.

JOHN.

I have rode out the storm when the billows beat high, And the red gleaming lightnings flash'd through the dark sky; When the tempest of night the black sea overcast, Wet and weary I labor'd, yet sung to the blast.

SAMUEL.

I have march'd, trumpets sounding, drums beating, flags flying, Where the music of war drown'd the shrieks of the dying; When the shots whizz'd around me, all dangers defied; Push'd on when my comrades fell dead at my side; Drove the foe from the mouth of the cannon away, Fought, conquer'd, and bled, all for sixpence a-day.

JOHN.

And I too, friend Samuel, have heard the shots rattle!
But we seamen rejoice in the play of the battle; Though the chain and the grape-shot roll splintering around, With the blood of our messmates though slippery the ground, The fiercer the fight, still the fiercer we grow; We need not our loss, so we conquer the foe; And the hard battle won, if the prize be not sunk, The Captain gets rich, and the Sailors get drunk.

SAMUEL.

God help the poor soldier when backward he goes, In disgraceful retreat, through a country of foes! No respite from danger by day or by night, He is still forced to fly, still o'ertaken to fight; Every step that he takes he must battle his way, He must force his hard meal from the peasant away: No rest, and no hope, from all succor afar, —
God forgive the poor soldier for going to the war!

JOHN.

But what are these dangers to those I have past, When the dark billows roar'd to the roar of the blast; When we work'd at the pumps, worn with labor and weak, And with dread still beheld the increase of the leak? Sometimes as we rose on the wave could our sight, From the rocks of the shore, catch the light-house's light; In vain to the beach to assist us they press; We fire faster and faster our guns of distress; Still with rage unabating the wind and waves roar; — How the giddy wreck reels, as the billows burst o'er!
Leap, leap; for she yawns, for she sinks in the wave! 
Call on God to preserve— for God only can save!

**SAMUEL.**

There’s an end of all troubles, however, at last! 
And when I in the wagon of wounded was cast, 
When my wounds with the chilly night-wind 
shattered sore,
And I thought of the friends I should never see more,
No hand to relieve, scarce a morsel of bread,
Sick at heart I have envied the peace of the dead. 
Left to rot in a jail, till by treaty set free,
Old England’s white cliffs with what joy did I see! 
I had gain’d enough glory, some wounds, but no good,
And was turn’d on the public to shift how I could.
When I think what I’ve suffer’d, and where I am now,
I curse him who snare’d me away from the plough.

**JOHN.**

When I was discharged, I went home to my wife, 
There in comfort to spend all the rest of my life. 
My wife was industrious; we earn’d what we spent, 
And though little we had, were with little content; 
And whenever I listen’d and heard the wind roar, 
I bless’d God for my little snug cabin on shore. 
At midnight they seiz’d me, they dragg’d me away, 
They wounde’d me sore when I would not obey, 
And because for my country I’d ventured my life, 
I was dragg’d like a thief from my home and my wife.

Then the fair wind of fortune chipt round in my face, 
And wait at length drove me to guilt and disgrace. 
But all’s for the best; — on the world’s wide sea cast, 
I am have’n in peace in this corner at last.

**SAMUEL.**

Come, Dick! we have done — and for judgment we call.

**RICHARD.**

And in faith I can give you no judgment at all, 
But that as you’re now settled, and safe from foul weather, 
You drink up your grog, and be merry together.

*Oxford, 1794.*

**IV.**

**FREDERIC.**


Where shall I turn me? whither shall I bend 
My weary way? thus worn with toil and faint, 
How through the thorny mazes of this wood 
Attain my distant dwelling? That deep cry 
That echoes through the forest, seems to sound 
My parting knell: it is the midnight howl 
Of hungry monsters prowling for their prey! 
Again! O save me — save me, gracious Heaven! 
I am not fit to die!

Thou coward wretch, 
Why palpitates thy heart? why shake thy limbs 
Beneath their palsied burden? Is there aught 
So lovely in existence? wouldst thou drain 
Even to its dregs the bitter draught of life? 
Stamp’d with the brand of Vice and Infamy, 
Why should the felon Frederic shrink from Death?

Death! Where the magic in that empty name 
That chills my inmost heart? Why at the thought 
Starts the cold dew of fear on every limb? 
There are no terrors to surround the Grave, 
When the calm Mind collected in itself 
Surveys that narrow house: the ghastly train 
That haunt the midnight of delirious Guilt 
Then vanish: in that home of endless rest 
All sorrows cease! — Would I might slumber there!

Why then this panting of the fearful heart? 
This miser love of life, that dreads to lose 
Its cherish’d torment? Shall a man diseased 
Yield up his members to the surgeon’s knife, 
Doubtful of succor, but to rid his frame 
Of fleshly anguish; and the coward wretch, 
Whose ulcerated soul can know no help, 
Shrink from the best Physician’s certain aid? 
Oh, it were better far to lie me down 
Here on this cold, damp earth, till some wild beast 
Seize on his willing victim.

If to die 
Were all, ’twere sweet indeed to rest my head 
On the cold clod, and sleep the sleep of Death 
But if the Archangel’s trump at the last hour 
Startle the ear of Death, and wake the soul 
To frenzy? — Dreams of infancy; fit tales 
For garulous beldames to affrighten babes! 
What if I warr’d upon the world? the world 
Had wrong’d me first: I had endured the ills 
Of hard injustice; all this goodly earth 
Was but to me one wide waste wilderness; 
I had not share in Nature’s patrimony; 
Blasted were all my morning hopes of youth, 
Dark Disappointment followed on my ways, 
Care was my bosom inmate, Penury 
Guaw’d at my heart. Eternal One, thou know’st 
How that poor heart, even in the bitter hour 
Of lowest revelry has duly yearn’d 
For peace.

My Father! I will call on thee, 
Pour to thy mercy-seat my earnest prayer, 
And wait thy righteous will, resign’d of soul. 
O thought of comfort! how the afflicted heart, 
Tired with the tempest of its passions, rests 
On you with holy hope! The hollow howl 
Of yonder harmless tenant of the woods 
Comes with no terror to the sober’d sense. 
If I have sinned against mankind, on them 
Be that past sin; they made me what I was. 
In these extremest climes Want can no more 
Urge me to deeds of darkness, and at length 
Here I may rest. What though my huts be poor — 
The rains descend not through its humble roof: — 
Would I were there again! The night is cold; 
And what if in my wanderings I should rouse 
The savage from his thicket!
SONNETS.

I. 
Go, Valentine, and tell that lovely Maid
Whom fancy still will portray to my sight,
How here I linger in this sullen shade,
This dreary gloom of dull, monastic night;
Say, that from every joy of life remote
At evening's closing hour I quit the throng,
Listening in solitude the ring-dove's note,
Who ponders like her solitary song;
Say, that her absence calls the sorrowing sigh;
Say, that all her charm's I love to speak;
In fancy feel the magic of her eye,
In fancy view the smile illumine her cheek,
Court the lone hour when silence stills the grove,
And heave the sigh of memory and of love.
1794.

II. 
Think, Valentine, as speeding on thy way
Homeward thou hastest light of heart along,
If heavily creep on little day
The medley crew of travellers among,
Think on thine absent friend; reflect that here
On life's sad journey comfortless he roves,
Remote from every scene his heart holds dear,
From him he values, and from her he loves.
And when, disgusted with the vain and dull,
Whom chance companions of thy way may doom,
Thy mind, of each domestic comfort full,
Turns to itself and meditates on home,
Ah, think what cares must ache within his breast,
Who loathes the road, yet sees no home of rest.
1794.

III. 
Not to thee, Bedford, mournful is the tale
Of days departed. Time in his career
Arraigns not thee that the neglected year
Hath past unheeded onward. To the vale
Of years thou journeyest; may the future road
Be pleasant as the past; and on my friend
Friendship and Love, best blessings, still attend,
Till full of days he reach the calm abode
Where Nature slumbers. Lovely is the age
Of virtue: with such reverence we behold
The silver hairs, as some gray oak grown old
That whilome mock'd the rushing tempest's rage;
Now like a monument of strength decay'd, p shade.
With rarely-sprinkled leaves casting a trembling
1794.

IV. Corston.
As thus I stand beside the murmuring stream,
And watch its current, memory here portrays
Scenes faintly form'd of half-forgotten days,
Like far-off woodlands by the moon's bright beam
Dimly descried, but lovely. I have worn
Amid these haunts the heavy hours away,
When childhood idled through the Sabbath-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 those days appear,
As the faint sounds of this low brooklet, borne
Upon the breeze, reach fitfully the ear.
1794.

V. The Evening Rainbow.
Mild arch of promise, on the evening sky
Thou shinet fairest with many a lovely ray
Each in the other melting. Much mine eye
Delights to linger on thee; for the day,
Changeful and many-weather'd, seemed to smile,
Flashing brief splendor through the clouds awhile,
Which deepen'd dark anon and fell in rain;
But pleasant is it now to pause, and view
Thy various tints of frail and watery hue,
And think the storm shall not return again.
Such 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.

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 wert to think they would return no more.
But cease, fond heart, in such sad thoughts to roam,
For surely thou art long shall reach thy home;
And pleasant is the way that lies before.
1794.

VII. 
Fair is the rising morn when o'er the sky
The orient sun expands his roscate ray,
And lovely to the musing poet’s eye
Fades the soft radiance of departing day;
But fairer 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.

VIII.
How darkly o’er you far-off mountain frowns
The gather’d tempest from that lurid cloud
The deep-voiced thunders roll, awful and loud,
Though distant; while upon the misty downs
Fast falls in shadowy streaks the pelting rain.
I never saw so terrible a storm!
Perhaps some way-worn traveller in vain
Wraps his thin raiment round his shivering form,
Cold even as hope within him. I the while
Pause here in sadness, though the sun-beams smile
Cheerily round me. Ah! that thus my lot
Might be with Peace and Solitude assign’d,
Where I might from some little quiet cot
Sigh for the crimes and miseries of mankind.
1794.

IX.
O thou sweet Lark, who, in the heaven so high
Twinkling thy wings, dost sing so joyfully,
I watch thee soaring with a deep delight;
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 that I soon would wing my cager flight
To that loved home where Fancy even now
Hath fled, and Hope looks onward through a tear,
Counting the weary hours that hold her here.
1799.

X.
Thou lingerest, Spring! still wintry is the scene;
The fields their dead and sapless russet wear;
Scarce doth the glossy celadine appear
Starring the sunny bank, or early green
The elder yet its circling tufts put forth.
The sparrow tenants still the caves-built nest
Where we should see our martin’s snowy breast
Oft darting out. The blasts from the bleak north,
And from the keener east, still frequent blow.
Sweet Spring, thou lingerest; and it should be so,—
Late let the fields and gardens blossom out!
Like man when most with smiles thy face is drest,
’Tis to deceive, and he who knows ye best,
When most ye promise, ever most must doubt.
Westbury, 1799.

XI.
Beware a speedy friend, the Arabian said,
And wisely was it he advised distrust:
The flower that blossoms earliest fades the first.
Look at you Oak that lifts its stately head,
And dally with the autumnal storm, whose rage
Tempests the great sea-waves; slowly it rose,
Slowly its strength increased through many an age,
And timidly did its light leaves disclose,
As doubtful of the spring, their palest green.
They to the summer cautiously expand,
And by the winter sun and season bland
Matured, their foliage in the grove is seen,
When the bare forest by the wintry blast
Is swept, still lingering on the boughs the last.
1793.

XII. To a Goose.
If thou didst 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 gypsy thieves, and foxes sly and fleet;
If thy gray quills, by lawyer guided, trace
Deeds big with rain to some wretched race,
Or love-sick poet’s sonnet, sad and sweet,
Wailing the rigor of his lady fair;
Or if, the drudge of housemaid’s daily toil,
Cobwebs and dust thy pinions white besoil,
Departed Goose! I neither know nor care.
But this I know, that we pronounced thee fine,
Season’d with sage and onions, and port wine.
London, 1799.

XIII.
I marvel not, O San! that unto thee
In adoration man should bow the knee,
And pour his prayers of mingled awe and love;
For like a God thou art, and on thy way
Of glory sheddest, with benignant ray,
Beauty, and life, and joyance from above.
No longer let these mists thy radiance shroud,
These cold, raw mists, that chill the comfortless day,
But shed thy splendor through the opening cloud,
And cheer the earth once more. The languid flowers
Lie scentless, beaten down with heavy rain;
Earth asks thy presence, saturate with showers;
O Lord of Light! put forth thy beams again,
For damp and cheerless are the gloomy hours.
Westbury, 1793.

XIV.
Fair be thy fortunes in the distant land,
Companion of my earlier years and friend!
Go to the Eastern world, and may the hand
Of Heaven its blessing on thy labor send.
SONNETS.

And may I, if we ever more should meet,
See thee with influence to thy native shore
Return’d;—I need not pray that I may greet
The same untainted goodness as before.
Long years must intervene before that day;
And what the changes Heaven to each may send,
It boots not now to bode: O early friend!
Assured, no distance e’er can wear away
Esteem long rooted, and no change remove
The dear remembrance of the friend we love.
1736.

XV.
A wrinkled, crabb’d man they picture thee,
Old Winter, with a rugged beard as gray
As the long moss upon the apple-tree;
Blue-lip, an ice-drop at thy sharp, blue nose,
Close muffled up, and on thy dracy way,
Plodding alone through sleet and drifting snows.
They should have drawn thee by the high-heart
hearth,
Old Winter! seated 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.

XVI.
Porlock, thy verdant vale so fair to sight,
Thy lofty hills which fern and farce omnour,
The waters that roll musically down
Thy woody glens, the traveller with delight
Recalls to memory, and the channel gray
Circling its surges in thy level bay.
Porlock, I also shall forget thee not,
Here by the unwelcome summer rain confined;
But often shall hereafter call to mind
How here, a patient prisoner, ’twas my lot
To wear the lonely, lingering close of day,
Making my Sonnet by the alehouse fire,
Whilst Idleness and Solitude inspire
Dull rhymes to pass the duller hours away.
August 9, 1799.

XVII.
Stately thou vessel sails adown the tide,
To some far distant land adventurous bound;
The sailors’ busy cries from side to side,
Peaning among the echoing rocks, resound:
A patient, thoughtless, much-enduring band,
Joyful they enter on their ocean way,
With shouts exulting leave their native land,
And know no care beyond the present day.
But is there no poor mourner left behind,
Who sorrows for a child or husband there?
Who at the howling of the midnight wind
Will wake and tremble in her boding prayer?
So may her voice be heard, and Heaven be kind!
Go, gallant Ship, and be thy fortune fair!
Westbury, 1799.

XVIII.
O Goo! have mercy in this dreadful hour
On the poor mariner! in comfort here
Safe shelter’d as I am, I almost fear
The blast that rages with resistless power.
What were it now to toss upon the waves,
The madden’d waves, and know no succor near,
The howling 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,
Puts up a silent prayer and waxes pale?—
O God! have mercy on the mariner!
Westbury, 1799.

XIX.
She comes majestic with her swelling sails,
The gallant Ship; along her watery way
Homeward she drives before the favoring gales;
Now flitting at their length the streamers play,
And now they ripple with the ruffling breeze.
Hark to the sailors’ shouts! the rocks rebound,
Thundering in echoes to the joyful sound.
Long have they voyaged o’er the distant seas;
And what a heart-delight they feel at last,
So many toils, so many dangers past,
To view the port desired, he only knows
Who on the stormy deep for many a day
Hath tost, awearry of his watery way,
And watch’d, all anxious, every wind that blows.
Westbury, 1799.

XX.
Farewell my home, my home no longer now,
Witness of many a calm and happy day;
And thou, fair eminence, upon whose brow
Dwells the last sunshine of the evening ray,
Farewell! These eyes no longer shall pursue
The western sun beyond the farthest height,
When slowly he forsakes the fields of light.
No more the freshness of the falling dew,
Coo’d and delight’d, here shall bathe my head,
As from this western window dear, I lean,
Listening, the while I watch the placid scene,
The martins twittering underneath the shed.
Farewell, dear home! where many a day has past
In joys whose loved remembrance long shall last
Westbury, 1799.
SAPPHO.

Mark how the immortal maid
Resigned her heart to human love—But all
Objects delightful vanished, all things
Came into weeping eyes

and she has all a ruin!
**MONODRAMAS.**

**SAPPHO.**

**Scene. The Promontory of Leucadia.**

This is the spot:—'tis here, tradition says, That hopeless Love from this high, towering rock Leaps headlong to oblivion or to death. Oh, 'tis a giddy height! my dizzy head Swims at the precipice!—'tis death to fall! Lie still, thou coward heart! this is no time To shake with thy strong throbs the frame convulsed. To die,—to be at rest, — oh, pleasant thought! Perchance to leap and live; the soul all still, And the wild tempest of the passions hurst In one deep calm; the heart, no more diseased By the quick ague fits of hope and fear, Quietly cold!

Presiding Powers, look down! In vain to you I pour'd my earnest prayers, In vain I sang your praises: chiefly thou, Venus! ungrateful Goddess, whom my lyre Hymn'd with such full devotion. Lesbian groves, Witness how often, at the languid hour Of summer twilight, to the melting song Ye gave your choral echoes! Grecian maidis, Who hear with downcast look and flushing cheek, That lay of love, hear witness! and ye youths, Who hang enraptured on the impassion'd strain, Gazing with eloquent eye, even till the heart Sinks in the deep delirium! And ye, too, Ages unborn! hear witness ye, how hard Her fate who hymn'd the votive hymn in vain! Ungrateful Goddess! I have hung my lute In yonder holy pile; my hand no more Shall wake the melodies that fail'd to move Odurate Phaon!—yet when rumor tells How, from Leucadia, Sappho cast herself, A self-devoted victim, — he may melt Too late in pity, obstatine to love.

Oh! haunt his midnight dreams, black Nemesis! Whom, self-conceiving in the inmost depths Of Chaos, blackest Night long laboring bore, When the stern Destinies, her elder brood, [birth And shapeless Death, from that more monstrous Leapt shuddering: Haunt his slumber, Nemesis! Scorch with the fires of Phlegethon his heart, Till, helpless, hopeless, heaven-abandon'd wretch, He too shall seek beneath the unfathom'd deep To hide him from thy fury.

How the sea Far distant glitters as the sun-beams smile, And gayly wanton o'er its heaving breast! Phoebus shines forth, nor wears one cloud to mourn His rotatory sorrows. God of Day, shine on!— By man despoiled, forsaken by the Gods, I supplicate no more.

*Ου τεινον κυματεσσα θεα τεκνη νυς ερεθενην. — Hesiod.*

**MONODRAMAS.**

How many a day, O pleasant Lesbos! in thy secret streams Delighted have I plunged, from the hot sun Screen'd by the o'archring grove a delightful shade, And pillow'd on the waters! Now the waves Shall chill me to repose.

Tremendous height! Searce to the brink will these rebellious limbs Support me. Hark! how the rude deep below Roars round the rugged base, as if it call'd Its long-reluctant victim! I will come!— One leap, and all is over! The deep rest Of death, or tranquil apathy's dead calm, Welcome alike to me. Away, vain fears! Phaon is cold, and why should Sappho live? Phaon is cold, or with some fairer one— Thought worse than death!

*She throws herself from the precipice.*

**Oxford, 1793.**

**XIMALPOCA.**

The story of this Mexican King is related by Torquemada in his *Monarquía Indiana*, l. ii. c. 38, and by the Abate Clavigero, *Historia Antiga del Mexico*, t. i. l. iii. p. 193. The sacrifice was not completed; a force sent by his enemy arrived in time to prevent the catastrophe; he was carried off captive, and destroyed himself in prison.

**Scene. The Temple of Mexico.**

Subjects! friends! children! I may call you children, For I have ever borne a father's love Towards you; it is thirteen years since first You saw me in the robes of royalty,— Since here the multitudes of Mexico Hail'd their King. I thank you, friends, that now, In equal numbers and with equal love, You come to grace my death.

For thirteen years What I have been, ye know; that with all care, That with all justness and all gentleness, Seeking your weal, I govern'd. Is there one Whom I have injured? one whose just redress I have denied, or baffled by delay? Let him come forth, that so no evil tongue Speak shame of me hereafter. O my people, Not by my sins have I drawn down upon me The wrath of Heaven.

The wrath is heavy on me! Heavy! a burden more than I can bear! I have endured contempt, insult, and wrongs From that Acolmuan tyrant. Should I seek Revenge? Alas, my people, we are few,— Fecile our growing state; it hath not yet Rooted itself to bear the hurricane; It is the lion-cub that tempts not yet The tiger's full-aged fury. Mexicans, He sent to bid me wear a woman's robe;— When was the day that ever I look'd back...
MONODRAMAS.

In battle? Mexicans, the wife I loved,
To faith and friendship trusted, in despite
Of me, of Heaven, he seized, and spurn'd her back
Polluted! — Coward villain! and he lurks
Behind his armies and his multitudes,
And mocks my idle wrath? — It is not fit —
It is not possible that I should live! —
Live! and deserve to be the finger-mark
Of slave-contempt! — His blood I cannot reach,
But in my own all stains may be effaced;
It shall blot out the marks of infamy,
And when the warriors of the days to come
Tell of Ximalpoca, it shall be said
He died the brave man's death!

Not of the God
Unworthy, do I seek his altar thus,
A voluntary victim. And perchance
The sacrifice of life may profit ye,
My people, though all living efforts fail'd
By fortune, not by fault.
Cease your lament!
And if your ill-doom'd King deserved your love,
Say of him to your children, he was one
Who bravely bore misfortune; who, when life
Became dishonor, shook his body off,
And join'd the spirits of the heroes dead.
Yes! not in Michtauceuti's dark abode
With cowards shall your King receive his doom:
Not in the icy caverns of the North
Suffer through endless ages. He shall join
The Spirits of the brave, with them at morn
Shall issue from the eastern gate of Heaven,
And follow through his fields of light the Sun;
With them shall raise the song and weave the dance;
Sport in the stream of splendor; company
Down to the western palace of his rest
The Prince of Glory; and with equal eye
Endure his centred radiance. Not of you
Forgetful, O my people, even then;
But often in the amber cloud of noon
Diffused, will I o'erspread your summer fields,
And on the freshest maize and brightening meads
Shower plenty.

Spirits of my valiant Sires,
I come! Mexitli, never at thy shrine
Flow'd braver blood; never a nobler heart
Steam'd up to thee its life! Priests of the God,
Perform your office!

Westbury, 1793.

THE WIFE OF FERGUS.

Fergusus 3, perit veneno ab utore date. Alii scribunt cum
utro sape expirasseat ei matrimonii contemptum et pellii-
cum greges, neque quiescum proficiscens, tandem mocto dorum-
mentam ab ea strangulatum. Questione de morte ejus
habitat, cum amiorum plurimi insinuarentur, nec quiescum
ne in gravissimis quidem tormentis quiesque fellatere,
muller, aliquo feror, tot inimicorum captum miseris, in
medium processit, ac ut superiore loco cadem a se fecit
confessa, ne ad ludibrium suprassesset, pectus cultro transfo-
dit: quad ejus factum varie pro eisque ingenio excep-
tum, ac periode sermonibus celebratum. Buchanan.

SCENE. The Palace Court. The Queen speaking
from the Battlements.

CEASE — cease your torments! spare the sufferers!
Scotchmen, not theirs the deed; — the crime was
mine.
Mine is the glory.

Idles threats! I stand
Secure. All access to these battlemints
Is barr'd beyond your sudden strength to force;
And lo! the dager by which Fergus died!

Shame on ye, Scotchmen, that a woman's hand
Was left to do this deed! Shame on ye, Thanes,
Who with slave-patience have so long endur'd
The wrongs and insolence of tyranny!
Cowardly race! — that not a husband's sword
Smote that adulterous King! that not a wife
Revenged her own pollution; in his blood
Wash'd herself pure, and for the sin compell'd
Atoned by righteous murder! — O my God!
Of what beast-matter hast thou moulded them
To bear with wrongs like these? There was a time
When if the Bard had feign'd you such a tale,
Your eyes had throb'd with anger, and your hand,
In honest instinct would have grasp'd the sword.
O miserable men, who have disgraced
Your fathers, whom your sons must blush to name!

Ay, — ye can threaten me! ye can be brave
In anger to a woman! one whose virtue
Upbrails your coward vice; whose name will live
Honor'd and praised in song, when not a hand
Shall root from your forgotten monuments
The carking moss. Fools! fools! to think that
dearth
Is not a thing familiar to my mind;
As if I knew not what must consummate
My glory! as if aught that earth can give
Could tempt me to endure the load of life! —
Scotchmen! ye saw when Fergus to the altar
Led me, his maiden Queen. Ye blest me then,
I heard you bless me,— and I thought that
Heaven
Had heard you also, and that I was blest;
For I loved Fergus. Bear me witness, God!
With what a heart and soul sincerity
My lips pronounced the unreaclable vow
That made me his, him mine; bear witness, Thou!
Before whose throne I this day must appear
Stain'd with his blood and mine! My heart was
his,—
His in the strength of all its first affections.
In all obedience, in all love, I kept
Holy my marriage-vow. Behold me, Thanes!
Time hath not changed the face on which his eye
So often dwell, when with assiduous care
He sought my love, with seeming truth, for one,
Sincere herself, impossible to doubt.
Time hath not changed that face! — I speak not
now
With pride of beauties that will feed the worm
To-morrow; but with honest pride I say,
That if the truest and the purest love
Deserved requital, such was ever mine.
How often seeking from the adulterous bed
Have I received him! and with no complaint.
Neglect and insult, cruelty and scorn,
Long, long did I endure, and long curb down
The indignant nature.

Tell your countrymen,
Scotchmen, what I have spoken! Say to them
Ye saw the Queen of Scotland lift the dagger
Red from her husband’s heart; that in her own
She plunged it.

Tell them also, that she felt
No guilty fear in death.

Westbury, 1793.

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LUCRETIA.

Scene. The House of Collatine.

Welcome, my father! good Valerius,
Welcome! and thou too, Brutus! ye were both
My wedding guests, and fitly ye are come.
My husband — Collatine — alas! no more
Lucretia’s husband, for thou shalt not chesp
Pollution to thy bosom, — hear me on!
Few’st’rest! tell thee all.

I sat at eve
Spinning amid my maidens as I wont,
When from the camp at Ardea Sextus came.
Curf down thy swelling feelings, Collatine! —
Little liked the man! yet, for he came
From Ardea, for he brought me news of thee,
I gladly gave him welcome; gladly listen’d,
— Thou canst not tell how gladly — to his tales
Of battles, and the long and perilous siege;
And when I hid me down at night to sleep,
’Twas with a lighten’d heart, — I knew thee safe;
My visions were of thee.

Nay, hear me out! —
And be thou wise in vengeance, so thy wife
Not vainly shall have suffer’d. — I have wrought
My soul up to the business of this hour,
That it may stir your noble spirits, and prompt
Such glorious deeds that ages yet unborn
Shall bless my fate. At midnight I awoke;
The Tarquin was beside me! O my husband,
Where wilt thou then! gone was my rebel
strength—
All power of utterance gone! astonish’d, stunned’st,
I saw the coward ruffian, heard him urge
His wicked suit, and bid me tamely yield,—
Yield to disdolor. When he proferr’d death,
— Oh, I had leap’d to meet themereulous sword!
But that with most accursed vows he vow’d,
That he would lay a dead slave by my side,
Murdering my spotless honor. — Collatine,
From what an anguish have I rescu’d thee!
And thou, my father, wretched as thou art,
Thou miserable, childless, poor old man,—
Think, father, what that agony had been! —
Now thou mayst sorrow for me, thou mayst bless
The memory of thy poor, polluted child.

Look if it have not kindled Brutus’ eye:
Mysterious man! at last I know thee now;
I see thy dawning glories! — to the grave
Not unrevenged Lucretia shall descend;
Not always shall her wretched country wear
The Tarquin’s yoke! Ye will deliver Rome,
And I have comfort in this dreadful hour.

Thinkest thou, my husband, that I dreaded
death?
O Collatine! the weapon that had gored
My bosom had been ease, been happiness, —
Elysium, to the hell of his hot grasp.
Judge if Lucretia could have fear’d to die!

Bristol, 1799.

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LA CABA.

This monodrama was written several years before the author
had any intention of treating at greater length the portion of
Spanish history to which it relates. It is founded upon the
following passage in the Historia Fernandina del Rey Don
Rodrigo, which Ab Stigni y Luna translated from the Arabic.

Avanzadas despedido en la Ciudad de Corduba el Conde
Don Julian de aquellos Germanicos, recogió toda su gente, deu-
dos y criadas; y porque sus tierras estaban tan perdidas y
maltratadas, se fizo á un lugar pequeño, que está fabricado en
la ribera del mar Mediterráneo, en la provincia que llaman
Andolucia, a la cual nombraron los Christianos en su lengua
Vallaviciosa. Y avanzado llegado á ella, dijo orden de embiar
por su muger, y hija, que estaban detenidas en aquellas partes
de Africa, en una Ciudad que está en la ribera del mar, la
que se llamo Tanger, para decir alli aviar el suceso de la
conquista de España en que avia de parar: los que llegados en
aquella Villa, el Conde D. Julian les recibió con mucho
contento, porque tenian bien sentida su larga ausencia.
Y avanzado desenmascarado, desde alli el Conde duca orden con
mucha diligencia para poblar y restaurar sus tierras, para ir
á vivir en ellas. Su hija estaba muy triste y afligida; y por
mucho que su padre y madre la regulatase, nunca la podian
contener, ni aligerar. Imaginava la grande perdida de España,
y la grande destruccion de los Christianos, con tantos muertos,
y cautivos, robadas sus tierras, y que ella misma, siendo causa
principal, habia, y ocasion de aquella perdicion; y sobre
todo ello le creian mas pesadumbres en verse desahorada,
y sin esperanza de tener estido, según ella decia. Con esta
imaginacion, engañada del dueno, determino entrar en el
lugar descubierto: y un dia se subio á una torre, corriendo
la puerta delia por decaderos, porque no fuesse estorrrada de aquel
hecho que queria hacer; y dio á una ama suya, que le llamase
al padre y madre, que les queria decir su poco. Y siendo
detenidos, desde lo alto de aquella torre los hizo un racionamiento
muy lastimoso, diciéndoles al fin dié, que muger tan desechada
como ella era, y tan desventurada, no merecia vivir en el
mundo con tanta desahorba, majestuosamente aviando sido causa
de tanto mal y destrucciones. Y luego les diso, Padres, en memoria
de mi desecho, de aquel adiante no se llame esta Ciudad, Villa,
viucion, sino Malaca: Os se acababa en ella la mas mala muger
que hayo en el mundo. Y acabadas estas palabras, sin mas
oir á sus padres, ni á nadie de los que estavan presentes, por
muchos ruegos que la hizozieron, y anmonentaciones que no se
echassen abana, se dezo carr en el suelo: y llorando mediod muerte,
vivido como tres dias, y luego murió. — Fue causa este desastro
y desesperacion de mucho encedimiento, y notable misericordia, cuen
los Mores y Christianos; y desde adiante se llamó aquella
Ciudad Malaca corrupcionmente por los Christianos; y de los
Arabes fue llamada Malaca, en memoria de aquellas palabras
que diso quando se echó de la torre, no se llame Villaviciosa,
 sino Malaca, porque en el lenguaje Espahol quiere decir por
que: y porque dixo, ca, que se acababa en ella la mas mala muger
que hayo en el mundo, se compuso este nombre de Mala y ca. —
Cap. xviii. pp. 81, 83.
Bleda, who has incorporated Miguel de Laun's story in his Cronica de los Moros de España, pp. 195, 194, has the following curious passage concerning La Caba.

Fue la hermosura desta dama no menos daños a España, que la de Elena a Troya. Llevanoda los Moros por mal nombre La Caba; y nota el Padre Fray Estevan de Salazar, Curtuzo, en los discursos destinados sobre el Cristo, que esto no fue sin mysterio; porque el nombre de nuestra primera madre en el Hebreo no se pronuncia Eca, sino Caba: de suerte que tuvieron un mismo nombre dos mujeres que fueron reyga de los hombres, la una en todo el mundo, y la otra en España.—Bleda, p. 196.

Morales supposes that the Gate at Malaga derived its name not from the death of La Caba, but from her having passed through it on her way to Africa.

En Malaga he visto la puerta en el muro, que llamauan de La Caba, y dieron le quedo aquel nombre, habiendo salido esta vez por ella emburecerse. Y la gran desdicha que luego sucedio, decia tristemente notable aquel lugar.—Morales, l. xii. cap. lvii. § 4.

The very different view which I have taken of this subject when treating it upon a great scale, renders it proper to substitute for Julian, in this earlier production, the name of Ilan, for which the Cronica de España affords authority, and to call his daughter as she is named in that spirited Ode by P. Luis de Leon, of which a good translation may be found in Russell's poems.

FATHER! Count Ilan! here — what here I say, —
Aloth — look up! — ay, father, here I stand,
Safe of my purpose now! The way is barr'd; —
Thou need'st not hasten hither! — Ho! Count Ilan,
I tell thee I have barr'd the battlements! I tell thee that no human power can curb
A desperate will. The poison and the knife —
These thou couldst wrest from me; but here I stand
Beyond thy thrall! — free mistress of myself.
Though thou hastd wings, thou couldst not over-take
My purpose. I command my destiny.
Would I stand dallying on Death's threshold here, If it were possible that hand of man
Could pluck me back?

Why didst thou bring me here To set my foot, reluctant as I was, On this most injured and unhappy land? Yonder in Afric — on a foreign shore, I might have linger'd out my wretched life — I might have found some distant lurking place, Where my accurs'd tale was never known; Where Gothic speech would never reach my ear,— Where among savages I might have fled The leprous curse of infamy! But here — In Spain, — in my own country; — night and morn Where all good people curse me in their prayers; Where every Moorish accent that I hear Doth tell me of my country's overthrow,
Doth stab me like a dagger to the soul; Here — here — in desolated Spain, whose fields Yet reek to Heaven with blood, — whose slaughter'd sons Lie rotting in the open light of day,
My victims; — said I, mine? Nay — Nay, Count Ilan,
They are thy victims! at the throne of God Their spirits call for vengeance on thy head; Their blood is on thy soul, — even I, myself,
I am thy victim too, — and this death more Must yet be placed in Hell to thy account.

O my dear country! O my mother Spain! My cradle and my grave! — for thou art dear; And nursed to thy undoing as I was, Still, still I am thy child — and love thee still; I shall be written in thy Chronicles
The veriest wretch that ever yet betray'd
Her native land! From sire to son my name Will be transmitted down for infancy! —
Never again will mother call her child La Caba, — an Iscariot curse will lie Upon the name, and children in their songs Will teach the rocks and hills to echo with it Strumpet and traitress! This is thy work, father
Nay, tell me not my shame is wash'd away That all this ruin and this misery Is vengeance for my wrongs. I ask'd not this, — I call'd for open, manly, Gothic vengeance. Thouwert a vassal, and thy villain lord Most falsely and most foully broke his faith; Thouwert a father, and the lustful king By force abused thy child! — Thou hast a sword; Shame on thee to call in the cimenter To do thy work! Thou wast a Goth — a Christian —
Son of an old and honorable house, — It was my boast, my proudest happiness, To think I was the daughter of Count Ilan. Fool that I am to call this African By that good name! O do not spread thy hands To me! — and put not on that father's look! Moor! turbaned misbeliever! renegade! Circumcised traitor! Thou Count Ilan, Thou! —
Thy dear father! — cover me, O Earth? Hell, hide me from the knowledge!

Bristol, 1902.

THE AMATORY POEMS OF
ABEL SHUFFLEBOTTOM.

SONNET I.

DELIA AT PLAY.

She held a Cup and Ball of ivory white,
Less white the ivory than her snowy hand! Enrapt, I watch'd her from my secret seat, As now, intent, in innocent delight, Her taper fingers twirl'd the giddy ball, Now lost it, following still with eagle sight, Now on the pointed end infiz'd its fall. Marking her sport I mused, and musing sigh'd. Methought the ball she play'd with was my heart; (Alias! that sport like that should be her pride!) And the keen point which steadfast still she eyed Wherewith to pierce it, that was Cupid's dart; Shall I not then the cruel Fair condemn Who on that dart impales my bosom's gem?
SONNET II.
TO A PAINTER ATTEMPTING DELIA'S PORTRAIT.

Rash Painter! canst thou give the orb of day
In all its moonlight glory? or portray
The diamond, that athwart the taper'd hall
Flings the rich flashes of its dazzling light?
Even if thine art could boast such magic might,
Yet if it strove to paint my Angel's eye,
Here it performe must fail. Cease! lest I call
Heaven's vengeance on thy sin. Must thou be told
The crime it is to paint divinity?
Rash Painter! should the world her charms behold,
Dim and defiled, as they there needs must be,
They to their old idolatry would fall,
And bend before her form the pagan knee,
Fairer than Venus, daughter of the sea.

SONNET III.
HE PROVES THE EXISTENCE OF A SOUL FROM HIS LOVE FOR DELIA.

Some have denied a soul! they never loved.
Far from my Delia now by fate removed,
At home, abroad, I viewed her every where;
Her only in the flow'r of noon I see,
My Goodness Maid, my omnipresent fair,
For love annihilates the world to me!
And when the weary Sun around his bed
Closes the sable curtains of the night,
Sun of my slumbers, on my dazzled sight
She shines confest. When every sound is dead,
The Spirit of her voice comes then to roll
The surge of music o'er my waving brain.
Far, far from her my Body drags its chain,
But sure with Delia I exist a soul!

SONNET IV.
THE POET EXPRESSES HIS FEELINGS RESPECTING A PORTRAIT IN DELIA'S PARLOR.

I would I were that portly Gentleman
With gold-laced hat and golden-headed cane,
Who hangs in Delia's parlor! For whene'er
From book or needlework her looks arise,
On him converge the sun-beams of her eyes,
And he unblamed may gaze upon my fair,
And oft my fair his favor'd form surveys.
Oh happy picture! still on her to gaze;
I envy him! and jealous fear alarms,
Lest the strong glance of those diamond charms
Warm him to life, as in the ancient days,
When marble melted in Pygmalion's arms.
I would I were that portly Gentleman
With gold-laced hat and golden-headed cane.

LOVE ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

THE POET RELATES HOW HE OBTAINED DELIA'S POCKET-HANKERCHIEF.

'Tis mine! what accents can my joy declare?
Blest be the pressure of the throating rout!
Blest be the hand so hasty of my fair,
That left the tempting corner hanging out!
I envy not the joy the pilgrim feels,
After long travel to some distant shrine,
When at the relic of his saint he kneels,
For Delia's pocket-hankerchief is mine.

When first with filching fingers I drew near,
Keen hope shot tremulous through every vein
And when the finish'd deed removed my fear,
Scarce could my bounding heart its joy contain
What though the Eighth Commandment rose to
mind,
It only served a moment's qualm to move;
For thefts like this it could not be design'd; [ LOVE !
The Eighth Commandment was not made for
Here when she took the macaroons from me,
She wiped her mouth to clean the crumbs so sweet!
Dear napkin! yes, she wiped her lips in thee!
Lips sweeter than the macaroons she eat.
And when she took that pinch of Mocabaw,
That made my Love so delicately sneeze,
Thee to her Roman nose applied I saw,
And thou art doubly dear for things like these.
No washerwoman's filthy hand shall e'er,
Sweet pocket-hankerchief! thy worth profane;
For thou hast touch'd the rubies of my fair,
And I will kiss thee o'er and o'er again.

ELEGY II.

THE POET INVOKES THE SPIRITS OF THE ELEMENTS TO APPROACH DELIA. — HE DESCRIBES HER SINGING.

Ye Sylphs, who banquet on my Delia's blush,
Who on her locks of floating gold repose,
Dip in her cheek your gossamer brush,
And with its bloom of beauty tinge the rose.
Hover around her lips on rainbow wing,
Load from her honey'd breath your viceroy feet,
Bear thence a richer fragrance for the Spring,
And make the lily and the violet sweet.
Ye Gnomes, whose toil through many a dateless year
Its nurture to the infant gem supplies,
From central caverns bring your diamonds here,
To *ripen in the sun of Delia’s eyes.*

And ye who bathe in Etna’s lava springs,
Spirits of fire! to see my love advance;
Fly, Salamanders, on Asbestos’ wings,
To wanton in my Delia’s fiery glance.

She weeps, she weeps! her eye with anguish swells,
Some tale of sorrow melts my feeling girl.
Nymphs! catch the tears, and in your lucid shells
Enclose them, EMBRACES OF THE ORIENT PEARL.

She sings! the Nightingale with envy hears,
The Cherub listens from his stately throne,
And motionless are stopp’d the attentive Spheres,
To hear more heavenly music than their own.

Cease, Delia, cease! for all the angel thong,
Hearkening to thee, let sleep their golden wires!
Cease, Delia, cease that too surpassing song,
Lest, sung to envy, they should break their lyres.

Cease, ere my senses are to madness driven
By the strong joy! Cease, Delia, lest my soul,
Enrapt, already think *itself in heaven,*
And burst the feeble Body’s frail control.

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**ELEGY III.**

THE POET EXPATRIATES ON THE BEAUTY OF DELIA’S HAIR.

The comb between whose ivory teeth she strains
The straitening curls of gold so beamy bright,
Not spotless merely from the touch remains,
But issues forth more pure, more milky white.

The rose-pomatum that the Friseur spreads
Sometimes with honor’d fingers for my fair
No added perfume on her tresses sheds,
*But borrows sweetness from her sweeter hair.*

Happy the Friseur who in Delia’s hair
With licensed fingers uncon troll’d may rove!
And happy in his death the dancing Bear,
Who died to make pomatum for my love.

Oh could I hope that e’er my favor’d lays
Might *curl those lovely locks* with conscious pride,
Nor Hammond, nor the Mantuan Shepherd’s praise,
I’d envy then, nor wish reward beside.

Cupid has strung from you, O tresses fine,
The bow that in my breast impoll’d his dart;
From you, sweet locks! he wove the subtle line
Wherewith the urechin *angled for my heart.*

Fine are my Delia’s tresses as the threads
That from the silk-worm, *self-interr’d,* proceed;
Fine as the gleamy Gossamer that spreads
Its flimsy web-work o’er the tangled mead.

Yet with these tresses Cupid’s power elate
My captive heart has *handsev’d* in a chain,
Strong as the cables of some huge first-rate,
That bears Britannia’s thunders o’er the main.

The Sylphs that round her radiant locks repair,
In *flowing lustre* bathe their brightening wings;
And Elfins Minstrels with assiduous care
The ringlets rob for faery fiddle-strings.

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**ELEGY IV.**

THE POET RELATES HOW HE STOLE A LOCK OF DELIA’S HAIR, AND HER ANGER.

Oh! be the day accurst that gave me birth!
Ye Seas, to swallow me in kindness rise!
Fall on me, Mountains! and thou merciful Earth,
Open, and hide me from my Delia’s eyes!

Let universal Chaos now return,
Now let the central fires their prison burst,
And earth, and heaven, and air, and ocean burn—
For Delia frowns—she frowns, and I am cured!

Oh! I could dare the fury of the fight,
Where hostile millions sought my single life;
Would storm volcano batteries with delight,
And grapple with grim death in glorious strife.

Oh! I could brave the bolts of angry Jove,
When ceaseless lightnings fire the midnight skies:
What is his wrath to that of her I love?
What is his lightning to my Delia’s eyes?

Go, fatal lock! I cast thee to the wind;
*Ye serpent curls,* ye poison-tendris, go!
Would I could tear thy memory from my mind,
*Accursed lock,*—then cause of all my woe!

Seize the curlers, ye Furies, as they fly!
Demons of Darkness, guard the infernal roll,
That thence your cruel vengeance, when I die,
*May knot the knots of torture for my soul.*

Last night,—Oh hear me, Heaven, and grant my prayer!
The book of fate before thy suppliant lay,
And let me from its ample records tear
*Only the single page* of yesterday!

Or let me meet old Time upon his flight,
And I will stop him on his restless way;
Omnipotent in Love’s resistless might,
I’ll force him back the road of yesterday.

Last night, as o’er the page of Love’s despair,
My Delia bent *deliciously* to grieve,
LYRIC POEMS.

TO HORROR.

Την γήγενα σέσωμαι
τάν καὶ στόλικες τρωμένα
"Εφαρμίζω τεκάς αὐτ' ἠμία, καὶ μιλαν ἀφα.

THEOCRITUS.

DARK Horror! hear my call!
Stern Genius, hear from thy retreat
On some old sepulchre's moss-canker'd seat,
Beneath the Abbey's ivy'd wall
That trembles o'er its shade;
Where wrapt in midnight gloom, alone,
Thou lovest to lie and hear
The roar of waters near,
And listen to the deep, dull groan
Of some perturbed sprite,
Borne fitful on the heavy gales of night.

Or whether o'er some wide waste hill
Thou see'st the traveller stray,
Bewilder'd on his lonely way,
When, loud, and keen, and chill,
The evening winds of winter blow,
Drifting deep the dismal snow.

Or if thou followest now on Greenland's shore,
With all thy terrors, on the lonely way
Of some wreck'd mariner, where to the roar
Of herded bears, the floating ice-hills round
Return their echoing sound,
And by the dim, dear Boreal light
Givest half his dangers to the wretch's sight.

Or if thy fury form,
When o'er the midnight deep
The dark-wing'd tempests sweep,
Befolds from some high cliff the increasing storm,
Watching with strange delight,
As the black billows to the thunder rave,
When by the lightning's light
Thou see'st the tall ship sink beneath the wave.

Bears me in spirit where the field of fight
Scatters contagion on the tainted gale,
When, to the Moon's faint beam,
On many a carcass shine the dews of night,
And a dead silence stills the vales, [scream].
Save when at times is heard the glutton Raven's

Where some wreck'd army from the Conqueror's
Speed their disastrous flight, [might
With thee, fierce Genius! let me trace their way,
And hear at times the deep heart-groan
Of some poor sufferer left to die alone;
And we will pause, where, on the wild,
The mother to her breast,
On the heap'd snows reclining, clasps her child,
Not to be pitted now, for both are now at rest.

Black Horror! speed we to the bed of Death,
Where one who wide and far
Hath sent abroad the myriad plagues of war
Struggles with his last breath;
Then to his wildly-starting eyes
The spectres of the slaughter'd rise;
Then on his frenzied ear
Their calls for vengeance and the Demons' yell
In one heart-maddening chorus swell;
Cold on his brow convulsing stands the dew,
And night eternal darkens on his view.

Horror! I call thee yet once more!
Bears me to that accursed shore,
Where on the stake the Negro writhe.
Assume thy sacred terrors then! dispense
The gales of Pestilence!
Arouse the oppress'd; teach them to know their power;
Lead them to vengeance! and in that dread hour
When ruin rages wide,
I will behold and smile by Mercy's side.

Bristol, 1791.

TO CONTEMPLATION.

Καὶ παράξ φιλίας τῶν ἐγγόνων ἄκακης,
"Αελποράθοισα τοῦ ἀριστοκράτων, ὁδή γαρ ἀκάκην.

MOSCHUS.

FAINT gleams the evening radiance through the sky,
The sober twilight dimly darkens round;
In short quick circles the shrill bat flits by,
And the slow vapor curls along the ground.

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.

Calm Contemplation, 'tis thy favorite hour
Come, tranquillizing Power!
I view thee on the calmy shore
When Ocean stills his waves to rest;
Or when slow-moving on the surges hoar
Meet with deep, hollow roar,
And whiten o'er his breast;
And when the Moon with softer radiance gleams,
And lovelier heave the billows in her beams.

When the low gales of evening moon along,
I love with thee to feel the calm, cool breeze,
And roam the pathless forest wilds among,
Listening the mellow murmur of the trees
Full-foiledage, as they wave their heads on high,
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 violets sigs,
Listening to hear its softly sounds arise,
And hearken the dull beetle's drowsy flight,
And watch the tube-eyed snail
Creep o'er his long, moon-glittering trail,
And mark where radiant through the night
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 echoes of my feet.
Or on some half-demolish'd tomb,
Whose warning texts anticipate my doom,
Mark the clear orb of night
Cast through the ivied arch a broken light.

Nor will I not in some more gloomy hour
Invoke with fearless awe thine holier power,
Wandering beneath the sacred pile
When the blast moans along the darksome aisle,
And clattering patters all around
The midnight shower with dreary sound.

But sweeter 'tis to wander wild,
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 soothing Silence sleeps in all,
Save the neighboring waterfall,
Whose hoarse waters, falling near,
Load with hollow sounds the ear,
And with down-dash'd 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 gay,
Ere Fancy, chill'd by adverse fate,
Left sad Reality my mate.

O Contemplation! when to Memory's eyes
The visions of the long-past days arise,
Thy holy power imparts the best relief,
And the calm'd Spirit loves the joy of grief.

Bristol, 1792.

TO A FRIEND.

Oh my faithful Friend!
Oh early chosen, ever found thee same,
And trusted and beloved! once more the verse
Long destined, always obvious to thine ear,
Attend indulgent.

And wouldst thou seek the low abode
Where Peace delights to dwell?
Pause, Traveller, on thy way of life!
With many a snare and peril rife
Is that long labyrinth of road?
Dark is the vale of years before;
Pause, Traveller, on thy way,
Nor dare the dangerous path explore
Till old Experience comes to lend his leading ray.

Not he who comes with lantern light
Shall guide thy groping pace aright
With faltering feet and slow;
No! let him rear the torch on high,
And every maze shall meet thine eye,
And every snare and every foe;
Then with steady step and strong,
Traveller, shalt thou march along.

Though Power invite thee to her hall,
Regard not thou her tempting call,
Her splendor's meteor gleam:
Though courteous Flattery there await,
And Wealth adorn the dome of State,
There stalks the midnight spectre Care:
Peace, Traveller, doth not sojourn there.

If Fame allure thee, climb not thou
To that steep mountain's craggy brow
Where stands her stately pile;
For far from thence doth Peace abide,
And thou shalt find Fame's favoring smile
Cold as the feeble Sun on Hecla's snow-clad side.

And, Traveller! as thou hopest to find
That low and loved abode,
Retire thee from the thronging road,
And shun the mob of human-kind.
Ah! hear how old Experience schools—
"Fly, fly the crowd of Knaves and Fools,
"And thou shalt fly from woe!"
"The one thy heedless heart will greet
"With Judas-smile, and thou wilt meet
"In every Fool a Fate!"
So safely mayst thou pass from these,
And reach secure the home of Peace,
And Friendship find thee there;
No happier state can mortal know,
No happier lot can Earth bestow,
If Love thy lot shall share.
Yet still Content with him may dwell
Whom Hymen will not bless,
And Virtue sejourn in the cell
Of hermit Happiness.

Bristol, 1793.

REMEMBRANCE.

The remembrance of Youth is a sigh...Ali.

MAX 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 school the little exile goes,
Torn from his mother’s arms,—
What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
When novelty hath lost its charms?
Condemn’d to suffer through the day
Restraints 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 control and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
In thought he loves to roam,
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 harass’d heart
Its consolations find?
Then is not Youth, as Fancy tells,
Life’s summer prime of joy?
Ah no! for hopes too long delay’d
And feelings blasted or betray’d,
Its fabled bliss 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 ills 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.

Westbury, 1795.

THE SOLDIER’S WIFE.

DACTYLCICS.

Weary way-wanderer, languid and sick at heart,
Travelling painfully over the rugged road, gone!
Wild-visaged Wanderer! God help thee, wretched
Sorily thy little one drags by thee barefooted;
Cold is the baby that hangs at thy bending back,
Meagre, and livid, and screaming for misery.

* Woe-begone mother, half anger, half agony,
As over thy shoulder thou lookest to hush the babe,
Bleakly the blinding snow beats in thy haggard face.

Ne’er will thy husband return from the war again,
Cold is thy heart, and as frozen as Charity! [forter! Cold are thy children.—Now God be thy con-
Bristol, 1795.

THE WIDOW.

SAPPHICS.

Cold was the night wind, drifting fast the snow fell,
Wide were the downs, and shelterless and naked,
When a poor Wanderer struggled on her journey,
Weary and way-sore.

Drear were the downs, more dreary her reflections,
Cold was the night-wind, colder was her bosom;
She had no home, the world was all before her,
She had no shelter.

Fast o’er the heath a chariot rattled by her,
“Pity me!” feebly cried the lonely wanderer;
“Pity me, strangers! lest with cold and hunger
Here I should perish.

“Once I had friends,—though now by all forsaken
Once I had parents,—they are now in heaven!
I had a home once—I had once a husband—
Pity me, strangers!

“I had a home once—I had once a husband—
I am a widow, poor and broken-hearted!”
Loud blew the wind; unheard was her complaining,
On drove the chariot.

* This stanza was written by S. T. Coleridge.
Then on the snow she laid her down to rest her;  
She heard a horseman; "Pity me!" she groan'd out;  
Loud was the wind; unheard was her complaining;  
On went the horseman.  

Worn out with anguish, toil, and cold, and hunger,  
Down sunk the Wanderer; sleep had seized her senses;  
There did the traveller find her in the morning;  
God had released her.  

Bristol, 1793.

THE CHAPEL BELL.

Lo I, the man who from the Muse did ask  
Her deepest notes to swell the Patriot's meeds,  
Am now enforced, a far unfitter task,  
For cap and gown to leave my minstrel voods;  
For you dull tone, that tinkles on the air,  
Bids me lay by the lyre and go to morning prayer.

O how I hate the sound! it is the knell  
That still a requiem tolls to Comfort's hour;  
And loath am I, at Superstition's bell,  
To quit or Morpheus' or the Muse's bower:  
Better to lie and doze, than gape again,  
Hearing still mumbled o'er the same eternal strain.

Thou tedious herald of more tedious prayers,  
Say, dost thou ever summon from his rest One being wakening to religious cares?  
Or rouse one pious transport in the breast?  
Or rather, do not all reluctant creep  
To linger out the time in listlessness or sleep?

I love the bell that calls the poor to pray,  
Chiming from village church its cheerful sound,  
When the sun smiles on Labor's holy-day,  
And all the rustie train are gather'd round,  
Each dully dizen'd in his Sunday's best,  
And pleased to hail the day of piety and rest.

And when, dim shadowing o'er the face of day,  
The mantling mists of even-tide rise slow,  
As through the forest gloom I wend my way,  
The minister curfew's sullen voice I know,  
And pause, and love its solemn toll to hear,  
As made by distance soft it dies upon the ear.

And nor with an idle nor unwilling ear  
Do I receive the early passing-bell;  
For, sick at heart with many a secret care,  
When I lie listening to the dead man's knell,  
I think that in the grave all sorrows cease,  
And would full fain recline my head and be at peace.

But thou, memorial of monastic gall!  
What fancy sad or lightsome last thou given?  
Thy vision-sounding sounds alone recall  
The prayer that trembles on a yawn to heaven,  
The snuffling, sniffing Fellow's nasal tone,  
Id Romish rites retain'd, though Romish faith be flown.

Oxford, 1793.

TO HYMEN.

God of the torch, whose soul-illumining flame  
Beams brightest radiance o'er the human heart,  
Of many a woe the cure,  
Of many a joy the source;

To thee I sing, if haply may the Muse  
Pour forth the song unblamed from these dull haunts,  
Where never beams thy torch  
To cheer the sullen scene.

I pour the song to thee, though haply doom'd  
Alone and unbeloved to pass my days;  
Though doom'd perchance to die  
Alone and unbewail'd.

Yet will the lark, albeit in cage enthral'd,  
Send out her voice to greet the morning sun,  
As wide his cheerful beams  
Light up the landscape round;

When high in heaven she hears the caroling,  
The prisoner too begins her morning hymn,  
And hauls the beam of joy,  
Of joy to her denied.

Friend to each better feeling of the soul,  
I sing to thee, for many a joy is thine,  
And many a Virtue comes  
To join thy happy train.

Lured by the splendor of thy sacred torch,  
The beacon-light of bliss, young Love draws near,  
And leads his willing slaves  
To wear thy flowery chain.

And chas'ten'd Friendship comes, whose mildest sway  
Shall cheer the hour of age, when fainter burn  
The fading flame of Love,  
The fading flame of Life.

Parent of every bliss, the busy hand  
Of Fancy oft will paint in brightest hues  
How calm, how clear, thy torch  
Illumes the wintry hour;

Will paint the wearied laborer at that hour,  
When friendly darkness yields a pause to toil,  
Returning blithely home  
To each domestic joy;

Will paint the well-trim'd fire, the frugal meal  
Prepared with fond solicitude to please;  
The ruddy children round  
Climbing the father's knee.

And oft will Fancy rise above the lot  
Of honest Poverty, and think how man  
Nor rich, nor poor, enjoys  
His best and happiest state;

When toil no longer irksome and constrains  
By hard necessity, but comes to please,
To vary the still hour
Of tranquil happiness.

Why, Fanny, wilt thou, o'er the lovely scene
Pouring thy vivid hues, why, sorceress bland,
Soothe sad reality
With visionary bliss?

Turn thou thine eyes to where the hallowed light
Of Learning shines; ah, rather lead thy son
Along her mystic paths
To drink the sacred spring.

Lead calmly on along the unvaried path
To solitary Age's dear abode; —
Is it not happiness
That gives the sting to Death?

Well then is he whose unimbitter'd years
Are waning on in lonely listlessness;
If Life hath little joy,
Death hath for him no sting.

Oxford, 1794.

ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY.

Come, melancholy Moralizer, come!
Gather with me the dark and wintry wreath;
With me engarland now
The Sepulchre of Time.

Come, Moralizer, to the funeral song!
I pour the dirge of the Departed Days;
For well the funeral song
Befits this solemn hour.

But hark! even now the merry bells ring round
With clamorous joy to welcome in this day,
This consecrated day
To Joy and Merriment.

Mortal! while Fortune with benignant hand
Fills to the brim thy cup of happiness,
Whilst her unclouded sun
Illumes thy summer day,—

Canst thou rejoice,—rejoice that Time flies fast?
That night shall shadow soon thy summer sun?
That swift the stream of Years
Rolls to Eternity?

If thou hast wealth to gratify each wish,
If power be thine, remember what thou art!
Remember thou art Man,
And Death thine heritage!

Hast thou known Love! Dost Beauty's better sun
Cheer thy fond heart with no capricious smile,
Her eye all eloquence,
All harmony her voice?

Oh state of happiness! —Hark! how the gale
Moans deep and hollow through the leafless grove!
Winter is dark and cold;
Where now the charms of Spring!
LYRIC POEMS.

Say'st thou that Fancy paints the future scene
In hues too sombre? that the dark-stoled Maid
With frowning front severe
Appalls the shuddering soul?

And wouldst thou bid me court her fairy form,
When, as she sports in some happier mood,
Her many-colored robes
Float varying in the sun?

Ah! vainly does the Pilgrim, whose long road
Leads o'er a barren mountain's storm-vex'd height,
With wistful eye behold
Some quiet vale, far off.

And there are those who love the pensive song,
To whom all sounds of Mirth are dissonant;
Them in accordant mood
This thoughtful strain will find.

For hopeless Sorrow hails the lapse of Time,
Rejoicing when the fadin orb of day
Is sunk again in night,
That one day more is gone.

And he who bears Affliction's heavy load
With patient piety, well pleased he knows
The World a pilgrimage,
The Grave his inn of rest.

Bath, 1794.

WRITTEN ON SUNDAY MORNING.

Go thou and seek the House of Prayer!
I to the woodlands wend, and there
In lovely Nature see the God of Love.
The swelling organ's peal
Wakes not my soul to zeal,
Like the sweet music of the vernal grove.
The gorgeous altar and the mystic vest
Excite not such devotion in my breast,
As where the moon-tide beam,
Flash'd from some broken stream,
Vibrates on the dazzled sight;
Or where the cloud-suspended rain
Sweeps in shadows o'er the plain;
Or when, reclining on the cliff's huge height,
I mark the billows burst in silver light.

Go thou and seek the House of Prayer!
I to the Woodlands shall repair,
Feed with all Nature's charms mine eyes,
And hear all Nature's melodies.
The primrose bank will there dispense
Faint fragrance to the awaken'd sense;
The morning beams that life and joy impart,
Will with their influence warm my heart,
And the full tear that down my cheek will steal,
Will speak the prayer of praise I feel.

Go thou and seek the House of Prayer!
I to the Woodlands bend my way,

And meet Religion there!
She needs not haunt the high-arch'd dome to pray,
Where storied windows dim the doubtful day;
At liberty she loves to rove,
Wide o'er the healthy hill or cowslip's dale.
Or seek the shelter of the embowering grove,
Or with the streamlet wind along the vale.
Sweet are these scenes to her; and when the Night
Pours in the North her silver streams of light,
She woos reflection in the silent gloom,
And ponders on the world to come.

Bristol, 1795.

THE RACE OF BANQUO.

A FRAGMENT.

"Fly, son of Banquo! Fleance, fly!
Leave thy guilty sire to die!"

O'er the heath the stripling fled,
The wild storm howling round his head:
Fear, mightier through the shades of night,
Urged his feet, and wing'd his flight;
And still he heard his father's cry,
"Fly, son of Banquo! Fleance, fly!"

"Fly, son of Banquo! Fleance, fly!
Leave thy guilty sire to die!"

On every blast was heard the moan,
The anguish'd shriek, the death-fraught groan:
Loathly night-hags join the yell,
And lo! — the midnight rites of Hell!

"Forms of magic! spare my life!
Shield me from the murderer's knife!
Before me, dim in lurid light,
Float the phantoms of the night —
Behind I hear my father cry,
Fly, son of Banquo — Fleance, fly!"

"Parent of the sceptred race,
Boldly tread the circled space,
Boldly, Fleance, venture near,
Sire of monarchs, spurn at fear.
Sisters, with prophetic breath,
Pour we now the dirge of Death!"

Oxford, 1793.

WRITTEN IN ALENTEJO,

JANUARY 23, 1796.

1.

When at morn, the Muleteer
With early call announces day,
Sorrowing that early call I hear,
Which scares the visions of delight away
For dear to me the silent hour
When sleep exerts its wizard power,
And busy fancy, then let free,
Borne on the wings of Hope, my Edith, flies to thee.
2.
When the giant sunbeams crest
The mountain's shadowy breast;
When on the upland slope
Shines the green myrtle wet with morning dew,
And lovely as the youthful dreams of Hope,
The dim-seen landscape opens on the view,
I gaze around, with raptured eyes,
On Nature's charms, where no illusion lies,
And drop the joy and memory mingled tear,
And sigh to think that Edith is not here.

3.
At the cool hour of evening,
When all is calm and still,
And o'er the western hill
A richer radiance robs the mellow'd heaven,
Absorbs'd in darkness thence,
When slowly fades in night
The dim, decaying light,
Like the fair day-dreams of Benevolence;
Fatigued, and sad, and slow
Along my lonely way I go,
And muse upon the distant day,
And sigh, remembering Edith far away.

4.
When late arriving at our inn of rest,
Whose roof, exposed to many a winter's sky,
Half sheltering from the wind the shivering guest;
By the lamp's melancholy gloom,
I see the miserable room,
And musings on the evils that arise
From disproportion'd inequalities,
Pray that my lot may be
Neither with Riches, nor with Poverty,
But in that happy mean,
Which for the soul is best,
And with contentment blest,
In some secluded glen
To dwell with Peace and Edith far from men.

TO RECOVERY.

Recovery, where art thou?
Daughter of Heaven, where shall we seek thy help?
Upon what hallow'd fountain hast thou laid,
O Nymph adored, thy spell?

By the gray ocean's verge,
Daughter of Heaven, we seek thee, but in vain;
We find no healing in the breeze that sweeps
The thorny mountain's brow.

Where are the happy hours,
The sunshine where, that cheer'd the morn of life?
For Health is fled, and with her fled the joys
Which made existence dear.

I saw the distant hills
Smile in the radiance of the orient beam,
And gazed delighted that anon our feet
Should visit scenes so fair

I look'd abroad at noon,
The shadow and the storm were on the hills,
The crags which like a fairy fabric shone
Darkness had overcast.

On you, ye coming years,
So fairly shone the April gleam of hope;
So darkly o'er the distance, late so bright,
Now settle the black clouds.

Come thou, and chase away
Sorrow and Pain, the persecuting Powers
Who make the melancholy day so long,
So long the restless night.

Shall we not find thee here,
Recovery, on the salt sea's breezy strand?
Is there no healing in the gales that sweep
The thorny mountain's brow?

I look for thy approach,
O life-preserving Power! as one who strays
Alone in darkness o'er the pathless marsh,
Watches the dawn of day.

Minehead, July, 1799.

YOUTH AND AGE.

With cheerful step the traveller
Pursues his early way,
When first the dimly-dawning east
Reveals the rising day.

He bounds along his craggy road,
He hardens up the height,
And all he sees and all he hears
Administer delight.

And if the mist, retiring slow,
Roll round its wavy white,
He thinks the morning vapors hide
Some beauty from his sight.

But when behind the western clouds
Departs the fading day,
How wearily the traveller
Pursues his evening way!

Sorely along the craggy road
His painful footsteps creep,
And slow, with many a feeble pause,
He labors up the steep.

And if the mists of night close round,
They fill his soul with fear;
He dreads some unseen precipice,
Some hidden danger near.

So cheerfully does youth begin
Life's pleasant morning stage;
Alas! the evening traveller feels
The fears of weary age!

Westbury, 1796.
THE OAK OF OUR FATHERS.

Alas for the Oak of our Fathers, that stood In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood! It grew and it flourish'd for many an age, And many a tempest wrack'd on it its rage; But when its strong branches were bent with the blast, It struck its root deeper, and flourish'd more fast.

[1] Its head tower'd on high, and its branches spread round; [sound; For its roots had struck deep, and its heart was The bees o'er its honey-dew'd foliage play'd, And the beasts of the forest fed under its shade.

The Oak of our Fathers to Freedom was dear! Its leaves were her crown, and its wood was her spear. Alas for the Oak of our Fathers, that stood In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood! There crept up an ivy and clung round the trunk; It struck in its mouthes and the juices it drank; The branches grew sickly, deprived of their food, And the Oak was no longer the pride of the wood.

The foresters saw and they gather'd around; The roots still were fast, and the heart still was sound; They lopp'd off the boughs that so beautiful spread, But the ivy they spared on its vitals that fed.

No longer the bees o'er its honey-dews play'd, Nor the beasts of the forest fed under its shade; Lopp'd and mangled the trunk in its ruin is seen, A monument now what its beauty has been.

The Oak has received its incurable wound; They have loosen'd the roots, though the heart may be sound; [see, What the travellers at distance green-flourishing Are the leaves of the ivy that poison'd the tree.

Alas for the Oak of our Fathers, that stood In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood! [Westbury, 1798.]

THE BATTLE OF PULTOWA.

On Vorska's glittering waves The morning sunbeams play; Pultowa's walls are throng'd With eager multitudes; A-thwart the dusty vale They strain their aching eyes, Where to the fight moves on The Conqueror Charles, the iron-hearted Swede.

Fliem Famine hath not tamed, The tamer of the brave; Him Winter hath not quell'd; When man by man his veteran troops sunk down, Frozen to their endless sleep, He held undaunted on

Him Pain hath not subdued; What though he mounts not now The fiery steed of war? Borne on a litter to the field he goes.

Go, iron-hearted King! Full of thy former fame— Think how the humbled Dane Crouch'd underneath thy sword; Think how the wretched Pole Resign'd his conquer'd crown; Go, iron-hearted King! Let Narva's glory swell thy haughty breast,— The death-day of thy glory, Charles, hath dawn'd! Proud Swede, the Sun hath risen That on thy shame shall set!

Now, Patkul, may thine injured spirit rest! For over that relentless Swede Ruin hath raised his unrelenting arm; For ere the night descends, His veteran host destroyed, His laurels blasted to revive no more, He flies before the Moscovite.

Impatiently that haughty heart must bear Long years of hope deceived; Long years of idleness That sleepless soul must brook.

Now, Patkul, may thine injured spirit rest! To him who suffers in an honest cause No death is ignominious; not on thee, But upon Charles, the cruel, the unjust, Not upon thee,— on him The ineffaceable reproach is fix'd, The infamy abides.

Now, Patkul, may thine injured spirit rest. [Westbury, 1798.]

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

Sweet to the morning traveller The song amid the sky, Where, twinkling in the dewy light, The skylark soars on high.

And cheering to the traveller The gales that round him play, When faint and heavily he drags Along his noon-tide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sun Full wearily toils he, The flowing water makes to him A soothing melody.

And when the evening light decays, And all is calm around, There is sweet music to his ear In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

But oh! of all delightful sounds Of evening or of morn,
The sweetest is the voice of Love,  
That welcomes his return.  

Westbury, 1798.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS,  
AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried;  
The few locks which are left you are gray;  
You are pale, Father William, a hearty old man;  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,  
I remember'd that youth would fly fast,  
And abused not my health and my vigor 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 old, Father William, the young man cried,  
And life must be hastening away;  
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.

TRANSLATION OF A GREEK ODE  
ON ASTRONOMY,  
WRITTEN BY S. T. COLERIDGE, FOR THE PRIZE AT  
CAMBRIDGE, 1793.

1.  
Hail, venerable Night!  
O first-created, hail!  
Thou who art dower'd in thy dark breast to veil  
The dying beam of light,  
The eldest and the latest thou,  
Hail, venerable Night!  
Around thine ebon brow,  
Glittering plays with lightning rays  
A wreath of flowers of fire.  
The varying clouds with many a hue attire  
Thy many-tinted veil.  
Holy are the blue graces of thy zone!  
But who is he whose tongue can tell  
The dewy lustres which thine eyes adorn?  
Lovely to some the blushes of the morn;  
To some the glories of the Day,  
When blazing with meridian ray;  
The gorgeous Sun ascends his highest throne;  
But I with solemn and severe delight  
Still watch thy constant ear, immortal Night!

2.  
For then to the celestial Palaces  
Urania leads, Urania, she  
The Goddess who alone  
Stands by the blazing throne,  
Effulgent with the light of Deity.  
Whom Wisdom, the Creatrix, by her side  
Placed on the heights of yonder sky,  
And smiling with ambrosial love, unlock'd  
The depths of Nature to her piercing eye.  
Angelic myriads struck their harps around,  
And with triumphant song  
The host of Stars, a beauteous throng,  
Around the ever-living Mind  
In jubilee their mystic dance begun;  
When at thy leaping forth, O Sun!  
The Morning started in affright,  
Astonish'd at thy birth, her Child of Light!

3.  
Hail, O Urania, hail!  
Queen of the Muses! Mistress of the Song!  
For thou didst deign to leave the heavenly throng  
As earthward thou thy steps westward bending,  
A ray went forth and harbinger'd thy way  
All Ether laugh'd with thy descending;  
Thou hadst wraith'd thy hair with roses,  
The flower that in the immortal bower  
Its deathless bloom discloses.  
Before thine awful mien, compelled to shrink,  
Fled Ignorance, abash'd, with all her brood,  
Dragons, and Hags of baleful breath,  
Fierce Dreams, that wont to drink  
The Sepulchre's black blood;  
Or on the wings of storms  
Riding in fury forms,  
Shriked to the mariner the shriek of Death.

4.  
I boast, O Goddess, to thy name  
That I have raised the pile of fame;  
Therefore to me be given  
To roam the starry path of Heaven,  
To charioter with wings on high,  
And to re-in-the Tempests of the sky.

5.  
Chariots of happy Gods! Fountains of Light!  
Ye Angel-Temples bright!  
May I unblamed your happy thresholds tread?  
I leave Earth's lowly scene;  
I leave the Moon serene;  
The lovely Queen of Night;  
I leave the wide domains.  
Beyond where Mars his fiercer light can fling,  
And Jupiter's vast plains,  
(The many-belted king;)  
Even to the solitude where Saturn reigns,
LYRIC POEMS.

Like some stern tyrant to just exile driven;
    Dim-seen the sullen power appears
In that cold solitude of Heaven,
    And slow he drags along
The mighty circle of long-lingering years.

6.
Nor shalt thou escape my sight,
Who at the threshold of the sun-trod domes
Art trembling,—youngest Daughter of the Night!
And you, ye fiery-tressed strangers! you,
Conets who wander wide,
Will I along your pathless way pursue,
    Whence bending I may view
The Worlds whom elder Suns have vivified.

7.
For Hope with loveliest visions soothes my mind,
That even in Man, Life's winged power,
When comes again the natal hour,
    Shall on heaven-wandering feet,
In undecaying youth,
    Spring to the blessed seat;
Where round the fields of Truth
    The fiery Essences forever feed;
And o'er the ambrosial mead,
The breezes of serenity
    Silent and soothing glide forever by.

8.
There, Priest of Nature! dost thou shine,
Newrov! a King among the Kings divine.
Whether with harmony's mild force,
    He guides along its course
The axe of some beauteous star on high,
    Or gazing, in the spring
Ebullient with creative energy,
    Feels his pure breast with rapturous joy possess'd,
Inebriate in the holy ecstasy.

9.
I may not call thee mortal then, my soul!
Im mortal longings lift thee to the skies:
Love of thy native home inflames thee now,
    With pious madness wise.
Know them thyself! expand thy wings divine!
Soon, mingled with thy fathers, thou shalt shine
    A star amid the starry throng,
A God the Gods among.

London, 1802.

GOOSEBERRY-PIE.

A PINDARIC ODE.

1.
Gooseberry-Pie is best.
Full of the theme, O Muse, begin the song!
What though the sunbeams of the West
Mature within the Turtle's breast
Blood glutinous and fat of verdant hue?

What though the Deer bound sportively along
O'er springy turf, the Park's elastic vest?
Give them their honors due,—
But Gooseberry-Pie is best.

2.
Behind his oven slow
The patient Ploughman plods,
And as the Sower followed by the clods
Earth's genial womb received the living seed;
The rains descend, the grains they grow;
Saw ye the vegetable ocean
Roll its green ripple to the April gale?
The golden waves with multitudinous motion
Swell o'er the summer vale?

3.
It flows through Alder banks along
Beneath the copses that hides the hill;
The gentle stream you cannot see,
    You only hear its melody:
The stream that turns the Mill.
Pass on a little way, pass on,
And you shall catch its gleam anon;
And bark! the loud and agonizing groan,
    That makes its anguish known,
Where tortured by the Tyrant Lord of Meal
    The Brook is broken on the Wheel!

4.
Blow fair, blow fair, thou orient gale!
On the white bosom of the soil,
    Ye Winds, enamor'd, lingering lie!
    Ye Waves of ocean, spare the bark,
    Ye tempests of the sky!
From distant realms she comes to bring
    The sugar for my Pie.
For this on Gambia's arid side
    The Vulture's feet are scaled with blood,
And Beelzebub beholds with pride
    His darling planter brood.

5.
First in the spring thy leaves were seen,
    Thou beauteous bush, so early green!
Soon ceased thy blossoms' little life of love
    O safer than the gold-fruit-bearing tree
The glory of that old Hesperian grove,—
    No Dragon does there need for thee
With quintessential sting to work alarms,
    Prepotent guardian of thy fruitage fine,
    Thou vegetable Porcupine!—
And didst thou scratch thy tender arms,
    O Jane! that I should dine!

6.
The flour, the sugar, and the fruit,
Commingled well, how well they suit!
    And they were well bestow'd.
O Jane, with truth I praise your Pie,
And will not you in just reply
    Praise my Pindaric Ode?
Exeter, 1799.
TO A BEE.

1. Thou wert out betimes, thou busy, busy Bee! As abroad I took my early way, Before the Cow from her resting-place Had risen up and left her trace On the meadow, with dew so gray, Saw I thee, thou busy, busy Bee.

2. Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy Bee! After the fall of the Cistus flower, When the Primrose-of-evening was ready to burst, I heard thee last, as I saw thee first; In the silence of the evening hour, Heard I thee, thou busy, busy Bee.

3. Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy Bee! Late and early at employ; Still on thy golden stores intent, Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent What thy winter will never enjoy; Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy Bee!

4. Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy Bee! What is the end of thy toil. When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone, And all thy work for the year is done, Thy master comes for the spoil. Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy Bee!

Westbury, 1799.

TO A SPIDER.

1. Spider! thou need'rt not run in fear about To shun my curious eyes; I won't humanely crush thy bowels out Lest thou shouldst eat the flies; Nor will I roast thee with a damn'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-plex'd, The subject of his verse; There's many a one who, on a better text, 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, thou embelishest the ways Of Satan, Sire of lies; Hell's huge black Spider, for mankind he lays His toils, as thou for flies.

When Betty's busy eye runs round the room, Woe to that nice geometry, if seen! But where is he whose broom The earth shall clean?

4. Spider! of old thy flimsy webs were thought - And 'twaas 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 taken, Like some poor client is that wretched fly, I'll warrant thee thou'l't 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 destroy'd! 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 laborer! one resemblance more May yet the verse prolong, For, Spider, thou art like the Poet poor, Whom thou hast help'd in song, Both busily our needful food to win, We work, as Nature taught, with ceaseless pains, Thy bowels thou dost spin, I spin my brains.

Westbury, 1799.

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM

The rage of Babylon is roused, The King puts forth his strength; And Judah bends the bow And points her arrows for the coming war. Her walls are firm, her gates are strong, Her youth gird on the sword; High are her chiefs in hope, For soon will Egypt send the promised aid.

But who is he whose voice of woe Is heard amid the streets? Whose ominous voice proclaims Her strength, and arms, and promised succors vain? His meagre cheek is pale and sunk, Wild is his hollow eye, Yet awful is its glance; And who could bear the anger of his frown? Prophet of God! in vain thy lips Proclaim the woe to come; In vain thy warning voice Summons her rulers timely to repent!
LYRIC POEMS.

The Ethiopian changes not his skin,
Impious and reckless still
The rulers spurn thy voice,
And now the measure of their crimes is full.

For now around Jerusalem
The countless foes appear;
Far as the eye can reach
Spreads the wide horror of the circling siege.

Why is the warrior’s cheek so pale?
Why droops the gallant youth
Who late in pride of heart
Sharpen’d his javelin for the welcome war?

’Tis not for terror that his eye
Swells with the struggling woe;
Oh! he could bear his ills,
Or rush to death, and in the grave have peace.

His parents do not ask for food,
But they are weak with want;
His wife has given her babes
Her wretched pittance,—she makes no complaint.

The consummating hour is come!
Alas for Solyms!
How is she desolate,—
She that was great among the nations, fallen!

And thou—thou miserable King—
Where is thy trusted flock,
Thy flock so beautiful,
Thy Father’s throne, the temple of thy God?

Repentance brings not back the past;
It will not call again
Thy murder’d sons to life,
Nor vision to those eyeless sockets more.

Thou wretched, childless, blind, old man,
Heavy thy punishment;
Dreadful thy present woes,
Alas, more dreadful thy remember’d guilt!

Westbury, 1793.

THE DEATH OF WALLACE.

Joy, joy in London now!
He goes, the rebel Wallace goes to death;
At length the traitor meets the traitor’s doom,
Joy, joy, in London now!

He on a sledge is drawn,
His strong right arm unweapon’d and in chains,
And garlanded around his helmetless head
The laurel wreath of scorn.

They throng to view him now
Who in the field had fled before his sword,
Who at the name of Wallace once grew pale
And falter’d out a prayer.

Yes! they can meet his eye,
That only beam with patient courage now;
Yes! they can look upon those manly limbs,
Defenceless now and bound.

And that eye did not shrink
As he beheld the pomp of infamy;
Nor one ungovern’d feeling shook those limbs,
When the last moment came.

What though suspended sense
Was by their legal cruelty revived;       [life
What though ingenious vengeance lengthen’d
To feel protracted death?

What though the hangman’s hand
Grasped in his living breast the heaving heart?—
In the last agony, the last, sick pang,
Wallace had comfort still.

He call’d to mind his deeds
Done for his country in the embattled field;
He thought of that good cause for which he died,
And it was joy in death.

Go, Edward! triumph now!
Cambria is fallen, and Scotland’s strength is crush’d;
On Wallace, on Llewellyn’s mangled limbs,
The fowls of Heaven have fed.

Unrivall’d, unopposed,
Go, Edward, full of glory to thy grave!
The weight of patriot blood upon thy soul,
Go, Edward, to thy God.

Westbury, 1793.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

Clear shone the morn, the gale was fair,
When from Coruña’s crowded port
With many a cheerful shout and loud acclaim
The huge Armada past.

To England’s shores their streamers point,
To England’s shores their sails are spread.
They go to triumph o’er the sea-girt land.
And Rome hath blest their arms.

Along the ocean’s echoing verge,
Along the mountain range of rocks,
The clustering multitudes behold their pomp,
And raise the votive prayer.

Commingling with the ocean’s roar
Ceaseless and hoarse their murmurs rise,
And soon they trust to see the winged bark
That bears good tidings home.

The watch-tower now in distance sinks,
And now Galicia’s mountain rocks
Faint as the far-off clouds of evening lie,
And now they fade away.
Each like some moving citadel,  
On through the waves they sail sublime;  
And now the Spaniards see the silvery cliffs,  
Behold the sea-girl land!

O fools! to think that ever foe  
Should triumph o'er that sea-girl land!  
O fools! to think that ever Britain's sons  
Should wear the stranger's yoke!

For not in vain hath Nature rear'd  
Around her coast those silvery cliffs;  
For not in vain old Ocean spreads his waves  
To guard his favorite isle!

On come her gallant mariners!  
What now avail Rome's boasted charms?  
Where are the Spaniard's vaunts of eager wrath?  
His hopes of conquest now?

And hark! the angry Winds arise;  
Old Ocean heaves his angry Waves;  
The Winds and Waves against the invaders fight,  
To guard the sea-girl land.

Howling around his palace-towers  
The Spanish despot hears the storm;  
He thinks upon his navies far away,  
And bolding doubts arise.

Long, over Biscay's boisterous surge  
The watchman's aching eye shall strain!  
Long shall he gaze, but never wing'd bark  
Shall bear good tidings home.

Westbury, 1798.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

The night is come; no fears disturb  
The dreams of innocence;  
They trust in kingly faith and kingly oaths;  
They sleep, — alas! they sleep!

Go to the palace, wouldst thou know  
How hideous night can be;  
Eye is not closed in those accursed walls,  
Nor heart at quiet there.

The Monarch from the window lean's  
He listens to the night,  
And with a horrible and eager hope  
Awaits the midnight bell.

Oh, he has Hell within him now!  
God, always art thou just!  
For innocence can never know such pangs  
As pierce successful guilt.

He looks abroad, and all is still.  
Hark!—now the midnight bell  
Sounds through the silence of the night alone,—  
And now the signal gun!

Thy hand is on him, righteous God!  
He hears the frantic shrieks,  
He hears the glorying yells of massacre,  
And he repents,—too late.

He hears the murderer's savage shout,  
He hears the groan of death;  
In vain they fly,—soldiers defenceless now,  
Women, old men, and babes.

Righteous and just art thou, O God!  
For at his dying hour  
Those shrieks and groans reechoed in his ear,  
He heard that murderous yell!

They throng'd around his midnight couch,  
The phantoms of the slain;—  
It prey'd like poison on his powers of life:  
Righteous art thou, O God!

Spirits! who suffer'd at that hour  
For freedom and for faith,  
Ye saw your country bent beneath the yoke,  
Her faith and freedom crush'd.

And like a giant from his sleep  
Ye saw when France awoke;  
Ye saw the people burst their double chain,  
And ye had joy in Heaven!

Westbury, 1798.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

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 unarm'd 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 emblem see  
Wherewith peradventure to make a pleasant rhyme,  
One which may profit in the after time.

4.

Thus, though abroad peradventure 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-Treec.

Westbury, 1798.

THE EBB TIDE.

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 laboring boatmen upward plied their oars;
Yet little way they made, though laboring long
Between thy winding shores.

Now down thine ebbing tide
The unlabored 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 shadowy current roars;
Fast flow thy waters on their seaward way
Through wider-spread ing 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.

Kingdoms which long have stood,
And slow to strength and power attain'd at last,
Thus from the summit of high fortune's flood
They ebb to ruin fast.

Thus like thy flow appears
Time's tardy course to manhood's envied stage;
Alas! how hurryingly the ebbing years
Then hasten to old age!

Westbury, 1799

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR

And wherefore do the Poor complain?
The Rich Man ask'd of me;—
Come walk abroad with me, I said,
And I will answer thee.

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold,
And we were wrapp'd 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 cold 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 turn'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 MARY.

Mary! ten checker'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,
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 lost as mine to part;
And yet we little thought that then
We parted — not to meet again.

Long, Mary! after that adieu,
My dearest day-dreams were of you;
In sleep I saw you still, and long
Made you 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
Effaced 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.

TO A FRIEND,
inquiring if I would live o'er my youth again.

1.
Do I regret the past?
Would I again live o'er
The morning hours of life?
Nay, William! nay, not so!

2.
Why is it pleasant then, to sit and talk
Of days that are no more?
Then, in his own dear home
The traveller rests at last,
And tells how often in his wanderings,
The thought of those far off
Hath made his eyes o'erflow
With unmanly tears;
Delighted he recalls
Through what fair scenes his lingering feet have
But ever when he tells of perils past
And troubles now no more,
His eyes are brightest, and a readier joy
Flows thankful from his heart.

3.
No, William! no, I would not live again
The morning hours of life;
I would not be again
The slave of hope and fear;
I would not learn again
The wisdom by Experience hardly taught.

4.
To me the past presents
No object for regret;
To me the present gives
All cause for full content.

The future — it is now the cheerful noon,
And on the sunny-smiling fields I gaze
With eyes alive to joy;
When the dark night descends,
I willingly shall close my weary lids,
In sure and certain hope to wake again.

Westbury, 1798.

THE DEAD FRIEND.

1.
Nor 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 throb'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

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.
SONGS OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

THE HURON'S ADDRESS TO THE DEAD.

1. Brother, thou wert strong in youth!  
   Brother, thou wert brave in war!  
   Unhappy man was he  
   For whom thou hast sharpen'd the tomahawk's edge!

2. Often together have we talk'd of death;  
   How sweet it were to see  
   All doubtful things made clear;  
   How sweet it would 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,  
   Unutter'd as the thought that follows thee.

3. And we have often said how sweet it were  
   With unseen ministry of angel power,  
   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,  
   Hast 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;  
   O, if it could be so,  
   It were indeed a dreadful thing to die!

4. Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,  
   Follow thy friend beloved!  
   But in the lonely hour,  
   But in the evening walk,  
   Think that he companies thy solitude;  
   Think that he holds with thee  
   Mysterious intercourse;  
   And though remembrance wake a tear,  
   There will be joy in grief.

Westbury, 1799.

Unhappy man was he  
On whom thine angry eye was fix'd in fight!  
And he who from thy hand  
Received the calumet,  
Blest Heaven, and slept in peace.

2. When the Evil Spirits seized thee,  
   Brother, we were sad at heart:  
   We bade the Jongler come  
   And bring his magic aid;  
   We circled thee in mystic dance,  
   With songs and shouts and cries,  
   To free thee from their power.  
   Brother, but in vain we strove;  
   The number of thy days was full.

3. Thou sittest amongst us on thy mat;  
   The bear-skin from thy shoulder hangs,  
   Thy feet are sandall'd ready for the way  
   Those are the unfatigueable feet  
   That traversed the forest track;  
   Those are the lips that late  
   Thunder'd the yell of war;  
   And that is the strong right arm  
   Which never was lifted in vain.  
   Those lips are silent now;  
   The limbs that were active are stiff;  
   Loose hangs the strong right arm!

4. And where is That which in thy voice  
   The language of friendship spake?  
   That gave the strength of thine arm?  
   That fill'd thy limbs with life?  
   It was not Thou, for Thou art here,  
   Thou art amongst us still,  
   But the Life and the Feeling are gone.  
   The Iroquois will learn  
   That thou hast ceased from war;  
   'Twill be a joy like victory to them,  
   For thou wert the scourge of their nation.

5. Brother, we sing thee the song of death;  
   In thy coffin of bark we lay thee to rest;  
   The bow shall be placed by thy side,  
   And the shafts that are pointed and feather'd for  
   Flight.  
   To the country of the Dead  
   Long and painful is thy way;  
   Over rivers wide and deep  
   Lies the road that must be past,  
   By bridges narrow-wall'd,  
   Where scarce the Soul can force its way,  
   While the loose fabric totters under it.

6. Safely may our brother pass!  
   Safely may he reach the fields,  
   Where the sound of the drum and the shell  
   Shall be heard from the Country of Souls!  
   The Spirits of thy Sires  
   Shall come to welcome thee:
The God of the Dead in his Bower
Shall receive thee, and bid thee join
The dance of eternal joy.

7.
Brother, we pay thee the rites of death;
Rest in thy Bower of Delight!

Westbury, 1799.

THE PERUVIAN'S DIRGE OVER THE BODY OF HIS FATHER.

1.
Rest in peace, my Father, rest!
With danger and toil have I borne thy corpse
From the Stranger's field of death.
I bless thee, O Wife of the Sun,
For veiling thy beams with a cloud,
While at the pious task
Thy votary toiled in fear.
Thou bad'st the clouds of night
Enwrap thee, and hide thee from Man;
But didst thou not see my toil,
And put on the darkness to aid,
O Wife of the visible God?

2.
Wretched, my Father, thy life!
Wretched the life of the Slave!
All day for another he toils;
Overworn at night he lies down,
And dreams of the freedom that once he enjoy'd.
Thou wert blest in the days of thy youth,
My Father! for then thou wert free.
In the fields of the nation thy land
Bore its part of the general task;
And when, with the song and the dance,
Ye brought the harvest home,
As all in the labor had shared,
So justly they shared in the fruits.

3.
Thou visible Lord of the Earth,
Thou God of my Fathers, thou God of my heart,
O Giver of light and of life!
When the Strangers came to our shores,
Why didst thou not put forth thy power?
Thy thunders should then have been hurl'd,
Thy fires should in lightnings have flash'd! —
Visible God of the Earth,
The Strangers mock at thy might!
To idols and beams of wood
They force us to bow the knee;
They plunge us in caverns and dens,
Where never thy blessed light
Shines on our poisonous toil!
But not in the caverns and dens,
O Sun, are we mindless of thee!
We pine for the want of thy beams,
We adore thee with anguish and groans.

4.
My Father, rest in peace!
Rest with the dust of thy Sires!
They placed their Cross in thy dying grasp; —
They bore thee to their burial-place,
And over thy breathless frame
Their bloody and merciless Priest
Mumbled his magic hastily.
Oh! could thy bones be at peace
In the field where the Strangers are laid? —
Alone, in danger and in pain,
My Father, I bring thee here:
So may our God, in reward,
Allow me one faithful friend
To lay me beside thee when I am released!
So may he summon me soon,
That my Spirit may join thee there,
Where the strangers never shall come!

Eceter, 1799.

SONG OF THE ARAUCANS
DURING A THUNDER-STORM.

The storm-cloud grows deeper above,
Araucans! the tempest is ripe in the sky;
Our forefathers come from their Islands of Bliss,
They come to the war of the winds

The Souls of the Strangers are there,
In their garments of darkness they ride through the heaven;
Yon cloud that rolls luridly over the hill
Is red with their weapons of fire.

Hark! hark! in the howl of the wind
The shout of the battle, the clang of their drums;
The horsemen are met, and the shock of the fight
Is the blast that disbranches the wood.

Behold from the clouds of their power
The lightning,—the lightning is lanced at our sires!
And the thunder that shakes the broad pavement of Heaven!
And the darkness that quenches the day!

Ye Souls of our Fathers, be brave!
Ye shrunk not before the invaders on earth,
Ye trembled not then at their weapons of fire; —
Brave Spirits, ye tremble not now!

We gaze on your warfare in hope,
We send up our shouts to encourage your arms!
Lift the lance of your vengeance, O Fathers, with force,
For the wrongs of your country strike home!

Remember the land was your own
When the Sons of Destruction came over the seas,
That the old fell asleep in the fulness of days,
And their children wept over their graves;
SONGS OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

Till the Strangers came into the land
With tongues of deceit and with weapons of fire:
Then the strength of the people in youth was cutoff;
And the father wept over his son.

It thickens — the tumult of fight!
Louder and louder the blast of the battle is heard! —
Remember the wrongs that your country endures!
Remember the fields of your fame!

Joy! joy! for the Strangers recoil,
They give way, — they retreat, — they are routed, —
They fly;
Pursue them! pursue them! remember your wrongs!
Let your lances be drunk with their wounds.

The Souls of your wives shall rejoice
As they welcome you back to your Islands of Bliss;
And the breeze that refreshes the toil-throbbing brow
Waft the thilother the song of your praise.

Westbury, 1799.

SONG OF THE CHIKCASAH WIDOW.

Twas the voice of my husband that came on the gale;
His unappeased Spirit in anger complains;
Rest, rest, Ollanahta, be still!
The day of revenge is at hand.

The stake is made ready, the captives shall die;
To-morrow the song of their death shalt thou hear;
To-morrow thy widow shall wield
The knife and the fire; — be at rest!

The vengeance of anguish shall soon have its course,
—
The fountains of grief and of fury shall flow,
I will think, Ollanahta! of thee,
Will remember the days of our love.

Ollanahta, all day by thy war-pole I sat,
Where idly thy hatchet of battle is hung;
I gazed on the bow of thy strength
As it waved on the stream of the wind.

The scalps that we number'd in triumph were there,
And the musket that never was levell'd in vain,
What a leap has it given to my heart
To see thee suspend it in peace!

When the black and blood-banner was spread to the gale,
When thrice the deep voice of the war-drum was heard,
I remember thy terrible eyes
How they flash'd the dark glance of thy joy.

I remember the hope that shone over thy cheek,
As thy hand from the pole reach'd its doers of death;
Like the ominous gleam of the cloud,
Ere the thunder and lightning are born
He went, and ye came not to warn him in dreams
Kindred Spirits of Him who is holy and great;
And where was thy warning, O Bird,
The timely announcer of ill?

Alas! when thy brethren in conquest return'd;
When I saw the white plumes bending over their heads,
And the pine-boughs of triumph before,
Where the scalps of their victory swung,—
The war-lynn they pour'd, and thy voice was not there!
[brught;
I call'd thee, alas, the white deer-skin was
And thy grave was prepared in the tent
Which I had made ready for joy!

Ollanahta, all day by thy war-pole I sit,—
Ollanahta, all night I weep over thy grave!
To-morrow the victims shall die,
And I shall have joy in revenge.

Westbury, 1799.

THE

OLD CHIKCASAH TO HIS GRANDSON

Now go to the battle, my Boy!
Dear child of my son,
There is strength in thine arm,
There is hope in thy heart,
Thou art ripe for the labors of war.
Thy Sire was a stripling like thee
When he went to the first of his fields.

2.

He return'd, in the glory of conquest return'd:
Before him his trophies were borne,
These scalps that have hung till the Sun and the
Have rusted their raven locks. [rain
Here he stood when the morn of rejoicing arrived,
The day of the warrior's reward;
When the banners sunbeaming were spread,
And all hearts were dancing in joy
To the sound of the victory-drum.
The Heroes were met to receive their reward,
But distinguish'd among the young Heroes that day,
The pride of his nation, thy Father was seen:
The swan-feathers hung from his neck;
His face like the rainbow was tinged,
And his eye, — how it sparkled in pride!
The Elders approach'd, and they placed on his brow
The crown that his valor had won,
And they gave him the old honor'd name.
They reported the deeds he had done in the war,
And the youth of the nation were told
To respect him and tread in his steps.

3.

My Boy! I have seen, and with hope,
The courage that rose in thine eye
When I told thee the tale of his death
His war-pole now is gray with moss,
OCCASIONAL PIECES

1.

THE PAUPER’S FUNERAL.

What! and not one to heave the pious sigh? Not one whose sorrow-swollen and aching eye, For social scenes, for life’s endearments fied, Shall drop a tear, and dwell upon the dead? Poor wretched Outcast! I will weep for thee, And sorrow for forlorn humanity.

Yes, I will weep; but not that thou art come To the cold Sabbath of the silent tomb: For pinning want, and heart-consuming care, Soul-withering evils, never enter there. I sorrow for the ills thy life has known, As through the world’s long pilgrimage, alone, Haunted by Poverty and woe-begone, Unloved, unfriended, thou didst journey on;

Thy youth in ignorance and labor past, And thine old age all barrenness and blast! Hard was thy Fate, which, while it doom’d to woe, Denied thee wisdom to support the blow; And robb’d of all its energy thy mind, Ere yet it cast thee on thy fellow-kind, Abject of thought, the victim of distress, To wander in the world’s wide wilderness.

Poor Outcast, sleep in peace! the wintry storm Blows bleak no more on thine unselter’d form; Thy woes are past; thou restest in the tomb; — I pause,— and ponder on the days to come.

Bristol, 1795.

II.

THE SOLDIER’S FUNERAL.

It is the funeral march. I did not think That there had been such magic in sweet sounds! Hark! from the blacken’d cymbal that dead tone! — It awes the very rabble multitude; They follow silently, their earnest brows Lifted in solemn thought. ’Tis not the pomp And pageantry of death that with such force Arrests the sense; — the mute and mourning train, The white plume nodding o’er the sable hearse, Had past unheeded, or perchance awoke A serious smile upon the poor man’s cheek At pride’s last triumph. Now these measured sounds, This universal language, to the heart Speak instant, and on all these various minds Compel one feeling.

But such better thoughts Will pass away, how soon! and these who here Are following their dead comrade to the grave, Ere the night fall will in their revelry Quench all remembrance. From the ties of life Unnaturally rent, a man who knew No resting-place, no dear delights of home, Belike who never saw his children’s face, Whose children knew no father,— he is gone,— Dropp’d from existence, like a blasted leaf That from the summer tree is swept away, Its loss unseen. She hears not of his death Who bore him, and already for her son Her tears of bitterness are shed; when first He had put on the livery of blood, She wept him dead to her.

We are indeed Clay in the potter’s hand! One favor’d mind, Scarce lower than the Angels, shall explore The ways of Nature, whilst his fellow-man, Framed with like miracle, the work of God, Must as the unreasonable beast drag on A life of labor; like this soldier here, His wondrous faculties bestow’d in vain, Be moulded by his fate till he becomes A mere machine of murder.

And there are Who say that this is well! as God has made All things for man’s good pleasure, so of men The many for the few! Court-moralists, Reverend lip-comforters, that once a week Proclaim how blessed are the poor, for they Shall have their wealth hereafter, and though now Toiling and troubled, they may pick the crumbs That from the rich man’s table fall, at length In Abraham’s bosom rest with Lazarus. Themselves meantime secure their good things here, And feast with Dives. These are they, O Lord! Who in thy plain and simple Gospel see All mysteries, but who find no peace enjoin’d, No brotherhood, no wrath denounced on them Who shed their brethren’s blood,— blind at noon-day As owls, lynx-eyed in darkness!

O my God! I thank thee, with no Pharisaic pride I thank thee, that I am not such as these; I thank thee for the eye that sees, the heart That feels, the voice that in these evil days, Amid these evil tongues, exalts itself, And cries aloud against iniquity.

Bristol, 1795.
III.

ON A LANDSCAPE OF GASPAR POUSSIN.

Gaspar! how pleasantly thy pictured scenes
Beguilè the lonely hour! I sit and gaze
With lingering eye, till dreaming Fancy makes
The lovely landscape live, and the rapt soul
From the soul haunts of herded human-kind
Flies far away with spirit speed, and tastes
The untainted air, that with the lively hue
Of health and happiness illumè the cheek
Of mountain Liberty. My willing soul
All eager follows on thy fairy flights,
Fancy! best friend; whose blessed witcheries
With cheering prospects cheer the traveller
O'er the long wearying desert of the world.
Nor dost thou, Fancy! with such magic mock
My heart, as, demon-born, old Merlin knew,
Or Alquif, or Zarzafel's sister sage,
Who in her vengeance for so many a year
Held in the jacinth sepulchre enshrined
Lisaurt, the pride of Grecian chivalry.
Friend of my lonely hours! thou leadest me
To such calm joys as Nature, wise and good,
Profiteth in vain to all her wretched sons,—
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 beguilè the heart,
Sick of reality. The little pile
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 on,
Now pause me to survey the goodly 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'd 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 beat, arising off,
Fairer and fairer 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
Onward, and I have gain'd the upmost height.
Fair spreads the vale below: I see the stream
Stream radiant on beneath the noontide 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 mists conceal'd,
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 deem
It were the house of God; nor would he 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 honorable 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.

Bath, 1795.

IV.

WRITTEN

ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1795.

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
Beforth her children, separated long
Abrid the wide world's ways, assembled now—
A sight at which affection lightens up
With smiles the eye that age has long bedimm'd.
I do remember, when I was a child,
How my young heart, a stranger then to care,
With transport leap'd upon this holyday,
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.
Those years are past; their pleasures and their pains
Are now like yonder convent-recessed 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 gray lizards in the noontide sun
Sport on the rocks, and where the goatherd starts,
Roused from his sleep at midnight when he hears
The prowling wolf, and filters as he calls
On Saints to save. Here of the friends I think
Who now, I ween, remember me, and fill
The glass of votive friendship. At the name
Will not thy cheek, Beloved, change its hue,
And in those gentle eyes uncall'd-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 beguilè 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 fashion'd. Think of me.
Thou 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.

V.

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING
THE CONVENT OF ARRABIDA,
NEAR SETUBL, MARCH 22, 1796.

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
Serenest beauty? O'er these mountain wilds
The insatiate eye with ever-new delight
Roams raptured, 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 refugent 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,—yea, emancipate
From this world's bondage, even while the soul
Inhabits still its corruptible clay,—
Almost, ye dwellers in this holy house,
Almost I envy you. You never see
Pale Misery's asking eye, nor roam about
Those huge and hateful haunts of crowded men,
Where Wealth and Power have built their palaces,
Fraud spreads his snares secure, man preys on man,
Iniquity abounds, and rampant Vice,
With an infection worse than mortal, taints
The herd of human-kind.

I too could love,
Ye tenants of this sacred solitude,
Here to abide, and when the sun rides high,
Seek some sequestered 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
Soother my accent'd ear, think thankfully
That I had from the crowd withdrawn in time,
And found a harbor,—Yet may yonder deep
Suggest a less unprofitable thought,
Monastic brethren. Would the mariner,
Though storms may sometimes swell the mighty waves,
And o'er the reeling bark with thundering crash
Impel the mountainous surge, quit yonder deep,
And rather float upon some tranquil sea,
Whose moveless waters never feel the gale,
In safe stagnation? Rouse thyself, my soul!
No season this for self-deluding dreams;

It is thy spring-time; sow, if thou wouldst reap;
Then, after honest labor, welcome rest,
In full contentment not to be enjoy'd
Unless when duly earn'd. Oh, happy then
To know that we have walked among mankind
More sin'd against than sinning! Happy then
To muse on many a sorrow overpast,
And think the business of the day is done,
And as the evening of our lives shall close,
The peaceful evening, with a Christian's hope
Expect the dawn of everlasting day.

Lisbon, 1796.

VI.

ON MY OWN MINIATURE PICTURE,
TAKEN AT TWO YEARS OF AGE.

And I was once like this! that glowing cheek
Was mine, those pleasure-sparking eyes; that brow
Smooth as the level lake, when not a breeze
Dies o'er the sleeping surface!—twenty years
Have wrought strange alteration! Of the friends
Who once so dearly prized this miniature,
And loved it for its likeness, some are gone
To their last home; and some, estranged in heart,
Beholding me, with quick-averted glance
Pass on the other side. But still these hues
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'er exchanging now; and that sweet face
Settled in these strong lineaments!—There were
Who form'd high hopes and flattering ones of thee,
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
Beholds the ominous glory, and foresees
Impending storms!—They argued happily,
That thou didst love each wild and wondrous tale
Of fiary fiction, and thine infant tongue
Lisp'd with delight the godlike deeds of Greece
And rising Rome; therefore they deem'd, forsooth,
That thou shouldst tread Preferment's pleasant path.
Ill-judging ones! they let thy little feet
Stray in the pleasant paths of Poesy, [crowd,
And when thou shouldst have press'd amid the
There didst thou love to linger out the day,
Loitering beneath the laurel's barren shade.
SPIRIT OF SPENSER! was the wanderer wrong?

Bristol, 1796.

VII.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE OLD SPANIEL.

And they have drown'd thee, then, at last! poor
Phillis!
The burden of old age was heavy on thee,
And yet thou shouldst have lived! What though thine eye
Was dim, and watch'd no more with eager joy
The wonted call that on thy dull sense sunk
With fruitless repetition? The warm Sun
Might still have cheer'd thy slumber's; thou didst love
To kick the hand that fed thee, and though past
Youth's active season, even Life itself
Was comfort. Poor old friend, how earnestly
Would I have pleaded for thee! thou hast been
Still the companion of my boisterous sports;
And as I roam'd o'er Avon's woody cliffs,
From many a day-dream has thy short, quick bark
Recall'd my wandering soul. I have beguiled
Often the melancholy hours at school,
Sour'd by some little tyrant, with the thought
Of distant home, and I remember'd then
Thy faithful fondness; for not mean the joy,
Returning at the happy holidays,
I felt from thy dumb welcome. Pensively
Sometimes have I remark'd thy slow decay,
Feeling myself changed too, and missing much
On many a sad vicissitude of Life.
Ah, poor companion! when thou follow'dst last
Thy master's parting footsteps to the gate
Which closed forever on him, thou didst lose
Thy truest friend, and none was left to plead
For the old age of brute fidelity.
But fare thee well! Mine is no narrow creed;
And He who gave thee being did not frame
The mystery of life to be the sport
Of merciless Man. There is another world
For all that live and move—a better one!
Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine
Infinite Goodness to the little bounds
Of their own charity, may envy thee.

Bristol, 1796.

VIII.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DAY'S JOURNEY IN SPAIN.

Not less delighted do I call to mind,
Land of Romance, thy wild and lovely scenes,
Than I beheld them first. Pleased I retrace
With memory's eye the placid Minho's course,
And catch its winding waters gleaming bright
Amid the broken distance. I review
Leon's wide wastes, and heights precipitous,
Seen with a pleasure not unmix'd with dread,
As the sagacious mules along the brink
Wound patienty and slow their way secure;
And rude Galicia's hovels, and huge rocks
And mountains, where, when all beside was dim,
Dark and bread-headed the tall pines erect
Rose on the farthest eminence distinct,
Cresting the evening sky.

Rain now falls thick,
And damp and heavy is the unwholesome air;
I by this friendly hearth remember Spain,

And tread in fancy once again the road,
Where twelve months since I held my way, and thought
Of England, and of all my heart held dear,
And wish'd this day were come.

The morning mist,
Well I remember, hover'd o'er the heath,
When with the earliest dawn of day we left
The solitary Venta. Soon the Sun
Rose in his glory; scatter'd by the breeze
The thin fog roll'd away, and now emerged
We saw where Oropesa's castled hill
Tower'd dark, and thinly seen; and now we pass'd
Torvalva's quiet huts, and on our way
Passed frequently, look'd back, and gazed around;
Then journey'd on, yet turn'd and gazed again,
So lovely was the scene. That ducal pile
Of the Toledo's now with all its towers
Shone in the sunlight. Half way up the hill,
Embower'd in olives, like the abode of Peace,
Lay Lagartina; and the cool, fresh gale,
Bending the young corn on the gradual slope,
Play'd o'er its varying verdure. I beheld
A convent near, and could almost have thought
The dwellers there must needs be holy men,
For as they look'd around them, all they saw
Was good.

But when the purple eve came on,
How did the lovely landscape fill my heart?
Trees scatter'd among peering rocks adorn'd
The near ascent; the vale was overspread
With ilex in its wintry foliage gay,
Old cork-trees through their soft and swelling bark
Bursting, and glaucous olives, underneath
Whose fertilizing influence the green herb
Grows greener, and with heavier ears enrich'd
The healthful harvest bends. Pelucid streams
Through many a vocal channel from the hills
Wound through the valley their melodious way;
And o'er the intermediate woods descried,
Naval-Moral's church tower announced to us
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 rosetate hue that eve
Shed o'er its summit and its snowy breast;
For eve was closing now. Paint and more faint
The murmurs of the goatherd's scattered flock
Were borne upon the air, and sailing slow
The broad-wing'd stork song'd on the church tower top
His consecrated nest. O lovely scenes!
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.

Bristol, January 15, 1797.

* Venta de Peralbanegas.
IX.

TO MARGARET HILL.

written from London. 1798.

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 Lapidish 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. Least 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 courtesies To every Lady of her lap-dog tired Who wants a plaything; 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, Wiseliest 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 I think 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 Brave witchcraft. We would have a fairy ship, Ay, a new Ark, as in that other flood Which swept the sons of Anak from the earth; The Sylphs should waft us to some goodly isle Like that where whilom old Apollo Pined, retiring wisely from the troublous world, Built up his blameless spell; and I would bid The Sea-Nymphs pile around their coral bower, That we might stand upon the beach, and mark The far-off breakers shower their silver spray, And hear the eternal roar, whose pleasant sound Told us that never mariner should reach Our quiet coast. In such a blessed isle We might renew the days of infancy, And life, like a long childhood, pass away, Without one care. It may be, Margaret, That I shall yet be gather'd to my friends; For I am not of those who live estranged Of choice, till at the last they join their race In the family vault. If so, if I should lose, Like my old friend the Pilgrim, this huge pack So heavy on my shoulders, I and mine Right pleasantly will end our pilgrimage. If not, if I should never get beyond This Vanity-town, there is another world Where friends will meet. And often, Margaret, I gaze at night into the boundless sky, And think that I shall there be born again, The exalted native of some better star; And, like the untaught American, I look To find in Heaven the things I loved on earth.

X.

AUTUMN.

Nay, William, nay, not so! the changeful year, In all its due successions, to my sight Presents but varied beauties, transient all, All in their season good. These fading leaves, That with their rich variety of hues Make yonder forest in the slanting sun So beautiful, in you awake the thought Of winter,—cold, drear winter, when the trees Each like a fleshless skeleton shall stretch Its bare, brown boughs; when not a flower shall spread Its colors to the day, and not a bird Carol its joyance, —but all nature wear One sullen aspect, bleak and desolate, To eye, ear, feeling, comfortless alike. To me their many-color'd beauties speak Of times of merriment and festival, The year's best holiday: I call to mind The school-boy days, when in the falling leaves I saw with eager hope the pleasant sign Of coming Christmas; when at morn I took My wooden calendar, and counting up Once more its often-told account, smoothed off Each day with more delight the daily notch. To you the beauties of the autumnal year Make mournful emblems, and you think of man Doon'd to the grave's long winter, spirit-broken, Bending beneath the burden of his years, Sense-dull'd and fretful, "full of aches and pains," Yet clinging still to life. To me they show The calm decay of nature when the mind Retains its strength, and in the languid eye Religion's holy hope kindle a joy That makes old age look lovely. All to you Is dark and cheerless; you in this fair world See some destroying principle abroad, Air, earth, and water full of living things, Each on the other preying: and the ways Of man, a strange, perplexing labyrinth, Where crimes and miseries, each producing each, Render life leathsome, and destroy the hope That should in death bring comfort. Oh, my friend, That thy faith were as mine: that thou couldst see Death still producing life, and evil still Working its own destruction; couldst behold The strife and troubles of this troubled world With the strong eye that sees the promised day.
Dawn through this night of tempest! All things, then, 
Would minister to joy; then should thine heart 
Be heal’d and harmonized, and thou wouldst feel 
God, always, every where, and all in all.

Westbury, 1798.

XI.

THE VICTORY.

Hark — how the church-bells, with redoubling 
peals, 
Stun the glad car! Tidings of joy have come, 
Good tidings of great joy! two gallant ships 
Met on the element,—they met, they fought 
A desperate fight!—good tidings of great joy! 
Old England triumph’d! yet another day 
Of glory for the ruler of the waves! [cause, — 
For those who fell,—’twas in their country’s 
They have their passing paragraphs of praise, 
And are forgotten.

There was one who died 
In that day’s glory, whose obscure name 
No proud historian’s page will chronicle. 
Peace to his honest soul! I read his name,— 
’Twas in the list of slaughter,—and thank’d God 
The sound was not familiar to mine ear. 
But it was told me after, that this man 
Was one whom lawful violence had forced 
From his own home, and wife, and little ones, 
Who by his labor lived; that he was one 
Whose uncorrected heart could keenly feel 
A husband’s love, a father’s anxiousness; 
That from the wages of his toil he fed 
The distant dear ones, and would talk of them 
At midnight when he trod the silent deck 
With him he valued,—talk of them, of joys 
Which he had known,— oh God! and of the hour 
When they should meet again, till his full heart, 
His manly heart, at times would overflow, 
Even like a child’s, with very tenderness. 
Peace to his honest spirit! suddenly 
It came, and merciful the ball of death, 
That it came suddenly and slatter’d him, 
Nor left a moment’s agonizing thought 
On those he loved so well.

He ocean-deep 
Now lies at rest. Be Thou her comforter, 
Who art the widow’s friend! Man does not know 
What a cold sickness made her blood run back 
When first she heard the tidings of the fight! 
Man does not know with what a dreadful hope 
She listened to the names of those who died; 
Man does not know, or knowing will not heed, 
With what an agony of tenderness 
She gazed upon her children, and beheld 
His image who was gone. O God! be Thou, 
Who art the widow’s friend, her comforter!

Westbury, 1798.

XII.

HISTORY.

Thou chronicle of crimes! I read no more; 
For I am one who willingly would love 
His fellow-kind. O gentle Poesy, 
Receive me from the court’s polluted scenes, 
From dungeon horrors, from the fields of war, 
Receive me to your haunts,—that I may nurse 
My nature’s better feelings; for my soul 
Sickens at man’s misdeeds!

I spake, when lo! 
There stood before me, in her majesty, 
Clio, the strong-eyed Muse. Upon her brow 
Sate a calm anger. Go, young man, she cried, 
Sigh among myrtle bowers, and let thy soul 
Effuse itself in strains so sorrowful sweet, 
That love-sick Maids may weep upon thy page, 
Soothed with delicious sorrow. Oh shame! shame! 
Was it for this I waken’d thy young mind? 
Was it for this I made thy swelling heart 
Throb at the deeds of Greece, and thy boy’s eye 
So kindle when that glorious Spartan died? 
Boy! boy! deceive me not!—What if the tale 
Of murder’d millions strike a chilling pang; 
What if Tiberius in his island stewed, 
And Philip at his beads, alike inspire 
Strong anger and contempt; hast thou not risen 
With nobler feelings,—with a deeper love 
For freedom? Yes; if righteously thy soul 
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 bliss may love.

Westbury, 1798.

XIII.

WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER READING 

THE SPEECH OF ROBERT EMMET, 

ON HIS TRIAL AND CONVICTION FOR HIGH TREASON, 

SEPTEMBER, 1803.

"Let no man write my epitaph; let my grave 
Be inscribed, 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, 

* 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. I HAVE DONE."
Of that divinest impulse never more
Worthy, if impious I withheld it now,
Hardening my heart. Here, here in this free Isle,
To which in thy young virtue's erring zeal
Thou wert so perilous an enemy,
Here in free England shall an English hand
Build thy imperishable monument;
Oh,—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 unrelenting 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 passed away, hadst thou been wisely spared,
Leit 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 snap'd one spell, which beat
With such brave indemnity at the shame
And guilt of France, and of her miscreant 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,—yca, 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,
Death to the past, and to the future blind,
Ye who thus irreversibly exact
The forfeit life, how lightly life is staked,
When in distempered times the feverish mind
To strong delusion yields? Have ye to learn
With what a deep and spirit-stirring voice
Pity doth call Revenge? Have ye no hearts
To feel and understand how Mercly tames
The rebel nature, madden'd by old wrongs,
And binds it in the gentle bands of love,
When steel and adamant were weak to hold
That Samson-strength subdu'd!

Let no man write
Thy epitaph! Eremit, may; thou shalt not go
Without thy funeral strain! Oh, young, and good,
And wise, though erring here, thou shalt not go
Unhonour'd nor unsung. And better thus
Beneath that indiscriminating stroke,
Better to fall, than to have lived to mourn,
As sure thou wouldst, in misery and remorse,
Thine own disastrous triumph; to have seen,
If the Almighty at that awful hour
Had turn'd away his face, wild Ignorance
Let loose, and frantic Vengeance, and dark Zeal,
And all bad passions tyrannous, and the fires
Of Persecution once again ablaze.
How had it sunk into thy soul to see,
Last curse of all, the ruffian slaves of France
In thy dear native country lording it!
How happier thus, in that heroic mood
That takes away the sting of death, to die,
By all the good and all the wise forgiven!
Yea, in all ages by the wise and good
To be remember'd, mourn'd, and honor'd still.

Keswick.

XIV.

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 rightful cause, that so seeming ill
May thine appointed purposes fulfill;
Sometimes, as in this late auspicious hour
For which our hymns we raise,
Making the wicked 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, 1315.

XV.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN LADY LONSDALE'S ALBUM, AT LOTHIAN CASTLE, OCTOBER 13, 1821.

I.

SOMETIMES, in youthful years,
When in some ancient ruin I have stood,
Alone and musing, till with quiet tears
I felt my cheeks bedew'd,
A melancholy thought hath made me grieve
For this our age, and humbled me in mind,
That it should pass away and leave
No monuments behind.

II.

Not for themselves alone
Our fathers lived; nor with a niggard hand
Raised they the fabrics of enduring stone,
Which yet adorn the land;
Their piles, memorials of the mighty dead,
Survive them still, majestic in decay;
But ours are like ourselves, I said,
The creatures of a day.

III.

With other feelings now,
Lowther! have I beheld thy stately walls,
Thy pinnacles, and broad, embattled brow,
And hospitable halls.
The sun those wide-spread battlements shall crest,
And silent years unharmoning shall go by;
Till years in their course invest
Thy towers with sanctity.

4.
But thou the while shall bear,
To after-times, an old and honored name,
And to 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!

XVI.

STANZAS

ADDRESS'D TO W. R. TURNER, ESQ., R. A., ON HIS VIEW OF THE LAGO MAGGIORE FROM THE TOWN OF ARONA.

[Engraved for the Keepsake of 1829.]

1. Turner, thy pencil brings to mind a day
When from Laveno and the Bensus 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 gladd’d with the joyful scene;—

2. Joyful,—for all things minister’d delight,—
The lake and land, the mountains and the vales;
The Alps their snowy summits rear’d 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 we were bound,
Of yore the scene of Borromean pride,—
Folly’s prodigious work; where all around,
Under its coronet and self-bened,
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. From fair Arona, even on such a day,
When gladness was descending like a shower,
Great painter, did thy gifted eye survey
The splendid scene; and, conscious of its power,
Well hast thou hand inimitable given
The glories of the lake, and land, and heaven.

Kenwick, 1829.

XVII.

ON A PICTURE BY J. M. WRIGHT, ESQ.

[Engraved for the Keepsake of 1829.]

1. The sky-lark hath perceived his prison-door
Unclosed; for liberty the captive tries;
Puss eagerly hath watched him from the floor,
And in her grasp he flutters, pants, and dies.

2. Lucy’s own Puss, and Lucy’s own dear Bird,
Her foster’d favorites both for many a day,
That which the tender-hearted girl preferr’d,
She in her fondness knew not, sooth to say.

3. For if the sky-lark’s pipe were shrill and strong,
And its rich tones the thrilling ear might please,
Yet Pussybel could breathe a fire-side song
As winning, when she lay on Lucy’s knees.

4. 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 slain.

5. The flowers fall scatter’d from her lifted hand;
A cry of grief she utters in afflict;
And self-condemn’d for negligence she stands
Aghast and helpless at the cruel sight.

6. 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.

7. 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.

8. It is our nature’s strong necessity
And this the soul’s unerring instincts tell.
Therefore I say, let us love worthily,
Dear child, and then we cannot love too well.
9.
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.

10.
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.

11.
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.

12.
I ask not whither is 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.

13.
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,—

14.
Lucy, if then the power to thee were given
In that cold form its life to reengage,
Wouldst thou call back the warbler from its Heaven
To be again the tenant of a cage?

15.
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?

16.
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.

17.
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!

18.
What we love perfectly, for its own sake
We love, and not our own, being ready thus
What's e'er self-sacrifice is ask'd, to make;
That which is best for it, is best for us.

19.
O Lucy! treasure up that pious thought!
It hath a balm for sorrow's deadliest darts;

20. And with true comfort thou wilt find it fraught,
If grief should reach thee in thy heart of hearts.

*Backland, 1826.*

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**XVIII.**

1. My days among the Dead are past;
Around 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.

2. With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My checks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

3. My thoughts are with the Dead; with them
I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

4. My hopes are with the Dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all Futurity:
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

*Keswick, 1818.*

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**XIX.**

**IMITATED FROM THE PERSIAN.**

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,
Alas! but what I can.
Father Almighty, who hast made me man,
And bade me look to Heaven, for Thou art there,
Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.
Four things which are not in thy treasury,
I lay before thee, Lord, with this petition:—
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition.

*Lowther Castle, 1828.*
THE RETROSPECT.

Corston is a small village about three miles from Bath, a little to the left of the Bristol road. The manor was parted with by the monks of Bath, about the reign of Henry I., to Sir Roger de St. Lo, in exchange. It continued in his family till the reign of Edward II., when it passed to the family of Ing, who are said to have been domestics to the St. Lo for several generations. In process of time, it came to the Harringtons, and was by them sold to Joseph Langton, whose daughter and heiress brought it in marriage to William Gore Langton, Esq.

The church, which, in 1292, was valued at 7 marks, 2s. 4d., was appropriated to the prior and convent of Bath; and a vicarage ordained here by Bishop John de Drokensford, Nov. 1, 1321, decreeing that the vicar and his successors in perpetuum should have a half, with chambers, kitchen, and bakehouse, with a third part of the garden and curtilage, and a pigeon-house, formerly belonging to the parsonage; that he should have one acre of arable land, consisting of three parcels, late part of the demesne of the said parsonage, together with common pasture for his swine in such places as the rector of the said church used that privilege; that he should receive from the prior and convent of Bath one quarter of bread-corn yearly, and have all the alms, and all small tithes of hens and other fowl growing in the cottage enclosures and cultivated curtilages throughout the parish; that the religious aforesaid and their successors, as rectors of the said church, should have all the arable land, with a park belonging to the land, (the acre above mentioned only excepted,) and receive all great tithes, as well of corn as of hay; the said religious to sustain all burdens, ordinary and extraordinary, incumbent on the church as rectors thereof. The prior of Bath had a yearly pension out of the vicarage of 4s. — Collinson's Hist. of Somersetshire, vol. iii. pp. 341-317.

O sa I journey through the vale of years,
By hopes enliven'd, or depressed by fears,
Allow me, Memory, in thy treasured store,
To view the days that will return no more.
And yes! before thine intellectual ray
The clouds of mental darkness melt away !
As when, at earliest day's awakening dawn,
The hovering mists obscure the dewy lawn,
O'er all the landscape spread their influence chill,
Hang o'er the vale and wood, and hide the hill;
Anon, slow-rising, comes the orb of day;
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 minstrel and the lyre belong,
Accept, my Erin, Memory's pensive song.
Of long-past days I sing, ere yet I knew
Or thought or grief, or happiness and you;
Ere yet my infant heart had learnt to prove
The cares of life, the hopes and fears of love.

Corston, twelve years in various fortunes fled
Have past 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 retrace
Each little vestige of the well-known place;
Each wonted haunt and scene of youthful joy,
Where Merriment has cheer'd the careless boy;
Well-pleased will fancy still the spot survey
Where once he triumph'd in the boyish play,
Without one care where every morn he rose,
Where every evening sunk to calm repose.

Large was the house, though fallen in course,
Of fate,
From its old grandeur and memorial state.
Lord of the manor, here the jovial Squire
Once call'd his tenants round the crackling fire;
Here while the glow of joy suffused his face,
He told his ancient exploits in the chase,
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
Leap'd round him as they knew their pastime night;
The Squire no more obey'd the morning call,
Nor favorite 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 despotie rule;
Trembling in silence all his deeds we saw,
His look a mandate, and his word a law;
Severe his voice, severe and stern his mien,
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 done,—
"Twas the first day I ever left my home!
Years intervening have not worn away
The deep remembrance of that wretched day,
Nor taugh't me to forget my earliest fears,
A mother's kindness, and a mother's tears;
When close she press'd me to her sorrowing
As loath as even I myself to part;" — heart,
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;
Sudden they fall, and suddenly they end,
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 gleam;
Much of my future happiness they said,
Much of the easy life the scholars led,
Of spacious play-ground and of wholesome air,
The best instruction and the tenderest care;
And when I follow'd to the garden-door
My father, till through tears I saw no more,
How civilly they soothed my parting pain!
And never did they speak so civilly again.
HYMN TO THE PENATES.

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 of infancy anew,
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
The days of childhood are but days of woe;
Some rude restraint, some petty tyrant sours
What else should be our sweetest, blithest hours;
Yet is it sweet to call those hours to mind,—
Those easy hours forever left behind;
Ere care began the spirit to oppress,
When ignorance itself was happiness.

Such was my state in those remember’d years,
When two small acres bounded all my fears;
And therefore still with pleasure, I recall [hall,
The tapestriped school, the bright, brown-boarded hall
The murmuring brook, that every morning saw
The due observance of the cleanly law;
The walnuts, where, when favor would allow,
Full oft I went to search each well-strap’d bough;
The crab-tree, which supplied a secret beard
With roasted crabs to deck the wintry board;
These trifling objects then my heart possess’d,
These trifling objects still remain impress’d;
So when with unskill’d hand some idle hind
Carves his rude name within a sapling’s rind,
In after years the peasant lives to see
The expanding letters grow as grows the tree;
Though every winter’s desolating sway
Shake the hoarse grove and sweep the leaves away,
That rude inscription uneffaced will last,
Unalter’d by the storm or wintry blast.

Oh, while well pleased the letter’d traveller roams
Among old temples, palaces, and domes,
Strays with the Arab o’er the wreck of time
Where erst Palmyra’s towers arose sublime,
Or marks the lazy Turk’s lethargic pride,
And Grecian slavery on Illyssus’ side,
Oh, be it mine, aloof from public strife,
To mark the changes of domestic life,
The alter’d scenes where once I bore a part,
Where every change of fortune strikes the heart.
As when the merry bells with echoing sound
Proclaim the news of victory around,
Rejoicing patriots run the news to spread
Of glorious conquest and of thousands dead,
All join the loud huzza with eager breath,
And triumph in the tale of blood and death;
But if extended on the battle-plain,
Cut off in conquest some dear friend be slain,
Affection then will fill the sorrowing eye,
And suffering Nature grieve that one should die.

Cold was the morn, and bleak the wintry blast
Blew o’er the meadow, when I saw thee last.
My bosom bounded as I wandered round,
With silent step, the long-remember’d ground,
Where I had loiter’d out so many an hour,
Chased the gay butterfly, and culled 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 away
The tedious service of the summer day;
Or, hearing sadly all the preacher told,
In winter woke and shiver’d with the cold.
Oft have my footsteps roared the sacred ground
Where heroes, kings, and poets sleep around;
Oft traced the mouldering castle’s ivied wall,
Or aged convent tottering to its fall;
Yet never had my bosom felt such pain,
As, Corston, when I saw thy scenes again;
For many a long-lost pleasure came to view,
For many a long-past sorrow rose anew.
Where whilom all were friends I stood alone,
Unknowning all I saw, of all I saw unknown.

There, where my little hands were wont to rear
With pride the earliest salad of the year;
Where never idle weed to spring was seen,
Rank thorns and nettles rear’d their heads ob-scene.
Still all around and sad, I saw no more
The playful group, nor heard the playful roar;
There echoed round no shout of mirth and glee;
It seem’d as though the world were changed like me!

Enough! it boots not on the past to dwell,—
Fair scene of other years, a long farewell!
Rouse up, my soul! it boots not to repine;
Rouse up! for worthier feelings should be thine;
Thy path is plain and straight,—that light is given,—
Onward in faith,—and leave the rest to Heaven.

Oxford, 1794.

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 Aeneid.

Oh, high and solemn strain
Ere, Phebus! on thy temple’s ruin’d wall
I hang the silent harp: there may its strings,
When the rude tempest shakes the aged pile,
Make melancholy music. One song more!
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,

Yet one Song more! one high and solemn strain
Ere, Phebus! on thy temple’s ruin’d wall
I hang the silent harp: there may its strings,
When the rude tempest shakes the aged pile,
Make melancholy music. One song more!
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All things are yours, and in your holy train
Jove proudly ranks, and Juno, white-arm’d Queen,

* Hence one explanation of the name Penates, because they were supposed to reign in the inmost heavens.
† This was the belief of the ancient Hetrusci, who called them Concertes and Complices.
HYMN TO THE PENATES.

And wisest of Immortals, the dread Maid
Athenian Pallas. Venerable Powers, [rites
Hearken your hymn of praise! Though from your
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, hath my heart
With earnest longings 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,
Shunning the common herd of human-kind,
I have retired to watch your lonely fires,
And commune with myself:—delightful hours,
That gave mysterious pleasure, made me know
Mine inmost heart, its weakness and its strength,
Taught me to cherish with devoutest care
Its deep, unworl'dly 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 uproar 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,) When first,
A little one, I left my home,
I can remember the first grief I felt,
And the first painful smile that clothed my front
With feelings not its own: sadly at night
I sat me down beside a stranger's hearth;
And when the lingering hour of rest was come,
First wet with tears my pillow. As I grew
In years and knowledge, and the course of time
Developed the young feelings of my heart,
When most I loved in solitude to rove
Among the woodland gloom; or where the rocks
Darken'd old Avon's stream, in the ivied cave
Recluse to sit and brood the future song,—
Yet not the less, Penates, loved I then
Your altars; not the less at evening hour
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.

By Cherwell's sedgy side, and in the meads
Where Isis in her calm, clear stream reflects
The willow's bending boughs, at early dawn,
In the noon-tide hour, and when the night-mist rose,
I have remember'd you; and when the noise
Of lewd Intemperance on my lonely ear
Burst with loud tumult, as recluse I sate,
Musing on days when man should be redeem'd
From servitude, and vice, and wretchedness.
I blest you, Household Gods! because I loved
Your peaceful altars and serener rites.
Nor did I cease to reverence you, when driven
Amid the jarring crowd, an unmit 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 chillly howl'd the blast,
And gaz'd 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 trod
The wood with reverence where the Dryads dwelt;
At day's dim dawn or evening's misty hour
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 Naiad's spring,
Nor without reverence to the River God
Cross'd in unhappy hour his limpid stream.
Yet was this influence transient; such brief awc
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 fames impart.
O ye whose Youth has wilder'd on your way,
Or Pleasure with her siren song hath lured,
Or Fame with spirit-stirring trumpet hath call'd
To climb her summits,—to your Household Gods
Return; for not in Pleasure's 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 vices; ye whose honest eyes
Scowl on Oppression,—ye whose honest hearts
Beat high when Freedom sounds her dread alarm;
O ye who quit the path of peaceful life
Cruising for mankind—a spaniel race
That lick the hand that beats them, or tear all
Alike in frenzy; to your Household Gods
Return! for by their altars Virtue dwells,
And Happiness with her; for by their fires
 TRANQUILLITY, in no unsoal'd mood,
Sits silent, listening to the patter'ing shower;
For, so Suspicious! sleep not at the gate
Of Wisdom, Falsehood shall not enter there.

As on the height of some huge eminence,
Reach'd with long labor, the way-faring man
Pauses awhile, and gazing o'er the plain
With many a sore step travell'd, turns him then
Serious to contemplate the onward road,

— Aristides, Theor. Isag. 91. 94 et seq. &c. 95. 80.

* A μὴ ποτ' αὐτοῖς τοὺς ἂνταροὺς καλλίσταν ἄθικον
Ποιέσα περαν, πίνε γ' ἐντός ἢ ἀπερὶ ἀκαλὸς μέσα.
Χειρὶς νυφικός πεπλαθματό ὑδάτι λευκῶς,
Ὁ οὗ τούτων ἀναπεστήσας ἐνεχθεὶς ἀνοίγως
Τρέχει δεύον νέφεσις, καὶ οὔτ' ἐλεύθερος πρόσωπον.

† Of though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems.

Milton.
And calls to mind the comforts of his home,
And sighs that he has left them, and resolves
To stray 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 by 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 innate,—for I may not choose
But love him. He is one whom many wrongs
Have sicken'd of the world. There was a time
When he would weep to hear of wickedness,
And wonder at the tale; when for the oppress'd
He felt a brother's pity, to the oppressor
A good man's honest anger. His quick eye
Betray'd each rising feeling; every thought
Leapt to his tongue. When first among mankind
He mingled by himself he judged of them,
And loved and trusted them, to Wisdom deaf,
And took them to his bosom. Falshood met
His unsuspecting victim, fair of front,
And lovely as Apega's sculptured form,
Like that false image caught his warm embrace,
And pierced his open breast. The reptile race
Clung round his bosom, and with vipers 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, Honschold Gods! for we grew up
Together, and in the same school were bred,
And our poor fortunes the same course have held,
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; visiplier 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 depths 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 Deciet
Shrinks like the Arch-Fienid at Ithuriel's spear;
And Sophistry's gay, glittering bubble bursts,
As at the spouls of the Nereid's son,
When that false Florimel, with her prototype
Set side by side, in her unreal charms
Dissolved away.

* One of the ways and means of the tyrant Nabas. If one of his subjects refused to lend him money, he commanded him to embrace his Apega—the statue of a beautiful woman, so formed as to clasp the victim to her breast, in which a pointed dagger was concealed.

† Then did he set her by that snowy one,
Like the true saint beside the image set,
Of both their beauties to make paragon
And trial whether should the honor get;

Nor can the halls of Heaven
Give to the human soul such kindred joy,
As hovering o'er its earthly haunts it feels,
When with the breeze it dwells 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 woe,
Some strange presage the Spirit breathes, and fills
The breast with ominous fear, preparing it
For sorrow, pours into the afflicted heart
The balm of resignation, and inspires
With heavenly hope. Even as a child delights
To visit day by day the favorite plant
His hand has sown, to mark its gradual growth,
And watch all anxious for the promised flower;
Thus to the blessed 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 oder 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,
SEWARD! my dear, dead friend! For not in vain,
Of early summon'd on thy heavenly course,
Was thy brief sojourn here; me didst thou leave
With strength'd step to follow the right path,
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 thee well!

Such feelings Nature prompts, and hence your rites,
Domestic Gods! arose. When for his son
With ceaseless grief Syrophancs bewail'd,
Mourning his age left childless, and his wealth
Heap'd for an alien, he with obstinate 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. Remembrance then
Sofien'd the father, and he loved to see
The votive wreath renew'd, and the rich smoke
Curl from the costly censor slow and sweet.
From Egypt soon the sorrow-soothing rites

Straitway so soon as both together met,
The enchanted damsel vanish'd into nought;
Her snowy substance melted as with heat;
Ne of that godly hero remonstrant sought
But the empty girdle which about her waist was wrought.

Spenser

* Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. — Proverbs.
Quid non gravior mortalibus addita caro,
Surgi ubi longa auxilii succurrat. — Statius.
Diverts 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 wilderness
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 worse parents, aye afflits,
Cankering with her foul mildews the chill'd heart;—

They want with scorpion scourge drives to the den
Of Guilt;—then Slaughter for the price of death
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 love
Your tranquil joys; then shall the city stand
A huge void 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 annihilate, 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; — so He hath will'd, whose will is just.

Meantime, all hoping and expecting all
In patient faith, to you, Domestic Gods!
Studios 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.

Brasle, 1796.
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-Laureateship upon the death of Mr. Pye; that we met accidentally at the Prince Regent's levee, each in pursuit of his pretensions, and that some words which were not over-courtious on either side passed between us on the occasion;—to such impudent fabrications will those persons resort who make it their business to pander for public curiosity. The circumstances relating to that appointment have been made known in Mr. Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter. His conduct was, as it always was, characteristically generous, and in the highest degree friendly. Indeed, it was neither in his nature nor in mine to place ourselves in competition with any one, or ever to regard a contemporary as a rival. The world was wide enough for us all.

Upon his declining the office, and using his influence, without my knowledge, to obtain it for me, his biographer says, "Mr. Southey was invited to accept the vacant laurel; and to the honor of the Prince Regent, when he signified that his acceptance must depend on the office being thenceforth so modified as to demand none of the old formal odes, leaving it to the Poet-Laureate to choose his own time for celebrating any great public event that might occur, his Royal Highness had the good sense and good taste at once to acquiesce in the propriety of this alteration. The office was thus relieved from the burden of ridiculous which had, in spite of so many illustrious names, adhered 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 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 Laureateship 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, still less of obloquy, but because I had ceased for several years to write occasional verses: 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 reluctance, and 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 exact from the holder nothing like a school-boy's task, but leave him at liberty to write when, and in what manner, he thought best, and thus render the office as honorable as it was originally designed to be. Upon this, Mr. Croker, whose friendliness to me upon every occasion I gladly take this opportunity of acknowledging, observed 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 fit 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 a great trouble to Sir William that the office should have been conferred upon a poet who did not walk in the ways of his predecessor, and do according to all things that he had done; for Mr. Pye had written his odes always in regular stanzas and in rhyme. Poor Sir William, though he had not fallen upon evil tongues and evil times, thought he had fallen upon evil ears when he was to set verses like mine to music.

But the labor which the Chief Musician bestowed upon the verses of the Chief Poet was so much labor 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 festive celebration of the birthday would have been a violation of natural feeling and public propriety. On those occasions it was certain that nothing would be expected from me during the life of George III. But the New Year's performance might perhaps be called for, and for that, therefore, I always prepared. Upon the accession of George IV. I made ready an Ode for St. George's Day, which Mr. Shield, who was much better satisfied with his yokel-fellow than Sir William had been, thought happily suited for his purpose. It was indeed well suited for us both. All my other Odes related to the circumstances of the passing times, and could have been appropriately performed only when they were composed; but this was a standing subject, and, till this should be called for, it was needless to provide any thing else. The annual performance had, however, by this time fallen completely into disuse; and thus terminated a custom which may truly be said to have been more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Keswick, Dec. 12, 1837.

ENGLISH ECLOGUES.

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 idyll 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 Titius and Corydon down to our English Strephon and Thistummies. 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.

STRANGER.

Old friend! why, you seem bent on parish duty, Breaking the highway stones,—and 'tis a task Somewhat too hard, methinks, 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 threescore 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 turf, they tell me, and a road [too Round to the door. There were some yew trees 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 they were planted there. It was my task To keep them trimm'd, and 'twas a pleasure to me; All straight and smooth, and like a great green wall! My poor old lady many a time would come And tell me where to clip, for she had play'd in childhood under them, and 'twas her pride To keep them 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. 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, The bright red berries of the mountain-ash, With pines enough in winter to look green, And show that something lives. Sure this is better Than a great hedge of yew, making it look All the year round like winter, and forever Dropping its poisonous leaves from the under With' th' d and bare. [boughs,

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 once, 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—

OLD MAN.

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, Harboring 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-brier, 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 favorite dog,— She did not love him less that he was old And fickle, and he always had a place By the fire-side: and when he died at last, She made me dig a grave in the garden for him. For she was good to all! a woful day 'Twas for the poor when to her grave she went!
STRANGER.
They lost a friend then?

OLD MAN.
You're a stranger here,
Or you wouldn't ask that question. Were they sick?
She had rare cordial waters, and for herbs
She could have taught the Doctors. Then at winter,
When weekly she distributed the bread
In the poor old porch, to see her and to hear
The blessings on her! and I warrant them
They were a blessing to her when her wealth
Had been no comfort else. At Christmas, Sir!
It would have warm'd your heart if you had seen
Her Christmas kitchen,—how the blazing fire
Made her fine pewter shine, and holly boughs
So cheerful red,—and as for mistletoe,—
The finest bush that grew in the country round
Was mark'd for Madam. Then her 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 favorite walk
Grubb'd up,—and they do say that the great row
Of elms 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.
Mayhap they mayn't, Sir;—for all that,
I like what I've been used to. I remember
All this from a child up; and now to lose it,
'Tis losing an old friend. There's nothing left
As 'twas;—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 better cask. You did not know me,
But we're acquainted now. 'Twould not be easy
To make you like the outside; but within,
That is not changed, my friend! you'll always find
The same old bounty and old welcome there.

Westbury, 1793

II.

THE GRANDMOTHER'S TALE.

JANE.
Harry! I'm tired of playing. We'll draw round
The fire, and Grandmamma, perhaps, will tell us
One of her stories.

HARRY.
Ay—dear Grandmamma!
A pretty story! something dismal now;
A bloody murder.

JANE.
Or about a ghost.

GRANDMOTHER.
Nay, nay, I should but frighten ye. You know
The other night, when I was telling ye
About the light in the churchyard, how you trembled
Because the screech-owl hooted at the window,
And would not go to bed.

JANE.
Why, Grandmamma,
You said yourself you did not like to hear him.
Fray now!—we won't be frightened.

GRANDMOTHER.
Well, well, children!
But you've heard all my stories. —Let me see,—
Did I never tell you how the smuggler murder'd
The woman down at Pill?

HARRY.
No — never! never!

GRANDMOTHER.
Not how he cut her head off in the stable?

HARRY.
Oh — now! — do tell us that!

GRANDMOTHER.
You must have heard
Your mother, children! often tell of her.
She used to weed in the garden here, and worm
Your uncle's dogs,* and serve the house with coal;

* I know not whether this cruel and stupid custom is common in other parts of England. It is supposed to prevent the dogs from doing any mischief, should they afterwards become mad.
And glad enough she was in winter time
To drive her asses here!  It was cold work
To follow the slow beasts through sleet and snow;
And here she found a comfortable meal,
And a brave fire to thaw her; for poor Moll
Was always welcome.

HARRY.
Oh! 'twas bea~-eyed Moll,
The collier woman,—a great, ugly woman;
I've heard of her.

GRANDMOTHER.
Ugly enough, poor soul!
At ten yards' distance, you could hardly tell
If it were man or woman, for her voice
Was rough as our old mastiff's, and she wore
A man's old coat and hat:—and then her face!
There was a merry story told of her,
How, when the press-gang came to take her husband,
As they were both in bed, she heard them coming,
Dress'd John up in her night-cap, and herself
Put on his clothes, and went before the captain.

JANE.
And so they press'd a woman!

GRANDMOTHER.
'Twas a trick
She dearly loved to tell; and all the country
Soon knew the jest, for she was used to travel
For miles around.  All weather's and all hours
She cross'd the hill, as hardy as her beasts,
Bearing the wind, and rain, and drifting snow.
And if she did not reach her home at night,
She laid her down in the stable with her asses,
And slept as sound as they did.

HARRY.
With her asses!

GRANDMOTHER.
Yes; and she loved her beasts.  For though, poor wretch,
She was a terrible reprobate, and swore
Like any trooper, she was always good
To the dumb creatures; never loaded them
Beyond their strength; and rather, I believe,
Would stint herself than let the poor beasts want,
Because, she said, they could not ask for food.
I never saw her stick fall heavier on them
Than just with its own weight.  She little thought
This tender-heartedness would cause her death!
There was a fellow who had oftentimes,
As if he took delight in cruelty,
Ill used her beasts.  He was a man who lived
By smuggling, and,—for she had often met him,
Crossing the down at night,—she threaten'd him,
If ever he abused them more, to inform
Of his unlawful ways.  Well—so it was—
'Twas what they both were born to!  he provoked her:
She laid an information; and one morning
They found her in the stable, her throat cut
From ear to ear, till the head only hung
Just by a bit of skin.

JANE.
Oh dear! oh dear!

HARRY.
I hope they hung the man!

GRANDMOTHER.
They took him up;
There was no proof; no one had seen the deed;
And he was set at liberty.  But God,
Whose eye beholdeth all things, He had seen
The murder, and the murderer knew that God
Was witness to his crime.  He fled the place,—
But nowhere could he fly the avenging hand
Of Heaven,—but nowhere could the murderer rest;—
A guilty conscience haunted him; by day,
By night, in company, in solitude,
Restless and wretched, did he bear upon him
The weight of blood.  Her cries were in his ears;
Her stifled groans, as when he knelt upon her,
Always he heard; always he saw her stand
Before his eyes; even in the dead of night,
Distinctly seen as through in the broad sun,
She stood beside the murderer's bed, and yawn'd
Her ghastly wound; till life itself became
A punishment at last he could not bear,
And he confess'd it all, and gave himself
To death; so terrible, he said, it was
To have a guilty conscience !

HARRY.
Was he hung, then?

GRANDMOTHER.
Hung and anatomized.  Poor wretched man!
Your uncles went to see him on his trial;
He was so pale, so thin, so hollow-eyed,
And such a horror in his meagre face,
They said he look'd like one who never slept.
He begged the prayers of all who saw his end,
And met his death with fears that well might warn
From guilt, though not without a hope in Christ.

Westbury, 1798.

III.

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 ask'd
Whom they were bearing to the grave.  A girl,
They answer'd, of the village, who had pined
Through the long course of eighteen painful months,
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 were away the time.  But it was eve
When homewardly I went, and in the air
Was that cool freshness, that discoloring 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 mournful 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 wretched one,
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,
There was no mention of poor Hannah there,
Or 'twas the cold inquiry, more unkind
Than silence. So she pined and pined away,
And for herself and baby toi'd and toi'd;
Nor did she, even on her death-bed, rest
From labor, knitting there with lifted arms,
Till she sunk with very weakness. Her old mother
Omitted no kind office, working for her,
Albeit her hardest labor barely earn'd
Enough to keep life struggling, and prolong
The pains of grief and sickness. Thus she lay
On the sick bed of poverty, worn out
With her long suffering and those painful thoughts
Which at her heart were rankling, and so weak,
That she could make no effort to express
Affection for her infant; and the child,
Whose lispings love perhaps had solaced her,
Shunn'd her as one indifferent. But she too
Had grown indifferent to all things of earth,
Finding her only comfort in the thought
Of that cold bed wherein the wretched rest.
There had she now, in that last home, been laid,
And all was over now,—sickness and grief,
Her shame, her suffering, and her penitence,—
Their work was done. The school-boys, as they sport
In the churchyard, for a while might turn away
From the fresh grave till grass should cover it;
Nature would do that office soon; and none
Who trod upon the senseless turf would think
Of what a world of woes lay buried there!

Barton, near Christ Church, 1797.

IV.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

woman.

Sir, for the love of God, some small relief
To a poor woman!

TRAVELLER.

Whither are you bound?
'Tis a late hour to travel o'er these downs,
No house for miles around us, and the way
Dear and wild. The evening wind already

Makes one's teeth chatter; and the very Sun,
Setting so pale behind those thin white clouds,
Looks cold. 'Twill be a bitter night!

woman.

Ay, Sir,

'Tis cutting keen! I smart at every breath;
Heaven knows how I shall reach my journey's end,
For the way is long before me, and my feet,
God help me! sore with travelling. I would gladly,
If it pleased God, at once lie down and die.

TRAVELLER.

Nay, nay, cheer up: a little food and rest
Will comfort you; and then your journey's end
May make amends for all. You shake your head,
And weep. Is it some mournful business then
That leads you from your home?

woman.

Sir, I am going
To see my son at Plymouth, sadly hurt
In the late action, and in the hospital
Dying, I fear me, now.

TRAVELLER.

Perhaps your fears
Make evil worse. Even if a limb be lost,
There may be still enough for comfort left;
An arm or leg shot off, there's yet the heart
To keep life warm; and he may live to talk
With pleasure of the glorious fight that main'd him,
Proud of his loss. Old England's gratitude
Makes the main'd Sailor happy.

woman.

'Tis not that,—
An arm or leg—I could have borne with that.
It was no ball, Sir, but some cursed thing
Which bursts* and burns, that hurt him. Some-
thing, Sir,
They do not use on board our English ships,
It is so wicked!

TRAVELLER.

Rascals! a mean art
Of cruel cowardice, yet all in vain!

woman.

Yes, Sir! and they should show no mercy to them
For making use of such unchristian arms.
I had a letter from the hospital;
He got some friend to write it; and he tells me
That my poor boy has lost his precious eyes,
Burnt out. Alas! that I should ever live
To see this wretched day!—They tell me, Sir,
There is no cure for wounds like his. Indeed

* The stink-pots used on board the French ships. In the engagement between the Mars and L'Hercule, some of our sailors were shockingly mangled by them: one, in particular, as described in the Eclogue, lost both his eyes. It would be right and humane to employ means of destruction, could they be discovered, powerful enough to destroy fleets and armies, but to use any thing that only inflicts additional torture upon the sufferers in war, is altogether wicked.
Tis a hard journey that I go upon
To such a dismal end!

TRAVELLER.
He yet may live.
But if the worst should chance, why, you must bear
The will of Heaven with patience. Were it not
Some comfort to reflect your son has fallen
Fighting his country's cause? and for yourself,
You will not in unpiety poverty
Be left to mourn his loss. Your grateful country,
Amid the triumph of her victory,
Remembers those who paid its price of blood,
And with a noble charity relieves
The widow and the orphan.

WOMAN.
God reward them!
God bless them! It will help me in my age,—
But, Sir! it will not pay me for my child!

TRAVELLER.
Was he your only child?

WOMAN.
My only one,
The stay and comfort of my widowhood,
A dear, good boy!—When first he went to sea,
I felt what it would come to,—something told me
I should be childless soon. But tell me, Sir,
If 'tis true that for a hurt like his
There is no cure. Please God to spare his life,
Though he be blind, yet I should be so thankful!
I can remember there was a blind man
Lived in our village, one from his youth up
Quite dark, and yet he was a merry man;
And he had none to tend on him so well
As I would tend my boy!

TRAVELLER.
Of this be sure —
His hurts are look'd to well, and the best help
The land affords, as rightly is his due,
Ever at hand. How happen'd it he left you?
Was a seafaring life his early choice?

WOMAN.
No, Sir! poor fellow,—he was wise enough
To be content at home, and 'twas a home
As comfortable, Sir! even though I say it,
As any in the country. He was left
A little boy when his poor father died,
Just old enough to totter by himself,
And call his mother's name. We two were all,
And as we were not left quite destitute,
We bore up well. In the summer time I work'd
Sometimes a-field. Then I was famed for knitting;
And in long winter nights my spinning-wheel
Seldom stood still. We had kind neighbors too,
And never felt distress. So he grew up
A comely lad, and wondrous well disposed.
I taught him well; there was not in the parish
A child who said his prayers more regular,
Or answered reader through his Catechism.
If I had foreseen this! but 'tis a blessing
We don't know what we're born to!

TRAVELLER.
But how came it
He chose to be a Sailor?

WOMAN.
You shall hear, Sir.
As he grew up, he used to watch the birds
In the corn,—child's work, you know, and easily done,
'Tis an idle sort of task; so he built up
A little hut of wicker-work and clay
Under the hedge, to shelter him in rain;
And then he took, for very idleness,
To making traps to catch the plunderers;
All sorts of cunning traps that boys can make,—
Propping a stone to fall and shut them in,
Or crush them with its weight, or else a springe
Swung on a bough. He made them cleverly—
And I, poor foolish woman! I was pleased
To see the boy so handy. You may guess
What follow'd, Sir, from this unlucky skill.
He did what he should not when he was older:
I warn'd him oft enough; but he was caught
In wiring hares at last, and had his choice,
The prison or the ship.

TRAVELLER.
The choice at least
Was kindly left him; and for broken laws
This was, methinks, no heavy punishment.

WOMAN.
So I was told, Sir. And I tried to think so;
But 'twas a sad blow to me! I was used
To sleep at nights as sweetly as a child;—
Now, if the wind blew rough, it made me start,
And think of my poor boy tossing about
Upon the roaring seas. And then I seem'd
To feel that it was hard to take him from me
For such a little fault. But he was wrong,
Oh, very wrong,—a murrain on his traps!
See what they've brought him to!

TRAVELLER.
Well! well! take comfort
He will be taken care of, if he lives;
And should you lose your child, this is a country
Where the brave Sailor never leaves a parent
To weep for him in want.

WOMAN.
Sir, I shall want
No succor long. In the common course of years
I soon must be at rest; and 'tis a comfort,
When grief is hard upon me, to reflect
It only leads me to that rest the sooner.

Westbury, 1798.
V.

THE WITCH.

NATHANIEL.

FATHER! here, father! I have found a horse-shoe!
Faith, it was just in time; for 'twas night
I laid two straws across at Margery's door;
And ever since I fear'd that she might do me
A mischief for't. There was the Miller's boy,
Who set his dog at that black cat of hers,—
I met him upon crutches, and he told me
'Twas all her evil eye.

FATHER.

'Tis rare good luck!
I would have gladly given a crown for one, [it?
If 'twould have done as well. But where didst find

NATHANIEL.

Down on the common; I was going a-field,
And neighbor Saunders pass'd me on his mare;
He had hardly said "Good day," before I saw
The shoe drop off. 'Twas just upon my tongue
To call him back;—it makes no difference, does it,
Because I know whose 'twas?

FATHER.

Why, no, it can't.
The shoe's the same, you know; and you did find it.

NATHANIEL.

That mare of his has got a plaguy road
To travel, father;—and if he should lame her,—
For she is but tender-footed,—

FATHER.

Ay, indeed!
I should not like to see her limping back,
Poor beast!—But charity begins at home;
And, Nat, there's our own horse in such a way
This morning!

NATHANIEL.

Why, he hasn't been rid again.
Last night I hung a pebble by the manger,
With a hole through, and every body says
That 'tis a special charm against the hags.

FATHER.

It could not be a proper, natural hole then,
Or 'twas not a right pebble;—for I found him
Smoking with sweat, quaking in every limb,
And panting so! Lord knows where he had been
When we were all asleep, through bush and brake,
Up-hill and down-hill all alike, full stretch
At such a deadly rate!—

NATHANIEL.

By land and water,
Over the sea, perhaps!—I have heard tell
'Tis many thousand miles off at the end
Of the world, where witches go to meet the Devil.
They used to ride on broomsticks, and to smear
Some ointment over them, and then away
Out at the window! but 'tis worse than all
To worry the poor beast so. Shame upon it
That in a Christian country they should let
Such creatures live!

FATHER.

And when there's such plain proof!
I did but threaten her because she robb'd
Our hedge, and the next night there came a wind
That made me shake to hear it in my bed.
How came it that that storm unroof'd my barn,
And only mine in the parish?—Look at her,
And that's enough;—she has it in her face!—
A pair of large, dead eyes, sunk in her head,
Just like a corpse, and pursed with wrinkles round;
A nose and chin that scarce leave room between
For her lean fingers to squeeze in the snuff;
And when she speaks! I'd sooner hear a raven
Croak at my door!—She sits there, nose and knees,
Smoke-dried and shrivell'd over a starved fire,
With that black cat beside her, whose great eyes
Shine like old Belzebub's; and to be sure
It must be one of his imps!—Ay, nail it hard.

NATHANIEL.

I wish old Margery heard the hammer go!
She'd curse the music!

FATHER.

Here's the Curate coming,
He ought to rid the parish of such vermin!
In the old times they used to hunt them out,
And hang them without mercy; but, Lord bless us!
The world is grown so wicked!

CURATE.

Good day, Farmer
Nathaniel, what art nailing to the threshold?

NATHANIEL.

A horse-shoe, Sir; 'tis good to keep off witchcraft
And we're afraid of Margery.

CURATE.

Poor old woman:
What can you fear from her?

FATHER.

What can we fear?
Who lamed the Miller's boy? who raised the wind
That blew my old barn's roof down? who d'ye think
Rides my poor horse a' nights? who mocks the hounds?
But let me catch her at that trick again,
And I've a silver bullet ready for her,
One that shall lame her, double how she will.

NATHANIEL.

What makes her sit there moping by herself,
With no soul near her but that great black cat?
And do but look at her!

CURATE.

Poor wretch! half blind
ENGLISH ECLOGUES.

And crooked with her years, without a child
Or friend in her old age; 'tis hard indeed
To have her very miseries made her crimes!
I met her but last week in that hard frost
Which made my young limbs ache, and when I
ask'd
What brought her out in the snow, the poor old
woman
Told me that she was forced to crawl abroad
And pick the hedges, just to keep herself
From perishing with cold,—because no neighbor
Had pity on her age; and then she cried,
And said the children pelted her with snow-balls,
And wish'd that she were dead.

FATHER.
I wish she was!
She has plagued the parish long enough!

CURATE.
Shame, Farmer!
Is that the charity your Bible teaches?

FATHER.
My Bible does not teach me to love witches.
I know what's charity; who pays his tithes
And poor-rates reader?

CURATE.
Who can better do it?
You've been a prudent and industrious man,
And God has blest your labor.

FATHER.
Why, thank God, Sir,
I've had no reason to complain of fortune.

CURATE.
Complain? why, you are wealthy! All the parish
Look up to you.

FATHER.
Perhaps, Sir, I could tell
Guinea for guinea with the warmest of them.

CURATE.
You can afford a little to the poor;
And then, what's better still, you have the heart
To give from your abundance.

FATHER.
God forbid
I should want charity!

CURATE.
Oh! 'tis a comfort
To think at last of riches well employ'd!
I have been by a death-bed, and know the worth
Of a good deed at that most awful hour
When riches profit not.

Farmer, I'm going
To visit Margery. She is sick, I hear;—
Old, poor, and sick! a miserable lot;
And death will be a blessing. You might send her
Some little matter, something comfortable,

That she may go down easier to the grave,
And bless you when she dies.

FATHER.
What! is she going
Well, God forgive her then, if she has dealt
In the black art! I'll tell my dame of it,
And she shall send her something.

CURATE.
So I'll say;
And take my thanks for hers.

FATHER.
That's a good man,
That Curate, Nat, of ours, to go and visit
The poor in sickness; but he don't believe
In witchcraft, and that is not like a Christian.

NATHANIEL.
And so old Margery's dying!

FATHER.
But you know
She may recover: so drive 't'other nail in.
Westbury, 1798.

VI.

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

Ay, Charles! I knew that this would fix thine
eye;—
This woodland wreathing round the broken porch.
Its leaves just withering, yet one autumn flower
Still fresh and fragrant; and you hollyhock
That through the creeping weeds and nettles tall
Peers taller, lifting, column-like, a stem
Bright with its roseate blossoms. I have seen
Many an old convent reverend in decay,
And many a time have trod the castle courts
And grass-green halls, yet never did they strike
Home to the heart such melancholy thoughts
As this poor cottage. Look! its little hatch
Fleeced with that gray and wintry moss; the roof
Part moulder'd in; the rest o'ergrown with weeds,
House-leek, and long thin grass, and greener moss;
So Nature steals on all the works of man;
Sure conqueror she, reclaiming to herself
His perishable piles.

I led thee here,
Charles, not without design; for this hath been
My favorite walk even since I was a boy;
And I remember, Charles, this ruin here,
The neatest comfortable dwelling-place!
That when I read in those dear books which first
Woke in my heart the love of poesy,
How with the villagers Erminia dwelt,
And Calidore for a fair shepherdess
Forsook his quest to learn the shepherd's lore,
My fancy drew from this the little hut
Where that poor princess wept her hopeless love,
Or where the gentle Calidore at eve
Of her long journey near. But then her child
Soon to be left alone in this sad world,—
That was a thought which many a winter night
Had kept her sleepless; and when prudent love
In something better than a servant’s state
Had placed her well at last, it was a pang
Like parting life to part with her dear girl.

One summer, Charles, when at the holydays
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 play’d 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 gray 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.

THE LAST OF THE FAMILY.

JAMES.

What, Gregory, you are come, I see, to join us
On this sad business.

GREGORY.

Ay, James, I am come
But with a heavy heart, God knows it, man!
Where shall we meet the corpse?

JAMES.

Some hour from hence.

By noon, and near about the elms, I take it.
This is not as it should be, Gregory,
Old men to follow young ones to the grave!
This morning, when I heard the bell strike out,
I thought that I had never heard it toll
So dismal before.

GREGORY.

Well, well! my friend,
’Tis what we all must come to, soon or late.
But when a young man dies, in the prime of life
One born so well, who might have blest us all
Many long years! —

JAMES.

And then the family
Extinguish’d in him, and the good old name
Only to be remember’d on a tomb-stone?
A name that has gone down from sire to son
So many generations! — Many a time
ENGLISH ECLOGUES.

Poor master Edward, who is now a corpse,
When but a child, would come to me and lead me
To the great family-tree, and beg of me
To tell him stories of his ancestors,
Of Eustace, he that went to the Holy Land
With Richard Lion-heart, and that Sir Henry
Who fought at Cressy in King Edward's wars;
And then his little eyes would kindle so
To hear of their brave deeds! I used to think
The bravest of them all would not out-do
My darling boy.

GREGORY.

This comes of your great schools
And college-breeding. Plague upon his guardians,
That would have made him wiser than his fathers!

JAMES.

If his poor father, Gregory, had but lived,
Things would not have been so. He, poor good man,
Had little of book-learning; but there lived not
A kinder, nobler-hearted gentleman,
One better to his tenants. When he died
There was not a dry eye for miles around.
Gregory, I thought that I could never know
A sadder day than that; but what was that,
Compared with this day's sorrow?

GREGORY.

I remember,
Eight months ago, when the young Squire began
To alter the old mansion, they destroy'd
The martins' nests, that had stood undisturb'd
Under that roof,— ay! long before my memory.
I shook my head at seeing it, and thought
No good could follow.

JAMES.

Poor young man! I loved him
Like my own child. I loved the family!
Come Candelmas, and I have been their servant
For five-and-forty years. I lived with them
When his good father brought my Lady home;
And when the young Squire was born, it did me good
To hear the bells so merrily announce
An heir. This is indeed a heavy blow —
I feel it, Gregory, heavier than the weight
Of three score years. He was a noble lad;
I loved him dearly.

GREGORY.

Every body loved him;
Such a fine, generous, open-hearted Youth!
When he came home from school at holydays,
How I rejoiced to see him! He was sure
To come and ask of me what birds there were
About my fields; and when I found a covey,
There's not a testy Squire preserves his game
More charily, than I have kept them safe
For Master Edward. And he look'd so well
Upon a fine, sharp morning after them,
His brown hair frosted, and his cheek so flush'd
With such a wholesome ruddiness,— ah, James,
But he was sadly changed when he came down
To keep his birth-day.

JAMES.

Changed! why, Gregory,
'Twas like a palsy to me, when he stepp'd
Out of the carriage. He was grown so thin,
His cheek so delicate sallow, and his eyes
Had such a dim and rakish hollowness;
And when he came to shake me by the hand,
And spoke as kindly to me as he used,
I hardly knew the voice.

GREGORY.

It struck a damp
On all our merriment. 'Twas a noble Ox
That smok'd before us, and the old October
Went merrily in everflowing cans;
But 'twas a skin-deep merriment. My heart
Seem'd as it took no share. And when we drank
His health, the thought came over me what cause
We had for wishing that, and spoilt the draught.
Poor Gentleman! to think, ten months ago
He came of age, and now!—

JAMES.

I fear'd it then!
He look'd to me as one that was not long
For this world's business.

GREGORY.

When the Doctor sent him
Abroad to try the air, it made me certain
That all was over. There's but little hope,
Methinks, that foreign parts can help a man
When his own mother-country will not do.
The last time he came down, these bells rung so,
I thought they would have rock'd the old steeple
down;
And now that dismal toll! I would have staid
Beyond its reach, but this was a last duty:
I am an old tenant of the family,
Born on the estate; and now that I've outlived it,
Why, 'tis but right to see it to the grave.
Have you heard aught of the new Squire?

JAMES.

But little,
And that not well. But be he what he may,
Matters not much to me. The love I bore
To the old family will not easily fix
Upon a stranger. What's on the opposite hill?
Is it not the funeral?

GREGORY.

'Tis, I think, some horsemen.
Ay! there are the black cloaks; and now I see
The white plumes on the hearse.

JAMES.

Between the trees; —
'Tis hid behind them now.

GREGORY.

Ay! now we see it,
And there's the coaches following; we shall meet
About the bridge. Would that this day were over!
I wonder whose turn's next.
James.

God above knows.

When youth is summon'd, what must age expect!

God make us ready, Gregory, when it comes!

Westbury, 1799.

VIII.

THE WEDDING.

Traveller.

I pray you, wherefore are the village bells
Ringing so merrily?

Woman.

A wedding, Sir,—

Two of the village folk. And they are right
To make a merry time on't while they may!

Come twelve-months hence, I warrant them

they'd go

To church again more willingly than now,

If all might be undone.

Traveller.

An ill-match'd pair,

So I conceive you. Youth perhaps and age?

Woman.

No,—both are young enough.

Traveller.

Perhaps the man, then,

A lazy idler,—one who better likes

The alehouse than his work?

Woman.

Why, Sir, for that,

He always was a well-condition'd lad,

One who'd work hard and well; and as for drink,

Save now and then, mayhap, at Christmas time,

Sober as wife could wish.

Traveller.

Then is the girl

A shrew, or else untidy;—one to welcome

Her husband with a rude, unruly tongue,

Or drive him from a foul and wretched home

To look elsewhere for comfort. Is it so?

Woman.

She's notable enough; and as for temper,

The best good-humor'd girl! You see you house,

There by the aspen-tree, whose gray leaves shine

In the wind? she lived a servant at the farm,

And often, as I came to weeding here,

I've heard her singing as she milk'd her cows

So cheerfully. I did not like to hear her,

Because it made me think upon the days

When I had got as little on my mind,

And was as cheerful too. But she would marry.

And folks must reap as they have sown. God

help her!
TRAVELLER.  
A wretched beast!  
Hard labor and worse usage he endures  
From some bad master. But the lot of the poor  
Is not like his.

WOMAN.  
In truth it is not, Sir!  
For when the horse lies down at night, no cares  
About to-morrow vex him in his dreams:  
He knows no quarter-day; and when he gets  
Some musty hay or patch of hedge-row grass,  
He has no hungry children to claim part  
Of his half-meal!

TRAVELLER.  
'Tis idleness makes want,  
And idle habits. If the man will go  
And spend his evenings by the alehouse fire,  
Whom can he blame if there be want at home?

WOMAN.  
Ay! idleness! the rich folks never fail  
To find some reason why the poor deserve  
Their miseries! — Is it idleness, I pray you,  
That brings the fever or theague fit?  
That makes the sick one's sickly appetite  
From dry bread and potatoes turn away?  
Is it idleness that makes small wages fail  
For growing wants? — Six years ago, these bells  
Rung on my wedding-day, and I was told  
What I might look for; but I did not heed  
Good counsel. I had lived in service, Sir;  
Knew never what it was to want a meal;  
Lay down without one thought to keep me sleepless,  
Or trouble me in sleep; had for a Sunday  
My linen gown, and when the pedler came,  
Could buy me a new ribbon. And my husband,—  
A truly young man, and well to do,—  
He had his silver buckles and his watch;  
There was not in the village one who look'd  
Sprucer on holydays. We married, Sir,  
And we had children; but while wants increased,  
Wages stood still. The silver buckles went;  
So went the watch; and when the holyday coat  
Was worn to work, no new * one in its place.  
For me — you see my rags! but I deserve them,  
For wilfully, like this new-married pair,  
I went to my undoing.

TRAVELLER.  
But the parish —

WOMAN.  
Ay, it falls heavy there; and yet their pittance

* A farmer once told the author of Malvern Hills, "that  
he almost constantly remarked a gradation of changes in  
those men who had been in the habit of employing. Young  
men, he said, were generally neat in their appearance, active  
and cheerful, till they became married and had a family,  
when he had observed that their silver buttons, buckles, and  
watches gradually disappeared, and their Sunday clothes  
became common, without any other to supply their place, —  
but, said he, some good comes from this, for they will then work  
for whatever they can get!"

Note to Cotlel's Malvern Hills.

Just serves to keep life in. A blessed prospect,  
To slave while there is strength; in age the work-  
house;  
A parish shell at last, and the little bell  
Toll'd hastily for a pauper's funeral!

TRAVELLER.  
Is this your child?

WOMAN.  
Ay, Sir; and were he dress'd  
And clean'd, he'd be as fine a boy to look on  
As the Squire's young master. These thin rags  
of his  
Let comfortably in the summer wind;  
But when the winter comes, it pinches me  
To see the little wretch. I've three besides;  
And, — God forgive me! but I often wish  
To see them in their coffins — God reward you!  
God bless you for your charity!

TRAVELLER.  
You have taught me  
To give sad meaning to the village bells!

Bristol, 1300.

IX.

THE ALDERMAN'S FUNERAL.

STRANGER.  
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.

STRANGER.  
'Tis but a mournful sight; and yet the pomp  
Tempts me to stand a gazer.

TOWNSMAN.  
Yonder schoolboy,  
Who plays the trump, says the proclamation  
Of peace was nothing to the show; and even  
The chairing of the members at election  
Would not have been a finer sight than this;  
Only that red and green are prettier colors  
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 hearse!

STRANGER.  
Then he was born  
Under a lucky planet, who to-day  
Puts mourning on for his inheritance.

TOWNSMAN.  
When first I heard his death, that very wish  
Leap'd to my lips; but now the closing scene
ENGLISH ECLOGUES.

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Of the comedy hath waken'd wiser thoughts; And I bless God, that, when I go to the grave, There will not be the weight of wealth like his To sink me down.

**stranger.**
The camel and the needle,—
Is that then in your mind?

**towNSman.**
Even so. The text Is Gospel-wisdom. I would ride the camel,— Yea, leap him, flying, through the needle's eye, As easily as such a pamper'd soul Could pass the narrow gate.

**stranger.**
Your pardon, Sir, But sure this lack of Christian charity Looks not like Christian truth.

**towNSman.**
Your pardon too, Sir, If, with this text before me, I should feel In the preaching mood! But for these 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, honorable 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; Bow'd to no idols, but his money-bags; Swore no false oaths, except at the custom-house; Kept the Sabbath idle; built a monument To honor 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 neighbor's house, nor ox, nor ass!

**stranger.**
You knew him, then, it seems?

**towNSman.**
As all men know 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 stank; The rains of heaven engendered nothing in it But slime and foul corruption.

**stranger.**
Yet even these Are reservoirs whence public charity Still keeps 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 subscribers, Your benefactors in the newspapers. His alms were money put to interest In the other world,—donations to keep open A running charity account with Heaven,— Retaining fees against the Last Assizes, When, for the trusted talents, strict account Shall be required from all, and the old Arch-Lawyer Plead his own cause as plaintiff.

**stranger.**
I must needs Believe you, Sir:—these are your witnesses, These mourners here, who from their carriages Gape at the gaping crowd. A good March wind Were to be pray'd for now, to lend their eyes Some decent rheum; the very hireling mute Bears 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? 

**towNSman.**
Who should lament for him, Sir, in whose heart Love had no place, nor natural charity? The palor spænicil, when she heard his step, Rose slowly from the hearth, and stole aside With creeping pace; she never raised her eyes To woo kind 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
NONDESCRIPTS.

1.

WRITTEN THE WINTER AFTER THE

INSTALLATION AT OXFORD. 1793.

Toll on, toll on, old Bell! I'll neither pass
The cold and weary hour in heartless rites,
Nor doze away the time. The fire burns bright;
And, bless the maker of this Windsor-Chair!
(Of polish'd cherry, elbow'd, saddle-seated.)
This is the throne of comfort. I will sit
And study here devoutly; — not my Euclid,—
For Heaven forbid that I should discompose
That Spider's excellent geometry!
I'll study thee, Puss! Not to make a picture;
I hate your canvass cats, and dogs, and fools,
Themes that disgrace the pencil. Thou shalt give
A moral subject, Puss. Come, look at me; —
Lift up thine emerald eyes! Ay, purr away!
For I am praising thee, I tell thee, Puss,
And Cats as well as Kings like flattery.
For three whole days I heard an old Fur-gown
Repraised, that made a Duke a Chancellor;
Repraised in prose it was, bepraised in verse;
Lauded in pious Latin to the skies;
Kudos'd egregiously in heathen Greek;
In sapphics sweetly incensed; glorified
In proud alcaves; in hexameters
Applauded to the very Galleries,
That did applaud again, whose thunder-claps,
Higher and longer, with redoubling peals,
Rung when they heard the illustrious furbelow'd
Heroically in Popean rhyme

Tee-ti-tum'd, in Miltonic blank bemouth'd;
Prose, verse, Greek, Latin, English, rhyme and
Apothecary-chancellor'd in all,
[blank,
Till Eulogy, with all her wealth of words,
Grew bankrupt, all-too-prodigious praise,
And panting Panegyric toil'd in vain,
O'er-task'd in keeping pace with such desert.

Though I can poetize right willingly,
Puss, on thy well-streak'd coat, to that Fur-gown
I was not guilty of a single line:
'Twas an old furbelow, that would hang loose,
And wrap round any one, as it were made
To fit him only, so it were but tied
With a blue ribbon.

What a power there is
In beauty! Within these forbidden walls
Thou last thy range at will, and when perchance
The Followers see thee, Puss, they overlook
Inhibitory laws, or haply think
The statute was not made for Cats like thee;
For thou art beautiful as ever Cat
That wantoned in the joy of kittenhood.
Ay, stretch thy claws, thou democratic beast,—
I like thine independence. Treat thee well,
Thou art as playful as young Innocence;
But if we act the governor, and break
The social compact, Nature gave those claws,
And taught thee how to use them. Man, methinks,
Master and slave alike, might learn from thee
A salutary lesson: but the one
Abuses wickedly his power unjust;
The other crouches, spaniel-like, and licks
The hand that strikes him. Wiser animal,
I look at thee, familiarized, yet free;
And, thinking that a child with gentle hand
Leads by a string the large-limb'd Elephant,
With mingled indignation and contempt
Behold his drivers goad the biped beast

II.

SNUFF.

A delicate pinch! oh, how it tingles up
The titillated nose, and fills the eyes
And breast, till in one comfortable sneeze
The full-collected pleasure bursts at last!
Most rare Columbus! thou shalt be for this
The only Christopher in my Calendar.
Why, but for thee the uses of the Nose
Were half unknown, and its capacity
Of joy. The summer gale that from the heath,
At midnoon glowing with the golden gorse,
Bears its balsamic odor, but provokes,
Not satisfies the sense; and all the flowers,
That with their unsubstantial fragrance tempt
And disappoint, bloom for so short a space,
That half the year the Nostrils would keep Lent,
But that the kind tobacconist admits
No winter in his work; when Nature sleeps,
His wheels roll on, and still administer
A plenitude of joy, a tangible smell.
What are Peru and those Goleondan mines
To thee, Virginia? Miserable realms,
The produce of inhuman toil, they send
Gold for the greedy, jewels for the rain.
But thine are common enjoyments!—To omit
Pipe-pangenyric and tobacco-prints,
Think what the general joy the snuff-box gives,
Europe, and far above Pizarro’s name
Write Raleigh in thy records of renown!
Him let the school-boy bless if he behold
His master’s box produced; for when he sees
The thumb and finger of Authority
Stiff’d up the nostrils; when hat, head, and wig
Shake all; when on the waistcoat black, brown dust,
From the oft-reiterated pinch profuse
Profusely scattered, lodges in its folds,
And part on the magistral table lights,
Part on the open book, soon blown away,—
Full surely soon shall then the brow severe
Relax; and from vituperative lips
Words that of birch remind not, sounds of praise,
And jokes that must be laugh’d at shall proceed.

Westbury, 1799.

III.

COOL REFLECTIONS

DURING A MIDSUMMER WALK FROM WARMINSTER
TO SHAFFERTON. 1799.

O spare me—sparer me, Phæbus! if indeed
Thou last not let another Phaeton
Drive earthward thy fierce steeds and fiery car;
Mercy! I melt! I melt! No tree, no bush,
No shelter, not a breath of stirring air
East, West, or North, or South! Dear God of day,
Put on thy nightcap; crop thy locks of light,
And be in the fashion; turn thy back upon us,
And let thy beams flow upward; make it night
Instead of noon;—one little miracle,
In pity, gentle Phæbus!

What a joy,
Oh what a joy, to be a seal and flounder
On an ice island! or to have a den
With the white bear, cavern’d in polar snow!
It were a comfort to shake hands with Death,—
He has a rare cold hand!—to wrap one’s self
In the gett shirt Dejanira sent,
Dipt in the blood of Nessus, just to keep
The sun off; or toast cheese for Beelzebub,—
That were a cool employment to this journey
Along a road whose white intensity
Would now make platina unconceivable
Like quicksilver.

Were it midnight, I should walk
Self-lantern’d, saturate with sunbeams. Jove!
O gentle Jove! have mercy, and once more
Kick that obdurate Phæbus out of heaven;
Give Boreas the wind-cholic, till he roar
For caradanum, and drink down peppermint,
Making what’s left as precious as Tokay;
Send Mercury to salivate the sky
Till it dissolve in rain. O gentle Jove!
But some such little kindness to a wretch
Who feels his narrow spoiling his best coat,—
Who swells with caloric as if a Prester
Had leaven’d every limb with poison-yeast;—
Lend me thine eagle just to flap his wings
And fan me, and I will build temples to thee,
And turn true Pagan.

Not a cloud nor breeze,—
O you most heathen Deities! if ever
My bones reach home (for, for the flesh upon them,
It hath resolved itself into a dew,) I shall have learnt owl-wisdom. Thou vile Phæbus,
Set me a Persian sun-idolater
Upon this turnpike road, and I’ll convert him
With no inquisitorial argument
But thy own fires. Now woe be to me, wretch,
That I was in a heretic country born!
Else might some mass for the poor souls that bleach,
And burn away the caux of their offences
In that great Furgatory crucible,
Help me. O Jupiter! my poor complexion!
I am made a copper-Indian of already;
And if no kindly cloud will parsel me,
My very cellular membrane will be changed,—
I shall be negrofied.

A brook! a brook!
O what a sweet, cool sound!
’Tis very nectar!
It runs like life through every strengthen’d limb!
Nymph of the stream, now take a grateful prayer.

1799.

IV.

THE PIG.

A COLLOQUIAL POEM.

JACOB! I do not like to see thy nose
Turn’d up in scornful curve at yonder Pig.
It would be well, my friend, if we, like him,
Were perfect in our kind!—And why despise
The sow-born granter?—He is obstinate,
Thou answerest; ugly, and the filthiest beast
That banquet’s upon offal.—Now, I pray you,
Hear the Pig’s Counsel.

Is he obstinate?
We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words;
We must not take them as unheeding hands
Receive base money at the current worth,
But with a just suspicion try their sound,
And in the even balance weigh them well.
See now to what this obstinacy comes;
A poor, mistreated, democratic beast,
He knows that his unmerciful drivers seek
Their profit, and not his. He hath not learnt
That Pigs were made for Man,—born to be brawn’d
And baconized; that he must please to give
Just what his gracious masters please to take;
Perhaps his tasks, the weapons Nature gave
For self-defence, the general privilege;
Perhaps,—lark, Jacob! dost thou hear that horn?
WOE TO THE YOUNG POSTERITY OF PORK!

Their enemy is at hand.

Again. Thou say'st

The Pig is ugly. Jacob, look at him!

Those eyes have taught the Lover flattery.

His face, — nay, Jacob, Jacob! were it fair
To judge a Lady in her disabille?

Fancy it dress'd, and with saltpetre rouged.

Behold his tail, my friend; with curls like that
The wanton hop marries her stately spouse:

So crisp in beauty Amoretta's hair

Rings round her lover's soul the chains of love.

And what is beauty, but the aptitude
Of parts harmonious? Give thy fancy scope,

And thou wilt find that no imagined change
Can beautify this beast. Place at his end

The starry glories of the Peacock's pride,

Give him the Swan's white breast; for his horns

Shape such a foot and ankle as the waves

Crowded in eager rivalry to kiss
When Venus from the enam'rd sea arose; —

Jacob, thou canst but make a monster of him!

All alteration man could think, would mar

His Pig-perfection.

The last charge, — he lives

A dirty life. Here I could shelter him
With noble and right-reverend precedents,

And show by sanction of authority

That 'tis a very honorable thing

To thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest

On better ground the unanswerable defence:

The Pig is a philosopher, who knows

No prejudice. Dirt? — Jacob, what is dirt?

If matter, — why the delicate dish that tempts

An orgorged Epicure to the last morsel

That stuffs him to the throat-gates, is no more.

If matter be not, but, as Sages say,

Spirit is all, and all things visible

Are one, the infinitely modified,

Think, Jacob, what that Pig is, and the mire

Wherein he stands knee-deep!

And there! the breeze

Pleads with me, and has won thee to a smile

That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossom'd field

Of beans it came, and thoughts of bacon rise.

Westbury, 1799.

V.

THE DANCING BEAR.

RECOMMENDED TO THE ADVOCATES FOR THE SLAVE-TRADE.

RARE MUSIC! I would rather hear cat-courtship

Under my bed-room window in the night,

Than this scraped cagut's scream. Rare dancing too!

Alas, poor Bruin! How he foots the pole,

And waddles round it with unwieldy steps,

Swaying from side to side! — The dancing-master

Hath had as profitless a pupil in him

As when he would have tortured my poor toes

To minutest grace, and made them move like clock-

In musical obedience. Bruin! Bruin! [work

Thou art but a clumsy biped! — And the mob

With noisy merriment shock his heavy pace,

And laugh to see him led by the nose! — themselves

Led by the nose, embruted; and in the eye

Of Reason from their nature's purposes

As miserably perverted.

Bruin-Bear!

Now could I sonnetize thy piteous plight,

And prove how much my sympathetic heart

Even for the miseries of a beast can feel,

In fourteen lines of sensibility.

But we are told all things were made for man;

And I'll be sworn there's not a fellow here

Who would not swear 'twere hanging blasphemy

To doubt that truth. Therefore, as thou wert born,

Bruin! for Man, and Man makes nothing of thee,

In any other way, — most logically

It follows, thou wert born to make him sport;

That great snot of thine was form'd on purpose

To hold a ring; and that thy fat was given thee

For an approved pomatum!

To demur

Were heresy. And politicians say

(Wise men who in the scale of reason give

No foolish feelings weight) that thou art here

Far happier than thy brother Bears who roam

O'er trackless snow for food; that being born

 Inferior to thy leader, unto him

Rightly belongs dominion; that the compact

Was made between ye, when thy clumsy feet

First fell into the snare, and he gave up

His right to kill, conditioning thy life

Should thenceforth be his property; — besides,

'Tis wholesome for thy morals to be brought

From savage climes into a civilized state,

Into the decencies of Christendom —

Bear! Bear! it passes in the Parliament

For excellent logic, this! What if we say

Howbarbarously Man abuses power?

Talk of thy baying, it will be replied,

Thy welfare is thy owner's interest,

But were thou baited it would injure thee,

Therefore thou art not baited. For seven years

Hear it, O Heaven, and give ear, O Earth!

For seven long years this precious syllogism

Hath baffled justice and humanity!

Westbury, 1799.

VI.

THE FILBERT.

NAY, gather not that Filbert, Nicholas,

There is a maggot there, — it is his house,

His castle, — oh, commit not burglary!

Strip him not naked, — 'tis his clothes, his shell,

His bones, the case and armor of his life,

And thou shalt do no murder, Nicholas!
It were an easy thing to crack that nut,
Or with thy crackers or thy double teeth;
So easily may all things be destroy'd:
But 'tis not in the power of mortal man
To mend the fracture of a filbert shell.
There were two great men once amused themselves
Watching two maggots run their wriggling race,
And wagering on their speed; but, Nick, to us
It were no sport, to see the pamper'd worm
Roll out and then draw in his folds of fat,
Like to some Barber's leathern powder-bag
Wherewith he feathers, frosts, or cauliflowers
Spruce Beau, or Lady fair, or Doctor grave.
Enough of dangers and of enemies
Hath Nature's wisdom for the worm ordain'd;
Increase not thou the number! Him the Mouse;
Gnawing with nibbling tooth the shell's defence,
May from his native tenement eject;
Him may the Nut-hatch, piercing with strong bill,
Unwittingly destroy; or to his hoard
The Squirrel bear, at leisure to be crack'd.
Man also hath his dangers and his foes,
As this poor Maggot hath; and when I muse
Upon the aches, anxieties, and fears,
The Maggot knows not, Nicholas, methinks
It were a happy metamorphosis
To be cakernell'd thus; never to hear
Of wars, and of invasions, and of plots,
Kings, Jacobines, and Tax-commissioners;
To feel no motion but the wind that shook
The Filbert Tree, and rock'd us to our rest;
And in the middle of such exquisite food
To live luxurious! The perfection this
Of snugness! it were to unite at once
Hermit retirement, Aldermanic bliss,
And Stoic independence of mankind.

Westbury, 1799.

VII.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

DESCRIBED IN RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY.

"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 so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the Tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For awhile, till it sleeps
In its own little Lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-secury.
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,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddyng and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound:
Smiting 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 skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,  
And waving and raving,  
And tossing and crossing,  
And flowing and going,  
And running and stumbling,  
And foaming and roaring,  
And dimming and spinning,  
And dropping and hopping,  
And working and jerking,  
And gurgling 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 floundering;  

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,  
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,  
Recoiling, tumoiling and toiling and boiling,  
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,  
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,  
And flapping and rapping and clapping and clapping,  
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,  
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,  
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;  

And so never ending, but always descending,  
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,  
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,  
And this way the Water comes down at Lodore.  

Keswick, 1830.

VIII.

ROBERT THE RHYMER'S

TRUE AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

Robert the Rhymer, who lives at the Lakes,  
Describes himself thus, to prevent mistakes;  
Or rather, perhaps, he said, to correct them,  
There being plenty about for those who collect them.  
He is lean of body, and lack of limb;  
The man must walk fast who would overtake him.  
His eyes are not yet much the worse for the wear;  
And time has not thinned nor straightened'd his hair.

Notwithstanding that now he is more than halfway  
On the road from Grizzle to Gray,  
He hath a long nose with a bending ridge;  
It might be worthy of notice on Strasburg bridge.  
He sings like a lark when at morn he arises,  
And when evening comes he nightingalizes,  
Wurling house-notes wild from throat and gizzard,  
Which reach from A to G, and from G to Izzard.  
His voice is as good as when he was young,  
And he has teeth enough left to keep in his tongue.  
A man he is by nature merry,  
Somewhat Tom-foolish, and comical, very;  
Who has gone through the world, not mindful of pelf,  
Upon easy terms, thank Heaven, with himself,  
Along by-paths and in pleasant ways,  
Caring as little for censure as praise;  
Having some friends whom he loves dearly,  
And no lack of foes, whom he laughs at sincerely,  
And never for great, nor for little things,  
Has he fretted his guts to fiddle-strings.  
He might have made them by such folly  
Most musical, most melancholy.

Sic cecinit Robertus, anno otatis sua 55.

THE DEVIL'S WALK.

ADVERTISEMENT.

After the Devil's Thoughts had been published by Mr. Coleridge in the collection of his Poetical Works, and the statement with which he accompanied it, it might have been supposed that the joint authorship of that Siamese production had been sufficiently authenticated, and that no suppositions claim to it would again be advanced. The following extract, however, appeared in the John Bull of Feb. 14, 1839:—

"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. Boole's."

"I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,"

"R. C. Porson."

"Baywater Terrace, Feb. 6, 1839."

"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 rectify the fact of its being from the pen of Mr. Southey. If we are wrong, Mr. Porson may apply to Mr. Southey; for although Mr. Porson's eminent uncle is dead, the Poet Laureate is alive and merry."

"The Lines—Poem they can scarcely be called—were written by Mr. Southey one morning before breakfast, the idea having struck him while he was slaving; they were subsequently shown to Mr. Coleridge, who, we believe, pointed some of the stanzas, and perhaps added one or two."

"We beg to assure Mr. R. C. Porson that we recoil to this matter out of no disrespect either to the memory of his uncle, which is not likely to be affected one way or another, by the circumstance; or to his own versatility, being, as we said, quite
THE DEVIL'S WALK.

1. From 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 was 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 killing a viper
On a dunghill beside his stable;
Ho! 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 favorite sin
Is pride that aces humanity.

9. He saw a pig rapidly
Down a river float;
The pig swam well, but every stroke
Was cutting his own throat;—

10. And Satan gave thereat his tail
A twirl of admiration;
For he thought of his daughter War
And her suckling babe Taxation.

11. 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.

12. 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-spin prosperity!

13. 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."

* "After this I was in a vision, having the angel of God
near me, and saw Satan walking leisurely into London." —
Brothers' Prophecies, part i. p. 41.
14.  
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.

15.  
As he passed through Cold-Bath Fields, he look'd  
At a solitary cell;  
And he was well-pleased, for it gave him a hint  
For improving the prisons of Hell.

16.  
He saw a turnkey tie a thief's hands  
With a cordial tag and jerk;  
Nimbly, quoth he, a man's fingers move  
When his heart is in his work.

17.  
He saw the same turnkey unfettering a man  
With little expedition;  
And he chuckled to think of his dear slave trade,  
And the long debates and delays that were made  
Concerning its abolition.

18.  
He met one of his favorite daughters  
By an Evangelical Meeting;  
And forgetting himself for joy at her sight,  
He would have accosted her outright,  
And given her a fatherly greeting.

19.  
But she tipp'd him a wink, drew back, and cried,  
Avault! my name's Religion!  
And then she turn'd to the preacher,  
And leer'd like a love-sick pigeon.

20.  
A fine man and a famous Professor was he,  
As the great Alexander now may be,  
Whose fame no yet o'erpast is;  
Or that new Scotch performer  
Who is fiercer and warmer,  
The great Sir Arch-Bombastes;

21.  
With throbs and throes, and ahs and ohs,  
Far famed his flock for frightening;  
And thundering with his voice, the while  
His eyes zigzag like lightning.

22.  
This Scotch phenomenon, I trow,  
Beats Alexander hollow;  
Even when most tame,  
He breathes more flame  
Than ten Fire-Kings could swallow

23.  
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.

21.  
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.

25.  
Thou hast confessions to listen,  
And bells to chrisen,  
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.

26.  
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.

27.  
Upon her business I am come here,  
That we may extend her powers;  
Whatever lets down this church that we hate,  
Is something in favor of ours.

28.  
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 mischievous 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.

29.  
Fine progress they make in our liberal opinions,  
My Utilitarians,  
My all sorts of — inians  
And all sorts of — arians;  
My all sorts of — ists,  
And my Prigs 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.
30. 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 suppress 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 Maes and my Quacks and my lawless-Jacks,  
My Shields and O'Connellis, my pious Mac-Downells,  
My joke-smith Sidney, and all of his kidney,  
My Humes and my Broughams,  
My merry old Jerry,  
My Lord Kings, and my Doctor Doyles!

31. At this good news, so great  
The Devil's pleasure grew,  
That with a joyful swish he rent  
The hole where his tail came through.

32. His countenance fell for a moment  
When he felt the stitches go;  
Ah! thought he, there's a job now  
That I've made for my tailor below.

33. Great news! bloody news! cried a newsmen;  
The Devil said, Stop, let me see!  
Great news? bloody news? thought the Devil,  
The bloodier the better for me.

34. So he bought the newspaper, and no news  
At all for his money he had.  
Lying varlet, thought he, thus to take in old Nick!  
But it's some satisfaction, my lad,  
To know thou art paid beforehand for the trick,  
For the sixpence I gave thee is bad.

35. And then it came into his head,  
By oracular inspiration,  
That what he had seen and what he had said,  
In the course of this visitation,  
Would be published in the Morning Post  
For all this reading nation.

36. Therewith in second-sight he saw  
The place, and the manner and time,  
In which this mortal story  
Would be put in immortal rhyme.

37. That it would happen when two poets  
Should on a time be met  
In the town of Nether Stowey,  
In the shire of Somerset.

38. There, while the one was shaving,  
Would the song begin;  
And the other, when he heard it at breakfast,  
In ready accord join in.

39. 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.

40. 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.

41. But then, said Satan to himself,  
As for that said beginner,  
Against my infernal Majesty  
There is no greater sinner.

42. He hath put me in ugly ballads  
With libellous pictures for sale;  
He hath scoff'd at my hoofs and my horns,  
And has made very free with my tail.

43. But this Mister Poet shall find  
I am not a safe subject for whim;  
For I'll set up a School of my own,  
And my Poets shall set upon him.

44. He went to a coffee-house to dine,  
And there he had soy in his dish;  
Having ordered some soles for his dinner,  
Because he was fond of flat fish.

45. They are much to my palate, thought he,  
And now guess the reason who can,  
Why no bait should be better than place,  
When I fish for a Parliament-man.

46. But the soles in the bill were ten shillings,  
Tell your master, quoth he, what I say;  
If he charges at this rate for all things,  
He must be in a pretty good way.

47. But mark ye, said he to the waiter,  
I'm a dealer myself in this line,  
And his business, between you and me,  
Nothing like so extensive as mine.

48. Now soles are exceedingly cheap;  
Which he will not attempt to deny,  
When I see him at my fish-market,  
I warrant him, by and by.
49.
As he went along the Strand
Between three in the morning and four,
He observed a queer-looking person
Who stagger'd from Perry's door.

50.
And he thought that all the world over
In vain for a man you might seek,
Who could drink more like a Trojan,
Or talk more like a Greek.

51.
The Devil then he prophesied
It would one day be matter of talk,
That with wine when smitten,
And with wit moreover being happily bitten,
This erudite bibber was he who had written
The story of this Walk.

52.
A pretty mistake, quoth the Devil;
A pretty mistake, I opine!
I have put many ill thoughts in his mouth;
He will never put good ones in mine.

53.
And whoever shall say that to Porson
These best of all verses belong,
He is an untruth-telling wrothson,
And so shall be cal'd in the song.

54.
And if seeking an illicit connection with fame,
Any one else should put in a claim
In this comical competition,
That excellent poem will prove
A man-trap for such foolish ambition,
Where the silly rogue shall be caught by the leg,
And exposed in a second edition.

55.
Now the morning air was cold for him,
Who was used to a warm abode;
And yet he did not immediately wish,
To set out on his homeward road.

56.
For he had some morning calls to make
Before he went back to Hell;
So, thought he, I'll step into a gaming-house,
And that will do as well;
But just before he could get to the door
A wonderful chance befell.

57.
For all on a sudden, in a dark place,
He came upon General ——'s burning face;
And it struck him with such consternation,
That home in a hurry his way did he take,
Because he thought by a slight mistake
Twas the general conflagration.
Inscriptions.

May here detain thee, Traveller! from thy road
Not idly lingering. In his narrow house
Some Warrior sleeps below, whose gallant deeds
Haply at many a solemn festival.
The Scald 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 earthy Glory fades, that one good deed,
Unseen, unheard, unnoted by mankind,
Lives in the eternal register of Heaven.

Bristol, 1796.

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, desolate, and shelterless,
The habitants of all the fertile track
Far as these wilds extend. He lov’d down
Their little cottages; he bade their fields
Lie waste, and forested the land, that so
More royally might he pursue his sports.
If that thine heart be human, Passenger!
Sure it will swell within thee, and thy lips
Will mutter curses on him. Think thou then
What cities flame, what hosts unsephred
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.

For a Tablet on the Banks of a Stream.

Stranger! a while 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
You glossy insect, on the sand below speed
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. Seek’st thou for Happiness?
Go, Stranger, sojourn in the woodland cot
Of Inocence, and thou shalt find her there.

Bristol, 1796.

VI.

For the Cenotaph at Ermenonville.

Stranger! the Man of Nature lies not here:
Enshrined far distant by the Scoffer’s side
His relics rest, there by the giddy throng
With blind idolatry alike revered.
Wiselier directed have thy pilgrim foot
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 home
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 walk’d
Uprightly through the world, just thoughts of joy
May fill thy breast in contemplating here
Congenial virtue. But if thou hast swerv’d
From the straight path of even rectitude,
Fearful in trying seasons to assert
The better cause, or to forsake the worse
Reluctant, when perchance therein enthral’d
Slave to false shame, oh! thankfully receive
The sharp, compunctious motions that this spot
May wake within thee, and be wise in time,
And let the future for the past alone.

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. Perchance thy youth
Has read with eager wonder how the Knight
Of Wales in Ormamich’s enchanted bower
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 gallant comrades follow’d his green crest
To victory. Stranger! Hadley’s mountain heights,
And this fair vale of Ewias, and the stream

* Voltaire.
Of Hodney, to thine after-thoughts will rise
More grateful, thus associate with the name
Of David and the deeds of other days.

Bath, 1798.

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IX.

EPITAPH ON ALGERNON SYDNEY.

Here Sydney lies, he whom perverted law,
The plant judge, and the bloody judge,
Doom'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 enroll'd
Her murder'd Sydney's name. The voice of man
Gives honor 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.

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X.

EPITAPH ON KING JOHN.

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!
Curse not his memory. Murderer as he was,
Coward and slave, yet he it was who sign'd
That Charter which should make thee morn and
night
Be thankful for thy birthplace: — Englishman!
That holy Charter, which shouldst thou permit
Force to destroy, or Fraud to undermine,
Thy children's groans will persecute thy soul,
For they must bear the burden of thy crime.

Westbury, 1798.

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XI.

IN A FOREST.

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
Melodious to the gale of summer move;
And underneath their shade on yon smooth rock,
With gray and yellow lichens overgrown,
Often reclined; watching the silent flow
Of this perspicuous rivulet, that steals
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 gleam [then
The woods wave more melodious. Cleanse thou
The weeds and mosses from this letter'd stone.

Westbury, 1798.

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XII.

FOR A MONUMENT AT TORDESILLAS.

Spaniard! if thou art one who bows the knee
Before a despot's footstool, hee 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,
Such as may elevate and strengthen thee
For virtuous action. Relics silver-shrined,
And chantant mass, would wake within the soul
Thoughts valueless and cold compared with these.

Bristol, 1796.

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XIII.

FOR A COLUMN AT TRUXILLO

Pizarro here was born; a greater name
The list of Glory boasts not. Toil and Pain,
Famine and hostile Elements, and Hosts
Embattled, fail'd to check him in his course,
Not to be wearied, not to be deter'd,
Not to be overcome. A mighty realm
He overran, 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.
0 Reader! if thy daily bread be earn'd
By daily labor, — 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.

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XIV.

FOR THE CELL OF HONORIUS, AT THE CORK CONVENT, NEAR CINTRA.

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 enjoined. 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 whoso 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.

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**XV.**

**FOR A MONUMENT AT TAUNTON.**

They suffer’d here whom Jefferies doom’d to death
In mockery of all justice, when the Judge
Unjust, subervient 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 ignominious Nation in its power arose,
Resistless. 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 Boynes,
Let Loundonderry tell his guilt and shame;
And that immortal day when on thy shores,
La Hogue, the purple ocean dash’d the dead!

_Westbury._ 1799.

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**XVI.**

**FOR A TABLET AT PENShurst.**

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 encom’d chiefs,
Sharing their hopes, and with a breathless joy
Whose expectation touch’d the verge of pain,
Following their dangerous fortunes? If such lore
Hath ever thrill’d thy bosom, thou wilt tread,
As with a pilgrim’s reverential thoughts,
The groves of Penshurst. Sydney here was born,
Sydney, than whom no gentler, braver man
His own delightful genius ever foign’d,
Illustrating the vales of Arcady

With courteous courage 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 Sydney’s fame
Endureth in his own immortal works.

_Westbury._ 1799.

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**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!

_Kenwick._ 1810.

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**XVIII.**

**EPITAPH.**

Here, in the fruitful vales of Somerset,
Was Emma born, and here the Maiden 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 plied
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 repose, many a time hath he,
Who leaves this record of his friend, drawn back
Into the shadow from her social board,
Because too surely in her check he saw
The insidious bloom of death; and then her smiles
And innocent mirth excited deeper grief
Than when long-look’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.

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 oppress’d,
England sent succor, first within this realm
The fated theatre of their long strife
Confronted, here the hostile nations met.
Labarde took 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 man’d and profited
Seem’d to defy the enemy, and make
The vantage of assaulting numbers vain.
Here, too, before the sun should bend his course
Adown the slope of heaven, so had their plans
Been timed, he look’d for Loison’s army, rich
With spoils from Evora and Beja sack’d.
That hope the British Knight, arcing well,
With prompt attack prevented; and nor strength
Of ground, nor leader’s skill, nor discipline
Of soldiers practised 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 wreath’d her laurels here.

XX.

FOR A MONUMENT AT VIMEIRO.

This is Vimeiro; yonder stream, which flows
Westward through heathery highlands to the sea,
Is call’d Maceira, till of late a name,
Save to the dwellers of this peacefull vale,
Known only to the coasting mariner;
Now in the bloody page of war inscribed.
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.
Junot, the mock Abrante, led the French,
And, confident of skill so oft 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 bayonet 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.

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 lither 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
Founder’d, and stiffening on the mountain snows
But when the exulting enemy approach’d,
Beasting 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 overnumbering them,
An insolent foe, rejoicing in pursuit,
Sure of the fruit of victory, whatsoe’er
Might be the fate of battle, here they stood,
And their safe embarkation — all they sought
Won manfully. That mournful day avenged
Their sufferings, and redeem’d their country’s
And thus Coruña, which in this retreat
Had seen the else indelible reproach
Of England, saw the stain effaced in blood.

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 Corsica beheld,
When, at Mozello, bleeding, through the breach
He passed victorious; the Columbian isles
Then saw him tried; upon the sandy downs
Of Holland was his riper worth approved;
And leaving on the Egyptian shores his blood,
He gathered there 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 Bonaparte bore down all
Before him; and the British Chief beheld,
Where'er he look'd, rout, treason, and dismay,
All sides with all embarrassments beset,
And danger pressing on. Hither he came
Before the far outnumbering hosts of France
Retreating to her ships, and close pursued;
Nor were there wanting men who counsell'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 shameless counsel Moore, in happy hour
Remembering what was due to England's name,
Refused: he fought, he conquer'd, and he fell.

XXIII.

TO THE

MORTALY WOUNDEN IN THE BATTLE OF CORUNA,

Mysteries are the ways of Providence!—
Old men, who have grown gray in camps, and
wish'd,
And pray'd, and sought in battle to lay down
The burden of their age, have seen the young
Fall round, themselves untouch'd; and balls beside
The graceless and the unblest head have past,
Harmless as hail, to reach some precious life,
For which claspt'd hands, 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
Breathed from an anxious pillow wet with tears.
But blessed, even amid their grief, are they
Who, in the hour of visitation, bow
Beneath the unerring will, and look toward
Their Heavenly Father, mercy 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 draught
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
Wereipp'd in flower, nor finer qualities
From goodliest fabric of mortality
Divorced, nor virtues worthier to adorn
The world transfer'd to heaven, than when, ere
Had measured him the space of nineteen years,
Paul Burrard on Coruña'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
Beseem'd 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 scoff'er, self-abased, restrain'd
The license of his speech; and ribaldry
Before his virtuous presence sate rebuked.
And yet so frank and affable a form
His virtue wore, that wheresoe'er he moved,
A sunshine of good-will and cheerfulness
Enliven'd all around. Oh! marvel not,
If, in the morning of his fair career,
Which promised all that honor could bestow
On high desert, the youth was summon'd hence!
His soul required no further 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
Reach'd him. But not on that Gallican 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,
Unconscious 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 ties 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 irreclaimable loss,—
Oh! who of woman born could bear the thought:
Who but would join with fervent piety
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
Accomplished over Sin as well as Death,
And the great scheme of Providence fulfill'd.

XXIV.

FOR THE BANKS OF THE DOURO.

Crossing in unexampled enterprise
This great and perilous stream, the English host
Effect'd here their landing, on the day
When Soult from Porto with his troops was driven
INSCRIPTIONS.

No sight so joyful ever had been
From Douro’s banks,—not when the mountains
Their generous produce down, or homeward fleets
Entered from distant seas their port desired;
Nor e’er were shouts of such glad mariners
So gladly heard, as then the cannon’s peal,
And short, sharp strokes of frequent musketry,
By the delivered harvests that hour.

For they who, beaten then and routed, fled
Before victorious England, in their day
Of triumph, had, like fiends let loose from hell,
Fell’d you devoted city with all forms
Of horror, all unutterable crimes;
And vengeance now had reach’d the inhuman race
Accurs’d. Oh, what a scene did Night behold
Within those ruined walls, when festal fires,
And torches, blazing through the bloody streets,
Stream’d their broad light where horse and man
in death
Unheeded lay outstretched! Eyes which had wept
In bitterness so long, shed tears of joy,
And from the broken heart thanksgiving, mix’d
With anguish, rose to Heaven. Sir Arthur then
Might feel how precious in a righteous cause
Is victory, how divine the soldier’s meed
When grateful nations bless the avenging sword!

XXV.

TALAVERA.

FOR THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Yon wide-extended town, whose roofs, and towers,
And poplar avenues are seen far off,
In bydly prospect over scatter’d woods
Of dusky ilex, boasts 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 armes brought. By veteran chiefs
Captain’d, a formidable force they came,
Full fifty thousand. Victor led them on,
A man grown gray in arms, nor e’er in aught
Dishonored, till by this opprobrious cause.
He, over rude Alverche’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 flank’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, outnumbering
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
Repeal’d, again at noon routed the strife.
Yet was their desperate perseverance vain,
Where skill by equal skill was countervail’d,
And numbers by superior courage fold’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, O Spain, the memory
Of all thou suffered’st from perfidious France,
Of all that England in thy cause achieved

XXVI.

FOR THE DESERTO DE BUSACO.

Reader, thou standest upon holy ground,
Which Pontifex hath chosen for itself,
And war, disturbing the deep solitude,
Hath left it doubly sacred. On these heights
The host of Portugal and England stood,
Arrayed against Massena, when the chief,
Proud of Rodrigoo and Almeida won,
Press’d forward, thinking the devoted realm
Full sure should fall a prey. He in his pride
Scorn’d the poor numbers of the English foe,
And thought the children of the land would fly
From his advance, like sheep before the wolf,
Scattering, and lost in terror. Ill he knew
The Lusitanian spirit! Ill he knew
The arm, the heart of England! Ill he knew
Her Wellington! He learnt to know them here,
That spirit and that arm, that heart, that mind,
Here on Busaco gloriously display’d,
When hence repulsed the beaten boaster wound
Below his course circunitions, and left
His thousands for the beasts and ravenous fowl.
The Carmelites who in his cell reclus’d
Was wont to sit, and from a skull receive
Death’s silent lesson, whereasoe’er he walk’d,
Henceforth may find his teachers. He shall find
The Frenchmen’s bones in glen and grove, on rock
And height, where’er the wolves and carrion birds
Have strewn them, wash’d in torrents, bare and
bleach’d
By sun and rain, and by the winds of heaven.

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 after-time a more enduring praise,
Than this which marks his triumph here attain’d
By intellect, and patience to the end
Holding through good and ill its course assign’d,
The stamp and seal of greatness. Here the chief Perceived in foresight Lisbon's sure defence, A vantage ground for 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 Soult's murderous host from Porto driven; Bear witness, Talavera, made by him Famous for ever; and that later night When from Bussaco's solitude the birds, Then first affrighted in their sanctuary, Fleed from the thunders and the fires of war. But when Spain's feeble councils, in delay As erring, as in action premature, Had left him in the field without support, And Bonaparte having trampled down The strength and pride of Austria, this way turned 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 Stopp'd suddenly in his presumptuous course. From Erie cyna on the western sea, By Mafra's princely convent, and the heights Of Montichiique, and Bucellas 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 The robber's greedy sight. Five months the foe Beheld these lines, made inexpugnable By perfect skill, and patriotic 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 with hope, 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, madden'd with despair, Here did the self-styled Son of Victory leave, Never to be redeem'd, that vaunted name.

Gave his own devilish nature scope, and let His devilish army loose. The mournful rolls That chronicle the guilt of human-kind, Tell not ofught more hideous 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.

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, desperate made His last fierce effort here. That day, bestreak'd With slaughter Coa and Aguada ran, So deeply had the open veins of war Purpled their mountain feeders. Strong in means, With rest, and stores, and numbers reenforced, Came the ferocious enemy, and wen'd Beneath their formidable cavalry To trample down resistance. But there fought Against them here, with Britons side by side, The children of regeneratc Portugal, And their own crimes, and all-beholding Heaven. Beaten, and hopeless thenceforth 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 overthrow.

XXX.

AT BARROSA.

Through the four quarters of the world have seen The British valor proved triumphantly Upon the French, in many a field far-famed, Yet may the noble Island in her rolls Of glory write Barros's name. For there, Not by the issue of deliberate plans Consulted well, was the fierce conflict won, Nor 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 honor, 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 circumstances; 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 vanquished Victor saw
And thought of Talavera, and deplored
His eagle lost. But England saw, well-pleased,
Her old ascendency that day sustained;
And Scotland, shouting over all her hills,
Among her worthies rank'd another Graham.

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 favored, and who knew full well
To seize all offers that occasion gave.
Wounded or dead, seven thousand here were
stretched,
And on the plain across a myriad more,
Spaniard, and Briton, and true Portuguese,
Alike approved that day; and in the cause
Of France, with her flagitious sons compelled,
Polish and Italian, German, Hollander,
Men of all climates and countries, lither 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 a while
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 after-times, in blood, the names
Of Spain and England, Blake and Beresford.

XXXII.
TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WILLIAM
MYERS.

Spaniard or Portuguese! tread reverently
Upon a soldier's grave; no common heart
Lies mingled with the clod beneath thy feet.
To honors and to ample wealth was Myers
In England born; but leaving friends beloved,
And all allurements of that happy land,
His ardent spirit to the field of war
Impell'd him. Fair was his career. He faced
The perils of that memorable day,
When through the iron shower and fiery storm
Of death, the dauntless host of Britain made
Their landing at Abonkir; then not less
Illustrated, than when great Nelson's hand,
As if insulted Heaven, with its own wrath,
Had arm'd him, snote the miscreant Frenchmen's
fleet,
And with its wreck wide-floating many a league,
Strew'd the rejoicing shores. What then his youth
Held forth of promise, amply was confirmed
When Wellesley, upon Talavera's plain,
On the mock monarch won his coronet:
There, when the trophies of the field were reap'd,
Was he for gallant bearing eminent
When all did bravely. But his valor's orb
Shone brightest at its setting. On the field
Of Albuhera he the fusiliers
Led to regain the heights, and promised them
A glorious day; a glorious day was given;
The heights were gained, 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. Spaniard or Portuguese,
In your good cause the British soldier fell;
Tread reverently upon his honor'd grave.

XXXIII.
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 aspiring 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 claimed
My precious charge. — "Not but with life!" I
cried,
And life was given for immortality.
The flag which to my heart I held, when wet
With that heart's blood, was soon victoriously
Regain'd on that great day. In former times,
Marlborough beheld it borne at Ramilces;
For Brunswick and for liberty it waved
Triumphant at Culloden; and hath seen
The lilies on the Caribbean shores
Abased before it. Then, too, in the front
Of battle did it flap exultingly,
When Douro, with its wide stream interposed,
Saved not the French invaders from attack.
Discomfiture, and ignominious rout.
My name is Thomas: undisgraced have I
Transmitted it. He who in days to come
May bear the honor'd banner to the field,
Will think of Albuhera, and of me.

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 these rescued walls;
And here entomb'd, far from his native land
And kindred dust, his honor'd relics rest.
Well was he versed in war, in the Orient train'd
Beneath Cornwallis; then, for many a year,
Following through aridous and ill-fated fields
The Austrian banners; on the sea-like shores
Of Plata next, still by malignant stars
Pursued; and in that miserable retreat,
For which Coruña witness'd on her hills
The pledge of vengeance given. At length he saw,
Long woo'd and well-deserved, the brighter face
Of Fortune, upon Coa's banks vouchsaf'd,
Before Almeida, when Massena found
The fourfold vantage of his numbers foil'd,
Before the Briton, and the Portugal,
There vindicating first his old renown,
And Craufurd's mind that day presiding there.
Again was her auspicious countenance
Upon Busaco's holy heights reveal'd;
And when by Torres Vedras, Wellington,
Wisely secure, defied the boastful French,
With all their power; and when Onoro's springs
Beheld that execrable enemy
Again chastised beneath the avenging arm.
Too early here his honorable course
He closed, and won his noble sepulchre.
Where should the soldier rest so worthily
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,
Lies not in Mosque or Pyramid enshrined
Thus gloriously, nor in so proud a grave.

XXXV.

TO THE MEMORY OF MAJOR-GENERAL
MACKINNON.

Son of an old and honorable house,
Henry Mackinnon from the Hebrides

Drew his descent, but upon English ground
An English mother bore him. Dauphiné
Beheld the blossom of his opening years;
For hoping in that genial clime to save
A child of feeble frame, his parents there
Awhile their sojourn fix'd: and thus it chanced
That in that generous season, when the heart
Yet from the world is pure and undefiled,
Napoleon Bonaparte was his friend.
The adventurous Corsican, like Henry, then
Young, and a stranger in the land of France,
Their frequent and their favor'd guest became,
Finding a cheerful welcome at all hours,
Kindness, esteem, and in the English youth
Quick 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,
Develop 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 tented fields,
Such as the soldier should be, in the sight
Of God and man, was he. Poor praise it were
To speak his worth evinced upon the banks
Of Douro, Talavera's trophies 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 uncontaminat'd,
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 stood
Triumphant; to a soldier's wish it came
Instant, and in the hour of victory.
Mothers and maids of Portugal, oh bring
Your garlands here, and strew his grave with flowers;
And lead the children to his monument,
Gray-headed sires, for it is holy ground!
For tenderness and valor in his heart,
As in your own Numæus, had made
Their habitation; for a dearer life
Never in battle hath been offered up,
Since in like cause, and in unhappy day,
By Zutphen's walls the peerless Sydney fell.
Tis said that Bonaparte, when he heard
How thus among the multitude, whose blood
Cries out to Heaven upon his guilty head,
His early friend had fallen, was touch'd with grief.
If aught it may avail him, be that thought,
That brief recurrence of humanity
In his hard heart, remember'd in his hour
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
Borne wider on the wings of glad report;
Yet shall this town, which from the mill-stream takes
Its humble name, be storiéd as the spot
Where the vain Frenchman, insolent too long
Of power and of success, first saw the strength
Of England in prompt enterprise essayed,
And felt his fortunes ebb, from that day forth
Swept back upon the refluent tide of war.
Girard lay here, who late from Caceres,
Far as his active cavalry could scour,
Had pillaged and oppress'd the country round;
The Spaniard and the Portuguese he soorn'd,
And deem'd the British soldiers all too slow
To seize occasion, unalert in war,
And therefore brave in vain. In such belief
Secure at night he laid him down to sleep,
Nor dreamt that these dispersed armies
With drum and trumpet should in martial charge
Sound his reveille. All day their march severe
They held through wind and drenching rain; all
The autumnal tempest unabating raged, night
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 foe
They burst. Soon routed horse and foot, the French,
On all sides scattering, fled, on every side
Becat, and every where pursued, with loss
Of half their numbers captured, their whole stores,
And all their gathered plunder. "Twas a day
Of surest omen, such as fill'd with joy
True English hearts. No happier peals have e'er
 Been roll'd abroad from town and village tower
Than gladdened then with their exultant sound
Salopian vales; and flowing cups were brimm'd
All round the Wrekin to Sir Rowland's name.

XXXVII.

WRITTEN IN AN UNPUBLISHED VOL-
UME OF LETTERS AND MISCELLA-
NEOUS PAPERS, BY BARRÉ CHARLES
ROBERTS.

Nor often hath the cold, insensate earth
Closed over such fair hopes, as when the grave
Received young Barré's perishable part;
Nor death destroyed so sweet a dream of life.
Nature, who sometimes lavisheth her gifts
With fatal bounty, had conferred on him
Even 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 judgment calm
And clear; a heart affectionate; a soul
Within whose quiet sphere no vanities
Or low desires had place. Nor were the seeds
Of excellence thus largely given, and left
To struggle with impediment of clime
Austere, or niggard soil; all circumstance
Of happy fortune was to him vouchsafed;
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 favored thus auspiciously,
But in his father's love. 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
Mingleth 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 [saw
Which Heaven hath here assign'd us, when they
Their child of hope, just in the May of life,
Beneath a slow and cankering malady,
With irredeemable decay consumed,
Sink to the untimely grave? Oh, think not thus!
Nor deem that such long anguish, and the grief
Which in the inmost soul dost strike its roots
There to abide through time, can overweight
The blessings which have been, and yet shall be!
Think not that He in whom we live, doth mock
Our dearest aspirations! Think not love,
Genius, and virtue should inhere alone
In mere mortality, and Earth put out
The sparks which are of Heaven! We are not left
In darkness, nor devoid of hope. The Light
Of Faith hath risen to us: the vanquish'd Grave
To us the great consolatory truth
Proclaim'd that He who wounds will heal; and
Death
Opening the gates of Immortality,
The spirits whom it hath dissevered here,
In everlasting union reunite.

Keswick, 1814.

XXXVIII.

EPITAPH.

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.
Repine not, therefore, ye who love the dead.

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 Francis, 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 enshrined,
For tender and for reverential thoughts,
When grief hath had its course, a life-long theme.
A little while, and these, who to the truth
Of this poor tributary strain could bear
Their witness, will themselves have past away,
And this cold marble monument present
Words which can then within no living mind
Create the ideal form they once evoked;
This, then, the sole memorial of the dead.
So be it. Only that which was of earth
Hath perish'd; only that which was in firm
Mortal, corruptible, and brought with it
The seed connate of death. A place in Time
Is given us, only that we may prepare
Our portion for Eternity: the Soul
Possesseth there what treasures for itself,
Wise to salvation, it laid up in Heaven:
O Man, take thou this lesson from the Grave!
There too all true affections shall revive,
To fade no more; all losses be restored,
All griefs be heal'd, all holy hopes fulfill'd.

INScripTIONS FOR THE CALEDONIAN CANal.

XL.

1. AT CLACINACHARRY.

Athwart 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 continuous, 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 inavagable streams,
And through the bowels 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 here,
Through birchen 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 plentitude
Of power effected, or all-glorious Greece,
Or Egypt, mother-land of all the arts.

2. AT FORT AUGUSTUS.

Tour who hast reach'd this level where the glede,
Wheeling between the mountains in mild air,
Eastward or westward, as his gyre inclines,
Desceres the German or the Atlantic Sea,
Pause here; and, as thou seest the ship pursue
Her easy way serene, call thou to mind
By what exertions of victorious art
The way was open'd. Fourteen times upheaved,
The vessel hath ascended, since she changed
The salt sea water for the highland lymph;
As oft in imperceptible descent
Must, step by step, be lower'd, before she was
The ocean breeze again. Thou hast beheld
What basins, most capacious of their kind,
Enclose her, while the obedient current
Lifts or deposes its burden. Thou hast seen
The torrent, hurrying from its native hills,
Pass underneath the broad canal inhumed,
Then issue harmless thence; the rivulet,
Admitted by its intake peaceably,
Forthwith by gentle overfall discharged:
And haply too thou hast observed the herds
Frequent their vaulted path, unconscious they
That the wide waters on the long, low arch
Above them lie sustained. What other works
Science, audacious in aspire, 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 scoop'd 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 ooze denied a resting-place,
There were the deep foundations laid, by weight
On weight immersed, and pile on pile down-driven,
Till steadfast as the everlasting rocks
The massive outwork stands. Contemplate now
What days and nights of thought, what years of toil,
What inexhaustive springs of public wealth
The vast design required; the immediate good,
The future benefit progressive still;
And thou wilt pay thy tribute of due praise
To those whose counsels, whose decrees, whose care,
For after ages formed the generous work.

XLII.

3. AT BANAVIE.

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;
Structures of more ambitious enterprise
Than minstrels in the age of old romance
To their own Merlin's magic lore ascribed.
Nor hath he for his native land perform'd
Less in this proud design; and where his piers
Around her coast from many a fisher's creek
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 o'er the deep morass sustain'd, and now
Across ravine, or glen, or estuary,
Opening a passage through the wilds subdued.

XLIII.

EPITAPH IN BUTLEIGH CHURCH.

Divided far by death were they, whose names
In honor 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,
Whereon, in early youth, with one accord
They chose their way of fortune; to that course
By Hood and Bridport's bright example drawn,
Their kinmen, children of this place, and sons
Of one, who in his faithful ministry
Inculcated within these hallowed walls
The truths in mercy to mankind reveal'd.
Worthy were these three brethren each to add
New honors to the already honor'd name;
But Arthur, in the morning of his day,
Ere his breath. And his name hath come
Among the Caribbeans, amid the Caribbean sea,
When the Pomona, by a hurricane
Whirl'd, riven and overwhelmed, 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,
Sufficing; and, while Time preserves the roll
Of Britain's naval feats, for good report.
A boy, with Cook he rounded the great globe;
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 cast,
The west, the Baltic and the Midland seas,
Yea, wheresoe'er hostile fleets have plough'd
The ensanguined deep, his thunders have been heard,
His flag in brave defiance hath been seen;
And bravest enemies at Sir Samuel's name
Felt fatal pressage, in their inmost heart,
Of unavertible dread foredoom'd.
Thus in the path of glory he rode on,
Victorious always, adding praise to praise;
Till full of honors, not of years, beneath
The venom of the infected chime he sunk,
On Coronandel's coast, completing there
His service, only when his life was spent.
To the three brethren, Alexander's son,
(Sole scion he in whom their line survived)
With English feeling, and the deeper sense
Of filial duty, consecrates this tomb.
1827.

XLIV.

EPITAPH.

To Butler's venerable memory,
By private gratitude for public worth,
This monument is raised, here where twelve years
Meekly the blameless Pychate exercised
His pastoral charge; and whither, though removed
A little while to Durham's wider See,
His mortal relics were conveyed to rest.
Born in dissent, and in the school of schism
Bred, 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 honor must his high desert be held
While there is any virtue, any praise;
For he it was whose gifted intellect
First apprehended, and developed first
The analogy connotate, 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
Proof’s never to be shaken of the truths
Revealed’ from Heaven in mercy to mankind;
Allying thus Philosophy with Faith,
And finding in things seen and known the type
And evidence of those within the veil.

—

XLV.

DEDICATION OF THE AUTHOR’S COLLOQUIES
ON THE PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS
OF SOCIETY.

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE REV. 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, 1825, in the 60th year of his age.

Not 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 evisced
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
Prestigured 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,
And hopes 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
Appreciant alway, chose for highest trust;
Whom England in that eminence approved;
Whom Europe honored, and Erasmus loved.

Such was he ere heart-hardening bigotry
Obscured his spirit, made him with himself
Discordant, and contracting t’en his brow,
With sour debatement marr’d his countenance.
What he was, in his best and happiest time,
Even such wert thou, dear Uncle! such thy look
Bemagn 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 stamp’d on thine
Her best credentials, and bestowed on thee
An aspect, to whose sure benignity
Beasts with instinctive 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 tenor of his spotless life
Adorn’d the English Church,—his minister,
In that stronghold 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,
Folorn perhaps, and friendless else, but found
A friend in him? What mourners,—who had seen
The object of their agonizing hopes
In that sad cypress ground deposited,
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 he,
And vigilant against the wolves, who, there,
If entrance might be won, would straight beset
The dying stranger, and with merciless zeal
Bay the death-bed. In every family
Throughout his fold was he the welcome guest,
Alike to every generation dear,
The children’s favorite, and the grandsire’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
That excellent mind, should irretrievably
From earth have past away, existing now
Only in some few faithful memories
Insoul’d, and not by any limner’s skill
To be imbodied 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 portrayed, as when
Spain's mountain passes, and her ilex woods,
And fragrant wildernesses, 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 unconsciously,
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 alway, alway kind; to whom
No gratitude can speak the debt I owe;
Far 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 scar, the yellow leaf.
And yet (no wish is nearer to my heart)
One arduous labor more, as unto thee
In duty bound, full fain would I complete,
(As 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 past;
And where, in fruitful intercourse with thee,
My intellectual life received betimes
The bias it hath kept. Poor Portugal,
In us thou harboredst no ungrateful guests!
We loved thee well; Mother magnificent
Of mighty intellects and faithful hearts,—
For such in other times thou wert, nor yet
To be desip'rd 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 politic,
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. O friend revered, O guide
And fellow-laborer in this ample field,
How large a portion of myself hath past
With thee, from earth to heaven!—Thus they who reach
Gray hairs die piecemeal. But in good old age
Thou hast departed; not to be bewail'd,—
Oh no! The promise on the Mount vouchsafed,
Nor abrogate by any later law
Reveal'd to man,—that promise, as by thee
Full piously deserved, was faithfully
In thee fulfilled, and in the land thy days
Were long. I would not, as I saw thee last,
For a king's ransom, have detain'd thee here,—
Bent, like the antique sculptor's limbless trunk,
By chronic pain, yet with thine eye unquenched,'d
The ear undimm'd, the mind retentive still,
The heart unchanged, the intellectual lamp
Burning in its corporeal sepulture.
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 labor that our names conjoin'd may long
Survive, in honor one day to be held
Where old Lisbon from her hills o'erlooks
Expanded Tagus, with its populous shores
And pine woods, to Palmella's crested 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 gulf
Southward, where wild Paraíso disembogues
A sea-like stream; and northward, in a world
Of forests, where huge Orellana clips
His thousand islands with his thousand arms.

CARMEN TRIUMPHALE,
FOR THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR 1814

Hic justitiam confirmavero triumphi,
Presentes docuoere Deus. — Claudio.

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 wind,
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!
Joy — for all Nations, joy! But most for thee,
Who hast so nobly fill'd thy part assign'd,
O England! O my glorious native land!
For thou in evil days didst stand
Against leagued Europe all in arms array'd,
Single and undismay'd,
Thy hope in Heaven and in thine own right hand.
Now are thy virtuous efforts overpaid;  
Thy generous counsels now their guerdon find;  
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 bow'd before him; some in war  
Subdued, some yielding to superior art;  
Submiss, they follow'd his victorious car.

Their Kings, like Satraps, waited 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 braved his power;  
Alone she fought the battles of mankind.

IV.
O virtue which, above all former fame,  
Exalts her venerable name!  
O joy of joys for every British breast!  
That with that mighty peril full in view,  
The Queen of Ocean to herself was true!

That no weak heart, no alject mind possess'd  
Her counsels, to abase her lofty crest,  
(Then had she sunk in everlasting shame,)  
But ready still to succor the oppress'd,  
Her Red Cross floated on the waves unfurl'd,  
Offering Redemption to the groaning world.

V.
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 whereaso'er  
Wise policy prevail'd, or brave despair,  
Thither would Britain's liberal success 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 faithful friendship then repaid.

VI.
Say, from thy trophies, field, how well,  
Vimeiro! Rocky Douro, tell!  
And thou, Busaco, on whose sacred height  
The astonished Carnatic,  
While those unwonted thunders shook his cell,  
Join'd with his prayers the fervor of the fight.  
Bear witness those Old Towers, where many a day  
Waiting with foresight calm the fitting hour,  
The Wellesley, gathering strength in wise delay,  
Defied the Tyrant's undivided power.  

Swore not the boastful Frenchman, in his might,  
Into the sea to drive his Island foe?  
Tagus and Zezere, in secret night,  
Ye saw that host of ruffians take their flight!  
And in the Sun's broad light  
Onoro's Springs beheld their overthrow.

VII.
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 strongest bulwarks fall;  
The danger undismay'd she view'd,  
Knowing that nought could o'er appal  
The Spaniard's fortitude.  

What though the Tyrant, drunk with power,  
Might vaunt himself, in impious hour,  
Lord and Disposer of this earthy ball?  
Her cause is just, and Heaven is over all.

VIII.
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  
Their heroes of the days of yore,  
Pelayo and the Campeador,  
With all who, once in battle strong,  
Lived still in story and in song.  
Against the Moor, age 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 sheathe that hallowed sword in peace  
Until the work was done.

IX.
Thus, in the famous days of yore,  
Their fathers triumph'd o'er the Moor.  
They gloried in their 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, honorable 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!

X.
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 ery 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:  
And gloriously against the power of France  
Maintain'd their children's proud inheritance.  
Their steady purpose no defeat could move,  
No horrors could abate their constant mind;  
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?
Ne'er since you sun began his daily round,
Was higher virtue, holier valor, found,
Than on that consecrated ground.

XI.

Along the noble Nation stood,
When from Coruña, in the main,
The star of England set in blood.
Ere long on Talavera's plain,
That star resplendent rose again;
And though that day was doom'd to be
A day of frustrate victory,
Not vainly bled the brave.
For French and Spaniard there might see
That England's arm was strong to save;
Fair promise there the Wellesley gave,
And well in sight of Earth and Heaven,
Did he redeem the pledge which there was given.

XII.

Lord of Conquest, heir of Fame,
From rescued Portugal he came.
Rogério's walls in vain oppose;
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 broken power
Fled from their field of shame!
Spain felt through all her realms the electric blow;
Cadiz in peace expands her gates again;
And Béthis, who, to bondage long resign'd,
Flow'd mournfully along the silent plain,
Into her joyful bosom unconfined,
Receives once more the treasures of the main.

XIII.

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 Ebro'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 Victoria's walls they stood at bay,
And drew their battle up in fair array.

XIV.

Vain their array, their valor vain:
There did the practised Frenchman find
A master arm, a master mind!
Behold his veteran army driven
Like dust before the breath of Heaven,
Like leaves before the autumnal wind!
Now, Britain, now thy brow with laurels blind;
Raise now the song of joy for rescued Spain!
And, Europe, take thou up the awakening strain—
Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!

XV.

From Spain the living spark went forth:
The flame hath caught, the flame is spread!
It warms,—it fires the farthest North.
Behold! the awaken'd Moscovite
Meets the Tyrant in his might;
The Brandenburg, at Freedom's call,
Rises more glorious from his fall;
And Frederic, best and greatest of the name,
Treads in the path of duty and of fame.
See Austria from her painful trance awake!
The breath of God goes forth,—the dry bones shake
Up, Germany!—with all thy nations, rise!
Land of the virtuous and the wise,
No longer let that free, that mighty mind
Endure its shame! She rose as from the dead,
She broke her chains upon the oppressor's head—
Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!

XVI.

Open thy gates, O Hanover! display
Thy loyal banners to the day;
Receive thy old illustrious line once more!
Beneath an Upstart's yoke oppress'd,
Long hath it been thy fortune to deplore
That line, whose fostering and paternal sway
So many an age thy grateful children blest.
The yoke is broken now:—A mightier hand
Hath dash'd — in pieces dash'd — the iron rod.
To meet her Princes, the deliver'd land
Pour's 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!

XVII.

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 yon empyreal realm the land
For which thy blood was given?
What ills hath that poor Country suffer'd 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 car inclined,
The avenging armies of the North draw nigh;
Joy for the injured Hollander!—the cry
Of Orange rends 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!

XVIII.

When shall the Dove go forth? Oh, when
Shall Peace return among the Sons of Men?
Hasten, benignant Heaven, the blessed day!
Justice must go before,
And Retribution must make plain the way;
Force must be crush'd by Force,
The power of Evil by the power of Good,
Ere Order bless the suffering world once more,
Or Peace return again.
Hold then right on in your auspicious course,
Ye Princes, and ye People, hold right on!
Your task not yet is done;
Pursue the blow,—ye know your foe,—
Complete the happy work so well begun.
Hold on, and be your aim, with all your strength,
Loudly proclam'd and steadily pursued;
So shall this fatal Tyranny at length
Before the arms of Freedom fall subdued.
Then, when the waters of the flood abate,
The Dove her resting-place secure may find;
And France restored, and shaking off her chain,
Shall join the Avengers in the joyful strain,
Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!

NOTES.

That no weak heart, no objet mind possessed
Her counsels. — IV.

"Can any man of sense," said the Edinburgh Review,
"does any plain, unadorned man, above the level of a drivel-
ing courtier, or a feeble fanatic, dare to say he can look at
this impending contest, without trembling, every inch of him, for
the result?"—North. XXIV. p. 441.

With all proper deference to so eminent a critic, I would
venture to observe, that trembling has been usually supposed
to be a symptom of feebleness, and that the case in point has
surely not belied the received opinion.

Owne's Springs. — V.

Fuentes d'Oonor. This name has sometimes been rendered
Fountains of Bosoar, by an easy mistake, or a pardon-
able license.

Bear witness, those Old Towers. — VI.

Torres Vedras. Torres Vedras,—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
Turkuli, 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.
We fear they will not leave us on the Tagus many days longer than suits their own purposes."—Edinburgh Rec.
No. XXVII. p. 263.
The opinion is delivered with happy precision of language.
— Our troops were indeed, to use the same neat and felici-
tious expression, 'better there than anywhere else.'

And thou, Busaco, on whose sacred height
The astonished Carmelites,
While those unshod thunders shook his cell,
Jointed with his prayers the former of the fight. — VI.

Of Busaco, which is now as memorable in the military, as
it has long been in the monastic history of Portugal, I have
given an account in the second volume of Omnia. Du Bois
Bernarda Ferreira's poem upon this venerable place contains
much interesting and some beautiful description. The first
intelligence of the battle which reached England was in a
letter written from this Convent by a Portuguese Commissionary.
"I have the happiness to acquaint you," said the writer,
"that this night the French lost nine thousand men near the
Convent of Busaco.—I beg you not to consider this news as a
fiction,—for I, from where I am, saw them fall. This
place appears like the antechamber of Hell."—What a con-
trast to the images which the following extracts present!

Es pequeña aquella Iglesia,
Mas para pobres bastante;
Pobre de tonto soberano
Con que el rico suele ornamentar.
No ay allá plata, ni oro,
Tetas y sedas no valen
Donde reyna la pobreza,
Que no gan en bienes tales
Aperando a los del Ciclo
Los demás tiene por males,
Y rica de altos deseos,
Menosprecia vanidades.
En el retablo se mira
El soberano estandarte,
Lecho donde con la Iglesia
Quiso Cristo desposarse;
La tablita donde se salva
El misero naufragante
Del plegio de la culpa,
Y a puerto glorioso sale.
Con perfección y con cierto
Se aderezan los altares
(ais manos de aquellos vastos)
De bellas flores suaves.
En tocos vasos de corcho
Lustrás taxidos con arte
Los variados ramilletes
Mas que el oro el camalo.
La florida cuna verde
Que en aquellos barques nace,
Da colgaduras al templo,
Y los brocados abate.
En dias de mayor fiesta
Esto con excessos hazen,
Y al suelo por alcatías
Diversas flores reparten.
Huele el divino aposento,
Hurtando suíl el aire
A las rosas y boñinas
Mil oloros que derramo.
Humildes están las celdas
De aquellos humildes padres
Cercando el sagrado edificio
Do tienen su casa amante.
Cada celda muy pequeña
Encierra pobreza grande,
Que en competencia sus dueños
Gustan de mortificarse.
Después que allí entró el silencio,
No quiso que mas sonase
Ruido que aquel que forma
Entre los ramos el aire;
El de las fuentes y arroyos,
Y de las palmas, por causa,
Porque si ellos por Dios lloran,
Ellas sus lágrimas cantan.
De corcho turo los puertas,
También de pobreza imagen,
Son mas bellas en sus ojos
Que los Toscanos portales.
Es su camara estrecha tabla
Do apenas tondos caben,
Porque hasta en ella durmien,
Crujíendos descansen.
Una Cruz, y calvara
Que tienen siempre dulente,
Con asperas disciplinas
También el puente sangre,
Son alhajas de su Casa,
Y en aquellas soledades
Habitud con sabios aludios.
NOTES TO CARMEN TRIUMPHALE.

Tigers and Zebras, in secret night,
Ye saw the buffed stag take his flight! — VI.

Beacons of infamy, they light the way
Where cowardice and cruelty unite,
To damn them doubt's ignominious flight.

O, triumph for the Friends of lost and wreath
Never to be told, yet a'er to be forgot,
What wants horrors mark their wretchful path!
The peasant butcher'd in his ruin'd cot,
The holy priest even at the altar shot,
Childhood and age given o'er to sword and flame,
Woman to infamy: no crime forgot,
By which inventive demons might proclaim
Immortal hate to Man, and scorn of God's great name.

The rodest sentinel, in Britain born,
With horror paused to view the havoc done,
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretched forlorn,
Wiped his stern eye, then furer grasped his gun.

Scott's Vision of Don Roderick.

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 despatch of the 11th of March, 1811,) throughout this retreat, has been marked by a barbarity seldom equalled, and never surpassed.

"Even in the towns of Torres Novas, Thomar, and Perns, 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 Alcoaça was burnt by order from the French head-quarters. The Bishop's Palace, and the whole town of Leiria, 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 had any dealing or communication with the French army, 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 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 on such promises and assurances, and that there is no security for life, or for any thing that renders life valuable, except in decided resistance to the enemy."

As exact an account of these atrocities was collected as it was possible to obtain, — and that record will forever make the French name detested in Portugal. In the single diocese of Coimbra, 2500 persons, men, women, and children, were murdered, — every one with some shocking circumstance of aggravated cruelty. — Non humo ab die 2903 mortes committidas pelo inimigo, deixau de ser atos e dolorosissimos. (Breve Memoria dos Estragos Causados no Bispo de Coimbra pelo Exercito Frances, commandado pelo General Massena. Extrabida das Estradas que deuem os Viervens por Coimbra, e remetida a Junta dos Securus do Subscription Britannica, pelo Reverendo Provisor Governador do mesmo Bispo, p. 12.)

Some details are given in this brief Memorial. A téstimonio, says J. J. Rousseau, celui qui detteste ares regards est un loisir, un descort de la justice; la véritable humaite les enseigne pour les courtes, pour les juger, pour les deleroter. (Le Levite d'Ephraim.) I will not, however, in this place repeat abominations which at once outrage humanity and disgrace human nature.

When the French, in 1793, entered Spire, some of them began to commit excesses which would soon have led to a general sack. 'Cestim immediately ordered a captain, two officers, and a whole company 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 armies had not then been systematically brutalized. It was reserved for Bonaparte to render them infamous, as well as to lead them to destruction.

The French soldier, says Campany, is executioner and robber at the same time; he leaves the unhappy wretch, when he is delivered over to his mercy, naked to the skin,—stripping off the clothes that they may not be torn by the market-shot!

— The pen falls from my hand, and I cannot proceed!

Para que se joente a esta crueldad la mayor infamia, el soldado francés es verdugo y ladron en una pieza; diaza en escroto ecos al malaverdadero que catreaga a su diversion, quitandole la ropa antes que los fusiles se le descasen. La pluma se cae de la mano, y no puede proseguir.—Continela, contra Franceses, P. 4. p. 35.

Yet the Edinburgh Review says, "The hatred of the name of a Frenchman in Spain has been such that the reality will by no means justify; and the detestation of the French government has, among the inferior orders, been carried to a pitch wholly unauthorized by its proceedings towards them."—*No. XXVII*, p. 382. This passage might be read with astonishment, if any thing absurd, any thing mischievous, or any thing false, could excite surprise when it comes from that quarter.

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is as great a man as Lillo in the time of the Commonwealth or as Partridge after him. It is well known what infinite pains he bestowed in casting the nativities of Lord Wellington, Bonaparte, and the Emperor of Russia,—all for the good of mankind! and it is also notorious that he mistook the aspects, and made some very unfortunate errors in his predictions. At a time when he was employed in consequence of this mortification, I took the liberty of administering to him a dose of his own words, mixed, perhaps, Sir, with a few of yours, for you were his fellow-student in astrology, and are known to have assisted him in these calculations. The medicine was given in the form of extempore; but the patient could not have used more wary fires had it been extracted of coloquially. And indeed it produced a most unpleasant effect. Ever since that time his prooxyms have been more violent, and he has been troubled with occasional ravings, accompanied with perioideal discharges of bile in its most offensive state. Nevertheless, dreadfully bilious as he is, and tormented with airdul humors, it is hoped that by a coo diet, by the proper use of refrigerants, above all, by paying due attention to the state of the prime vitia, and observing a strict abstinence from the Quarterly Review, the danger of a choleramorbus may be averted.

I have not been travelling out of the record while thus incidentally noticing a personage with whom you, Sir, are more naturally associated than I have been with Mr. Wardsworth, this your colleague and you being the Gog and Magog of the Edinburgh Review. Had it not been for a difference of opinion upon political points between myself and certain writers in that journal who had claim to the faculty of the second subset, I suspect that I should never have incurred your hostility. What those points of difference were, I must here be permitted to set forth for the satisfaction of those readers who may not be so well acquainted with them as you are: they related to the possibility of carrying on the late war to an honorable and successful termination.

It was in our state of feeling, Sir, as well as in our state of knowledge that we differed, in our desires as much as in our judgment. They predicted for us nothing but disgrace and defeat: I predicted the word; for they themselves assurred us that they were "generously occupied with the destinies of Europe and of mankind." 

"As he should say, I am Sir Oracle!"

They ridiculed "the romantic hopes of the English nation," and imputed the spirit by which the glory of that nation has been raised to its highest point, and the deliverance of Europe accomplished, to "the tricks of a politick and interested party." They said that events had "verified their predictions," had "more than justified their worst forbodings." They told us in 1810 that the fate of Spain was decided, and that this "mis-guided" country is but "a rotten branch on a withered tree, and destined to the most insolent usurpation that ever was attempted" had "yielded to the Conqueror." This manner of speaking of an event in the prenter-perfect tense, before it has come to pass, may be either a slight grammatical slip, or a prophetic figure of speech; but, as old Dr. Echard says, "I hate all small ambiguous surmises, all quivering and mincing conjectures: give me the lusty and bold thinker, who, when he undertakes to prophesy, does it punctually." "It would be blood-thirsty and cruel," they said, "to forecast petty insurrections, (meaning the war in Spain and Portugal,) after the only contest is over from which any good can spring in the present unfortunate state of affairs." "France has conquered Europe. This is the melancholy truth. Shut our eyes to it as we may, there can be no doubt about the matter." For the present peace and submission must be the lot of the vanquished." "Let us hear no more of objections to a Houseparte ruling in Spain." "Harry, the wish was father to that thought!"

They told us that if Lord Wellington was not driven out of Portugal, it was because the French government thought him "better there than anywhere else." They told us they were prepared to "contemplate with great complaisance the conquest of Russia, by which the delivery of Europe and of mankind would be accomplished," as a "change which would lay the foundation of future improvement in the dominions of the Czars." —

"Si mea sit lata tibi credenda esse propheta!"
ODES.

WRITTEN DURING THE NEGOTIATIONS WITH
BONAPARTE, IN JANUARY, 1814.

1. Who counsels peace at this momentous hour,
When God hath given deliverance to the oppressed;
And to the injured power?
Who counsels peace, when Vengeance, like a flood,
Rolls on, no longer now to be repressed;
When innocent blood
From the four corners of the world cries out
For justice upon one accused head;
When Fredoun hath her holy banners spread
Over all nations, now in one just cause
United; when, with one sublime accord,
Europe throws off the yoke abhor'd,
And Loyalty, and Faith, and Ancient Laws
Follow the avenging sword!

2. Woe, woe to England! woe and endless shame,
If this heroic land,
False to her feelings and unsotted fame,
Hold out the olive to the Tyrant's hand!
Woe to the world, if Bonaparte'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 reign
For Falshood, Murder, and all monstrous crimes,
If that peridious Corsican maintain
Still his detested reign,
And France, who yearns 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;
That peace which Death and Judgment can bestow,
That peace be Bonaparte's,—that alone!

3. For sooner shall the Ethiop change his skin,
Or from the Leopard shall her spots depart,
Than this man change his old, flagitious heart.
Have ye not seen him in the balance weigh'd,
And there found wanting? On the stage of blood
Foremost the resolute adventurer stood;
And when, by many a battle won,
He placed upon his brow the crown,
Crowning delirious France beneath his sway,
Then, like Octavius in old time,
Fair name might he have handed down,
Efficaciously the stain of former crime.
Fool! should he cast away that bright renown!
Fool! the redemption proffer'd should he lose!
When Heaven such grace vouchsafed him that the way
To Good and Evil lay
Before him, which to choose.

4. But Evil was his Good,
For all too long in blood had he been nursed,
And no'er was earth with verier tyrant cursed.
Bold man and bad,
Remorseless, 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 he knew,
No counsellor but his own wicked heart.
From evil thus portentous strength he drew,
And trampled under foot all human ties,
All holy laws, all natural charities.
ODES.

5.
O France! beneath this fierce Barbarian's sway
Disgraced thou art to all succeeding times;
Rapine, and blood, and fire have mark'd thy way,
All loathsomc, all inutterable crimes.
A curse is on thee, France! from far and wide
It 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 followed 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!

6.
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.
Oh! blind to honor, 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!
Maddly thou thoughtest to enslave the world,
Thyself the while a miserable slave.
Behold, the flag of vengeance is unfurl'd!
The dreadful armies of the North advance;
While England, Portugal, and Spain combined,
Give their triumphant banners to the wind,
And stand victorious in the fields of France.

7.
One man hath been for ten long, wretched years
The cause of all this blood and all these tears;
One man in this most awful point of time
Draws on thy danger, as he caused thy crime.
Wait not too long the event,
For now whole Europe comes against thee bent;
His wiles and their own strength the nations know:
Wise from past wrongs, on future peace intent,
The People and the Prince, with one mind,
From all parts move against the general foe;
One act of justice, one atoning blow,
One execrable head laid low,
Even yet, O France! averts thy punishment.
Open thine eyes!—too long hast thou been blind;
Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind!

France! if thou lovedst thine ancient fame,
Revenge thy sufferings and thy shame!
By the bones which bleach on Jaffa's beach;
By the blood which on Domingo's shore
Hath clogg'd the carrion-birds with gore;
By the flesh which gorged the wolves of Spain,
Or suff'ren'd on the snowy plain
Of frozen Moscovy;
By the bodies, which lie all open to the sky,
Tracking from Elbe to Rhine the Tyrant's flight.

8.
By the widow's and the orphan's cry;
By the childless parent's misery;
By the living which he hath shed;
By the ruin he hath spread;
By the prayers which rise for curses on his head,—
Redeam, 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!

9.
By those horrors which the night
Witness'd when the torches' light
To the assembled murderers show'd
Where the blood of Condé flow'd;
By thy murder'd Pichegru's fame;
By murder'd Wright—an English name;
By murder'd Palmi's atrocious doom;
By murder'd Hofer's martyrdom,—
Oh! by the virtuous blood thus vilely spilt,
The Villain's own peculiar, private guilt,
Open thine eyes!—too long hast thou been blind,
Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind!

Keosck

ODE,
WRITTEN DURING THE WAR WITH AMERICA, 1814

1.
When shall the Island Queen of Ocean lay
The thunderbolt aside,
And, twining olives with her laurel crown,
Rest in the Bower of Peace?

2.
Not long may this unnatural strife endure
Beyond the Atlantic deep;
Not long may men, with vain ambition drunk,
And insolent in wrong,
Afflict with their misrule the indignant land
Where Washington hath left
His awful memory
A light for after-times!
Vile instruments of fallen Tyranny
In their own annals, by their countrymen,
For lasting shame shall they be written down.
Soon may the better Genius there prevail!
Then will the Island Queen of Ocean lay
The thunderbolt aside,
And twining olives with her laurel crown,
Rest in the Bower of Peace.

3.
But not in ignominious ease,
Within the Bower of Peace supine,
The Ocean Queen shall rest!
Her other toils await,—
A holier warfare,—noblest victories;
And amaranthine wreaths,
Which, when the laurel crown grows sere,
Will live forever green.
4.
Hear me, O England! rightly may I claim
Thy favorable audience, Queen of Isles,
My Mother-land revered;
For in the perilous hour,
When weaker spirits stood aghast,
And reptile tongues, to thy dishonor bold,
Spit their dull venom on the public ear,
My voice was heard,—a voice of hope,
Of confidence and joy,—
Yea, of such prophecy
As wisdom to her sons doth aye vouchsafe,
When with pure heart and diligent desire
They seek the fountain springs,
And of the Ages past
Take counsel reverently.

5.
Nobly hast thou stood up
Against the foulest Tyranny that ere,
In elder or in later times,
Hath outraged human-kind.
O glorious England! thou hast borne thyself
Religiously and bravely in that strife;
And happier victory hath blest thine arms
Than, in the days of yore,
Thine own Plantagenets achieved,
Or Marlborough, wise in council as in field,
Or Wolfe, heroic name.
Now gird thyself for other war;
Look round thee, and behold what ills,
Remediable and yet unremedied,
Afflict man's wretched race!
Put on the panoply of faith!
Bestir thyself against thine inward foes,
Ignorance and Want, with all their brood
Of miseries and of crimes.

6.
Powerful thou art: imperial Rome,
When in the Augustan age she closed
The temple of the two-faced God,
Could boast no power like thine.
Less opulent was Spain,
When Mexico her sunless riches sent
To that proud monarchy;
And Hayti's ransack'd caverns gave their gold;
And from Potosi's recent veins
The unabating stream of treasure flow'd.
And blest art thou, above all nations blest,
For thou art Freedom's own beloved Isle!
The light of Science shines
Conspicuous like a beacon on thy shores;
Thy martyrs purchased at the stake
Faith uncorrupt for thine inheritance;
And by thine heart's Domestic Purity,
Safe from the infection of a tainted age,
Hath kept her sanctuaries.
Yet, O dear England! powerful as thou art,
And rich, and wise, and blest,
Yet would I see thee, O my Mother-land!
 Mightier and wealthier, wiser, happier still!

7.
For still doth Ignorance
Maintain large empire here,
Dark and unblest amid surrounding light;
Even as within this favor'd spot,
Earth's wonder and her pride,
The traveller on his way
Beholds with weary eye
Bleak moorland, noxious fen, and lonely heath,
In drear extension spread,
Oh grief! that spirits of celestial seed,
Whom ever-teeming Nature hath brought forth,
With all the human faculties divine
Of sense and soul endued,—
Dishever'd of knowledge and of bliss,
Mere creatures of brute life,
Should grope in darkness lost!

8.
Must this reproach endure?
Honor and praise to him
The universal friend,
The great benefactor of mankind;
He who from Coreamand's shores
His perfected discovery brought;
He by whose generous toils
This soil reproach ere long shall be effaced,
This root of evil be eradicated!
Yea, generations yet unborn
Shall owe their well to him,
And future nations bless
The honor'd name of Bell.

9.
Now may that blessed edifice
Of public good be rear'd
Which holy Edward traced,
The spotless Tudor, he whom Death
Too early summon'd to his heavenly throne.
For Brunswick's line was this great work reserved,
For Brunswick's fated line;
They who from papal darkness, and the thrall
Of that worst bondage which doth hold
The immortal spirit chain'd,
Saved us in happy hour.
Fitly for them was this great work reserved;
So, Britain, shall thine aged monarch's wish
Receive its due accomplishment—
That wish which with the good
(Had he no other praise)
Through all succeeding times would rank his name,
That all within his realms
Might learn the Book, which all
Who rightly learn shall live.

10.
From public fountains the perennial stream
Of public weal must flow.
O England! whereas e'er thy churches stand,
There on that sacred ground,
Where the rich harvest of mortality
Is laid, as in a garner, treasured up,
There plant the Tree of Knowledge! Water it
With thy perpetual bounty! It shall spread
Its branches over the venerable pile,
Shield it against the storm,
And bring forth fruits of life.
11. Train up thy children, England! in the ways Of righteousness, and feed them with the bread Of wholesome doctrine. Where hast thou thy mines
But in their industry? Thy bulwarks where, but in their breasts? Thy might, but in their arms? Shall not their numbers therefore be thy wealth, Thy strength, thy power, thy safety, and thy pride? O grief then, grief and shame,
If, in this flourishing land,
There should be dwellings where the new-born babe
Doth bring unto its parents' soul no joy!
Where squaflid Poverty Receives it at its birth,
And on her wither'd knees
Gives it the scanty food of discontent!

12. Queen of the Seas! enlarge thyself; Redundant as thou art of life and power, Be thou the hive of nations, And send thy swarms abroad! Send them, like Greece of old, With arts and science to enrich The uncultivated earth;
But with more precious gifts than Greece, or Tyre, Or elder Egypt, to the world bequeath'd Just laws, and rightful polity, And, crowning all, the dearest boon of Heaven, Its word and will reveal'd. Queen of the Seas! enlarge The place of thy pavilion. Let them stretch The curtains of thine habitations forth; Spare not; but lengthen thou Thy cords, make strong thy stakes.

13. Queen of the Seas! enlarge thyself; Send thou thy swarms abroad! For in the years to come, Though centuries or millenniums intervene, Where'er thy progeny, Thy language, and thy spirit shall be found,— If on Ontario's shores, Or late-explored Missouri's pastures wide, Or in that Austral world long sought, The many-isled Pacific,— yea, where waves, Now breaking over coral reefs, affright The venturous mariner, When islands shall have grown, and cities risen In cocoa groves embower'd;— Where'er thy language lives, By whatsoever name the land be call'd, That land is English still, and there Thy influential spirit dwells and reigns. Thrones fall, and Dynasties are changed; Empires decay and sink Beneath their own unwieldy weight; Dominion passeth like a cloud away: The imperishable mind Survives all meaner things.

14. Train up thy children, England, in the ways Of righteousness, and feed them with the bread Of wholesome doctrine. Send thy swarms abroad! Send forth thy humanizing arts, Thy stirring enterprise,
Thy liberal polity, thy Gospel light! Ilume the dark idoler, Reclaim the savage! Oh thou Ocean Queen! Be these thy toils when thou hast laid The thunderbolt aside: He who hath best thine arms Will bless thee in these holy works of Peace! Father! thy kingdom come, and as in Heaven Thy will be done on Earth!

Keswick.
For peace the feeble raised their faction's cry;  
Oh, madness to resist  
The Invincible in arms!  
Seek the peace-garland from his dreadful hand!  
And at the Tyrant's feet  
They would have knelt to take  
The wreath of aconite for Britain's brow.  
Prince of the mighty Isle!  
Rightly mayst thou rejoice,  
For in the day of danger thou didst turn  
From their vile counsels thine indignant heart;  
Rightly mayst thou rejoice,  
When Britain round her spear  
The olive-garland twines, by Victory won.

4.
Rejoice, thou mighty Isle,  
Queen of the Seas! rejoice;  
Ring round, ye merry bells,  
Till every steeple rock,  
And the wide air grow giddy with your joy!  
Flow, streamers, to the breeze!  
And, ye victorious banners, to the sun  
Unroll the proud Red Cross!  
Now let the anvil rest;  
Shut up the loom, and open the school-doors,  
That young and old may with festivities  
Hallow for memory, through all after years,  
This memorable time;  
This memorable time,  
When Peace, long absent, long deplored, returns.  
Not as vile Faction would have brought her home,  
Her countenance for shame abused,  
In servile weeds array'd,  
Submission leading her,  
Fear, Sorrow, and Repentance following close;  
And War, scarce deigning to conceal  
Beneath the mantle's folds his armed plight,  
Dogging her steps with deadly eye intent,  
Sure of his victim, and in devilish joy  
Laughing behind the mask.

5.
Not thus doth Peace return! —  
A blessed visitant she comes, —  
Honor in his right hand  
Doth lead her like a bride;  
And Victory goes before;  
Hope, Safety, and Prosperity, and Strength,  
Come in her joyful train.  
Now let the churches ring  
With high thanksgiving songs,  
And the full organ pour  
Its swelling peals to Heaven,  
The while the grateful nation bless in prayer  
Their Warriors, and their Statesmen, and their  
Prince,  
Whose will, whose mind, whose arm  
Have thus with happy end their efforts crown'd.  
 Prince of the mighty Isle,  
Rightly mayst thou rejoice,  
When Britain round her spear  
The olive-garland twines, by Victory won.

6.
Enjoy the rich reward, so rightly due,  
When rescued nations, with one heart and  
voice,  
Thy counsels bless and thee.  
Thou, on thine own Firm Island, seest the while,  
As if the tales of old Romance  
Were but to typify these splendid days,  
Princes, and Potentates,  
And Chiefs renown'd in arms,  
From their great enterprise achieved,  
In friendship and in joy collected here.

7.
Rejoice, thou mighty Isle!  
Queen of the Seas! rejoice;  
For ne'er in elder nor in later times  
Have such illustrious guests  
Honor'd thy silver shores.  
No such assemblage shone in Edward's hall,  
Nor brighter triumphs graced his glorious reign.  
Prince of the mighty Isle,  
Proud day for thee and for thy kingdoms this!  
Rightly mayst thou rejoice,  
When Britain round her spear  
The olive-garland twines, by Victory won.

8.
Yet in the pomp of these festivities  
One mournful thought will rise within thy mind—  
The thought of Him who sits  
In mental as in visual darkness lost.  
How had his heart been fill'd  
With deepest gratitude to Heaven,  
Had he beheld this day!  
O King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
Thou, who hast visited thus heavily  
The anointed head,  
Oh! for one little interval,  
One precious hour,  
Remove the blindness from his soul,  
That he may know it all,  
And bless thee ere he die.

9.
Thou also shouldst have seen  
This harvest of thy hopes,  
Thou, whom the guilty act  
Of a proud spirit overthrown  
Sent to thine early grave in evil hour!  
Forget not him, my country, in thy joy;  
But let thy grateful hand  
With laurel garlands hang  
The tomb of Perceval.  
Virtuous, and firm, and wise  
The Ark of Britain in her darkest day  
He steer'd through stormy seas;  
And long shall Britain hold his memory dear,  
And faithful History give  
His need of lasting praise.

10.
That earthly need shall his compeers enjoy,  
Britain's true counsellors,  
Who see with just success their counsels crown'd.  
They have their triumph now, to him denied;  
Proud day for them is this!  
Prince of the mighty Isle!
Proud day for them and thee,
When Britain round her spear
The olive-garland twines, by Victory won.

ODE

TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, ALEXANDER THE FIRST,
EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

1.
Conqueror, Deliverer, Friend of human-kind!
The free, the happy Island welcomes thee;
Thee, from thy wasted realms,
So signally revenged;
From Prussia's rescued plains;
From Dresden's field of slaughter, where the ball,
Which struck Moreau's dear life,
Was turn'd from thy more precious head aside;
From Leipsic's dreadful day,
From Elbe, and Rhine, and Seine,
In thy career of conquest overpast;
From the proud Capital
Of haughty France subdued,
Then to her rightful line of Kings restored;
Thee, Alexander! thee, the Great, the Good,
The Glorious, the Beneficent, the Just,
Thee to her honor'd shores
The mighty Island welcomes in her joy.

2.
Sixscore full years have past,
Since to these friendly shores
Thy famous ancestor,
Ilustrious Peter, came.
Wise traveller he, who over Europe went,
Marking the-ways of men;
That so to his dear country, which then rose
Among the nations in uncultured strength,
He might bear back the stores
Of elder polity,
Its sciences and arts.
Little did then the industrious German think,—
The soft Italian, lapp'd in luxury,—
Helvetia's mountain sons, of freedom proud,—
The patient Hollander,
Prosperous and warlike then,—
Little thought they, in that farthest North,
From Peter's race should the Deliverer spring,
Destined by Heaven to save
Art, Learning, Industry,
Beneath the bestial hoof of godless Might
All trampled in the dust.
As little did the French,
Vaunting the power of their Great Monarch then,
(His schemes of wide ambition yet uncheck'd),
As little did they think,
That from rude Moscow the stone should come,
To smite their huge Colossus, which bestrode
The subject Continent;
And from its feet of clay,
Breaking the iron limbs and front of brass,
Strewed the rejoicing Nations with the wreck.

3.
Roused as thou wert with insult and with wrong,
Who should have blamed thee if, in high-wrought mood
Of vengeance and the sense of injured power,
Thou from the flames which laid
The City of thy Fathers in the dust,
Hadst bid a spark be brought,
And borne it in thy tent,
Religiously by night and day preserved,
Till on Montmartre's height,
When open to thine arms,
Her last defence o'erthrown,
The guilty city lay,
Thou hadst call'd every Russian of thine host
To light his flambeau at the sacred flame,
And sent them through her streets,
And wraipt her roofs and towers,
Temples and palaces,
Her wealth and boasted spoils,
In one wide flood of fire,
Making the hated Nation feel herself
The miseries she had spread?

4.
Who should have blamed the Conqueror for that deed?
Yea, rather would not one exulting cry
Have risen from Elbe to Nile,
How is the Oppressor fallen!
Moscow's re-rising walls
Had rung with glad acclaim;
Thanksgiving hymns had fill'd
Tyrol's rejoicing vales;
How is the Oppressor fallen!
The Germans in their grass-grown marts had met
To celebrate the deed;
Holland's still waters had been starr'd
With festive lights, reflected there
From every house and hut,
From every town and tower;
The Iberian and the Lusian's injured realms,
From all their mountain-holds,
From all their ravaged fields,
From cities sack'd, from violated fanes,
And from the sanctuary of every heart,
Had pour'd that pious strain
How is the Oppressor fallen!
Righteous art thou, O Lord!
Thou, Zaragoza, from thy sepulchres
Hadst join'd the hymn; and from thine ashes thou,
Manresa, faithful still!
The blood that calls for vengeance in thy streets,
Madrid, and Porto thine,
And that which from the beach
Of Tarragona sent its cry to Heaven,
Had rested then appeased.
Orphans had clapp'd their hands,
And widows would have wept exulting tears,
And childless parents, with a bitter joy,
Have blest the avenging deed.

5.
But thou hadst seen enough
Of horrors,—amply hadst avenged mankind.
Witness that dread retreat,
When God and nature smote
The Tyrant in his pride:
No wider ruin overtook
Sennacherib's impious host;
Nor when the frantic Persian led
His veterans to the Lybian sands;
Nor when united Greece
O'er the barbaric power that victory won
Which Europe yet may bless.
A fouler Tyrant cursed the groaning earth,—
A fearful destruction was dispensed.
Victorious armies followed on his flight;
On every side he met
The Cossack's dreadful spear;
On every side he saw
The injured nation rise,
Invincible in arms.
What myriads, victims of one wicked will,
Spent their last breath in curses on his head!
There, where the soldiers' blood
Froze in the festering wound;
And nightly the cold moon
Saw sinking thousands in the snow Ice down,
Whom there the morning found
Stiff as their icy bed.

6.
Rear high the monument!
In Moscow and in proud Petropolis,
The brazen trophy build;
Cannon on cannon piled,
Till the huge column overturn your towers!
From France the Tyrant brought
These instruments of death
To work your overthrow;
He left them in his flight
To form the eternal record of his own.
Raise, Russia, with thy spoils,
A nobler monument
Than e'er imperial Rome
Built in her plenitude of pride and power!
Still, Alexander! on the banks of Seine,
Thy noblest monument
For future ages stands—
Paris subdued and spared.

7.
Conqueror, Deliverer, Friend of human-kind,
The free, the happy Island welcomes thee!
Thee, Alexander! thee, the Great, the Good,
The Glorious, the Beneficent, the Just!
Thee to her honor'd shores
The mighty Island welcomes in her joy.

CARMINA AULICA.

TO HIS MAJESTY, FREDERICK WILLIAM THE FOURTH, KING OF PRUSSIA.

1.
Welcome to England, to the happy Isle,
Brave Prince of gallant people! Welcome Thou,
In adverse as in prosperous fortunes tried,
Frederick, the well-beloved!
Greatest and best of that illustrious name,
Welcome to these free shores!
In glory art thou come,
Thy victory perfect, thy revenge complete.

2.
Enough of sorrow hast thou known,
Enough of evil hath thy realm endured,
Oppress'd, but not debased,
When thine indignant soul,
Long suffering, bore its weight of heaviest woe.
But still, through that dark day,
Unsullied honor was thy counsellor;
And Hope, that had its trust in Heaven,
And in the heart of man
Its strength, forsook thee not.
Thou hadst thy faithful people's love,
The sympathy of noble minds;
And wisely, as one
Who through the weary night has long'd for day,
Looks eastward for the dawn,
So Germany to thee
Turn'd in her bondage her imploring eyes.

3.
Oh, grief of griefs, that Germany,
The wise, the virtuous land,
The land of mighty minds,
Should bend beneath the frothy Frenchman's yoke;
Oh, grief of griefs, to think
That she should groan in bonds,
She who had blest all nations with her gifts!
There had the light of Reformation risen,
The light of Knowledge there was burning clear,
Oh, grief, that her unhappy sons
Should toil, and bleed, and die,
To quench that sacred light,
The wretched agents of a tyrant's will!
How often hath their blood
In his accursed cause
Reck'd on the Spaniard's blade!
Their mangled bodies fed
The wolves and eagles of the Pyrenees;
Or stiffening in the snows of Moscow,
Amid the ashes of the watch-fire lay,
Where dragging painfully their frozen limbs,
With life's last effort, in the flames they fell.

4.
Long, Frederick, did'st thou bear
Her sorrows and thine own;
Seven miserable years
In patience didst thou feed thy heart with hope;
Till, when the arm of God
Smote the blaspheming Tyrant in his pride,
And Alexander, with the voice of power,
Raised the glad cry, Deliverance for Mankind,
First of the Germans, Prussia broke her chains.

5.
Joy, joy for Germany,
For Europe, for the World,
When Prussia rose in arms!
CARMINA AULICA.

Oh, what a spectacle
For present and for future times was there,
When, for the public need,
Wives gave their marriage rings,
And mothers, when their sons
The Band of Vengeance join'd,
Bade them return victorious from the field,
Or with their country fall.

6.
Twice o'er the field of death
The trembling scales of Fate hung equipoised;
For France, obsequious to her Tyrant still,
Mighty for evil, put forth all her power;
And still, beneath his hateful banners driven,
Against their father-land,
Unwilling Germans bore unnatural arms.
What though the Boaster made his temples ring
With vain thanksgivings for each doubtful day —
What though, with false pretence of peace,
His old insidious arts he tried —
The spell was broken! Austria threw her sword
Into the inclining scale,
And Leipsic saw the wrongs
Of Germany avenged.

7.
Ne'er till that awful time had Europe seen
Such multitudes in arms;
Nor ever had the rising Sun beheld
Such mighty interests of mankind at stake;
Nor o'er so wide a scene
Of slaughter c'er had Night her curtain closed.
There, on the battle-field,
With one accord the grateful monarchs knelt,
And raised their voice to Heaven;
"The cause was thine, O Lord!"
"O Lord! thy hand was here!"
What Conquerors c'er deserved
So proud, so pure a joy!
It was a moment when the exalted soul
Might almost wish to burst its mortal bounds,
Lest all of life to come
Vapid and void should seem
After that high-wrought hour.

8.
But thou hadst yet more toils,
More duties and more triumphs yet in store.
Elbe must not bound thine arms,
Nor on the banks of Rhine
Thine eagles check their flight;
When o'er that barrier stream
Awakened Germany
Drove her invaders with such rout and wreck
As overtook the impious Gaul of old,
Laden with plunder, and from Delphi driven.

9.
Long had insulting France
Boasted her arms invincible,
Her soil inviolate;
At length the hour of retribution comes!
Avenging nations on all sides move on;
In Gascony the flag of England flies,
Triumphant, as of yore,
When sable Edward led his peerless host.
Behold the Spaniard and the Portugal
For cities burnt, for violated truces,
For murders, massacres,
All monstrous, all unutterable crimes,
Demanding vengeance with victorious cries,
Pour from the Pyrenees.
The Russian comes, his eye on Paris fix'd,
The flames of Moscow present to his heart;
The Austrian to efface
Ulu, Austerlitz, and Wagram's later shame;
Rejoicing Germany,
With all her nations, swells the avenging train,
And in the field and in the triumph first,
Thy banner, Frederick, floats.

10.
Six weeks in daily strife
The veteran Blucher bore the brunt of war.
Glorious old man,
The last and greatest of his master's school,
Long may he live to hear
The people bless his name!
Late be it ere the wreath
That crowns his silver hair
Adorn his monument!
Glorious old man,
How oft hath he discomfited
The boasted chiefs of France,
And foil'd her vaunting Tyrant's desperate rage
Glorious old man,
Who, from Silesia's fields,
O'er Elbe, and Rhine, and Seine,
From victory to victory marching on,
Made his heroic way; till at the gates
Of Paris, open'd by his arms, he saw
His King triumphant stand.

11.
Bear back the sword of Frederick now!
The sword which France amid her spoils display'd,
Proud trophy of a day ignobly won.
With laurels wreath the sword;
Bear it in triumph back,
Thus gloriously regain'd;
And when thou lay'st it in its honor'd place,
O Frederick, well-beloved,
Greatest and best of that illustrious name,
Lay by its side thine own,
A holier relic there!

12.
Frederick, the well-beloved!
Welcome to these free shores;
To England welcome, to the happy Isle!
In glory art thou come,
Thy victory perfect, thy revenge complete.

AULICA.
ODE.

THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS

1. One day of dreadful occupation more,
   Ere England's gallant ships
   Shall, of their beauty, pomp, and power disrob'd,
   Like sea-birds on the sunny main,
   Rock idly in the port.

2. One day of dreadful occupation more!
   A work of righteousness,
   Yea, of sublimest mercy, must be done;
   England will break the oppressor's chain,
   And set the captives free.

3. Red cross of England, which all shores have seen
   Triumphant displayed,
   Thou sacred banner of the glorious Isle,
   Known where'eroe keel hath cut
   The navigable deep,—

4. Ne'er didst thou float more proudly o'er the storm
   Of havoc and of death,
   Than when, resisting fiercely, but in vain,
   Algiers, her holy standard lowered,
   And sign'd the conqueror's law.

5. Oh, if the grave were sentent, as these Moors
   In erring credence hold;
   And if the victims of captivity
   Could in the silent tomb have heard
   The thunder of the fight;—

6. Sure their rejoicing dust upon that day
   Had heaved the oppressive soil,
   And earth been shaken like the mosques and towers,
   When England on those guilty walls
   Her fiery vengeance sent.

7. Seldom hath victory given a joy like this,—
   When the deliver'd slave
   Revisits once again his own dear home,
   And tells of all his sufferings past,
   And blesses Exmouth's name.

8. Far, far and wide along the Italian shores,
   That holy joy extends;
   Sardinian mothers pay their vows fulfill'd;
   And hymns are heard beside thy banks,
   O Fountain Arethusa!

9. Churches shall blaze with lights, and ring with praise,
   And deeper strains shall rise
   From many an overflowing heart to Heaven;
   Nor will they in their prayers forget
   The hand that set them free.

Keswick.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

1. Death has gone up into our Palaces!
   The light of day once more
   Hath visited the last abode
   Of mortal royalty,
   The dark and silent vault.

2. But not as when the silence of that vault
   Was interrupted last
   Doth England raise her loud lament,
   Like one by sudden grief
   Surprised and overcome.

3. Then, with a passionate sorrow, we bewail'd
   Youth on the untimely bier;
   And hopes, which seemed like flower-buds full,
   Just opening to the sun,
   Forever swept away.

4. The heart then struggled with repining thoughts,
   With feelings that almost
   Arraign'd the inscrutable decree,
   Imbittered by a sense
   Of that which might have been.

5. This grief hath no repining; all is well,
   What hath been, and what is.
   The Angel of Deliverance came
   To one who, full of years,
   Awaited her release.

6. All that our fathers in their prayers desired,
   When first their chosen Queen
   Set on our shores her happy feet,—
   All by indulgent Heaven
   Had largely been vouchsafed.

7. At Court the Household Virtues had their place
   Domestic Purity
   Maintain'd her proper influence there;
   The marriage bed was blest,
   And length of days was given.
8.
No cause for sorrow then, but thankfulness;
Life’s business well performed,
When weary age full willingly
Resigns itself to sleep,
In sure and certain hope!

9.
Oh, end to be desired, whence’er, as now,
Good works have gone before,
The seasonable fruit of Faith;
And good Report and good
Example have survived.

10.
Her left hand knew not of the ample alms
Which her right hand had done;
And, therefore, in the awful hour,
The promises were hers
To secret bounty made.

11.
With more than royal honors to the tomb
Her bier is borne; with more
Than Pomp can claim, or Power bestow;
With blessings and with prayers
From many a grateful heart.

12.
Long, long then shall Queen Charlotte’s name be
dear;
And future Queens to her
As to their best exemplar look;
Who imitates her best
May best deserve our love.

Kenrick, 1818.

ODE
FOR ST. GEORGE’S DAY.

1.
Wild were the tales which fabling monks of old
Devised to swell their hero’s holy fame,
When in the noble army they enroll’d
St. George’s doubtful name.
Of arrows and of spears they told,
Which fell rebated from his mortal mould;
And how the burning, fiery furnace blast
To him came tempered like a summer breeze,
When at the hour of evening it hath past
O’er gurgling tanks, and groves of lemon-trees:
And how the reverential flame
Condensing like a garb of honor, play’d
In gorgeous folds around his glorious frame;
And how the Heathen, in their frantic strife,
With water then alike in vain essay’d
His inextinguishable life.

2.
What marvel if the Christian Knight
Thus for his dear Redeemer’s sake
Defied the purpled Pagan’s might?

Such boldness well might he partake,
For he, beside the Libyan lake
Silene, with the Infernal King
Had coped in actual fight.
The old Dragon on terrific wing
Assail’d him there with Stygian string,
And arrowy tongue, and potent breath,
Exhaling pestilence and death.
Dauntless in faith the Champion stood,
Opposed against the rage of Hell
The Red-Cross shield, and wielding well
His sword, the strike pursed:
First with a wide and rending wound
Brought the main’d monster to the ground,
Then, pressing with victorious heel
Upon his scaly neck subdued,
Plunged and re-plunged the searching steel;
Till from the shaneful overthrow,
Howling, the incarnate Demon fled,
And left that form untenanted,
And hid in Hell his humbled head,
Still trembling in the realm below,
At thought of that tremendous foe.

3.
Such tales monastic fablers taught;
Their kindred strain the minstrels caught.
A web of finer texture they
Wrought in the rich, romantic lay;
Of magic caves and woods they sung,
Where Kalyh nursed the boy divine,
And how those woods and caverns rung
With cries from many a demon tongue,
When, breaking from the witch’s cell,
He bound her in her own strong spell;—
And of the bowers of Ormandine,
Where, thrill’d by art, St. David lay,
Sleeping inglorious years away,
Till our St. George, with happier arm
Released him, and dissolved the charm.
But most the minstrels’ loved to tell
Of that portentous day
When Sabra at the stake was bound,
Her brow with sweetest garlands crown’d,
The Egyptian Dragon’s prey;
And how for her the English knight,
Invincible at such a sight,
Engaged that fiendish beast in fight,
And o’er the monster, triple-scaled,
The good sword Askalon prevail’d.

4.
Such legends monks and minstrels feign’d,
And easily the wondrous tales obtain’d,
In those dark days, belief;
Shrines to the Saint were rear’d, and temples rose,
And states and kingdoms for their patron chose
The Cappadocian Chief.
Full soon his sainted name hath won
In fields of war a wide renown;
Spain saw the Moors confounded fly,
Before the well-known slaughter cry,
St. George for Aragon!
And when the Catalans pursued
Their vengeful way with fire and blood,
The Turk and treacherous Greek were dearly taught
That all-appalling shout,
For them with rage and rain fraught
In many a dolorous rout.
'Twas in this heavenly Guardian's trusted strength,
That Malta's old heroic knights defined
The Ottoman in all his power and pride.
Repulsed from her immortal walls at length,
The bullied Misbeliever turn'd with shame;
And when in after years in dreams he heard
That all-too-well remembered battle-word,
Woke starting at St. George's dreadful name,
And felt cold sweats of fear suffuse his trembling frame.

5.
But thou, O England! to that sainted name
Hast given its proudest praise, its loftiest fame.
Witness the field of Cressy, on that day,
When volleying thunders roll'd unheard on high;
For, in that memorable fray,
Broken, confused, and scatter'd in dismay,
France had ears only for the Conqueror's cry,
St. George, St. George for England! St. George and Victory!
Bear witness, Poictiers! where again the foe
From that same hand received his overthrow.
In vain essay'd, Mont Joye St. Denis rang
From many a boastful tongue,
And many a hopeful heart in onset brave;
Their courage in the shock of battle quell'd,
His dread reponse when sable Edward gave,
And England and St. George again prevail'd.
Bear witness, Agincourt, where once again
The banded lilies on the ensanguin'd plain
Were trampled by the fierce pursuers' feet;
And France, doom'd ever to defeat
Against that foe, beheld her myriads fly
Before the withering cry,
St. George, St. George for England! St. George and Victory!

6.
That cry, in many a field of Fame,
Through glorious ages held its high renown;
Nor less hath Britain proved the sacred name
Auspicious to her crown.
Troubled too oft her course of fortune ran,
Till, when the Georges came,
Her happiest age began.
Beneath their just and liberal sway,
Old feuds and factions died away;
One feeling through her realms was known,
One interest of the Nation and the Throne.
Ring, then, ye bells, upon St. George's Day,
From every tower in glad accordance ring;
And let all instruments, full, strong, or sweet,
With touch of modulated string,
And soft or swelling breath, and sonorous beat,
The happy name repeat,
While heart and voice their joyous tribute bring,
And speak the People's love for George their King.

Kensicott, 1820.

ODE
WRITTEN AFTER THE KING'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

1.
How long, O Ireland, from thy guilty ground
Shall innocent blood
Arraign the inefficient arm of Power?
How long shall Murder there,
Leading his banded ruffians through the land,
Range un-repress'd?
How long shall Night
Bring to thy harmless dwellers, in the stead
Of natural rest, the feverish sleep of fear,
Midnight alarms,
Horrible dreams, and worse realities?
How long shall darkness cover, and the eye
Of Morning open, upon deeds of death?

2.
In vain art thou, by liberal Nature's dover,
Exuberantly blest;
The Seasons, in their course,
Shed o'er thy hills and vales
The bounties of a genial clime in vain;
Heaven hath in vain bestowed
Well-tempered liberty,
(Its last and largest boon to social man,)
If the brute Multitude, from age to age,
Wild as their savage ancestors,
Go irrevoc'd the while,
From sire to son transmitting still,
In undisturb'd descent,
(A sad inheritance)
Their errors and their crimes.

3.
Green Island of the West!
Thy Sister Kingdom fear'd not this,
When thine exultant shores
Rung far and wide of late,
And grateful Dublin first beheld her King,
First of thy Sovereigns he
Who visited thy shores in peace and joy.

4.
Oh what a joy was there!
In loud huzzas prolong'd,
Surge after surge the tide
Of popular welcome rose;
And in the intervals alone
Of that tumultuous sound of glad acclamation,
Could the deep cannon's voice
Of dutiful gratulation, though it spake
In thunder, reach the ear.
From every tower the merry bells rung round,
Peal hurrying upon peal,
Till with the still reverberating din
The walls and solid pavement seem'd to shake,
And every bosom with the tremulous air
Inhaled a dizzy joy.

5.
Age, that came forth to gaze,
That memorable day
Felt in its quicken'd veins a pulse like youth;  
And lisping babes were taught to bless their King;  
And grandsires bade the children treasure up  
The precious sight, for it would be a tale  
The which in their old age  
Would make their children's children gather round  
Intent, all ears to hear.

6.  
Were then the feelings of that generous time  
Ephemerall as the joy?  
Pass'd they away like summer clouds,  
Like dreams of infancy,  
Like glories of the evening firmament,  
Which fade, and leave no trace?  
Merciful Heaven, oh, let not thou the hope  
Be frustrate, that our Sister Isle may reap,  
From the good seed then sown,  
Full harvests of prosperity and peace;  
That perfect union may derive its date  
From that auspicious day,  
And equitable ages thence  
Their lasting course begin!

7.  
Green Island of the West,  
While frantic violence delays  
That happier order, still must thou remain  
In thine own baleful darkness wrapp'd;  
As if the Eye divine,  
That which beholdeth all, from thee alone  
In wrath had turn'd away!

8.  
But not forever thus shalt thou endure,  
To thy reproach, and ours,  
Thy misery, and our shame!  
For Mercy shall go forth  
To establish Order, with an arm'd right hand;  
And firm Authority,  
With its all-present strength, control the bad,  
And, with its all-sufficient shield,  
Protect the innocent:  
The first great duty this of lawful Power,  
Which holds its delegated right from Heaven.

9.  
The first great duty this; but this not all;  
For more than comes within the scope  
Of Power, is needed here;  
More than to watch insidious discontent,  
Curb, and keep curb'd, the treasonable tongue,  
And quell the madden'd multitude:  
Labsors of love remain;  
To weed out noxious customs rooted deep  
In a rank soil, and long left seeding there;  
Pour balm into old wounds, and bind them up;  
Remove remediable ills,  
Improve the willing mind,  
And win the generous heart.  
Afflicted Country, from thyself  
Must this redemption come;  
And thou hast children able to perform  
This work of faith and hope.

10.  
O for a voice that might recall  
To their deserted hearts  
Thy truant sons! a voice  
Whose virtuous cogency  
Might with the strength of duty reach their souls;  
A strength that should compel entire consent,  
And to their glad obedience give  
The impulse and the force of free good-will!  
For who but they can knout  
The severed links of that appointed chain,  
Which when in just cohesion it unites  
Order to order, rank to rank,  
In mutual benefit,  
So binding heart to heart,  
It then connecteth Earth with Heaven, from whence  
The golden links depend.

11.  
Nor when the war is waged  
With Error, and the brood  
Of Darkness, will your aid  
Be wanting in the cause of Light and Love,  
Ye Ministers of that holy Church,  
Whose firm foundations on the rock  
Of Scripture rest secure!  
What though the Romanist, in numbers strong,  
In misdirected zeal  
And bigotry's blind force,  
Assail your Fortress; though the sons of Schism  
Join in insane alliance with that old,  
Inveterate enmy,  
Weening thereby to wreek  
Their covenanted hatred, and effect  
Your utter overthrow;  
What though the unbelieving crew,  
For fouler purpose, aid the unnatural league;  
And Faction's wolfish pack  
Set up their fiercest yell, to augment  
The uproar of assault;  
Chad in your panoply will ye be found,  
Wielding the spear of Reason, with the sword  
Of Scripture girt; and from your shield of Truth  
Such radiance shall go forth,  
As when, unable to sustain its beams  
On Arthur's arm unvel'd,  
Earth-born Orgoglio reel'd, as if with wine;  
And, from her many-headed beast cast down,  
Ducett fell, her cup of sorcery spilt,  
Her three-crown'd mitre in the dust devolved,  
And all her secret filthiness exposed.

12.  
O thou fair Island, with thy Sister Isle  
Indissolubly link'd for weal and woe;  
Partaker of her present power,  
Her everlasting fame;  
Dear pledges hast thou render'd and received  
Of that eternal union! Bedell's grave  
Is in thy keeping; and with thee  
Deposited doth Taylor's holy dust  
A wait the Archangel's call.  
O land profuse of genius and of worth,  
Largely hast thou received, and largely given!
13.

Green Island of the West,
The example of unspotted Ormond’s faith
To thee we owe; to thee
Boyle’s venerable name;
Berkeley the wise, the good;
And that great Orator who first
Unmask’d the harlot sorceress Anarchy,
What time, in Freedom’s borrowed form profaned,
She to the nations round
Her draught of witchcraft gave;
And him who in the field
O’erthrew her giant offspring in his strength,
And brake the iron rod.

Proud of such debt,
Rich to be thus indebted, these,
Fair Island, Sister Queen
Of Ocean, Ireland, these to thee we owe.

14.

Shall I then implore
A curse on them that would divide
Our union?—Far be this from me, O Lord!
Far be it! What is man,
That he should scatter curses?—King of Kings,
Father of all, Almighty, Governor
Of all things! unto Thee
Humbly I offer up our holier prayer!
I pray Thee, not in wrath,
But in thy mercy, to confound
These men’s devices. Lord!
Lighten their darkness with thy Gospel light,
And thus abate their pride,
Assuage their malice thus!

Keswick, 1821.

ODE

WRITTEN AFTER THE KING’S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

1.

At length hath Scotland seen
The presence long desired;
The pomp of royalty
Hath gladdened once again
Her ancient palace, desolate how long!
From all parts far and near,
Highland and lowland, glen and fertile carse,
The silent mountain lake, the busy port,
Her populous cities, and her pastoral hills,
In generous joy convened
By the free impulse of the loyal heart
Her sons have gather’d, and beheld their King.

2.

Land of the loyal, as in happy hour
Revisited, so was thy regal seat
In happy hour for thee
Forsaken, under favoring stars, when James
His valediction gave,
And great Eliza’s throne
Received its rightful heir,
The Peaceful and the Just.

3.

A more auspicious union never Earth
From eldest days had seen,
Than when, their mutual wrongs forgiven,
And gallant enmity renounced
With honor, as in honor foster’d long,
The ancient Kingdoms formed
Their everlasting league.

4.

Slowly by time matured
A happier order then for Scotland rose;
And where inhuman force,
And rapine unrestrain’d
Had lorded o’er the land,
Peace came, and polit,
And quiet industry, and frugal wealth;
And there the household virtues fix’d
Their sojourn undisturb’d.

5.

Such blessings for her dowry Scotland drew
From that benignant union; nor less large
The portion that she brought.
She brought security and strength,
True hearts, and strenuous hands, and noble minds.
Say, Ocean, from the shores of Camperdown,
What Caledonia brought! Say thou,
Egypt! Let India tell!
And let tell Victory
From that Brabantine field,
The proudest field of fame!

6.

Speak ye, too, Works of peace;
For ye too have a voice
Which shall be heard by ages! The proud Bridge,
Through whose broad arches, worthy of their name
And place, his rising and his ruffled tide
Majestic Thames, the royal river, rolls;
And that which, high in air,
A bending line suspended, shall o’erhang
Menai’s straits, as if
By Merlin’s mighty magic there sustain’d;
And Pont-Cysyllt, not less wondrous work;
Where, on gigantic columns raised
Aloft, a dizzying height,
The laden barge pursues its even way,
While o’er his rocky channel the dark Dee
Hurries below, a raging stream, scarce heard.
And that huge mole, whose deep foundations, firm
As if by Nature laid,
Repel the assailing billows, and protect
The British fleet, securely riding there,
Though southern storms possess the sea and sky,
And, from its depths commoved,
Infuriate ocean raves.
Ye stately monuments of Britain’s power,
Bear record ye what Scottish minds
Have plan’d and perfected!
With grateful wonder shall posterity
See the stupendous works, and Rennie’s name,
And Telford’s shall survive, till time
Leave not a wreck of sublunary things.
7.
Him too may I attest for Scotland’s praise,
Who seized and wielded first
The mightiest element
That lies within the scope of man’s control;
Of evil and of good,
Prolific spring, and dimly yet discern’d
The unmeasurable results.
The marinor no longer seeks
Wings from the wind; creating now the power
Wherewith he wins his way,
Right on across the ocean-flood he steers
Against opposing skies;
And reaching now the inmost continent,
Up rapid streams, innavigable else,
Ascends with steady progress, self-propell’d.

8.
Nor hath the Sister kingdom borne
In science and in arms
Alone, her noble part;
There is an empire which survives
The wreck of thrones, the overthrow of realms,
The downfall, and decay, and death
Of Nations. Such an empire in the mind
Of intellectual man
Rome yet maintains, and elder Greece, and such,
By indefeasible right,
Hath Britain made her own.
How fair a part doth Caledonia claim
In that fair conquest! Wheresoe’er
The British tongue may spread,
(A goodly tree, whose leaf
No winter e’er shall nip,) Earthly immortals, there, her sons of fame,
Will have their heritage.
In eastern and in occident ind;
The new antarctic world, where sable swans
Glide upon waters call’d by British names,
And plough’d by British keels;
In vast America, through all its length
And breadth, from Massachusetts’s populous coast
To western Oregon;
And from the southern gulf,
Where the great river with his turbid flood
Stains the green Ocean, to the polar sea.

9.
There nations yet unborn shall trace
In Hume’s perspicuous page,
How Britain rose, and through what storms attain’d
Her eminence of power.
In other climates, youths and maidens there
Shall learn from Thomson’s verse in what attire
The various seasons, bringing in their change
With Variety of good,
Revisit their beloved English ground.
There, Beatrice! in thy sweet and soothing strain
Shall youthful poets read
Their own emotions. There, too, old and young,
Gentle and simple, by Sir Walter’s tales
Spell-bound, shall feel
Imaginey hopes and fears
Strong as realities,
And, waking from the dream, regret its close.

10.
These, Scotland, are thy glories; and thy praise
Is England’s, even as her power
And opulence of fame are thine.
So hath our happy union made
Each in the other’s weal participant,
Enriching, strengthening; glorifying both.

11.
O House of Stuart, to thy memory still
For this best benefit
Should British hearts in gratitude be bound!
A deeper tragedy
Than thine unhappy tale hath never fill’d
The historic page, nor given
Poet or moralist his mournful theme.
O House severely tried,
And in prosperity alone
Found wanting, Time hath closed
Thy tragic story now!
Errors, and virtues falsely betrayed,
Magnanimous suffering, vice,
Weakness, and headstrong zeal, sincere, tho’ blind
Wongs, calumies, heart-wounds,
Religious resignation, earthly hopes,
Fears, and affections, these have had their course,
And over them in peace
The all-ingulfing stream of years hath closed.
But this good work endures;
’sablish’d and perfected by length of days,
The indissoluble union stands.

12.
Nor hath the sceptre from that line
Departed, though the name hath lost
Its regal honors. Trunk and root have fail’d:
A scion from the stock
Liveth and flourisheth. It is the Tree
Beneath whose sacred shade,
In majesty and peaceful power serene,
The Island Queen of Ocean hath her seat;
Whose branches far and near
Extend their sure protection; whose strong roots
Are with the Isle’s foundations interknit;
Whose stately summit, when the storm careers
Below, abides unmoved,
Safe in the sunshine and the peace of Heaven.

Kenswick, 1822.

THE WARNING VOICE.

ODE I.

1.
Take up thy prophecy,
Thou dweller in the mountains, who hast nursed
Thy soul in solitude,
Holding communion with immortal minds,
Poets and Sages of the days of old;
And with the sacred food
Of meditation and of lore divine
Hast fed thy heavenly part;
Take up thy monitory strain.
O son of song, a strain severe
Of warning and of woe!

2.
O Britain, O my Mother isle,
Ocean's imperial Queen,
Thou glory of all lands!
Is there a curse upon thee, that thy sons
Would rush to ruin, drunk
With sin, and in infuriate folly blind?
Hath Hell enlarged itself;
And are the Fiends let loose
To work thine overthrow?

3.
For who is she
That, on the many-headed Beast
Triumphantly enthroned,
Doth ride abroad in state,
The Book of her Enchantments in her hand?
Her robes are stain'd with blood,
And on her brazen front
Is written Blasphemy.

4.
Know ye not then the Harlot? know ye not
Her shameless forehead, her obdurate eye,
Her meretricious mien,
Her loose, immodest garb, with slaughter foul!
Your Fathers knew her; when delirious France,
Drunk with her witcheries,
Upon the desecrated altar set
The Sorceress, and, with rites
Inhuman and securst,
O'er all the groaning land
Perform'd her sacrifice.

5.
Your Fathers knew her! when the nations round
Received her maddening spell,
And call'd her Liberty,
And in that name proclaim'd
A jubilee for guilt;
When their blaspheming hosts defied high Heaven,
And whereas'er they went let havoc loose;
Your Fathers knew the Sorceress! They stood firm,
And, in that hour of trial faithful found,
They raised the Red Cross flag.

6.
They knew her; and they knew
That not in scenes of rapine and of blood,
In lawless riot,
And wallowing with the multitude obscene,
Would Liberty be found:
Her in her form divine,
Her genuine form, they knew;
For Britain was her home;
With Order and Religion there she dwelt;
It was her chosen seat,
Her own beloved Isle.

Think not that Liberty
From Order and Religion e'er will dwell
Apart; companions they
Of heavenly seed conenate.

7.
Woe, woe for Britain, woe!
If that society divine,
By lewd and impious uproar driven,
Indignantly should leave
The land that in their presence hath been blest:
Woe, woe! for in her streets
Should gray-hair'd Poity
Be trampled under foot by rufian force,
And Murder to the noon-day sky
Lift his red hands, as if no God were there,
War would lay waste the realm;
Devouring fire consume
Temples and Palaces;
Nor would the lowliest cot
Escape that indiscriminating storm,
When Heaven upon the guilty nation pour'd
The vials of its wrath.

8.
These are no doubtful ills!
The unerring voice of Time
Warns us that what hath been again shall be;
And the broad beacon-flame
Of History casts its light
Upon Futurity.

9.
Turn not thy face away,
Almighty! from the realm
By thee so highly favored, and so long.
Thou who in war hast been our shield and strength,
From famine who hast saved us, and hast bade
The Earthquake and the Pestilence go by,
Spare us, O Father! save us from ourselves!
From insane Faction, who prepares the pit
In which itself would fall;
From rabid Treason's rage,—
The poor priest-ridden Papist's erring zeal,—
The lurking Atheist's wiles,—
The mad Blasphemer's venom,—from our foes,
Our follies and our errors, and our sins,
Save us, O Father! for thy mercy's sake,
Thou who alone canst save!

Keswick, 1839.

ODE II.

1.
In a vision I was seized,
When the elements were hush'd
In the stillness that is felt
Ere the Storm goes abroad;
Through the air I was borne away;
And in spirit I beheld
Where a City lay beneath,
Like a valley mapp'd below,
When seen from a mountain top
Who raised, in menacing act, his awful arm;  
He spake aloud, and thrill'd  
My inmost soul with fear.

8.  
"Woe! Woe!
Woe to the city where Faction reigns!  
Woe to the land where Sedition prevails!  
Woe to the nation whom Hell deceives!  
Woe! Woe!  
They have eyes, and they will not see!  
They have ears, and they will not hear!  
They have hearts, and they will not feel!  
Woe to the People who fasten their eyes!  
Woe to the People who deafen their ears!  
Woe to the People who harden their hearts!  
Woe! Woe!  
The vials are charged;  
The measure is full;  
The wrath is ripe; —  
Woe! Woe!"

9.  
But from that City then, behold,  
A gracious form arose!  
Her snow-white wings, upon the dusky air,  
Shone like the waves that glow  
Around a midnight keel in liquid light.  
Upward her supplicating arms were spread,  
And, as her face to heaven  
In eloquent grief she raised,  
Loose, like a Comet's redundant tresses, hung  
Her heavenly hair dispersed

10.  
"Not yet, O Lord! not yet,  
Oh, merciful as just!  
Not yet!" — the Torturary Angel cried;  
"For I must plead with thee for this poor land,  
Guilty — but still the seat  
Of genuine piety, —  
The mother, still, of noble minds, —  
The nurse of high desires!  
Not yet, O Lord, not yet,  
Give thou thine anger way!  
Thou, who hast set thy Bow  
Of Mercy in the clouds,  
Not yet, O Lord, pour out  
The vials of thy wrath!

11.  
"Oh, for the sake  
Of that religion, pure and undefiled,  
Here purchased by thy Martyrs' precious blood, —  
Mercy, O mercy, Lord!  
For that well-order'd frame of equal laws,  
Time's holiest monument,  
O'er which thy guardian shield  
So oft hath been extended heretofore, —  
Mercy, O mercy, Lord!  
For the dear charities,  
The household virtues, that in secret there,  
Like sweetest violets, send their fragrance forth,  
Mercy, O mercy, Lord!"
ODE ON THE PORTRAIT OF BISHOP HEBER.

12.  
"Oh, wilt thou quench the light
That should illuminate
The nations who in darkness sit,
And in the shadow of death? —
Oh, wilt thou stop the heart
Of intellectual life? —
Wilt thou seal the eye of the world? —
Mercy, O mercy, Lord!

13.  
"Not for the guilty few;
Nor for the erring multitude,
The ignorant many, wickedly misled,—
Send thou thy vengeance down
Upon a land so long the dear abode
Of Freedom, Knowledge, Virtue, Faith, approved,
Thine own beloved land!
Oh, let not hell prevail
Against her past deserts,—
Against her actual worth,—
Against her living hopes,—
From righteous hearts that rise
From righteous hearts this hour!

14.  
"Plead with me, O ye dead: whose sacred dust
Is laid in hope within her hallow'd soil,—
Plead with me for your country, suffering now
Beneath such loathsome plagues
As ancient Egypt in her slime
And hot corruption bred.
Plead with me at this hour,
All wise and upright minds,
All honorable hearts,—
For ye abhor the sins
Which o'er the guilty land
Have drawn this gather'd storm!
Plead with me, Souls unborn,
Ye who are doomed upon this fateful spot
To pass your pilgrimage,
Earth's noblest heritores,
Or children of a ruin'd realm, to shame
And degradation born,—
(For this is on the issue of the hour!)
Plead with me, unborn Spirits! that the wrath
Deserved may pass away!

15.  
"Join in my supplication, Seas and Lands,—
I call upon you all!
Thou, Europe, in whose cause,
Alone and undismay'd,
The generous nation strove;
For whose deliverance, in the Spanish fields,
Her noblest blood was pour'd
Profusely; and on that Brabantine plain,
(The proudest fight that e'er
By virtuous victory
Was hallowed to all time.)
Join with me, Africa!
For here hath thy redemption had its birth; —
Thou, India, who art blest
With peace and equity
Beneath her easy sway; —
And thou, America, who owest
The large and inextinguishable debt
Of filial love! — And ye,
Remote Antarctic Isles and Continent,
Where the glad tidings of the Gospel truth,
Her children are proclaiming faithfully; —
Join with me now to wrest
The thunderbolt from that relenting arm! —
Plead with me, Earth and Ocean, at this hour,
Thou, Ocean, for thy Queen,
And for thy benefactress, thou, O Earth!"

Kenrick, 1820.

ODE ON THE PORTRAIT OF BISHOP HEBER.

1.  
Yes,—such as these were Heber's lineaments;
Such his capacious front,
His open brow serene.
Such was the gentle countenance which bore
Of generous feeling, and of golden truth,
Sure Nature's sterling impress; never there
Unruly passion left
Its ominous marks inlaid,
Nor the worse die of evil habit set
An inward stain ingrain'd.
Such were the lips whose salient playfulness
Enliven'd peaceful hours of private life;
Whose eloquence
Held congregations open ear'd,
As from the heart it flow'd, a living stream
Of Christian wisdom, pure and undefiled.

2.  
And what if there be those
Who in the cabinet
Of memory hold enshrined
A livelier portraiture,
And see in thought, as in their dreams,
His actual image, verily produced?
Yet shal! this counterfeit convey
To strangers, and preserve for after-time,
All that could perish of him,—all that else
Even now had past away;
For he hath taken with the Living Dead
His honorable place,—
Yea, with the Saints of God
His holy habitation. Hearts, to which
Through ages he shall speak,
Will yearn towards him; and they, too, (for such
Will be,) who gird their loins
With truth to follow him,
Having the breastplate on of righteousness,
The helmet of salvation, and the shield
Of faith,—they too will gaze
Upon his effigy
With reverential love,
Till they shall grow familiar with its lines,
And know him when they see his face in Heaven.

3.
Ten years have held their course
Since last I look'd upon
That living countenance,
When on Llangeddin's terraces we paced
Together, to and fro.
Partaking there its hospitality,
We with its honored master spent,
Well-pleased, the social hours;
His friend and mine,—my earliest friend, whom I
Have ever, through all changes, found the same
From boyhood to gray hairs,
In good ness, and in worth and warmth of heart.
Together then we traced
The grass-grown site, where armed feet once
trod
The threshold of Glendower's embattled hall;
Together sought Melangel's lonely Church,
Saw the dark yews, majestic in decay,
Which in their flourishing strength
Cyvelloc might have seen;
Letter by letter traced the lines
On Yorwerth's failed tomb;
And curiously observed what vestiges,
Moulderling and mutilate,
Of Monacella's legend there are left,
A tale humane, itself
Well-nigh forgotten now:
Together visited the ancient house
Which from the hill-slope takes
Its Cynric name euphonious; there to view,
Though drawn by some rude hinner inexpert,
The faded portrait of that lady fair,
Beside whose corpse her husband watch'd,
And with perverted faith,
Preposterously placed,
Thought, obstinate in hopeless hope, to see
The beautiful dead, by miracle, revive.

4.
The sunny recollections of those days
Full soon were overcast, when Heber went
Where half this wide world's circle lay
Between us interposed.
A messenger of love he went,
A true Evangelist;
Not for ambition, nor for gain,
Nor of constraint, save such as duty lays
Upon the disciplined heart,
Took he the overseeing on himself
Of that wide flock dispersed,
Which, till these latter times,
Had there been left to stray
Neglected all too long.
For this great end, devotedly he went,
For asking friends and kin,
His own loved paths of pleasantness and peace,
Books, leisure, privacy,
Prospects (and not remote) of all wherewith
Authority could dignify desert;
And, dearer far to him,
Pursuits that with the learned and the wise
Should have assured his name its lasting place.

5.
Large, England, is the debt
Thou owes to Heathendom;
To India most of all, where Providence,
Giving thee thy dominion there in trust,
Upholds its baseless strength.
All seas have seen thy red-cross flag
In war triumphantly display'd;
Late only hast thou set that standard up
On pagan shores in peace!
Yea, at this hour the cry of blood
Riseth against thee from beneath the wheels
Of that seven-headed Idol's car accursed;
Against thee, from the widow's funeral pile,
The smoke of human sacrifice
Ascends, even now, to Heaven.

6.
The debt shall be discharged; the crying sin
Silenced; the foul offence
Forever done away.
Thither our saintly Heber went,
In promise and in pledge
That England, from her guilty torpor roused,
Should zealously and wisely undertake
Her awful task assign'd:
Thither, devoted to the work, he went,
There spent his precious life,
There left his holy dust.

7.
How beautiful are the feet of him
That bringeth good tidings,
That publisheth peace,
That bringeth good tidings of good,
That proclaimeth salvation for men,
Where'er the Christian Patriarch went,
Honor and reverence heralded his way,
And blessings followed him.
The Malabar, the Moor, the Cingalese,
Though unillumed by faith,
Yet not the less admired
The virtue that they saw.
The European soldier, there so long
Of needful and consolatory rites
Injuriously deprived,
Felt, at his presence, the neglected seed
Of early piety
Refresh'd, as with a quickening dew from Heaven.
Native believers wept for thankfulness,  
When on their heads he laid his hallowed hands;  
And, if the Saints in bliss  
Be cognizant of aught that passeth here,  
It was a joy for Schwartz  
To look from Paradise that hour  
Upon his earthly flock.

8.  
Ram boweth down,  
Creeshna and Sceeva stoop;  
The Arabian Moon must wane to wax no more;  
And Ishmael's seed redeem'd,  
And Esau's—to their brotherhood,  
And to their better birthright then restored,  
Shall within Israel's covenant be brought.  
Drop down, ye Heavens, from above!  
Ye skies, pour righteousness!  
Open, thou Earth, and let  
Salvation be brought forth!  
And sing ye, O ye Heavens, and shout, O Earth,  
With all thy hills and vales,  
Thy mountains and thy woods;  
Break forth into a song, a jubilant song;  
For by Himself the Lord hath sworn  
That every tongue to Him shall swear,  
To Him that every knee shall bow.

9.  
Take comfort, then, my soul!  
Thy latter days on earth,  
Though few, shall not be evil, by this hope  
Supported, and enlightened on the way.  
O Reginald, one course  
Our studies, and our thoughts,  
Our aspirations held,  
Wherein, but mostly in this blessed hope,  
We had a bond of union, closely knit  
In spirit, though, in this world's wilderness,  
Apart our lots were cast.  
Seldom we met; but I knew well  
That whatsoever this never-ill hand  
Sent forth would find with thee  
Benign acceptance, to its full desert.  
For thou wert of that audience,—fit, though few,  
For whom I am content  
To live laborious days,  
Assured that after-years will ratify  
Their honorable award.

10.  
Hadst thou revisited thy native land,  
Mortality, and Time,  
And Change, must needs have made  
Our meeting mournful. Happy he  
Who to his rest is borne,  
In sure and certain hope,  
Before the hand of age  
Hath chill'd his faculties,  
Or sorrow reach'd him in his heart of hearts!  
Most happy if he leave in his good name  
A light for those who follow him,  
And in his works a living seed  
Of good, prolific still.

11.  
Yes, to the Christian, to the Heathen world,  
Heber, thou art not dead,—thou canst not die  
Nor can I think of thee as lost.  
A little portion of this little isle  
At first divided us; then half the globe;  
The same earth held us still; but when,  
O Reginald,wert thou so near as now?  
'Tis but the falling of a withered leaf,—  
The breaking of a shell,—  
The rending of a veil!  
Oh, when that leaf shall fall,—  
That shell be burst,—that veil be rent,—may then  
My spirit be with thine!

Keowick, 1830.

EPISTLE

TO

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Well, Heaven be thank'd! friend Allan, here I am,  
Once more to that dear dwelling-place return'd,  
Where I have past the whole mid stage of life,  
Not idly, cERTes; not unworthily,—  
So let me hope; where Time upon my head  
Hath laid his froze 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,—where I would fain  
Be gathered to my children, earth to earth.

Needless it were to say how willingly  
I bade the huge metropolis farewell,  
Its din, and dust, and dirt, and smoke, and snuff,  
Thames' water, paviors' ground, and London sky;  
Weary of hurried days and restless nights,  
Watchmen, whose office is to murder sleep  
When sleep might else have weigh'd one's eyelids down,  
Rattle of carriages, and roll of carts,  
And tramp of iron hoofs; and worse than all,—  
Confusion being worse confounded then,  
With coachmen's quarrels and with footmen's shouts,—  
My next-door neighbors, in a street not yet  
Macadamized, (me miserable!) at home;  
For then had we, from midnight until morn,  
House-queaks, street-thunders, and door-batteries.  
O Government! in thy wisdom and thy want,  
Tax knocker;—in compassion to the sick,  
And those whose sober habits are not yet  
Inverted, topsy-turvyng night and day,  
Tax them more heavily than thou hast charged  
Armorial bearings and bepowder'd pates.  
And thou, O Michael, ever to be praised,  
Angelie among Taylors! for thy laws  
Antifuligious, extend those laws  
Till every chimney its own smoke consume,
And give thenceforth thy dinners unlaumpoon’d.
Escaping from all this, the very whir!
Of mail-coach wheels bound outward from Lad-
lane,
Was peace and quietness. Three hundred miles
Of homeward way seem’d to the body rest,
And to the mind repose.

Donne * did not hate

More perfectly that city. Not for all
Its social, all its intellectual joys,—
Which having touch’d, I may not condescend
To name aught else the Demon of the place
Might for his lure hold forth; — not even for these
Would I forego gardens and green-field walks,
And hedge-row trees, and stiles, and shady lanes,
And orchards, were such ordinary scenes
Alone to me accessible as those
Wherein I learnt in infancy to love
The sights and sounds of Nature; — wholesome
sights,
Glaçdening the eye that they refresh; and sounds
Which, when from life and happiness they spring,
Bear with them to the yet unharden’d heart
A scuse that thrills its cords of sympathy;
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 thus
Large recompense for all that haply else
Might seem perversely or unkindly done —
Fortune hath set his happy habitation
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,
Expatiating in forests wild and wide,
Loégrian, or of nearest Faery-land.

Yet, Allan, of the cup of social joy
No man drinks freer, nor with heartier thirst,
Nor keener 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 loathed metropolis,
Time measured out to me some golden hours,
They were not leaden-footed while the clay
Beneath the patient touch of Chantrey’s hand
Grew to the semblance of my lineaments.
Lit up in memory’s landscape, like green spots

Of sunshine, are the mornings, when, in talk
With him, and thee, and Bedford, (my true friend
Of forty years,) I saw the work proceed,
Subject the while myself to no restraint,
But pleasurably in frank discourse engaged;
Pleased too, and with no unbecoming pride,
To think this countenance, such as it is,
So oft by rascally mislakeness wrong’d,
Should faithfully to those who in his works
Have seen the inner man portray’d, be shown,
And in enduring marble should partake
Of our great sculptor’s immortality.

I have been libell’d, Allan, as thou knowest,
Through all degrees of calumny; but they
Who fix one’s name for public sale beneath
A set of features slanderously unlike,
Are the worst libellers. Against the wrong
Which they inflict Time hath no remedy.
Injuries there are which Time redreseth best.
Being more sure in judgment, though perhaps
Slower in process even than the court
Where justice, tortoise-footed and mole-eyed,
Sleeps indisturb’d, fam’d by the dulling wings
Of harpies at their prey. We soon live down
Evil or good report, if undeserved.
Let then the dogs of Faction bark and bay —
Its bloodhounds, savaged by a cross of wolf;
Its full-bred kennel, from the Blatant-beast;
And from my lady’s gay veranda, let
Her pamper’d lap-dog, with his fetid breath,
In bold bravado join, and snap and growl,
With petulant consequentialness chafe,
There in his imbecility at once
Ridiculous and safe: though all give cry,
Whiggery’s sleek spaniels, and its lurchers lean,
Its poodles, by unlucky training marr’d,
Mongrel, and ear, and bob-tail, let them yelp
Till weariness and hoarseness shall at length
Silence the noisy pack: meantime be sure
I will not stoop for stones to cast among them.
The founants and the skunks may be secure
In their own scent; and for that viler swarm,
The vermin of the press, both those that skip,
And those that creep and crawl, I do not catch
And pin them for exposure on the page:
Their fifth is their defence.

But I appeal
Against the limmer’s and the graver’s wrong;
Their evil works survive them. Bilderdijk,
Whom I am privileged to call my friend,
Suffering by graphic libels in like wise,
Gave his wrath vent in verse. Would I could give
The life and spirit of his vigorous Dutch,
As his dear consort hath transfused my strains
Into her native speech, and made them known
On Rhine and Yssel, and rich Anstel’s banks;
And whoseo’er the voice of Vondel still
Is heard, and still Antonides and Hooff
Are living agencies; and Father Cats,
The household poet, teacheth in his songs
The love of all things lovely, all things pure;
Best poet, who delights the cheerful mind
Of childhood, stores with moral strength the

* This poet begins his second Satire thus: —

"Sir, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town, yet there’s one state
In all till things so excellently best,
That hate towards them breeds pity towards the rest."


EPISATE TO ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Of youth, with wisdom maketh mid-life rich, 
And fills with quiet tears the eyes of age.

Hear them 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 numskull race;
And pappery-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 Manmon with his whole intent,
A thing of Nature's worst materials made,
Low-minded, stupid, base and insolent.

I — I — a Poet — have been thus portray'd.
Can ye believe that my true effigy
Among these vile varieties is found?
What thought, or line, or word, hath fallen from me
In all my numerous works wherein to ground
The opprobrious notion? Safely I may smile
At these, acknowledging no likeness here.
But worse is yet to come; so, soft awhile!
For now in potter's earth must I appear,
And in such workmanship, that, sooth to say,
Humanity disowns the imitation,
And the dolt image is not worth its clay.

Then comes there one who will to admiration
In plastic wax my perfect face present;
And what of his performance comes at last?
Folly itself in every lineament!
Its consequential features overcast
With the coxcomical and shallow laugh
Of one who would, for condescension, hide,
Yet in his best behavior, can but half
Suppress the scornfulness of empty pride."

"And who is Bilderdijk?" methinks thou sayest;
A ready question; yet which, trust me, Allan,
Would not be ask'd, had not the curse that came
From Babel clipt 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 Hollander
Replied, meeting that proud, imperial look
With calm and proper confidence, and eye
As little wont to turn away abash'd
Before a mortal presence. He is one
Who hath received upon his constant breast
The sharpest arrows of adversity;
Whom not the clamors of the multitude,
Demanding, in their madness and their might,
Inquietous things, could shake in his firm mind;
Nor the strong hand of instant tyranny
From the straight path of duty turn aside;
But who, in public troubles, in the wreck
Of his own fortunes, in proscription, exile,
Want, obloquy, ingratitude, neglect,
And what severer trials Providence
Sometimes inflicteth, 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.
Right-minded, happy-minded, righteous man,
True lover of his country and his kind;
In knowledge and in inexhaustive stores
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 wherewith
Europe should else have rung from side to side.

Such, Allan, is the Hollander to whom
Esteeem 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 wearsome and careful else,
So pleasurable, 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 sad thoughts to the mind;" and these again
Give place to calm content, and steadfast hope,
And happy faith assur'd. — 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 mis-resemblances
Pass into mine; where I shall show thee, Allan,
Such 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 mere shame,
Take up an alias, and forsweary myself.

Whom have we first? A dainty gentleman,
His sleepy eyes half-closed, and countenance
To no expression stronger than might suit
A simper, capable of being moved:
Sawney and sentimental; with an air
So lack-thought and so lackadaysical,
You might suppose the volume in his hand
Must needs be Zimmermann on Solitude.

Then comes a jovial landlord, who hath made it
Part of his trade to be the shoewing horn
For his commercial customers. God Bacchus
Hath not a thirstier votary. Many a pipe
Of Porto's vintage hath contributed
To give his checks that deep carmine ingrain'd,
And many a runlet of right Nantes, I ween,
Hath suffered percolation through that trunk,
Leaving behind it, in the boozey eyes,
A swollen and red suffusion, glazed and dim.

Our next is in the evangelical line,
A leader-visaged specimen; demure,
Because he hath put on his Sunday's face,
Dull by formation, by complexion sad,
By bile, opinions, and dyspepsy sour.
One of the sons of Jack, — I know not which,
For Jack hath a host most numerous progeny, —
Made up for Mr. Colburn's Magazine,
This pleasant composite; a bust supplied
The features; look, expression, character
Are of the Artist's fancy and free grace.
Such was that fellow's birth and parentage.
The rascal proved prolific; one of his breed,
By Doctor Pichot introduced in France,
Passes for Monsieur Soëtë; and another,—
An uglier miscreant too,—the brothers Schumann,
And their most cruel copper-scraper Zschoch,
From Zwietkau sent abroad through Germany.
I wish the Schumen and the copper-scraper
No worse misfortune, for their recompense,
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 Gagnigni hath prefixed,
A spurious portrait to a faithless life,
And bearing lyingly the libell'd name
Of Lawrence, impudently there insculp'd.

The bust that was the innocent forefather
To all this base, abominable brood,
I blame not, Allan. 'Twas the work of Smith,
A modest, mild, ingenious man, and erra,
Where erring, only because over-truc,
Too close a likeness for similitude;
Fixing to every part and lineament
Its separate character, and missing thus
That which results from all.

Sir Smug comes next;
Allan, I own Sir Smug! I recognize
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's 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-breadth skill.
Even in such sober sadness and constrain'd
Composition cold, the faithful Painter's eye
Had fix'd me like a spell, and I could feel
My features stifled 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 sat Sir Smug.

Under the gravier's hand, Sir Smug became
Sir Smoouh—a son of Abraham. Now, albeit
Far rather would I trace my lineage thence
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;
Whether ham, bacon, sausage, souce, or brawn;
Leg, bladebone, baldrib, 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. Percy, of the Anecdotzarm,
Presented me unto their customers.
Poor Smoouh endured a worse Judaization
Under another hand. In this next stage
He is on trial at the Old Bailey, charged
With dealing in base coin. That he is guilty
No Judge or Jury could have half a doubt
When they saw the culprit's face; and he himself,
As you may plainly see, is comforted
By thinking he has just contrived to keep
Out of rope's reach, and will come off this time
For transportation.

Stand thou forth for trial,
Now, William Darton, of the Society
Of Friends called Quakers; thou who in 4th month
Of the year 34, on Holborn Hill,
At No. 58, didst wilfully,
Falsely, and knowing it was falsely done,
Publish upon a card, as Robert Southey's,
A face which might be just as like Tom Fool's,
Or John, or Richard Any-body else's!
What had I done to thee, thou William Darton,
That thou shouldst, for the lucre of base gain,
Yea, for the sake of filthy fourpences,
Palm on my countrymen that face for mine!
O William Darton, let the Yearly Meeting
Deal with thee for that falseness! All the rest
Are traceable; Smug's Hebrew family;
The German who might properly adorn
A gibbet or a wheel, and Monsieur Soëtë,
Sons of Fitzbust the Evangelical; —
I recognize all these unlikenesse,
Spurious abominations though they be,
Each filiated on some original;
But thou, Friend Darton, and — observe me, man,
Only in courtesy, and quasi Quaker,
I call thee Friend! — hadst no original;
No likeness, or unlikeness, silhouette,
Outline, or plaster, representing me,
Whereon to form thy misrepresentation.
If I guess rightly at the pedigree
Of thy bad greatworth, thou didst get a barber
To personate my injured Laureateship;
An advertising barber, — one who keeps
A bear, and, when he puts to death poor Bruin,
Sells his grease, fresh as from the carcass cut,
Pro bona publico, the price per pound
Twelve shillings and no more. From such a barber,
O unfriend Darton! was that portrait made,
I think, or pereadventure from his block.

Next comes a minion worthy to be set
In a wooden frame; and here I might invoke
Avenging Nemesis, if I did not feel,
Just now, God Cynthius pluck me by the ear.
En deze held, wat spreidt hy ons ten toon? 
De knorrigheid in eigen hoofdpersoon; 
Met zuik een lach van medijl' op de lippen, 
Als 't zelfgevoel eens Trotzaarafs laat glippen. 
Verachting spreekt op ai wat hem omringt, 
En half in spijt, zich tot verneveling dwingt. 

Min God! 't is tegen, zijn dit mijn wezenstrekken, 
En is 't mijn hart, daft ze aan my-zelf onbekleken: 
Of maadlit gy, wier my dus herteelt, 
Uw eigen aart onwetend in mijn beeld? 
Het moog zoo zijn. 
De Rubens en Van Dijken 
Zijn lang voorby, die zielen deent gelijken: 
Wier oog hun ziel een heldro spiegel was, 
En geest en hart in elken vezel las, 
Niet, dagen lang, op 't uiterlijk bleef staren, 
Maar d'ersten blik in 't harte kon bewaren, 
Dien blik getroun in klei of verven bracht, 
En spreken deed tot Tijd-en-Nagedacht.

Die troffen, ja! die wisten af te malen 
Wat oog en mond, wat elke zoon sprak; 
Wier bors, doorstroomd van hooger idealen,
'En hand bewoog die 't voorwerp noort, onbrak.

Doch, wat maalt gy? — 't Missenogen van 't ver— 
Voor Rust der ziel in zalig zelfgenot; 
Met Ongeduld om 't lauwtik tijdelustelen; 
En-Bitterheid, die met uw wanklap spot
Wen ge, om den mond iets vriendelijks af te prachten, 
Of slaaprigheid of mijwonders ernst verstoort, 
En door uw boert het aanzicht tergt tot lachen 
Met zottery, slechts wrevelig aangehoord.

Maar Honors! gy, die uit vervolging eneuven 
De Schilderkunst te rug riept op 't paneel, 
Geen mond mismatchaard door 't zielverteerend 
geeuwen,
Maar kunstgesprek vereenigd aan 't penceel! 
Zoo 't Noodlot wil dat zich in later dagen 
Mijn naam bewaar in 't onwijs Vaderland,
En eenig beeld mijn leest moet overdragen,
Het zij geschetst door uw beknachte hand.
In uw taafcel, bevredigd met my-zelven,
Ontdek ik 't hart dat lof noch laster acht!
En, die daaruit mijn ziel wet op te delven 
Miskent in my noch inborst noch geslacht.

1822.

* Rots-Galmen, d. ii. p. 103.

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Een Willemijn, het duintje uitgevloegen: a
Een goede Hals, maar zonder ziel of kracht: b
Een Sukkelba, die met verwonderde oogen
On alles met verbeten weêrrzin lacht: c
Een Franschmans lach op halfverwrongen kaken,
Die geest beduidt op 't aanzicht van een bloed: d
En, om 't getal dier fraaiheên vol te maken,
Eens Financiers verwaastra domme snack.
En dat moet ik, dat moet een Dichter wezen!
Geloof gy 't ooit, die deze monsters ziet?
Geef, wat ik schreef, één trek daar van te lezen
Zoo zeg gerust: "Hy kent zich zelven niet."

Maar zacht een poos! — Hoe langer hoe verkeerd!
Men vormt my na uit Pottbakkers aard; f
Doch de Adamskop beschaamt den kunstboots-
seerder,
En 't zielloos ding is zelfs den klei niet waard.
Nu komt er een, die zal u 't echte leven
In lenig wasch met volle lijk'n geven;

* The main subject of this epistle having been suggested by a poem of Bilderdijk's, part only of which I have incorporated in a compressed and very inaccurate translation, I annex here the original, in justice to my deceased friend — a man of most extraordinary attainments, and genius not less remarkable.

a 1784. b 1788. c 1806. d 1813. e 1829. f 1830.

R S.
Thalaba the Destroyer.

Ποιηματων αναπτυσ σα ελευθερια, και κορος εις, το ὁδηγαν τω παιδα.
Lucian, Quammodo Hic Scribendo.

PREFACE.

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 hoped 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 school-boy, and had often conversed upon the probabilities of the story with the school-fellow to whom, sixteen years afterwards, I had the satisfaction of inscribing the poem. It was commenced at Bath in the autumn of 1704; 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 Lamb, and 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 for 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 my son, wishing to show him a house endeared 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 have all departed before me; and of the domestic circle in which my happiness was then centred, I am the sole survivor.

When we removed from Westbury at Midsummer, 1797, 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 ground, four years before, for a Mahomedan tale; 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 harbor by westerly winds. "Six days we watched the weathercock, and sighed for north-easters. I walked on the beach, caught soldier-crabs, admired the sea-anemones in their ever-varying shapes of beauty, read Gebir, and wrote half a book of Thalaba." This sentence is from a letter written on our arrival at Lisbon; and it is here inserted because the sea-anemones (which I have never had any other opportunity of observing) were introduced in Thalaba soon afterwards; and because, as already stated, I am sensible of having derived great improvement from the frequent perusal of Gebir at that time.

Change of circumstances and of climate effected an immediate cure of what proved to be not an organic disease. A week after our landing at Lisbon I resumed my favorite work, and I completed it at Cintra, a year and six days after the day of its commencement.

A fair transcript was sent to England. Mr. Rickman, with whom I had fallen in at Christ Church in 1797, and whose friendship from that time I have ever accounted among the singular advantages and happinesses of my life, negotiated 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 Dauvers, 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 ingrated. 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 it 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; and certainly there were no two poets in whose productions, the difference not being that between good and bad, less resemblance could be found. But I happened to be residing at Keswick when Mr. Wordsworth and I began to be acquainted; Mr. Coleridge also had resided there; and this was reason enough for classing us together as a school of poets. Accordingly, for more than twenty years from that time, every tyro in criticism who could smatter and squint, tried his "prentice hand" upon the Lake Poets; and every young sportsman, who carried a popgun in the field of satire, considered them as fair game.

Keswick, Nov. 8, 1837.

PREFACE

TO

THE FOURTH EDITION.

Is the continuation of the Arabian Tales, the DomDaniel 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 was 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 favored by the English reader: perhaps this is owing to the obtrusiveness, the regular Juw's-harp "tving-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.

Cinema, October, 1800.

THE FIRST BOOK.

—Worse and worse, young Orphane, be thyayne,
If thou due vengeance doe forsake,
Till guiltie blood her guerdon do obtayne.

Fairy Queen, B. 2, Can. 1

1.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-oh'd glory yonder Moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

2.

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,
The widow's mother and the fatherless boy,
They, at this untimely hour,
Wander o'er the desert sands

3.

Alas! the setting sun
Saw Zeinah in her bliss,
Hodeirah's wife beloved.
Alas! the wife beloved,
The fruitful mother late,
Whom when the daughters of Arabia named,
They wish’d their lot like hers,
She wanders o’er the desert sands
A wretched widow now;
The fruitful mother of so fair a race,
With only one preserved,
She wanders o’er the wilderness.

4.
No tear relieved the burden of her heart;
Stunn’d with the heavy woe, she felt like one
Half-waken’d from a midnight dream of blood.
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.
At length collecting, Zeinab turn’d her eyes
To heaven, and praised the Lord;
“He gave, he takes away!”
The pious sufferer cried,
“O Lord our God is good!”

5.
“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!”

6.
Then Zeinab beat her breast in agony,—
“O God, forgive the child!
He knows not what he says;
Thou know’st I did not teach him thoughts like these;
O Prophet, pardon him!”

7.
She had not wept till that assuaging prayer;
The fountains of her grief were open’d then,
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!
Why in thy mercy thou hast stricken me;
Then see and understand what now
My heart believes and feels.”

8.
Young Thalaba in silence heard reproof;
His brow in manly frowns was knit,
With manly thoughts his heart was full.
“Tell me, who slew my father?” cried the boy.
Zeinab replied and said,
“I knew not that there lived thy father’s foe.
The blessings of the poor for him
Went daily up to Heaven;

In distant lands the traveller told his praise;—
I did not think there lived
Hodeirah’s enemy.”

9.
“But I will hunt him through the world!”
Young Thalaba exclaim’d.
“Already I can bend my father’s bow;
Soon will my arm have strength
To drive the arrow-feathers to his heart.”

10.
Zeinab replied, “O Thalaba, my child,
Thou lookest on to distant days,
And we are in the desert, far from men!”

11.
Not till that moment her afflicted heart
Had leisure for the thought.
She cast her eyes round;
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 round;
Famine and Thirst were there;
And then the wretched Mother bowed her head,
And wept upon her child.

12.
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 prodigious 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.

13.
Here, studding azure tablatures,
And ray’d with flecible light,
Star-like the ruby and the diamond shine;
Here on the golden towers
The yellow moon-beam lay;
Here with white splendor floods the silver wall
Less wondrous pile, and less magnificent,
Semnamar built at Hirah, though his art
Scald’d with one stone the ample edifice,
And made its colors, like the serpent’s skin,
Play with a changeful beauty:—him, its Lord,
Jealous lest after-effort might surpass
The then uncull’d palace, from its height
Dash’d on the pavement down.
BOOK I. THALABA THE DESTROYER. 227

14. 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, fixed 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 succor the distress'd;
For them hath God appointed Paradise."

15. 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 past
Since the sweet sounds have visited my ear!
I thank thee, O my God!
It is a human voice!"

16. To Zeinab turning then, he said,
"O mortal, who art thou,
Whose gifted eyes have pierced
The shadow of concealment that hath wrapt
These bowers, so many an age,
From eye of mortal man?
For countless years have past,
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 feeble feelings overpower'd,
She answer'd, "Yesterday
I was a wife belov'd,
The fruitful mother of a numerous race.
I am a widow now;
Of all my offspring this alone is left.
Praise to the Lord our God,
He gave, He takes away!"

18. Then said the stranger, "Not by Heaven unseen,
Nor in unguided wanderings, hast thou reach'd
This secret place, be sure!
Nor for light purpose is the veil,
That from the Universe hath long shut out
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.
Why have the fathers suffer'd, but to make
The children wisely safe?

19. "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 hue of mankind
Was heard in you, wilderness waste;
O'er all the winding sands
The tents of Ad were pitch'd;
Happy Al-Akhaf then,
For many and brave were her sons,
Her daughters were many and fair.

20. "My name was Aswad then—
Alas! alas! how strange
The sound so long unheard!
Of noble race I came,
One of the wealthy of the earth my sire.
A hundred horses in my father's stall
Stood ready for his will;
Numerous his robes of silk;
The number of his camels was not known.
These were my heritage,
O God! thy gifts were these;
But better had it been for Aswad's soul,
Had he ask'd alms on earth,
And begged the crumbs which from his table fell,
So he had known thy Word.

21. "Boy, who hast reach'd my solitude,
Fare 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.
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.

22. "A mighty work the pride of Shedad plannd—
Here in the wilderness to form
A Garden more surpassing fair
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;
For this the central caverns gave their gems;
For this the woodman's axe

23.
Round the Red Hillock kneeling, to implore
God in his favor'd place.
We sent to call on God;
Al! fools! unthinking that from all the earth
The soul ascends to him.
We sent to call on God;
Al! fools! to think the Lord
Would hear their prayers abroad,
Who made no prayers at home!

26.
"Meantime the work of pride went on,
And still before our Idols, wood and stone,
We bow'd the impious knee.
'Turn, men of Ad, and call upon the Lord,'
The Prophet Houd exclaim'd;
'Turn, men of Ad, and look to Heaven,
And fly the wrath to come.'—
We mock'd the Prophet's words;
'Now dost thou dream, old man,
Or art thou drunk with wine?'
Future woe and wrath to come
Still thy prudent voice forebodes;
When it comes, will we believe;
Till it comes, will we go on
In the way our fathers went.
Now are thy words from God?
Or dost thou dream, old man,
Or art thou drunk with wine?'

27.
"So spake the stubborn race,
The unbelieving ones.
I, too, of stubborn, unbelieving heart,
Heard him, and heeded not.
It chanced my father went the way of man,
He perish'd in his sins.
The funereal rites were duly paid;
We bound a Camel to his grave,
And left it there to die,
So, if the resurrection came,
Together they might rise.
I past my father's grave;
I heard the Camel moan.
She was his favorite beast,
One who had carried me in infancy,
The first that by myself I learn'd to mount.
Her limbs were lean with famine, and her eyes
Ghastly, and sunk, and dim.
She knew me as I past;
She stared me in the face;
My heart was touch'd,—had it been human else?
I thought that none was near, and cut her bonds,
And drove her forth to liberty and life.
The Prophet Houd had seen;
He lifted up his voice—
'Blessed art thou, young man,
Blessed art thou, O Aswad, for the deed!
In the day of Visitation,
In the fearful hour of Judgment,
God will remember thee!'
The Palace of his pride.
Would ye behold its wonders, enter in!
I have no heart to visit it.
Time hath not harmed the eternal monument;
Time is not here, nor days, nor months, nor years,
An everlasting now of solitude! —

21.
"Ye must have heard their fame;
Or likely ye have seen
The mighty Pyramids. —
For sure those awful piles have overlived
The feeble generations of mankind.
What though unmoved they bore the deluge weight,
Survivors of the ruined world?
What though their founder fill'd with miracles
And wealth miraculous their spacious vaults?
Compared with yonder fabric, and they shrink
The baby wonders of a woman's work.

30.
"Here emerald columns o'er the marble courts
Shed their green rays, as when amid a shower
The sun shines loveliest on the vernal corn.
Here Shedad bade the sapphire floor be laid,
As though with feet divine
To tread on azure light,
Like the blue pavement of the firmament.
Here, self-suspended, hangs in air,
As its pure substance loathed material touch,
The living carbuncle;
Sun of the lofty dome,
 Darkness hath no dominion o'er its beams;
Intense it glows, an ever-flowing spring
Of radiance, like the day-flood in its source.

31.
"Impious! the Trees of vegetable gold,
Such as in Eden's groves
Yet innocent it grew;
Impious! he made his boast, though Heaven had hid
So deep the baneful ore,
That they should branch and bud for him,
That art should force their blossoms and their fruit,
And re-create for him what'er
Was lost in Paradise.
Therefore at Shedad's voice
Here tower'd 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.

32.
"O Ad! my country! evil was the day
That thy unhappy sons
Crouched at this Nimrod's throne,
And placed him on the pedestal of power,
And laid their liberties beneath his feet,
Robbing their children of the heritance
Their fathers handed down.
What was to him the squander'd wealth?
What was to him the burden 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!'

33.
"And now the King's command went forth
Among the people, bidding old and young,
Husband and wife, the master and the slave,
All the collected multitudes of Ad,
Here to repair, and hold high festival,
That he might see his people, they behold
Their King's magnificence and power.
The day of festival arrived;
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,
One deep confusion of tumultuous sounds.
They saw their King's magnificence, beheld
His palace sparkling like the Angel domes
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 eye beheld,
Hath ever thought conceived,
Place more magnificent?'
Houd, they say that Heaven imparteth
Words of wisdom to thy lips;
Look at the riches round,
And value them aright,
If so thy wisdom can.'

35.
"The Prophet heard his vaunt,
And, with an awful 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?'
With unadmonish'd pride, the King exclaim'd.
'Yea!' said the Man of God;
The walls are weak, the building ill secure
Azrael can enter in!
The Sarsar can pierce through
The Icy Wind of Death.'

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?'
The Prophet answer'd not;
   Over that infinite multitude
   He roll'd his omnious eyes,
   And tears which could not be suppress'd gush'd forth.

38. "Sudden an uproar rose,
   A cry of joy below;
   'The messenger is come!
   Kail 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 blent the coming rain.
The Messenger address'd 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 ascended, and was heard;
   Three clouds appear'd in Heaven,
One white, and like the flying cloud of noon,
One red, as it had drunk the evening beams,
One black and heavy with its load of rain.
A voice went forth from Heaven,—
   'Choose, Kail, 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 Iram! woe to Ad!
   Death is gone up into her palaces:
Woe! woe! 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 uncanny voice.

42. "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
   My age must groan for you, and to the grave
   Go down in sorrow. Thou wilt give thy fruits,
   But who shall gather them? thy grapes will ripen,
   But who shall tread the wine-press? Fly the wrath,
   Ye who would live and save your souls alive!
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
   Press'd through the throng to join him. Then arose
   Mockery and mirth;'Go, bald head!' and they mix'd
   Curses with laughter. He set forth, yet once
   Look'd back:—his eye fell on me, and he call'd,
   'Aswad!'—it startled me—it terrified;
   'Aswad!' again he call'd—and I almost
   Had follow'd him. — O moment fled too soon!
   O moment irrecoverably lost!
   The shouts of mockery made a coward of me;
   He went, and I remain'd in fear of Mas!'"

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 around 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 Judgment,
   God hath remember'd thee.'"

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.
   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!
   When by long penitence
   Thou feel'st thy soul prepared,
   Breathe up the wish to die,
   And Azrael comes in answer to thy prayer.'
47.  

"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,  
They moulder'd, moulder'd here; —  
Their very bones have crumbled into dust,  
So many years have past!  
So many weary ages have gone by!  
And still I linger here,  
Still groaning with the burden of my sins,  
Not yet have dared to breathe  
The prayer to be released.

48.  

"Oh! who can tell the unspeakable misery  
Of solitude like this!  
No sound hath ever reach'd my ear,  
Save of the passing wind,  
The fountain's everlasting flow,  
The forest in the gale,  
The patterning of the shower —  
Sounds dead and mournful all.  
No bird hath ever closed her wing  
Upon these solitary boughs,  
No insect sweetly buzz'd amid these groves,  
From all things that have life,  
Save only me, conceal'd.  
This Tree alone, that o'er my head  
Hangs down its hospitable boughs,  
And bends its whispering leaves  
As though to welcome me,  
Seems to partake of life;  
I love it as my friend, my only friend!

49.  

"I know not for what ages I have dragg'd  
This miserable life:  
How often I have seen  
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,  
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,  
But when I have sinned  
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,  
Will call 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!"

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 awed, but struck no terror to the heart.  
"Zeinab, thy wish is heard!  
Aswad, 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.  

"Me too! me too!" young Thalaba exclaim'd,  
As, wild with grief, he kiss'd  
His Mother's livid hand,  
His Mother's livid lips:  
"O Angel! take me too!"

54.  

"Son of Hodeirah!" the Death-Angel said,  
"It is not yet the hour.  
Son of Hodeirah, thou art chosen forth  
To do the will of Heaven;  
To avenge thy father's death,  
The murder of thy race;  
To work the mightiest enterprise  
That mortal man hath wrought.  
Live! and remember destiny  
Hath mark'd thee from mankind!"

55.  

He ceased, and he was gone.  
Young Thalaba look'd round;  
The Palace and the Groves were seen no more;  
He stood amid the Wilderness, alone.

NOTES TO BOOK I.

Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky. — 1, p. 225.
Henry More had a similar picture in his mind when he wrote of  
Vast plains with lowly cottages forlorn,  
Rounded about with the low-vawering sky.

See Zeinab in her bliss. — 3, p. 225.
It may be worth mentioning, that, according to Pietro della Valle, this is the name of which the Latins have made  
Zenobia.

He gave, he takes away! — 4, p. 225.
The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord. — Jon, i. 31.
I have placed a Scripture phrase in the mouth of a Mahomedan; but it is a saying of Job, and there can be no  
impropriety in making a modern Arab speak like an ancient
The Paradise of Irem, c.e. — 19, p. 297.

The tribe of Ad were descended from Ad, the son of Aul.
fullest, and most abundant in water, of which they were in extreme want. After having chosen, he immediately quitted the place, and took the road to his own country, congratulating himself on the happy success of his pilgrimage.

As soon as Kail arrived in the valley of Maghith, a port of the territory of the Adites, he informed his countrymen of the favorable answer he had received, and of the cloud which was soon to water all their lands. The senseless people all came out of their houses to receive it; but this cloud, which was big with the divine vengeance, produced only a wind, most cold and most violent, which the Arabs call Sasser; it continued to blow for seven days and seven nights, and exterminated all the unbelievers of the country, leaving only the Prophet Hud alive, and those who had heard him and turned to the faith. — D'Herbelot.

Of the windings sand. — 19, p. 327.

Al-Ahkaf signifies the Winding Sands.

Detects the ebony. — 22, p. 328.

I have heard from a certain Cyprian botanist, that the ebony does not produce either leaves or fruit, and that it is never exposed to the sun; that its roots are indeed under the earth, which the Ethiopians dig out; and that there are men among them skilled in finding the place of its concealment. — Passanthes, translated by Taylor.

We to our idols still applied for aid. — 24, p. 329.

The Adites worshipped four idols, Sakihah, the dispenser of rain, Hafedah, the protector of travellers, Razekah, the giver of food, and Salomah, the preserver in sickness. — D'Herbelot. Sale.

Then to the place of concourse, &c. — 25, p. 329.

Mecca was thus called. Mohammed destroyed the other superstitions of the Arabs, but he was obliged to adopt their old and rooted renovation for the Well and the Black Stone, and transfer to Mecca the respect and reverence which he had designed for Jerusalem.

Mecca is situated in a barren place (about one day's journey from the Red Sea) in a valley, or rather in the midst of many little hills. The town is surrounded by several miles with many thousands of little hills, which are very near one to the other. I have been on the top of some of them, near Meccen, where I could see some miles about, but yet was not able to see the farthest of the hills. They are all stony-rock, and blackish, and pretty near of a bigness, appearing at a distance like corks of hay, but all pointing towards Mecca. Some of them are half a mile in circumference, &c., but all near of one height. The people here have an old and foolish sort of tradition concerning them, viz. That when Abraham went about building the Brick-Alah, God by his wonderful providence did so order it, that every mountain in the world should contribute something to the building thereof; and accordingly every one did send its proportion. Though there is a mountain near Aligier, which is called Cora Dog, i.e. Black Mountain; and the reason of its blackness, they say, is, because it did not send any part of itself towards building the Temple at Meccen. Between these hills is good and plain travelling, though they stand near one to another.11 A faithful account of the Religion and Manners of the Mahometans, 4th, by Joseph Pitt of Eton.

Adam, after his fall, was placed upon the mountain of Fasemn in the eastern region of the globe. Eve was banished to a place, since called Djidja, which signifies the first of mothers, (the celebrated port of Gedda, on the coast of Arabia.) The Serpent was cast into the most horrid desert of the East, and the spiritual temptation, which induced him, was exiled to the coasts of Ethib. This fall of our first parent was followed by the infidelity and sedition of all the spirits, Zjjan, who were spread over the surface of the earth. Then God sent against them the great Azrail, who, with a legion of angels, clasped them from the continent, and dispersed them among the isles, and along the different coasts of the sea. Some time after, Adam, conducted by the spirit of God, travelled into Arabia, and advanced as far as Mecc: He footsteps diffused on all sides abundance and fertility. His figure was enchanting, his stature lofty, his complexion brown, his hair thick, long, and curled; and he then wore a beard and casu- tachions. After a separation of a hundred years, he rejoined Eve on Mount Arafath, near Mecc — an event which gave that mount the name of Arafath, or Irjej, that is, the Place of Remembrance. This flavor of the Eternal Deity was accompanied by another not less striking. By his orders the angels took a tent, Khayme, from Paradise, and pitched it on the very spot where afterwards the Kaabe was erected. This is the most sacred of the innumerable, and the first temple which was consecrated to the worship of the Eternal Deity by the first of men, and by all his posterity. Seth was the founder of the Sacred Kaabe; in the same place where the angels had pitched the celestial tent, he erected a stone edifice, which he consecrated to the worship of the Eternal Deity. — D'Oisnev.

Bowed down by the weight of years, Adam had reached the limit of his earthly existence. At that moment he longed eagerly for the fruits of Paradise. A legion of angels attended upon his latest sigh, and, by the command of the Eternal Being, received his soul. He died on Friday, the 7th of April, Xmasa, in the age of nine hundred and thirty years. The angels washed and purified his body; which was the origin of funeral ablations. The archangel Michael wrapped it in a sheet, with perfumes and aromatics; and the archangel Gabriel, discharging the duties of the Imams, performed, at the head of the whole legion of angels, and of the whole family of this first of the patriarchs, the Salathil-Dinjazi, which gave birth to funeral prayers. The body of Adam was deposited at Ghurat-Knes, (the grove of treasure;) upon the mountain Djebel-Eb'll Chaubyej, which overlooks Mecc: His descendants, at his death, amounted to forty thousand souls. — D'Oisnev.

When Noah entered the ark, he took with him, by the command of the Eternal, the body of Adam, enclosed in a box-coffin. After the waters had abated, his first care was to deposit it in the same grove from whence it had been removed. — D'Oisnev.

So if the resurrection came. — 27, p. 329.

Some of the Pagan Arabs, when they died, had their Camel tied by their Sepulchre, and so left without meat or drink to perish, and accompany them to the other world, lest they should be obliged at the Resurrection to go on foot, which was accounted very cruel by the Arabs.

All affirmed that the priests, when they come forth from their sepulchres, shall find ready prepared for them white-winged Camels with saddles of gold. Here are some footstamps of the doctrine of the ancient Arabians. — Sale.

She stared us in the face. — 27, p. 329.

This line is one of the most beautiful passages of our old ballads, so full of beauty. I have never seen the ballad in print, and with some trouble have procured only an imperfect copy from memory. It is necessary to insert some of the preceding stanzas. The title is,

OLD POULTER'S MARE.

At length old age came on her,
And she grew faint and poor;
Her master fell out with her,
And turnd her out of door,
Saying, If then wilt eat labor,
I pithe go thy way,
And never let me see thy face
Until thy dying day.

These words she took unhild,
And on her way she went,
For to fulil her master's will
Always was her intent;
The hills were very high,
The valleys very bare,
The summer it was hot and dry,— It starved Old Poulter's Mare.

Old Poulter he grew sorrowful, And said to his kinsman Will, I'd have thee go and seek the Mare O'er the hill and over hill. Go, go, go, go, says Poulter, And make haste back again, For till thou hast found the Mare, In grief I shall remain.

Away went Will so willingly, And all day long he sought; Till when it grew towards the night, He in his mind bethought, He would go home and rest him, And come again in-morrow; For if he could not find the Mare, His heart would break with sorrow.

He went a little farther, And turned his head aside, And just by goodman Whitfield's gate, Oh, there the Mare he spied. He asked her how she did; She stared him in the face, Then down she laid her head again — She was in wretched case.

What though unmeas'd they bore the deluge weight, — 234, p. 229.

Concerning the Pyramids, 
"I shall put down," says Grocaves, 'that which is confessed by the Arabic writers to be the most probable relation, as is reported by Ibn Abi Allhok, whose words, out of the Arabic, are these: — 'The greatest part of chronologers agree, that he which buildt the Pyramids was Soraal Ibn Soloon, King of Egypt, who lived three hundred years before the flood. The occasion of this was, because he saw, in his sleep, that the whole earth was turned over with the inhabitants of it, the men lying upon their faces, and the stars falling down and striking one another, with a terrible noise; and being troubled, he conveyed it. After this, he saw the fixed stars falling to the earth, in the similitude of white fowl, and they swatched up men, carrying them between two great mountains; and these mountains closed upon them, and the shining stars were made darkness. Awaking with great fear, he assembled the chief priests of all the provinces of Egypt, an hundred and thirty priests; the chief of them was called Achizum. Relating the whole matter to them, they took the altitude of the stars, and, making their prognostication, foretold of a deluge. The King said, Will it come to our country? they answered, Yes, and will destroy it. And there remained a certain number of years for to come, and he commanded, in the mean space, to build the Pyramids, and a vault to be made, into which the river Niler entering, should run into the countries of the west, and into the land Al-Said. And he filled it with treasures, and with strange things, and with riches and treasures, and the like. He engraved in them all things that were told him by wise men, as also all profound sciences, the names of alabasters; the uses and hurts of them; the science of astrology, and of arithmetic, and of geometry, and of physics. All this may be interpreted by him that knows their characters and language. After he had given order for this building, they cut out vast columns and wonderful stones. They fetched massy stones from the Ethiopians, and made with these the foundation of the three Pyramids, fastening them together with lead and iron. They built the gates of them forty cubits under ground, and they made the height of the Pyramids one hundred royal cubits, which are fifty of ours; in these times; he also made each side of them an inscription, in royal cubits. The building of this building was in a fortunate horoscope. After that he had finished it, he covered it with colored satin from the top to the bottom; and he appointed a solemn festival, at which were present all the inhabitants of his kingdom. Then he built, in the other pyramid, thirty treasures, filled with store of riches and utensils, and with signatures made of precious stones, and with instruments of iron, and vessels of earth, and with arms that rust not, and with glass which might be bended and yet not broken, and with several kinds of alabasters, single and double, and with deadly poisons, and with other things besides. He made also in the east pyramid divers celestial spheres and stars, and what they severally operate in their aspects, and the perfumes which are to be used to them, and the books which treat of these matters. He also put in the colored Pyramid the commentaries of the Priests in chests of black marbles, and with every Priest a hook, in which were the wonders of his profession, and of his actions, and of his nature, and what was done in his time, and what is, and what shall be, from the beginning of time to the end of it. He placed in every Pyramid a treasurer. The treasure of the western Pyramid was a statue of marble stone, standing upright with a lance, and upon his head a serpent, wreathed. He that came near it, and stood still, the serpent bit him of one side, and wounding round about his throat and killing him, returned to his place. He made the treasurer of the east Pyramid, an idol of black agate, his eyes open and shining, sitting upon a throne with a lance: when any looked upon him, he heard of one side of him a voice, which took away his senses, so that he fell prostrate upon his face, and ceased not till he died. He made the treasurer of the colored Pyramid a statue of ivory, called Abib, and what was looked towards it was drawn by the statue, till he shrieked to it, and could not be separated from it, till such time as he died.' The Copitits write in their books, that there is an inscription engraven upon them, the exposition of which, in Arabic, is this, 'King Soraal buildt the Pyramids in each six years; he and his son in six years; he and his son in six years; and yet it is known, that it is easier to pile down, than to build up; I also covered them, when I had finished them, with sattins; and let hem every them with mantles. After that Almonim the Calid entered Egypt, and saw the Pyramids, he desired to know what was within, and therefore would have them opened. They told him it could not possibly be done. He repilied, I will have it certainly done. And that hole was opened for him, which stands open to this day, with foole narrow passage. Two smiths prepared and sharpened the iron and engines, which they forced in, and there was a great expense in the opening of it. The thickness of the walls was found to be twenty cubits; and when they came to the end of the wall, behind the place they had dugged, there was an ever of great emerald: in it were a thousand dinars very weighty, every dinar was an ounce of our ounces; they wondered at it, but knew not the meaning of it. Then Almonim said, Cast up the account how much hath been spent in making the entrance; they cast it up, and lo it was the same sum which they found; it neither exceeded nor was defective. Within they found a square well, in the square of it there were doors, every door opened into a house, (or vault), in which there were dead bodies wrapped up in linen. They found towards the top of the Pyramid, a chamber, in which there was a great pyramid; below this, another pyramid; it is placed like a man, and within it a man, upon whom was a breast-plate of gold set with jewels; upon his breast was a sword of invaluable price; and at his head a carbuncle of the bigness of an egg, shining like the light of the day; and upon him were characters written with a pen, no man knows what they signify. After Almonim had opened it, men entered into it for many years, and descended by the slippery passage which is in it; and some of them came out safe, and others died.' — Grocave's Pyramids Shadow.
an account of its wondrous properties as in a passage of Thaurus, quoted by Stephenson in his Notes to Saxon-Grammaticus.

" Whilst the King was at Bologna, a stone, wonderful in its species and nature, was brought to him from the East by a man unknown, who appeared by his manners to be a Barbarian. It sparkled so through all burning with an incredible splendor: flashing, radiance, and shooting on every side its beams, it filled the surrounding air to a great distance with a light scarcely by any eyes endurable. In this also it was wonderful, that being most impatient of the earth, if it was confined, it would force its way, and, having broke through, could be contained by any art of man in a narrow place, but appeared only to love those of ample extent. It was of the utmost purity, stained by no soil or spot. Certain-shaped it had none, for its figure was inconsistent and momentarily changing, and though at a distance it was beautiful to the eye, it would not suffer itself to be handled with impunity, but hurt those who obstinately struggled with it, as many persons before many spectators experienced. If by chance any part of it was broken off, for it was not very hard, it became nothing less," — Thaurus, lib. 8.

In the Mirror of Stones, Carbuncles are said to be male and female. The females throw out their brightness; the stars appear burning within the males. Like many other jewels, the Carbuncle was supposed to be an animal substance, formed in the serpent. The serpent's leggings were pictured in the song of the charmer, as related in an after-note. Book 9.

Yet lament it for good. — 31, p. 229.

Adam, says a Moorish author, after having eaten the forbidden fruit, sought to hide himself under the shade of the trees that form the bowers of Paradise: the Gold and Silver trees refused their shade to the father of the human race. God asked them why they did so? Because, replied the Trees, Adam has transgressed against your commandment. Ye have done well, answered the Creator; and that your fidelity may be rewarded, 'tis my decree that men shall hereafter become your slaves, and that in search of you they shall dig into the very bowels of the earth. — Chaffers.

The black-lead of Borrodale is described as lying in the mine in the form of a tree; it hath a body or root, and veins or branches fly from it in different directions: the root or body is the same black-lead, and the branches at the extremities the worst the farther they fly. The veins or branches sometimes shoot out to the surface of the ground. — Hutchison's Hist. of Cumberland.

They have bound by experience, that the vein of gold is a living tree, and that the same by all wails that it sprawled and springeth from the roots of the same, that it was contained with the utmost parts of the earth, and caecath not until it discovereth itself to the open air: at which time it showeth forth certaine beautiful colours in the strede of ffruits, round stones of golden earth in the steed of frutes; and thinne plates instead of leaves. They say that the root of the golden tree extendeth to the center of the earth, and there taketh nourishment of increase: for the deeper that they dig, they finde the trunks thereof to be so much the greater, as farrer as they may follow it, for abundance of water springe in the mountaines. Of the branches of this tree, they finde some so small as a thread, and others as bigge as a man's finger, according to the largeness or smallness of the rifles and cliiftes. They have sometimes chanced upon whole caves, sustained and borne up as it were with golden pillars, and this in the wails by which the branches ascended, and within filled with the substance of the trunk creeping from beneath, the branch maketh itself waile by which it made passe out. It is often

* Note. This note was written, I have found in Ptolemy the history of this tale, in the first or fifth age of fire, by a Persian philos- opher, called Parnemio by the Spanish author, and published by him in a Descrip. De abilibe rerum causae. From hence it was extracted, and was to a rich and learned Mahometan physician, who did more than ordinary work, De Arcana Natura. However, a copy of this letter came into the hands of Thomas. He discovered the deception too late, for a second edition of his history and had been previously published at Finsbury.

times divided, by encountering with some kind of hard stone: yet is it in other cliiftes nourished by the exhalations and virtue of the roots. — Pietro Martire.

Metals, says Herrera, (5, 3, 15,) are like plants hidden in the bowels of the earth, with their trunk and boughs, which are the veins; for it appears in a certain manner, that like plants they go on growing, not because they have any inward life, but because they are produced in the entrails of the earth by the virtue of the sun and of the planets; and so they go on increasing. And as metals are thus, as it were, plants hidden in the earth; so plants are animals fixed to one place, sustained by the aliment which Nature has provided for them at their birth: And to animals, as they have a more perfect being, a sense and knowledge hath been given, to go about and seek their aliment. So that barren earth is the support of metal, and fertile earth of plants, and plants of animals: the less perfect serving the more perfect.

The fine gold work, &c. — 31, p. 229.

A great number of stringy fibres seem to stretch out from the boughs of the Palm, on each side, which cross one another in such a manner, that they take out from between the boughs a sort of silk like close not-work, and this they spin out with the hand, and with it make cords of all sizes, which are mostly used in Egypt. They also make it of sort of brush for clothes. — Psovets.

Crouched by this Ninon's throne: — 32, p. 229.

Shedad was the first King of the Adites, I have orna-
mented his palace less profusely than the Oriental writers who describe it. In the notes to the Bahar-Dinahb is the follow-
ing account of its magnificence from the Tafihat al-Majalis. A pleasant and elevated spot being fixed upon, Shuddad directed chief workmen to take up, and to hand round the completion. When finished, Shuddad marched to view it; and, when arrived near, divided two hundred thousand youthful slaves, whose he had brought with him from Damascus, into four detachments, which were stationed in cantonments prepared for their reception on each side of the garden, towards which he marched, furnished with his favorite quarters. Suddenly he was heard in the air a voice like thunder, and Shuddad, looking up, beheld a personage of majestic figure and stern aspect, who said, " I am the Angel of Death, commissioned to seize thy impure soul." Shuddad exclaimed, " Give me liberty to enter the garden," and was descending from his horse, when the seizer of life snatched away his impure spirit, and he fell dead upon the ground. At the same time lightning flashed, and destroyed the whole army of the infidel; and the rose-garden of Irizm became concealed from the sight of man.

O Shedad! only in the hour of death. — 33, p. 229.

Lammi relates, that a great Monarch, whom he does not name, having erected a superb Palace, wished to show it to every man of talents and taste in the city; he therefore invited them to a banquet, and after the repast was finished, asked them if they knew any building more magnificent, and more perfect, in the architecture, in the ornaments, and in the furniture. All the guests contented themselves with expressing admiration, and lavishing praise, except one, who led a retired and austere life, and was one of those persons whom the Arabs call Zihed.

This man spoke very freely to the Prince, and said him, I find a great defect in this building; it is, that the foundations are not good, nor the walls sufficiently strong, so that Azazel
can enter on every side, and the Sarsar can easily pass through. And when they showed him the walls of the Palace ornamented with gold, of which the marvellous workmanship surpassed in costliness the richness of the materials, he replied, There is still a great inconvenience here; it is, that we can never estimate these works well, till we are laid backwards. Signifying by these words, that we never understand these things rightly, till we are upon our death-bed, when we discover their vanity. — D’Herbelot.

_Breath'd through his neverless lips, &c._ — 41, p. 220.

Los corredos palabras parecían salir por una trompa resonante, y que las gertos labios no movían.

_Lupercio Leonardo._


_And err not from their aim! — 42, p. 220.

Death is come up into our windows, and entered into our palaces, to eat off the children from without, and the young men from the streets. — Jeremiah, ix. 21.

The Trees shall give fruit, and who shall gather them? The Grapes shall ripen, and who shall tread them? for all places shall be desolate of men. — 2 Esdras, xvi. 25.

For strong is his right hand that bendeth the bow, his arrows that he shooteth are sharp, and shall not miss when they begin to be shot into the ends of the world.

2 Esdras, xvi. 13.

_Sees mankind to partake of life._ — 48, p. 231.

There are several trees or shrubs of the genus Mimosa. One of these trees drops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retire under "its shade. This mute hospitality has so endeared this tree to the Arabians, that the injuring or cutting of it down is strictly prohibited. — Niebuhr.

_Let fall the drops of bitterness and death._ — 52, p. 231.

The Angel of Death, say the Rabbis, heldeth his sword in his hand at the bed’s head, having on the end thereof three drops of gall; the sick man spying 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. — Paremus.

Possibly the expression — to taste the bitterness of death — may refer to this.

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**THE SECOND BOOK.**

_Sit lictor expers vita mensamque, capesant
Jussa tamen superans venti._

_Mambrouni Constantinus._

1. Nor in the desert,
Son of Hodeirah,
Thou art abandon’d!
The co-existent fire,
Which in the Dens of Darkness burnt for thee,
Burns yet, and yet shall burn.

2. In the Domdaniel caverns,
Under the Roots of the Ocean,
Met the Masters of the Spell.
Before them in the vault,
Blazing unfuell’d from its floor of rock,

Ten magic flames arose.
"Burn, mystic fires," Abdaldar cried;
"Burn while Hodeirah’s dreadful race exist.
This is the appointed hour,
The hour that shall secure these dens of night.

3. "Dim they burn!" exclaim’d Lobaba;
"Dim they burn, and now they waver! Okba lifts the arm of death;
They waver,— they go out!"

4. "Curse on his hasty hand!"
Khawla exclaim’d in wrath,
The woman-fend exclaim’d;
"Curse on his hasty hand, the fool hath fail’d;
Eight only are gone out."

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 uncouth Spirit’s name inscribed beneath.
The checks 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 threatens the Masters of the Spell?"
The dead lips moved and spake,
"The Fire still burns that threatens
The Masters of the Spell."

7. "Curse on thee, Okba!" Khawla cried,
As to the den the Sarsar came;
He bore the dagger in his hand,
Red from the murder of Hodeirah’s race.
"Behold those unextinguish’d flames!
The Fire still burns that threatens
The Masters of the Spell!
Okba, wert thou weak of heart?
Okba, wert thou blind of eye?
Thy fate and ours were on the lot,
And we believed the lying Stars,
That said thy hand might seize the auspicious hour!
Thou hast let slip the reins of Destiny,—
Curse thee, curse thee, Okba!"

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
From this envenom’d blade.
Ye frown at me as if the will had fail’d;
As if ye did not know
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My double danger from Hodeirah's race,
The deeper hate I feel,
The stronger motive that inspired my arm!
Ye drown 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 unpiercable had risen,
A cloud that mock'd my searching eyes.
I would have prob'd it with a dagger-point;
The dagger was repell'd:
A Voice came forth, and said,
'Son of Perdition, cease! Thou canst not change
What in the Book of Destiny is written.'"

9.
Khwala to the Teraph turn'd —
"Tell me where the Prophet's hand
Hides our destined foe."
The dead lips spake again —
"I view the seas, I view the land,
I search the Ocean and the Earth!
Not on Ocean is the Boy,
Not on Earth his steps are seen."

10.
"A mightier power than we," Lobaba cried,
"Protects our destined foe.
Look! look! one Fire burns dim!
It quivers! it goes out!"

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 edge
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 splendor cast,
The broad base rolling up in wavy streams,
Bright as the summer lightning when it spreads
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 Sorceress on each other gazed,
And every face, all pale with fear,
And glist'ny, in that light was seen,
Like a dead man's, by the sepulchral lamp.

13.
Even Khwala, fiercest of the enchanter brood,
Not without effort drew
Her fear-suspended breath.
Amsa a deeper rage
Inflamed her reddening eye.
"Mighty is thy power, Mahommed!"
Loud in blasphemy she cried;
"But Eblis would not stoop to Man, When Man, fair-statured as the stately palm,
From his Creator's hand
Was undefiled and pure.
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?"

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,
And lo! before her stands
Her Demon Minister.
"Spirit!" the Enchantress cried,
"Where lives the Boy, coeval with whose life
Yon magic Fire must burn?"

15.
DEMON.
Mistress of the mighty Spell,
Not on Ocean, not on Earth;
Only eyes that view
Allah's glory-throne,
See his hiding-place.
From some believing Spirit, ask and learn.

16.
"Bring the dead Hodeirah here,"
Khwala 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,
The blood not yet had clotted on his wound.

17.
The Sorceress look'd, and, with a smile
That kindled to more fiendishness
Her hideous features, cried,
"Where art thou, Hodeirah, now?
Is thy soul in Zemzem-well?
Is it in the Eden groves?
Waitst it for the judgment-blast
In the trump of Israel?
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!"
18. The lot of Abdaldar is drawn.
Thirteen moons must wax and wane
Ere the Sorcerer quit his quest.
He must visit every tribe
That roam the desert wilderness,
Or dwell beside perennial streams;
Nor leave a solitary tent unsearch'd,
Till he hath found the Boy,—
The dreaded Boy, whose blood alone
Can quench that fated Fire.

19. 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?"

20. "God! God!" Hodeirah cried,
"Release me from this life,
From this intolerable agony!"

21. "Speak!" cried the Sorceress, and she snatch'd
A Viper from the floor,
And with the living reptile lash'd his neck.
Wreathed round him with the blow,
The reptile tighter drew her folds,
And raised her wrathful head,
And fix'd into his face
Her deadly teeth, and shed
Poison in every wound.
In vain! for Allah heard Hodeirah's prayer,
And Khawla on a corpse
Had wrack'd her baffled rage.
The fated Fire moved on,
And round the Body wrapt its funeral flames,
The flesh and bones in that portentous pile
Consumed; the Sword alone,
Circled with fire, was left.

22. Where is the Boy for whose hand it is destined?
Where the Destroyer who one day shall wield
The Sword that is circled with fire?
Race accursed, try your charms!
Masters of the mighty Spell,
Mutter o'er your words of power!
Ye can scatter the dwellings of man;
Ye can open the womb of the rock;
Ye can shake the foundations of earth,
But not the Word of God;
But not one letter can ye change
Of what his Will hath written!

23. Who shall seek through Araby
Hodeirah's dreaded son?
They mingle the Arrows of Chance,
Servant of Eblis,  
Seek the Destroyer!

29.  
From tribe to tribe, from town to town,  
From tent to tent, Abdalbar pass’d.  
Him every morn the all-befooling Eye  
Saw from his couch, unhallow’d by a prayer,  
Rise to the scent of blood;  
And every night lie down,  
That rankling hope within him, that by day  
Goaded his steps, still stinging him in sleep,  
And startling him with vain accomplishment  
From visions still the same.  
Many a time his wary hand  
To many a youth applied the Ring;  
And still the imprison’d Fire  
Within its crystal socket lay compress’d,  
Impatient to be free.

30.  
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 seemly 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.

31.  
The Magician approach’d the Tree;  
He lean’d on his staff, like a way-faring man,  
And the sweat of his travel was seen on his brow.  
He ask’d for food, and lo!  
The Damsel proffers him her lap of dates;  
And the Stripling descends, and runs to the tent,  
And brings him forth water, the draught of delight.

32.  
Anon the Master of the tent,  
The Father of the family,  
Came forth, a man in years, of aspect mild.  
To the stranger approaching he gave  
The friendly saluting of peace,  
And bade the skin be spread.  
Before the tent they spread the skin,  
Under a Tamarind’s shade,  
That, bending forward, stretch’d  
Its boughs of beauty far.

33.  
They brought the Traveller rice,  
With no false colors tinged to tempt the eye,  
But white as the new-fallen snow,  
When never yet the sullying Sun  
Hath seen its purity,  
Nor the warm zephyr touch’d and tainted it.  
The dates of the grove before their guest  
They laid, and the luscious fig,  
And water from the well.

34.  
The Damsel from the Tamarind-tree  
Had pluck’d its acid fruit,  
And steep’d it in water long;  
And whose drank of the cooling draught,  
He would not wish for wine.  
This to their guest the Damsel brought,  
And a modest pleasure kindled her cheek,  
When, raising from the cup his moisten’d lips,  
The stranger smiled, and praised, and drank again.

35.  
Whither is gone the Boy?  
He had pierced the Melon’s pulp,  
And closed with wax the wound;  
And he had duly gone to morn,  
And watch’d its ripening rind,  
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.  
Abdalbar aye, and he was satisfied:  
And now his tongue discoursed  
Of regions far remote,  
As one whose busy feet had travell’d long  
The Father of the family,  
With a calm eye and quiet smile,  
Sate pleased to hearken him.  
The 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.  
Look! how his eye delightedly glances thine!—  
Look! how his open lips  
Gape at the winning tale!—  
And nearer now he comes,  
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 fled.

39.  
While the sudden shot of joy  
Made pale Abdalbar’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!"  
The Boy the water brought:  
After the law they purified themselves,  
And bent their faces to the earth in prayer;  
40.  
All, save Abdalbar; 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 Simonoo pass.  
They rose, and lo! the Sorcerer lying dead,  
Holding the dagger in his blasted hand.  

NOTES TO BOOK II.  

A Teraph stood against the earen side. — 5, p. 236.  
The manner how the Teraphim were made is fondly  
conceited thus among the Rabbees. They killed a man that was  
a first-born son, and wrong off his head, and seasoned it with  
salt and spices, and wrote upon a plate of gold the name of  
an unclean spirit, and put it under the head upon a wall, and  
lighted candles before it, and worshipped it. — Godgara's  
Moses and Aaron.  
By Rabbi Eleazar, it is said to be the head of a child.  

Elpis. — 13, p. 237.  
The Devil, whom Mahomed names Elpis, from his dis-  
spair, was once one of those angels who are nearest to God's  
presence, called Azazil; and fell (according to the doctrine  
of the Koran) for refusing to pay homage to Adam at the  
command of God:  
Said  
God created the body of Adam of Salat, that is, of dry but  
unbaked clay; and left it forty nights, or, according to others,  
fourty years, lying without a soul; and the Devil came to it,  
and kicked it, and it sounded. And God breathed into it  
a soul with his breath, sending it in at the eyes; and he himself  
saw his nose still dry clay, and the soul running through him,  
till it reached his feet, when he stood upright. — Maroci.  
In the Nuremberg Chronicle is a print of the creation of  
Adam; the body is half made, growing out of a heap of clay  
under the Creator's hands. A still more absurd print repre-  
sents Eve hatching in the breast of his side.  
The fullest Mahomedan Genesis is to be found in Rabadam  
the Morisco's Poem.  
God, designing to make known to his whole choir of Angels,  
bright and low, his scheme concerning the Creation, called the  
Archangel Gabriel, and delivering to him a pen and paper,  
commanded him to draw out an instrument of fenity and  
hanse; in which, as God had dictated to his Secretary  
Gabriel, were specified the pleasures and delights he ordained  
to his creatures in this world; the term of years he would  
allot them still dry clay, and the soul running through him in  
this life was to be employed. This being done, Gabriel said, Lord,
what must I write? The pen resisteth, and refuseth to be guided forwards! — God then took the deed, and, before he folded it, signed it with his sacred hand, and affixed thereto  
what his royal siguer, as an indication of his incomestable and irre-  
receivable promise and covenant. Then Gabriel was commanded to convey what he had written throughout the hosts of Angels;  
with orders that they all, without exception, should full down  
and worship the same; and it was so abundantly replenished with glory, that the angelical potencies universally reverenced  
and paid homage therunto. Gabriel, returning, said, O Lord!  
I have obeyed thy commands; what else am I to do? God replied, Close up the writing in this crystal; for this is the  
invincible covenant of the fenity the mortals I will hereafter  
create shall pay unto me, and by the which they shall ac- 
knowledge me. El Hassan tells us, that as soon as had the  
blessed Angel clothed the said crystal, but as soon as he  
uttered a voice issued out thereof, and it cast so unusual  
and glorious a light, that, with the surprise of so great and unex-  
pected a mystery, the Angel remained fixed and immovable;  
and although he had a most ardent desire to let into the  
secret arcana of such a wonderful present, yet all his innate  
courage and heavenly singanimity were not sufficient to  
fhish him with assurance, or power, to make the inquiry.  
All being now completed, and put in order, God said to his  
Angels, *Which of you will descend to the Earth, and bring  
me up a handful of the Earth?* When the Archeons and  
heralds of the Lord, so glorious and sovereign as ours is, a thing so filthy, and of a form and composition so  
vile and despisably! and in effect, they all returned, fully  
determined not to meddle with it. After these went others,  
and then more; but not one of them, either first or last, dared  
to defile the purity of their hands with it. Upon which  
Assariel, in an extraordinary stature, flew down,  
and, from the four corners of the Earth, brought up a handful  
of it which God had commanded. From the south and the  
north, from the west and from the east, took he it; of all  
which four different qualities, human bodies are composed.  
The Almighty being desirous of knowing in what manner he  
graduated this in himself, in the beyond the rest of the Angels,  
and taking particular notice of his godly form and stature,  
said to him, *O Assariel, it is my pleasure to constitute thee  
to be Death itself; thou shalt be him who separath the souls  
from the bodies of those creatures I am about to make; and  
therefore shalt be called Assariel, Maker of Mort, or Assariel,  
The Angel of Death.*  
Then God caused the Earth, which Assariel had brought,  
to be washed and purified in the fountains of Heaven; and  
El Hasan tells us, that thereby it became so resplendently clear,  
that it cast a more shining and beautiful light than the Sun in  
its utmost glory. Gabriel was then commanded to convey this  
lovely, though as yet inniminate, lump of clay, throughout  
the Heavens, the Earths, the Centres, and the Seas; to the intent,  
and with a positive injunction, that whatsoever life had  
might behold it, and pay homage and reverence thereto.  
When the Angels saw all these incomprehensible mysteries,  
and that so beautiful an image, they said, *Lord! if it will  
be pleasing in thy sight, we will, in thy most high and mighty  
name, prostrate ourselves before it!* To which voluntary pro-  
stration, God replied: I will not hinder thee, nor suffer  
you to stand, or kneel, or descend to the earth, and I command you so to do: — when instantly they all  
lowered, inclining their shining celestial concomittences at  
his feet; only Elpis detained himself, obstinately refusing;  
proudly and arrogantly valuing himself upon his heavenly compo-  
sition. *To receive a God,' thus sternly said he. It is more safe, said they, to Adam.* He made a show of doing so, but remained only  
upon his knees, and then rose up, before he had performed  
what God had commanded him. When the Angels behold  
his insolence and disobedience, they a second time prostrated  
themselves, to complete what the haughty and presumptuous  
Angels had left undone. From hence it is, that in all our  
prayers, at each invocation of the body, we make two prostra- 
tions, one immediately after the other. God being highly  
incensed against the rebellious Elpis, said unto him, *Why  
didst thou not receive the commands I have made thee? Go  
and other Angels all have done!* To which Elpis replied, *I  
will never lesse or disgrace my grandeur so much, as to  
humble myself to a piece of clay; i, who am an immortal  
Sorcerer, of so approposely a greater excellency than that; i,  
whom thou didst create out of the celestial fire, what an in-  
dignity would it be to my splendor, to pay homage to a thing  
composed of so vile a metal!* The irritated Monarch, with a  
voice of thunder, then pronounced against him this direful  
antithema and anathetation: Beggom, enemy; depart, rebel,  
from my abode; and by thy name wouldst thou now exal- 
the celestial dominions. — Go, thou accursed flaying thunderbolt of fire! My curse pursue thee! My condemnation overtake thee! My torments afflict thee! And my chastisement accompany thee! — Thus fell this enemy of God and man-kind, both he, and all his followers and abettors, who sided or
BOOK II.

NOTES TO THALABA THE DESTROYER.

were partners with him in his pride and presumptuous disobedience.

God now was pleased to publish and make manifest his design of animating Man, out of the dead and independent crystal: and accordingly commanded Gabriel to breathe into the body of clay, that it might become flesh and blood: But at the instant, as the immaculate Spirit was going to enter therein, it returned, and humbling itself before the Lord, said, O Merciful King! for what reason hast thou thus in tendest to enclose me in this base sense? I, who am thy servant, thou shalt not up within mine enemy, where my purity shall be defiled, and where, against my will, I shall disobey thee, without being able to resist the instigation and power of this rebellious flesh: whereby I shall become liable to suffer the rigorous punishment, insupportable and unequal to my strength, for having perpetrated the enormities obnoxious to the frailty of human flesh: Spare me, O Lord; spare me! suffer me not to taste of this bitter draught! To thee it belongeth to command, and to me to supplicate thee.

Thus spoke the pure and unsnared Spirit, when God, to give it some satisfaction to these complaints, and that it might contentedly resign itself to obey his commands, ordered it should be conducted near his throne, where, in innumerable and infinite parts thereof, it beheld certain letters deciphered up and down, importing, Michaels the triumphant leader! And over all the seven heavens, on their gates, and in all their books, he saw those words stamped, exceedingly bright and resplendent. This was the blazon which all the Angels and other celestial beings carried between their beautiful eyes, and for their devices on their apparel.

The Spirit, having seen all this, returned to the throne of glory, and being very desirous to understand the signification of those ciphers and characters, he asked, What name was that which shined so in every place? To which question God answered, Know, that from thee, and from that flesh, shall proceed a chieflain, a leader, who shall bear that name, and use that language; by whom, and for whose sake, I the Lord, the heavens, the earths, and the seas, shall be honored, as shall likewise all who believe in that name.

The Spirit, hearing these wonders, immediately conceived so mighty a love to the body, a love not to be expressed, nor even imagined, that it longed with impatience to enter into it; which it had no sooner done, but it miraculously and artifici ally was influenced and distilled into every individual part and member thereof, whereby the body became animated.

And with the living sepulchre he laid his neck. — 22, p. 338.

Excepeting in this line, I have avoided all resemblance to the powerful poetry of Lucan.

Aesop, istorum proiecti corporis univom, Exebiunta artes, terrique clausura tumetem Carceris antiquo: paret in auctus apertam, Vicescopum, et cyptus introit evocare floribus. 

Ab miser, extremum est mories munus unique Exepitur, non posse mori: mortuar Erichicho 

Hus futur licetius moris tuncae morti, 

Verboram immutat vivo aecrate cadaver.

* * * * * 

Proemius astrictus evicit errore, atque fœnit 

Vulcanum, et in sensum extremum membrum cruciat.

Perseus gelide tropiçat sub pictore fibris: 

Et neca divitis suberpea vidit medullis; 

Necavit mortis: tunc omnis polpitus artes: 

Tenduntur nectes: ut se tollere cohever 

Paulatin per membros foet, terroque repulsum est, 

Erectumque simul. 

Dissipat lumina ricta 

Nivulat, quæ visceres in silia; 

Jum morientes erat; resuscit pallorques rigore, 

Et stipulat tabulas mundo.

LUCA.

A curious instance of French taste occurs in this part of Brocfeu's translation. The re-animated corpse is made the corpse of Burrus, of whose wife, Octavia, Sextus is en- 

moured. Octavius learnt that her husband had fallen in battle; she seeks his body, but in vain. A light at length leads to the scene of Erichtho's insinuations, and she beholds Burrus, to all appearance, living. The witch humanely allows them time for a long conversation, which is very complimentary on the part of the husband.

Burbreus was a man of genius. The Phœnix is as well 

remembered in his version as it can be in the detestable French heroic couplet, which epigrammatizes every thing. He had courage enough, though a Frenchman, to admire Lucan,—and yet could not translate him without introducing a love-story.

They mingle the Arrows of Chance. — 24, p. 338.

This was one of the superstitions of the Pagan Arabs for hidden by Mahommed.

The mode of divining by arrows was seen by PictO Della 

Valle at Aleppo. The Mahomedan conjurer made two 

persons sit down, one facing the other, and gave each of 

them four arrows, which they were to hold perpendicularly, the point toward the ground. After questioning them concerning the business of which they wished to be informed, he must 
ered his invitations; and the eight arrows, by virtue of these 

charms, altered their shape and posture, and placed themselves point to point. Whether those on the left, or those on the right, were above the others, decided the question.

The powerful gem, &c. — 25, p. 328.

Some imagine that the crystal is snow turned to ice, which has been hardening thirty years, and is turned to a rock by age. — Mirror of Stones, by Quinlanus Tondarbus, physician of Pisaro, dedicated to Cæsar Borgia.

In the cabinet of the Prince of Monco, among other rarities, are two pieces of crystal, each larger than both hands clenched together. In the middle of one is about a glass-full of water, and in the other is some moss, naturally enclosed there when the crystals congealed. These pieces are very curious. — Tournier.

Crystal, precious stones, every stone that has a regular figure, and even flints in small masses, and consisting of concentric coats, which are found in the peperdicalciousness of rocks, or elsewhere, are only exudations, or the con creting juices of flint in large masses; they are, therefore, new and spurious productions, the genuine stalactites of flint or of granite. — Buffon.

Gem of the gem, &c. — 27, p. 388.

Burguillus, or Lope de Vega, makes an odd metaphor from such an illustration:


Hagar, being near her time, and not able any longer to endure the ill-treatment she received from Sara, resolved to run away. Abraham, coming to hear of her discontent, and fearing she might make away with the child, especially if she came to be delivered without the assistance of some other women, followed her, and found her already delivered of a son; who, dancing with his little feet upon the ground, had made way for a spring to break forth. But the water of the spring came forth in such abundance, as also with such violence, that Hagar could not draw enough from her breast, which was then very great. Abram, coming to the place, com- 
manded the spring to glide more gently, and to suffer that water might be drawn out of it to drink; and having thereupon stayed the course of it with a little bank of mud, he took of it, to make Hagar and her child drink. The same spring is in this day called Seamen, from Abraham making use of that word to say it. — Olearius.
Before the tent they spread the skin. — 33, p. 239.

With the Arabs either a round skin is laid on the ground for a small company, or large, coarse woolen cloths for a great number, spread all over the room, and about ten dishes repeated six or seven times over, laid round at a great feast, and whole sheep and lambs boiled and roasted in the middle. When one company has done, another sits round, even to the meanest, till all is consumed. And an Arab Prince will often dine in the street before his door, and call to all that pass, even beggars, in the usual expression, Daisälläh, that is, in the name of God; who come and sit down, and when they have done, give their Hamdelläh, that is, God be praised; for the Arabs, who are great levellers, put every body on a footing with them, and it is by such generosity and hospitality that they maintain their interest. — Pococke.

With no false colors, &c. — 33, p. 239.

'Tis the custom of Persia to begin their feasts with fruits and preserves. We spent two hours in eating only these and drinking beer, hydromel, and aquavitæ. Then was brought up the meat in great silver dishes; they were full of rice of divers colors, and upon that, several sorts of meat, boiled and roasted, as beef, mutton, tune foul, wild ducks, fish, and other things, all very well ordered, and very delicate. The Persians use no knives at table, but the cooks send up the meat ready cut up into little bits, so that it was no trouble to us to accustom ourselves to their manner of eating. Rice serves them instead of bread. They take a mouthful of it, with the two fore-fingers and the thumb, and to put it into their mouths. Every table has a carver, whom they call Suffret-zi, who takes the meat brought up in the great dishes, to put it into lesser ones, which he fills with three or four sorts of meat, so that every dish may serve two, or at most three persons. There was but little drunk till towards the end of the repast, and then the cups went about roundly, and the dinner was concluded with a vessel of porcelain, full of a hot, blackish kind of drink, which they call Kuhawa, (Coffee.) — Ambassadors Travels.

They hid upon the floor of the Ambassador's room a fine silk cloth, on which there were set one and thirty dishes of silver, filled with several sorts of conserves, dry and liquid, and raw fruits, as Melons, Citrons, Quinces, Pears, and some others not known in Europe. Some time after, that cloth was taken away, that another might be hid in the room of it, and upon this was set rice of all sorts of colors, and all sorts of meat, boiled and roasted, in above fifty dishes of the same metal. — Ambassadors Travels.

There is not any thing more ordinary in Persia than rice soaked in water; they call it Hūn, and eat of it at all their meals, and serve it up in all their dishes. They sometimes put thereto a little of the juice of pomegranate, or cherries and astring, inso much that commonly you have rice of several colors in the same dish. — Ambassadors Travels.

And whose drunk of the cooling draught. — 31, p. 239.

The Tamarind is equally useful and agreeable; it has a pulp of a vinous taste, of which a wholesome, refreshing liquor is prepared; its shade shelters houses from the torrid heat of the sun, and its fine figure greatly adorns the scenery of the country. — Niebuhr.

He had pierced the Melon's pulp. — 35, p. 239.

Of pumpkins and melons, several sorts grow naturally in the woods, and serve for feeding camels. But the proper melons are planted in the fields, where a great variety of them is to be found, and in such abundance, that the Arabians of all ranks use them as some part of the year, as their principal article of food. They afford a very agreeable liquor. When its fruit is nearly ripe, a hole is pierced into the pulp; this hole is then stopped with wax, and the melon left upon the stalk. Within a few days the pulp is, in consequence of this process, converted into a delicious liquor. — Niebuhr.

And listned, with fall bands. — 35, p. 239.

L'aspect imprévu de tent de Castilans, D'étonnent, d'effroi, pris où regards brillants; Ses dents en dix choses des fruits se formaient une étude,

Devant un moment dans le même attitude.

Nadarme Doucere, La Colombade

It is the hour of prayer. — 39, p. 239.

The Arameans divide their day into twenty-four hours, and reckon them from one setting sun to another. As very few among them know what a watch is, and as they conceive but imperfectly the duration of an hour, they usually determine time almost as when we say, it happened about noon, about evening, &c. The moment when the sun disappears is called Maggris; about two hours afterwards they call it Ed ascita; two hours later, El Mafsa; midnight, Nus al Eljī; the dawn of morning, El feldji; sunrise, Ed subh. They eat about midnight; rice in the form of peas, that meal is called El phabolá; melons, El sudhab; three hours after noon, El awr. Of all these divisions of time, only noon and midnight are well ascertained; they both fall upon the twelfth hour. The others are earlier or later as the days are short or long. The five hours appointed for prayer are Maggris, Nus al Eljī, El fuljub, Dubhār, and El awr. — Niebuhr, Dres. & l'Arabe.

The Turks say, in allusion to their canonical hours, that prayer is a tree which produces five sorts of fruit, two of which the sun sees, and three of which he never sees. — Pietro della Valle.

After the law they purified themselves. — 35, p. 240.

The use of the bath was forbidden the Moriscos in Spain, as being an anti-Christian custom. I recollect no superstition but the Romans in which nastiness is accounted a virtue; "as it," says Jortin, "piety and faith were synonymous, and religion, like the itch, could be caught by wearing foul clothes."

Felt not the Simoom pass. — 40, p. 240.

The effects of the Simoom are instant suffocation to every living creature that happens to be within the sphere of its activity, and immediate putrefaction of the carcasses of the dead. The Arabsians discern its approach by an unusual reduction in the air, and they say that they feel a smell of sulphur as it passes. The only means by which any person can preserve himself from suffering by these vicious blasts, is by throwing himself down with his face upon the earth, till this whirlwind of poisonous exhalations has blown over, and always moves at a certain height in the atmosphere. Instant even teaches the brutes to incline their heads to the ground on these occasions. — Niebuhr.

The Arabs of the desert call these winds Semum, or poison, and the Turks Shamgela, or wind of Syria, from which it is formed the Semel.

Their heat is sometimes so excessive, that it is difficult to form any idea of its violence without having experienced it; but it may be compared to the heat of a large oven at the moment of drawing out the bread. When these winds begin to blow, the atmosphere assumes an alarming aspect. The sky, at other times so clear in this climate, becomes dark and heavy; the sun loses his splendor, and appears of a violet color. The air is not cloudy, but gray and thick, and is in fact filled with an extremely subtle dust, which penetrates every where. This wind, always light and rapid, is not at first remarkably hot, but it increases in heat in proportion as it continues. All animated bodies soon discover it, by the change it produces in them. The lungs, which a too rarified air no longer expands, are contracted, and become painful. Respiration is short and difficult, the skin parched and dry, and the body consumed by an internal heat. In vain is recourse had to large draughts of water; nothing can restore
perspiration. In vain is coolest hought for; all bodies in which it is usual to find it, doth the hand that touches them. Marble, iron, water, notwithstanding the sun no longer appears, are hot. The streets are deserted, and the dead silence of night reigned everywhere. The inhabitants of houses and villages shot themselves up in their houses, and those of the desert in their tents, or in pits they dug in the earth, where they wait the termination of this destructive heat. It usually lasts three days; but if it exceeds that time, it becomes insupportable. Wax to the traveller whose this wind surprises remote from shelter! he must suffer all its dreadful consequences, which sometimes are mortal. The danger is most imminent when it blows in squalls, for then the rapidity of the wind increases the heat to such a degree as to cause sudden death. This death is a real suffocation; the lungs, being empty, are convulsed, the circulation disordered, and the whole mass of blood driven by the heart towards the head and breast; whence that hemorrhage at the nose and mouth which happens after death. This wind is especially fatal to persons of a plethoric habit, and those in whom fatigue has destroyed the tone of the muscles and the vessels. The corpse remains a long time warm, swells, turns blue, and is easily separated; all which are signs of that putrid fermentation which takes place in animal bodies when the humors become stagnant. These accidents are to be avoided by stopping the nose and mouth with handkerchiefs; an incessuous method likewise is that practised by the camels, who bury their noses in the sand, and keep them there till the squall is over.

Another quality of this wind is its extreme aridity; which is such, that water sprinkled on the floor evaporates in a few minutes. By this extreme dryness, it withers and strips all the plants; and by exalting too suddenly the emanations from animal bodies, cramps the skin, chokes the pores, and causes that feverish heat which is the invariable effect of suppressed perspiration. — Pococke.

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.

Moallakat. Poesy of Travels.

I.

Thalaba.

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

Oneiza.

O yes — yea!
A wicked man! whate’er is his must needs
Be wicked too!

Thalaba.

But see, — the sparkling stone!
How it hath caught the glory of the Sun,
And shoots it back again in lines of light!

Oneiza.

Why do you take it from him, Thalaba? —
And look at it so close? — it may have charms
To blind, or poison; — throw it in the grave! —
I would not touch it!

Thalaba.

And around its rim
Strange letters —

Oneiza.

Bury it — oh! bury it!

Thalaba.

It is not written as the Koran is:
Some other tongue perchance; — the accused man
Said he had been a traveller.

Moath, (coming from the tent)

Thalaba,

What hast thou there?

Thalaba.

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

Moath.

No, Boy; — the letters are not such as ours.
Heap the sand over it! a wicked man
Wears nothing holy.

Thalaba.

Nay! not bury it!
It may be that some traveller, who shall enter
Our tent, may read it; or if we approach
Cities where strangers dwell and learned men,
They may interpret.

Moath.

It were better hid
Under the desert sands. This wretched man,
Whom God hath smitten in the very purpose
And impulse of his unpermitted crime,
Belike was some magician, and these lines
Are of the language that the Demons use.

Oneiza.

Bury it! bury it, dear Thalaba!

Moath.

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

Thalaba.

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

Moath.

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.
thalaba.

His ring has some strange power then?

moath.

Every gem,
So sages say, hath virtue; but the science,
Of difficult attainment; some grow pale,
Conscious of poison, or with sudden change
Of darkness, warn the wearers; some prevaunt
From spells, or blunt the hostile weapon's edge;
Some open rocks and mountains, and lay bare
Their buried treasures: others make the sight
Strong to perceive the presence of those Beings
Through whose pure essence, as through empty air,
The unaided eye would pass;
And in yon stone I deem
Some such mysterious quality resides.

thalaba.

My father, I will wear it.

moath.

thalaba!

thalaba.

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

2.

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

3.

The Sun arose, ascending from beneath
The horizon's circling line.
As Thalaba to his abutions went,
Lo! the grave open, and the corpse exposed!
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 still,
It had not from the grove
Shaken a ripe date down.

4.

Amazed to hear the tale,
Forth from the tent came Moath and his child.
Awhile he stood contemplating the corpse
Silent and thoughtfully;
Then turning, spake to Thalaba, and said,
"I have heard that there are places by the abode
Of holy men, so holly possess'd,
That should a corpse be laid reverently
Within their precincts, the insulted ground,
Impatient of pollution, heaves and shakes
The abomination out.
Have then in elder times the happy feet
Of Patriarch, or of Prophet bless'd the place,
Ishmael, or Houd, or Saleah, or, than all,
Mahommed, holier name? Or is the man
So foul with magic and all blasphemy,
That Earth, like Heaven, rejects him? It is best
Forsake the station. Let us strike our tent.
The place is taint'd—and behold
The Vulture hovers yonder, and his scream
Chides us that still we scare him from the prey.
So let the accurs'd one,
Torn by that beak obscene,
Find fitting sepulture."!

5.

Then from the pollution of death
With water they made themselves pure;
And Thalaba drew up
The fastening of the cords;
And Moath furl'd the tent;
And from the grove of palms Oneiza led
The Camels, ready to receive their load.

6.

The dews had ceased to steam
Toward the climbing sun,
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
Distinctly 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.

7.

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 exclaimed,
"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."

8.

Thalaba answer'd not.
"Spirit!" he cried, "what brings thee here?"
In the name of the Prophet, speak;
In the name of Allah, obey!"

9.

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."
10. "The King! the King!" the youth exclaim'd.
"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 King!
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 Hodeirah
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 fabled Flame.

THALABA.
Bring me his bow and his arrows!

11. Distinctly Moath heard the youth, and She
Who, through the Veil of Separation, watch'd
The while in listening terror, and suspense
All too intent for prayer.
They heard the voice of Thalaba;
But when the Spirit spake, the motionless air
Felt not the subtle sounds,
Too fine for mortal sense.

12. On a sudden the rattle of arrows was heard,
And a quiver was laid at the feet of the youth,
And in his hand they saw Hodeirah's bow.
He eyed the bow, he twang'd the string,
And his heart bounded to the joyous tone.
Anon he raised his voice and cried,
"Go thy way, and never more,
Evil Spirit, haunt our tent!
By the virtue of the Ring,
By Mahommed's holier might,
By the holiest name of God,
Thee, and all the Powers of Hell,
I adjure and I command
Never more to trouble us!"

13. Nor ever from that hour

Did rebel Spirit on the tent intrude;
Such virtue had the Spell.

14. Thus peacefully the vernal years
Of Thalaba past on,
Till now, without an effort, he could bend
Hodeirah's stubborn bow.
Black were his eyes, and bright;
The sunny hue of health
Glow'd on his tawny cheek;
His lip was darken'd by maturing life;
Strong were his shapely limbs, his stature tall;
Peerless among Arabian youths was he.

15. Compassion for the child
Had first old Moath's kindly heart possess'd,
An orphan, waiting in the wilderness;
But when he heard his tale, his wondrous tale,
Told by the Boy, with such eye-speaking truth,
Now with sudden bursts 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!

16. It was the wisdom and the will of Heaven,
That in a lonely tent had cast
The lot of Thalaba;
There might his soul develop 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.

17. 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?
Lo! underneath the broad-leaved sycamore
With lids half-closed he lies,
Dreaming of days to come.
His dog beside him, in mute blandishment,
Now licks his listless hand,
Now lifts an anxious and expectant eye,
Courting the wond'ring caress.

18. 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 out-strain'd tent flags loosely:
Within there is the embers' cheerful glow,
The sound of the familiar voice,
The song that lightens toil,—
Domestic Peace and Comfort are within.
Under the common shelter, on dry sand,
The quiet Camels ruminate their food;
The lengthening cord from Moath 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, hapatly at his feet
Her favorite kidling gnaws the twig,
Forgiven plunderer, for Oneiza's sake.

19.
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.

20.
Or fingers it a vernal brook
Gleaming o'er yellow sands?
Beneath the lofty bank reclin'd,
With idle eye he views its little waves,
Quietly listening to the quiet flow;
While in the breathings of the stirring gale,
The tall canes bend above,
Floating like streamers on the wind
Their lank, uplifted leaves.

21.
Nor rich, nor poor, was Moath; God hath given
Enough, and bless him with a mind content.
No hoarded gold disquieted his dreams;
But ever round his station he beheld
Canals that knew his voice,
And home-birds, grouping at Oneiza's call,
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 he had seen his robe
Grow in Oneiza's loom.
How often, with a memory-mingled joy
Which made her Mother live before his sight,
He watched her nimble fingers thread the wool!
Or at the hand-mill, when she knead and toll'd,
Toss'd the thin cake on spreading palm,
Or fix'd it on the glowing oven's side,
With bare, wet arm, and safe dexterity.

22.
'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.

What if beneath no lamp-illuminated dome,
Its marble walls bedeck'd with flourish'd truth,
Azure and gold adornment? Sinks the word
With deeper influence from the Imam's voice,
Where, in the day of congregation, crowds
Performa 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.

23.
Yet through the purple glow of eve
Shines dimly the white moon.
The slacker'd bow, the quiver, the long lance,
Rest on the pillar of the Tent.

Knitting light palm-leaves for her brother's brow,
The dark-eyed damsel sits;
The Old Man tranquilly
Up his curl'd pipe inhales
The tranquilizing herb.
So listen they the reed of Thalaba,
While his skill'd fingers modulate
The low, sweet, soothing, melancholy tones.

24.
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 favor'd hers,
Oh! even with such a look as fables say
The Mother Ostrich fixes on her egg,
Till 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.

25.
She call'd him Brother; was it sister-love
For which the silver rings
Round her smooth ankles and her tawny arms
Shone daily bright'en'd? for a brother's eye.
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 dark'en'd lids
Gave yet a softer lustre to her eye?
That with such pride she trick'd
Her glossy tresses, and on holyday
Wreathed the red flower-crown round
Their waves of glossy jet?
How happily the days
Of Thalaba went by!
Years of his youth, how rapidly ye fled!

26.
Yet was the heart of Thalaba
Impatient of repose;
Restless he ponder'd still
The task for him decreed,
The mighty and mysterious work announced.
Day by day, with youthful ardor,
He the call of Heaven awaits;
And oft in visions, o'er the murderer's head,
He lifts the avenging arm;
And oft, in dreams, he sees
The Sword that is circled with fire.

27.
One morn, as was their wont, in sportive mood,
The youth and damsels bent Hodeirah's bow;
For with no feeble hand, nor erring aim,
Oneiza could let loose the obedient shaft.
With head back-bending, Thalaba
Shot up the aimless arrow high in air,
Whose line in vain the aching sight pursued,
Lost in the depth of Heaven.

"When will the hour arrive," exclaimed 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?"

28.
"Impatient boy!" quoth Moath, with a smile:
"Impatient Thalaba!" Oneiza cried,
And she too smiled; but in her smile
A mild, reproachful melancholy mix'd.

29.
Then Moath pointed where a cloud
Of locusts, from the desolate fields
Of Syria, wing'd their way.
"Lo! how created things
Obey the written doom!"

30.
Onward they came, a dark, continuous cloud
Of congregated myriads numberless,
The rushing of whose wings was as the sound
Of some broad river, headlong in its course,
Plunged from a mountain summit; or the roar
Of a wild ocean in the autumnal storm,
Shattering its billows on a shore of rocks.
Onward they came; the winds impell'd them on;
Their work was done, their path of ruin past,
Their graves were ready in the wilderness.

31.
"Behold the mighty army!" Moath cried;
"Blistery they move, impell'd
By the blind Element.
And yonder birds, our welcome visitants,
See! where they soar above the imbedded 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 mosque
Place'd with priest-mummery and fantastic rites
Which foil the multitude, hath led them here
From far Khorasan? Allah, who appoints
You swarms to be a punishment of man,
These also hath he doomed to meet their way;
Both passive instruments
Of his all-acting will,
Sole mover He, and only spring of all.

32.
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 past above,
From his relaxing grasp a Locust fell; —
It fell upon the Maiden's robe,
And feebly there it stood, recovering slow.

33.
The admiring girl survey'd
His outspread sails of green:
His gauzy underwings,
One closely to the grass-green body furl'd,
One ruffled in the fall, and half' unclosed.
She view'd his jet-orb'd eyes,
His glossy gogetz bright,
Green-glittering in the sun,
His plumpy, plant horns,
That, nearer as she gazed,
Bent tremulously before her breath.
She mark'd his yellow-circle'd front
With lines mysterious vein'd;
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."

34.
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 Hodeirah, depart.
And Moath look'd, and read the lines aloud;
The Locust shook his wings and fled,
And they were silent all.

35.
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.
36. "Why is that anxious look," Oneiza ask'd, "Still upward cast at noon?" Is Thalaba awear of our tent?" "I would be gone," the youth replied, "That I might do my task, And full of glory to the tent return, Whence I should part no more."

37. But on the noontide sun, As anxious and as oft, Oneiza's eye Was upward glanced in fear. And now, as Thalaba replied, her cheek Lost its fresh and lively hue; For in the Sun's bright edge She saw, or thought she saw, a little speck. The sage Astronomer, Who, with the love of science full, Trembled that day at every passing cloud,— He had not seen it, 'twas a speck so small.

38. Alas! Oneiza sees the spot increase! And lo! the ready youth Over his shoulder the full quiver slings, And grasps the slacken'd bow. It spreads, and spreads, and now Hath shadow'd half the sun, Whose crescent-pointed horns Now momently decrease. The day grows dark; the birds retire to rest; Porth from her shadowy haunt Flies the large-headed screamer of the night. Far off the affrighted African, Deeming his God decessed, Falls on his knees in prayer, And trembles as he sees The fierce hyena's eyes Glare in the darkness of that dreadful noon.

40. 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; "Wilt thou not wait a sign To point thy destiny 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.

Alectoria is a stone of a crystalline color, a little darkish, somewhat resembling limpid water; and sometimes it has veins of the color of flesh. Some call it Gallinasius, from the place of its generation, the intestines of capons, which were castrated at three years old, and had lived seven; before which time the stone could not be taken out, for the oblate it is, so much the better. When the stone is become perfect in the capon, he don't drink. However, it is never found bigger than a large bean. The virtue of this stone is, to render him who carries it invisible. Being held in the mouth, it always thwarts, and therefore is proper for wrestlers; makes a woman agreeable to her husband; bestows honors, and preserves those already acquired; it frees them as are bewitched; it renders a man eloquent, constant, agreeable, and amiable; it helps to regain a lost kingdom, and acquire a foreign one.

Buraaz, Nixus, Crapadunitum, are names of the same stone, which is extracted from a toad. There are two species; that which is the best is rarely found; the other is black or dun with a cereum glow, having in the middle the similitude of an eye, and must be taken out while the dead load is yet painting; and these are better than those which are extracted from it after a long continuance in the ground. They have a wonderful efficacy in poisons. For whoever has taken poison, let him swallow this; which being down, it rolls about the bowels, and drives out every poisonous quality that is lodged in the intestines, and then passes through the fundament, and is preserved.

Ceresa, or Corrina, is a stone of a reddish color, and accounted artificial. On the calends of April boil the eggs, taken out of a crow's nest, till they are hard; and being cold, let them be placed in the nest as they were before. When the crow knows this, she flies a long way to find the stones; and having found it, returns to the nest; and the eggs being touched with it, they become fresh and prolific. The stone must immediately be snatched out of the nest. Its virtue is to increase riches, to bestow honors, and to fortell many future events.

Kineuctus is a stone not wholly useless, since it will cast out devils.

Counsels of poisons, &c. — 1, p. 244.

Giafar, the founder of the Barmecides, being obliged to fly from Persia, his native country, took refuge at Damascus, and implored the protection of the Caliph Soliman. When he was presented to that Prince, the Caliph suddenly changed color, and commanded him to retire, suspecting that he had poison about him. Soliman had discovered it by means of ten stones which he wore upon his arm. They were fastened there like a bracelet, and never failed to strike one against the other, and make a slight noise when any poison was near. Upon inquiry it was found, that Giafar carried poison in his ring, for the purpose of self-destruction, in case he had been taken by his enemies. — Morigay.

These foolish old superstitions have died away, and gems are now neither pounded as poison, nor worn as antidotes; but the old absurdities respecting poisons have been renewed, in our days, by authors who have revived the calumnies alleged against the Knights-Templar, as if with the hope of exciting a more extensive persecution.

Some blunt the hostile weapon's edge. — 1, p. 314.

In the country called Ponent, or Tathalamas, "there he caves called Cassus, which overspread the earth like grass, and out of every knot of them spring forth certain branches, which are continued upon the ground almost for the space of a mile. In the said caves there are found certain stones, one of which stones whosoever carryeth about with him, cannot be wounded with any gun; and therefore the men of that country for the most part carry such stones with them, whithersoever they go. Many also cause one of the arms of their children, while they are young, to be bannished, putting one of the said stones into the wound, healing also, and closing up the said wound with the powder of a certain fish, (the name wheroof I do not know,) which powder doth immediately consolidate and cure the said wound. And by the virtue of these stones, the people aforementioned do for the most part triumph both on sea and land. Howbeit there is one kind of strangeness which the enemies of this nation, knowing
the vertex of the said stones, doe practice against them; namely, by: a woman, themselves armour of yron or steel, against their arrows, and weapons also poisoned with the poison of trees; and they carry in their hands wooden stikes most sharp and hard-pointed, as if they were yron: likewise they shot arrows without yron heads, and so they confounded and slay most of the Elyshites, which was cast or removed too squarely unto the vertex of their stones. — Ovidius in Holkham.

We are obliged to jewellers for our best accounts of the East. In Tavernier there is a passage curiously characteristic of his profession. A European at Delhi complained to him that he had polished and set a large diamond for Orang-zeba, who had never paid him for his work. But he did not understand his trade, says Tavernier; for if he had been a skilful jeweller, he would have known how to take two or three pieces out of the stone, and pay himself better than the Mogul would have done.

places by the abode.

Of holy — he passeed. — 1, p. 214.

And Elisha died, and they buried him. And the bands of the Moschites invaded the land at the coming in of the year.

And it came to pass as they were burying a man, that behold they spied a band of men; and they cast the man into the sepulture of Elisha: and when the man was let down and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived and stood up on his feet. — 2 Kings, xiii. 29, 31.

"It happened the dead corpse of a man was cast ashore at Chatham, and, being taken up, was buried decently in the church-yard. Now there was an image or rood in the church, called our Lady of Chatham. This Lady, say the Monks, went the next night and roused up the clerk, telling him that a sinful person was buried near where she was worshipped, who offended her eyes with his ghastly grinned; and unless they were removed, to the great grief of good people she must resolve from there, and execute no more miracles. Therefore she desired him to go with her to take him up, and throw him into the river again: which being done, soon after the body floated again, and was taken up and buried in the church-yard; but from that time all miracles ceased, and the place where he was buried did continually sink downwards. This tale is still remembered by some aged people, receiving it by tradition from the Popish times of darkness and idolatry." — Admirable Curiosities, Raritats, and Wonders of England.

When Alenquer was wintered at the isle of Cananneum, in the Red sea, a man, who died suddenly, was thrown overboard. In the night the watch felt several shocks, as though the ship were striking on a sand-bank. They put out the boat, and found the dead body clinging to the keel by the rubber. It was taken up and buried on shore; and in the morning, it was seen lying on the grave. Poy Flores was then consulted. He conjectured, that the deceased had died under excommunication, and therefore absolved himself. They interred him again, and then he rested in the grave. — Joan de Barros. Dec. 2, 3.

So foul, that Earth rejects him. — 4, p. 214.

Matthew of Westminster says, the story of the Old Woman of Boyle will not appear incredible, if we read the dialogue of St. Gregory, in which he relates how the body of a man buried in the church was thrown out by the Devils. Charles Martel also, because he had appropriated great part of the tithes to pay his soldiers, was most miserably, by the wicked-Spirits, taken suddenly out of his grave.

The Turks report, as a certain truth, that the corpse of Heyruyan Barbarossa was found, four or five times, out of the ground, lying by his sepulture, after he had been there interred: not could they possibly make him lie quiet in his grave, till a Greek wizard convinced them to bury a black dog together with the body; which done, he lay still and gave them no further trouble. — Morgan's History of Algiers.

In supernatural affairs, seals and dogs seem to possess a seductive virtue. When peace was made, about the year 170, between the Easts of Holland and Flanders, it was concluded, that Count Floris should send unto Count Philip, a thousand men, expert in making of ditches, to stop the hole which had been made near unto Dam, or the Sluice, whereby the country was drowned round about at every high sea; the which the Flemings could by no means fill up, neither with wood, nor any other matter, for that all smake at a sudden fire, and in succession of time, Bruges, and all that jurisdiction, had been in danger to have him lost by inundation, and to become all sea, if it were not speedily repaired. Count Floris having taken possession of the island of Walsham, returned into Holland, from whence he sent the best of his men to Amsterdam; and there to Flanders, to make dikes and canals, and to stop the hole nearer unto this Dam, or Sluice, and to recover the drowned land. These diggers being come to the place, they found at the entree of this bottomless hole, a Sea-dog, the which for six days together, did nothing but rove out and howe very fearfully. They, not knowing what it might signify, having consulted of this accident, they resolved to cast this dog into the hole. There was a mad-headed Holander among the rest, who going into the bottome of the hole, took the dogge by the tail, and cast him into the midst of the gulf; then speedily they cast earth and turfe into it, so as they found a bottom, and by little and little filled it up. And for that many workmen came to the repairing of this dog, which, for that they would not be far from their works, came in Colesine, which seemed to be a pretty town, Count Philip gave outlet to all the Hollander, Zeelanders, and others, that would inhabit there, as much land as they could recover from Dam to Ardenbourg, for them and their successors, forever, with many other immunities and freedoms. By reason whereof many planted themselves there, and in succession of time, made a good town there, the which by reason of this dog, which they cast into the hole, they named Hondtsdam, that is to say, a dog's sluice; Dam in Flemish signifying a sluice, and Hondt dog; and therefore at this day, the said town (which is simply called Dam) carrieth a dog in their arms and blazon." — Orine'st on the Historie of the Netherlades, 1698.

The Vulture hovers yonder, &c. — 4, p. 214.

The Vulture is very serviceable in Arabia, clearing the earth of all carcasses, which corrupt very rapidly in hot countries. He also destroys the field mice, which multiply so prodigiously in some provinces, that, were it not for this assistance, the pasta grass, upon which the Vulture feeds, would be utterly consumed, and the fields as absolutely vain. Their performance of these important services induced the ancient Egyptians to pay those birds divine honors, and even at present it is held unlawful to kill them in all the countries which they frequent. — Niebauer.

His dog beside him, &c. — 17, p. 245.

The Redouins, who at all points, are here superstitions than the Turks, have a breed of very tall greyhounds, which likewise mount guard around their tents; but they take great care of these useful servants, and have such an affection for them, that to kill the dog of a Redouin would be to endanger your own life. — Sonnini.

Or comes the Father of the Rains. — 18, p. 245.

The Arabs call the West and South-West winds, which prevail from November to February, the Fathers of the rains. — Vatanges.

Enterines the strong palm-flores, &c. — 18, p. 246.

Of the Palm leaves they make mattresses, baskets, and brooms; and of the branches, all sorts of cace-work, square baskets for packing, that serve for many uses instead of boxes; and the ends of the boughs that grow next to the trunk being beaten like flax, the fibres separate, and being tied together at the narrow end, they serve for brooms. — Pococke.
The Dorn, or wild palm-tree, grows in abundance, from which the shepherds make a necessary robbing of an industrious find great advantage. The shepherds,蔓-drivers, camel-drivers, and travellers, gather the leaves, of which they make mats, fringes, baskets, hats, shawars, or large wallets to carry corn, twine, ropes, girts, and covers for their pack-saddles. This plant, with which also they heat their ovens, produces a mild and resinous fruit, that ripens in September and October. It is in form like the raisin, contains a kernel, and is astringent, and very proper to temper and counteract the effects of the watery and laxative fruits, of which these people in summer make an immediate use. That power which is ever provident to all, has spread this wild plant over their deserts to supply an infinity of wants that would otherwise heavily burden a people so poor. — Chaucer.

No hallowed gold disquieted his dreams. — 21, p. 216.

Thus confined to the most absolute necessities of life, the Arabs have as little industry as their wants are few; all their fruits are spontaneously produced, the leaves of their clumsy tents, and in making mats and butter. Their whole commerce only extends to the exchanging camels, kids, stallions, and milk, for arms, clothing, a little rice or corn, and money, which they bury. — Volney.

And he had seen his robe
Grown in Ouziit's bow.' — 21, p. 246.

The chief manufacture among the Arabs is the making of Helbs, as they call woolen blankets, and webs of goat's hair for their tents. The women alone are employed in this work, as Andromache and Penelope were of old; who make no use of a shuttle, but conduct every thread of the woof with their fingers. — Shaw.

Webs bare, yet arm, etc. — 21, p. 246.

I was much amused by observing the dexterity of the Arab women in baking their bread. They have a small place built with clay, between two and three feet high, having a hole at the bottom, for the convenience of drawing out the ashes, something similar to that of a lime-kiln. The oven (which I think is the most proper name for this place) is usually about fifteen inches wide at the top, and gradually grows wider to the bottom. It is heated with wood, and when sufficiently hot, and perfectly clear from smoke, having nothing but clear embers at bottom, (which continue to reflect great heat,) they prepare the dough in a large bowl, and mould the cakes, to the desired size, on a board or stone placed near the oven. After they have kneaded the cake to a proper consistence, they pat it a little, then toss it about with great dexterity in one hand, till it is as thin as they choose to make it. They then wet one side of it with water, at the same time rolling the hand and arm, with which they put it into the oven. The wet side of the cake adheres fast to the side of the oven till it is sufficiently baked, when, if not paid sufficient attention to, it would fall down among the embers. If they were not exceedingly quick at this work, the heat of the oven would burn the skin off from their hands and arms; but with such amazing dexterity do they perform it, that one woman will continue keeping three or four cakes at a time in the oven till she has done baking. This mode, let me add, does not require half the fuel that is made use of in Europe. — Jackson.

The Tamurind beauteous its young fruit, yet green. — 21, p. 246

Tamarinds grow on great trees, full of branches, whereof the leaves are not bigger than, nor unlike to, the leaves of pinnated, only something longer. The flower is first like the peaches, but at last turns white, and puts forth its fruit at the end of certain strings; as soon as the sun is set, the leaves close up the fruit, to preserve it from the dew, and open as soon as that luminary appears again. The fruit at first is green, but ripening it becomes of a dark-gray, drawing towards a red, enclosed in husks, brown or tawny, of taste a little bitter, like our prunelloses. The tree is as big as a walnut tree, full of leaves, bearing its fruit, at the branches, like the
shellt of a knife, but not so straight; rather bent like a bow.
—Mendelele.

7 Notes to Thalaba the Destroyer. 231

I have often, says Niebuhr, heard the Sheiks sing passages from the Koran. They never strain the voice by attempting to raise it too high; and this natural music pleased me very much.

The airs of the Orientals are all grave and simple. They choose their singers to sing so distinctly, that every word may be comprehended. When several instruments are played at once, and accompanied by the voice, you hear them all render the same melody, unless some one mingles a running bass, either singing or playing, always in the same key. If this music is not greatly to our taste, ours is as little to the taste of the Orientals. —Niebuhr.

Its marble walls, &c.—23, p. 246.

The Mosques, which they pronounce Mosque, are built exactly in the fashion of our churches, where, instead of such seats and benches as we make use of, they only strew the floor with mats, upon which they perform the several services and prostrations that are enjoined in their religion. Near the middle, particularly of the principal Mosque of each city, there is a large pulpit erected, which is hoisted round, with about half-a-dozen steps leading up to it. Upon these (for I am told some are permitted to enter the pulpit) the Mufi, or the Imam, and the Mufti, stand to preach every Friday, the day of the congregation, as they call it, and from thence either explain some part or other of the Koran, or else exhort the people to pious and good works. That end of these Mosques, which regards Mecca, whither they direct themselves throughout the whole course of their devotions, is called the Kibbah, in which there is commonly a niche, representing, as a judicious writer conjectures, the presence, and at the same time the invisibility of the Deity. There is usually a square tower erected at the other end, with a flag-staff upon the top of it. Hither the crier ascends at the appointed times, and, displaying a small flag, advertises the people, with a loud voice from each side of the battlements, of the hour of prayer. These places of the Mahometan worship, together with the Mufi, Imam, and other persons belonging to them, are maintained out of certain revenues arising from the rents of land and houses, either left by will or set apart by the public for that use. —Shaw.

All the Mosques are built nearly in the same style. They are of an oblong square form, and covered in the middle with a large dome, on the top of which is fixed a gilt crescent. In front there is a handsome portico covered with several small cupolas, and raised one step above the pavement of the court. The Turks sometimes, in the hot season, perform their devotions there; and between the columns, upon cross iron bars, are suspended a number of lamps, for illuminations on the Thursday nights, and on all festivals. The entrance into the Mosque is by one large door. All these edifices are solidly built of stone, and in several the domes are covered with lead. The minarets stand on one side, adjoining to the body of the Mosque. They are sometimes square, but most commonly round and taper. The gallery for the musicians or criers, projecting a little from the column near the top, has some resemblance to a rude capital; and from this the spire, tapering more in proportion than before, soon terminates in a point crowned with a crescent. —Russell’s Appendix.

The Stars of Heaven their point of prayer. 23, p. 246.

The Kabih is the point of direction, and the centre of union for the prayers of the whole human race, as the Dothmardoum is for those of all the ecclesiastical beings; the Kuryef for those of the four Arch-angels, and the Arch* for those of the churlish and seraphims who guard the throne of the Almighty. The inhabitants of Mecca, who are the chief men of the kontah of contemplating the Kabih, are obliged, when they pray, to fix their eyes upon the sanctuary; but they who are at a distance from this valuable privilege, are required only, during prayer, to direct their attention towards that hallowed edifice. The believer who is ignorant of the position of the Kabih must use every endeavor to gain a knowledge of it; and after he has shown great solicitude, whatever be his success, his prayer is valid. —D’Ohsson.

Rest on the pillar of the Tent. 23, p. 246.

The Bedowins live in tents, called Hynus, from the shade they afford the inhabitants, and Besl el Shur, Houses of Hair, from the matter they are made of. They are the same with what the ancients called Mapolis, which being then, as they are to this day, secured from the heat and inclemency of the weather, by a covering only of such hair-cloth as our coal sacks are made of, might very justly be described by Virgil to have thin roofs. When we find any number of them together, (and I have seen from three to three hundred,) then they are usually placed in a circle, and constitute a Bosnia. The fashion of each tent is the same, being of an oblong figure, not unlike the bottom of a ship turned upside down, as Sallust hath long ago described them. However, they differ in bigness, according to the number of people who live in each. Accordingly the pillar of the bed, the song of the pillar, others with two or three; whilst a curtain or carpet placed, upon occasion, at each of these divisions, separated the whole into so many apartments. The pillar, which I have mentioned, is a straight pole, 8 or 10 feet high, and 5 or 4 inches in thickness, serving not only to support the tent, but being full of hooks fixed there for the purpose, the Arabs hang upon it their clothes, baskets, saddles, and accoutrements of war. Holodromes, as we read in Judith, xiii, 6, made the like use of the pillar of his tent, by hanging his garments upon it; it is there called the pillar of the bed, from the cut-orn, perhaps, that hath always prevailed, of leaving the upper end of the carpet, matrass, or whatever else they lie upon, turned from the skirts of the tent that way. But the Konoweros, Canopy, as we render it, (ver. 5,) should, I presume, he rather called the grot or muskeceta web, which is a close curtain of gauze or fine linen, used all over the Levant, by people of better fashion, to keep out the flies. The Arabs have nothing of this kind; who, in taking their rest, lie horizontally upon the ground, without bed, matrass, or pillow, wrapping themselves in a blanket, or leafing, as they find room, upon a mat or carpet, in the middle or corner of the tent. Those who are married, have each of them a corner of the tent, cantoned off with a curtain.—Sheen.

The tents of the Moors are somewhat of a conic form, are seldom more than 8 or 10 feet high in the centre, and from 20 to 25 in length. Like those of the remotest antiquity, their figure is that of a ship overcast, the keel of which is only seen. These tents are made of twine, composed of goat’s hair, camel’s wool, and the leaves of the wild palm, so that they keep out water; but, being thin, they produce a disagreeable effect at a distant view. —Chevii.

Knitting light palm-leaves for her brother’s bow. 23, p. 246.

In the kingdom of Iumma, the men of all ranks shave their heads. In some other countries of Yemen, all the Arabs, even the Sheiks themselves, let their hair grow, and wear neither bonnet nor Sersch, but a handkerchief instead, in which they tie their hair behind. Some let it fall upon their shoulders, and bind a small cord round their heads instead of a turban. The Bedowins, upon the frontiers of Hedjaz and of Yemen, wear a bonnet of palm-leaves, neatly plaited. —Niebuhr.

* Arch is the throne of the Almighty, which is thought to be placed on the north, which is the highest of the firmaments.
So listen they the reed, &c.—29, p. 246.

The music of the Bedouins rarely consists of more than one strain, suitable to their homely instruments, and to their simple invention. The Arabehabb, as they call the blander and string, is in the highest vogue, and doubtless of great antiquity, as is also the Gasa, which is simply a common reed, open at each end, having the side of it bored, with three or more holes, according to the ability of the person who is to touch it; though the compass of their tunes rarely or never exceeds an octave. Yet sometimes, even in this simplicity of harmony, they observe something of method and ceremony; for in their historical Contes and entertainments, they have therein preludes and symphonies; each stanzas being introduced with a flourish from the Arabehabb, while the narration itself is accompanied with the softest touches they are able to make, upon the Gasa.
The Tar, another of their instruments, is made like a Sive, consisting (as I before described the Tympanum) of a thin rim, or loop of wood, with a skin of parchment stretched over the top of it. This serves for the base in all their concerts, which they accordingly touch very artfully with their fingers, and the kneecaps or palmae of their hands, as the time and measure require, or as force and softness are to be communicated to the several parts of the performance. The Tar is undoubtedly the Tympanum of the Antients, which appears as well from the general use of it all over Barbary, Egypt, and the Levant, as from the method of playing upon it, the figure of the instrument itself, being exactly of the same fashion with what we find in the hands of Cybele and the Bacchaeans among the Basso Relievo and Statues of the Antients.—Swin.
The Arabs have the Cassaba, or caxe, which is only a piece of leather, which have upon it engraved a flute, and somewhat longer, which they adorn with tassels of black silk, and play upon like the German flute.—Morgan's Hist. of Algiers.
The young fellows, in several towns, play prettily enough upon pipes made, and sounding very much like our flagelet, or the thigh-bone of oxen, sheep, or such large fowl.—R.

How great sower may have been the reputation the Libyans once had of being famous musicians, and of having invented the pipe or flute, called by Greek authors Hyppoporphus, I fancy few of them would be now much liked at our Opera. As for this ibiaca, flute or pipe, it is certainly lost, except it be the Gaygh, somewhat like the hautboys, called zarng, in Turkish, a martial instrument. Julius Polilux, in a chapter entitled De libanum specie, says Hyppoporphus, quam quidam Libyae Societae invenierat; and again, showing the use and quality thereof, he says apud genem paratum uenturam, cujus materi decorticata latus est, ornin ligni extirpatae acutissimam dat sonum. The sound of the gaiaca agrees well with this description, though not the make. Several poets mention the libani Libyae et Arabieae; and Athenæus quotes Durvis, and says, Libyac liburna inceptor, ut equi Dacia, librum secundo de robusta gestis Agathocles, quod Scipiones, prius, ut credant, librum artis inventum, est grata Nomadum Libyorum faciei, primumque liburn Caramilium hymnorum cantor.—Bo.

Or if he strung the pearls of Poesy,—21, p. 246.

Petrarca "pulcherrimâ uni translatione, pro versibus faveant dicent margaritas necreet: quemadmodum in illo Ferduscìi versículo 1 Quaestionem calami aquilini adustam marianæ postesse in scien- tiis humanarum, posset invenire."—Petrarca Aquila Consuetae.

This is a favorite Oriental figure. "After a little time, lifting his head from the collar of reflection, he removed the tabloins of science from the treasure of speech, and scattered shght-full of emeralds, diamonds, and pearls, before the company in his mirth-exciting deliveries."—Boher Dannah.

Again, in the same work "he began to weight his stori pearls in the scales of delivery."—Albemarle Tenam, who was a celebrated poet himself, used to say that the monarchs and potentates, when they were like graces, were like golden coins, some falling at random; but that when they were confined in a poetical measure, they resembled bracelets and strings of pearls.—Sir W. Jones, Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern Nations.

In Mr. Carlyle's translation from the Arabic, a Poet says of his friends and himself,

'They are a row of Pearls, and I

The silken thread on which they lie

1 quote from memory, and recollect not the Author's name. It is somewhat the same as in the words of Jeoffrey: "The quiasinness of Fuller."—Benevolence is the silken thread, that should run through the pearl chain of our virtues, — Holy State.

It seems the Arabs are still great rhymers, and their verses are sometimes rewarded; but I should not venture to say, that there are not more genuine Poets in Yemen that it is not uncommon to find them among the wandering Arabs in the country of Dajaf. It is some few years since a Sheikh of these Arabs was in prison at Sana: seeing by chance a bird upon a roof opposite to him, he recollected that the devout Mahometans believe they perform an action agreeable to God in giving liberty to a bird engaged. He thought therefore he had as much right to liberty as a bird, and made a poem upon the subject, which was first heard by his guards, and then became so popular, that at last it reached the Imam. He was so pleased with it, that he liberated the Sheikh, whom he had arrested for his robberies.

Nichols, Déscription de l'Arabie.

A tale of love and woe.—21, p. 246.

They are fond of singing with a forced voice in the high tones, and one must have lungs like theirs to support the effort for a quarter of an hour. Their airs, in point of character and execution, resemble nothing we have heard in Europe, except the Seguidillas of the Spantards. They have divisions more labored even than those of the Italians, and cadences and inflections of tone impossible to be imitated by European threats. Their performance is accompanied with sighs and gestures, which paint the passions in a more lively manner than we should venture to allow. They may be said to excel most in the melancholy strain. To behold an Arab with his head inclined, his hand applied to his ear, his eyebrows knitted, his eyes languishing; to hear his plaintive tones, his lightened notes, his sighs and sobs, is almost impossible to refrain from tears, which, as their expression is, are far from bitter; and indeed they must certainly find a pleasure in shedding them, since, among all their songs, they constantly prefer that which excites them most, as, among all accomplishments, singing is that most admired. —Voltaire.

All their literature consists in retelling tales and histories in the manner of the Arabic Nights' Entertainments. They have a peculiar passion for such stories; and employ in them almost all their leisure, of which they have a great deal. In the evening they sent themselves on the ground at the door of their tents, or under cover if it be cold, and there, ranged in a circle round a little fire of dun, their pipes in their mouth, and their legs crossed, they sit awhile in silent meditation, till, on a sudden, one of them breaks forth with, Once upon a time,—and continues to recite the adventures of some young Sheikh and female Bedouin: he relates in what manner the youth first got a secret glimpse of his mistress, and how he became desperately enamored of her: he minutely describes the lovely fair, extols her black eyes, as large and soft as those of the gazelle; her languid and impassioned looks; her arched eyebrows, resembling two bows of ebony; her waist, straight and supple as a lance; he forgets not her steps, light as those of the gazelle; her eyelashes black as kohl, or her lips painted blue, or her nails tinged with the golden-colored kessa, nor her breasts, resembling two pomegranates, nor her words, sweet as honey. He recounts the sufferings of the young lover, so wasted with desires and passion, that his body was no longer his, so much was he labored, so much was he harassed, after detailing his various attempts to see his mistress, the obstacles on the part of the parents, the invasions of the enemy, the captivity of the two lovers, &c., he terminates, to the satisfaction of the audience, by restoring them, united and happy, to the paternal tent. A circle of girls, accompanied by a few men in the musah abla, to which he has merited. The Bedouins have likewise their love-songs, which have more sentiment and

* An exalt nation of praise, equivalent to admirable orsplendid.
NOTES TO THALABA THE DESTROYER.

The light above rose? that the darkened lid, &c. — 23, p. 246.

The blackened eyelids and the reddened fingers were Eastern customs, in use among the Greeks. They are still among the tricks of the Grecian toilet. The females of the rest of Europe have never added them to their list of ornaments.

Wreathed the red flowers-crown round, &c. — 25, p. 246.

The Mimoon Solaun produces splendid flowers of a beautiful red color, with which the Arabsians crown their heads on their days of festival. — Niebuhr.

Their work was done, their path of ruin past. — 30, p. 247.

The large locusts, which are near three inches long, are not the most destructive; as they fly, they yield to the current of the wind, which larvae them into the sea, or into sandy deserts, where they perish with hunger or fatigue. The young locusts, that cannot fly, are the most nuisance; they are about fifteen lines in length, and the thickness of a goose quill. They creep in the country in such numbers that they leave not a blade of grass behind; and the noise of their feeding announces their approach at some distance. The devastations of locusts increase the price of provisions, and often occasion famines; but the Moors find a kind of compensation in making food of these insects; prodigious quantities are brought to market, salted and dried, like red herrings. They have an oily and rancid taste, which habit only can render agreeable: they are eat here, however, with pleasure. — Chiver.

In 1775, the empire of Morocco was ravaged by these insects. In the summer of that year, such clouds of houjes came from the south, that they darkened the air, and devoured a part of the harvest. Their offspring, which they left on the ground, committed still much greater mischief. Locusts appeared, and bred anew in the following year, so that in the spring the country was wholly covered, and they crawled one over the other in search of their subsistence.

It has been remarked, in speaking of the climate of Morocco, that the young locusts are those which are the most mischiefous; and that it seems almost impossible to rid the land of these insects and their ravages, when the country once becomes thus afflicted. In order to preserve the houses and gardens in the neighborhood of cities, they dig a ditch two feet in depth, and as much in width. This they pile with reeds close to each other, and inclined inward toward the central part of the ditch; so that the locusts, unable to cross this barrier, filled with reeds, fall back into the ditch, where they devour one another.

This was the means by which the gardens and vineyards of Rabat, and the city itself, were delivered from this scourge, in 1779. The intermarchment, which was, at least, a league in extent, formed a semicircle from the sea to the river, which separates Rabat from Salier. The quantity of young locusts here assembled was so prodigious, that, on the third day, the ditch could not be approached, because of the stench. The whole country was eaten up, the very bark of the fig, pomegranate, and orange tree,—litter, land, and corrosive as it was,—could not escape the varacity of these insects.

The lands, ravaged throughout all the western provinces, produced no harvest; and the Moors, being obliged to live on their stores, which the exportation of corn (permitted till 1774) had drained, began to feel a dearth. Their cattle, for which they make no provision, and which, in these climates, have no other subsistence than that of daily grazing, died with hunger; nor could any be preserved but those which were in the neighborhood of mountains, or in sandy grounds, where the re-growth of pasturage is more rapid.

In 1780, the distress was still further increased. The dry winter had checked the products of the earth, and given birth to a new generation of locusts, who devoured whatever had escaped from the inclemency of the season. The husbandman did not reap even what he had sowed, and found himself destitute of food, cattle, or seed corn. In this time of extreme wretchedness, the poor felt all the horrors of famine. They were seen wandering over the country to devour roots, and, perhaps, abridged their days, by digging into the entrails of

In Persia, "they dye the tails of those horses which are of a light color with red or orange." — Hanway.

All, the Moors, to whose capricious cruelty Mango Park was an object, never rode upon a milk-white horse, with its tail dyed red."

When Pietro della Valle went to Jerusalem, all his camels were made orange-color with henan. He says he had seen in Rome the males and tails of certain horses which came from Poland and Hungary colored in like manner. He conceived it to be the same plant, which was sold, in a dry or pulverized state, at Naples, to old women, to dye their gray hairs flaxen.

Afroaudea, a word derived from Alfena, the Portuguese or Moorish name of this plant, is still used in Portugal as a phrase of contempt for a pop.

The miraculous shining band of Moors.

In Persia, the persimmons, or "apple of the barberry," as they are called, are all ornamented with red or orange. — "Hanway.

The mother Ostrich feeds on her eggs. — 21, p. 246.

We read in an old Arabian Manuscript, that when the ostrich would hatch her eggs, she does not cover them, as other fowls do, but both the male and female contribute to hatch them by the efficacy of their looks only; and therefore when one has occasion to go to look for food, it advertises its presence by its cry, and the other never sits during its absence, but remains with its eyes fixed upon the eggs, till the return of its mate, and then goes in its turn to look for food; and this cure of theirs is so necessary, that it cannot be suspended for a moment: for, if it should, their eggs would immediately become dull. — Venable.

This is said to emblem the perpetual attention of the Creator to the Universe.

Round her smooth ankles and her tiny arms.— 25, p. 246.

"She had laid aside the rings which used to grace her ankles, lest the sound of them should expose her to calumny." — Asiatic Researches.

Most of the Indian women have on each arm, and also above the ankle, ten or twelve rings of gold, silver, ivory, or coral. They spring on the leg, and as they walk, make a noise, with which they are much pleased. Their hands and toes are generally adorned with large rings. — Soucuarat.

"In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their caulds, and their round tires like the moon." — Revelation, iii. 18.

Were her long fingers tinged. — 25, p. 246.

His fingers, in beauty and slenderness appearing as the Yed Biusa, or the rays of the sun, being tinged with Henna, seemed branches of transparent red coral. — Bahar Danush.

She dispenses gifts with small, delicate fingers, sweetly glowing at their tips, like the white and crimson worm of Dubia, or dentifrices made of Ezel wood. — Moallakat. Poem of Asrihak.

The Hinnis, says the translator of the Bahar-Danush, is extremely proud of her own ornaments, but medicinal; and I have myself often experienced in India a most restraining coolness through the whole habit, from an embrocation, or rather plaster of Henna, applied to the soles of my feet, by prescription of a native physician. The effect lasted for some days. Bruce says it is used not only for ornament, but as an astringent to keep the hands and feet dry.

This unnatural fashion is extended to animals.

Departing from the town of Anna, we met, about five hundred paces from the gate, a young man of good family followed by two servants, and mounted, in the fashion of the country, upon an ass, whose rump was painted red. — Tisserent.

In Persia, "they dye the tails of those horses which are of a light color with red or orange." — Hanway.

All, the Moors, to whose capricious cruelty Mango Park was an object, never rode upon a milk-white horse, with its tail dyed red."

When Pietro della Valle went to Jerusalem, all his camels were made orange-color with henan. He says he had seen in Rome the males and tails of certain horses which came from Poland and Hungary colored in like manner. He conceived it to be the same plant, which was sold, in a dry or pulverized state, at Naples, to old women, to dye their gray hairs flaxen.

Afroaudea, a word derived from Alfena, the Portuguese or Moorish name of this plant, is still used in Portugal as a phrase of contempt for a pop.

* The miraculously shining band of Moors.
the earth in search of the crudes means by which they might be preserved.

Vast numbers perished of indigestible food and want. I have beheld country people in the roads, and in the streets, who had died of hunger, and who were thrown across ways to be taken and buried. Fathers sold their children. The husband, with the consent of his wife, would take her into another province, or to another man, in marriage, if she were his sister, and afterwards come and reclaim her when his wants were no longer so great. I have seen women and children run after camels and rape in their dugs, to seek for some indi-
gested grain of barley, which, if they found, they devoured with avidity. — Cleric.

From far Khorasan? — 31, p. 247.

The Abrome, or eater of locusts, or grasshoppers, is a bird which better deserves to be described, perhaps, than most others of which travellers have given us an account, because the facts relating to it are not only strange in themselves, but so well and distinctly attested, that however surprising they may seem, we cannot but afford them our belief. The food of this creature is the locust, or the grasshopper; it is of the size of an ordinary thrush, its feathers black, its wings large, and its flesh of a greyish color. They fly generally in great flocks, as the starlings are wont to do with us. But the thing which renders these birds wonderful is, that they are so fond of the water of a certain fountain in Coresea, or Bactria, that wherever that water is carried, they follow; on which account it is carefully preserved; for wherever the locusts fall, the Armenians, who are provided with this water, bring a quan-
tity of it and place in jars, or pour it into little channels in the fields: the next day whole troops of these birds arrive, and quickly deliver the people from the locusts.— Universal History.

Sir John Chardin has given us the following passage from an ancient traveller, in relation to this bird. In Cyprus, about the time that the corn was ripe for the sickle, the earth pro-
duced such a quantity of caracelles, or locusts, that they ob-
scured sometimes the splendor of the sun. Wherever they came, they burnt and eat up all. For this there was no remedy, since, as fast as they were destroyed, the earth produced more. God, however, raised them up a means for their deliverance, which happened thus. In Persia, near the city of Carch, there is a fountain of water, which has a wonderful property of destroying these insects; for a pitcher full of this being carried in the open air, without passing through house or vault, and being set on an high place, certain birds follow it, and fly and cry after the men who carry it from the fountain, come to the place where it is fixed. These birds are red and black, and fly in great flocks together, like starlings; the Turks and Persians call them Musulmans. These birds no sooner came to Cyprus, but they destroyed the locusts with which the island was infested: but if the water be spilt or lost, these creatures immediately disappear; which accident fell out when the Turks took this island: for one of them going up into the steep of Pamagusta, and finding there a pitcher of this water, he, fancying that it contained gold or silver, or some precious thing, broke it, and spilt what was therein: since which the Cyprists have been as much tor-
mented as ever by the locusts.

On the confines of the Medes and of Armenia, at certain times, a great quantity of birds are seen who resemble our blackbirds, and they have a property sufficiently curious to make me mention it. When the corn in these parts begins to grow, that water is carried, they follow; on which account it is generally called the Pydros, by the ancients, which by a nicety of sound, means the Pydros, in which all the fields are covered. The Armenians have no other method of delivering themselves from these insects, than by going in procession round the fields, and sprinkling them with a particular water, which they take care to preserve in their houses, for this water comes from a great distance. They fetch it from a well belonging to one of their convents near the frontiers, and they say that the bodies of many Christian martyrs were formerly thrown into this well. These process-
ions, and the sprinkling, continue three or four days: after which, the birds that I have mentioned come in great flocks, and whether it be that they eat the locusts, or drive them away, in two or three days the country is cleared of them. — Traveller.

At Mesh and at Haled, says Nicholas, I heard much of the locust bird, without seeing it. They there call it Samarnez, or, as others say, it. Somarum, with a quantity of stones to be blacker than a sparrows, and no ways pleasant to the palates. I am assured that it every day destroys an incredible number of locusts; they pretend, nevertheless, that the locusts some-
times defend themselves, and devour the bird with its feathers, when they see it coming near them. If by numbers. When the chil-
dren in the frontier towns of Arabia, they place it before them and cry Samarag, and because it stoons down terrified at the noise, or at the motion of the child, or chings more closely to its place, the children believe that it fears the name of its enemy, that it hides itself, and attempts to throw stones. The Samarag is not a native of Medes or Haled, but they go to seek it in Khorasan with much cere-
mony. When the locusts multiply very greatly, the govern-
ment sends persons worthy of trust to a spring near the vil-
ledge of Somarum, situated in a plain between four mountains, by the side of the river, in that province of Persia. The deputies, with the ceremonies prescribed, fill a chest with this water, and pitch the chest so that the water may neither evaporate nor be spilt before their return. From the spring to the town whence they were sent, the chest must always be kept in a cool and earth; they must neither place it on the ground, nor under any roof, lest it should lose all its virtue. Mosul being surrounded with a wall, the water must not pass under the gateway, but it is received over the wall, and the chest placed upon the Mosque Abbé Gargis, a place which was formerly a church, and which, in presum-
ance to all the other buildings, has had from time immemorial the honor to possess this chest upon its roof. When this precious water has been brought from Khorsun with the requisite precautions, the common Mahomedans, Christians, and Jews of Mosul, believe that the Samarag follows the water, and remains in the country as long as there is a single drop left in the chest of Abbé Gargis. Seeing one day a large stork's nest upon this vessel, I told a Christian of some eminence in the town, how much I admired the quick smell of the Samurag, which perceived the smell of the water through such a quantity of earth; he did not answer me, but was very much scandalized that the government should have permitted the stock to make her nest upon so rare a treasure, and still more angry, that for more than nine years, the government had not sent to procure fresh water.—Nicholas, Itineraire, de l'Orient.

Dr. Rusell describes this bird as about the size of a starling; the body of a flesh color, the rest of its plumage black, the bill and legs black also.

For these mysterious lines were legible.—31, p. 247.

The locusts are remarkable for the hieroglyphics that they bear upon the forehead; their color is green throughout the whole body, excepting a little yellow rim that surrounds their head, which is lost at their eyes. This insect has two upper wings, pretty solid; they are green, like the rest of the body, except that there is in each a little white spot. The locust keeps them extended like great sails of a slip going before the wind; it has besides two other wings underneath the former, and which resemble a light transparent stuff pretty much like a cobweb, and which it makes use of in the man-
ner of snrack sails that are along a vessel; but when the locust repose herself, she does like a vessel that lies at anchor, for she keeps the second sails furled under the first. — Norden.

The Mahomedans believe some mysterious meaning is contained in the lines upon the locust's forehead.

I compared the description in the poem with a locust which had been caught in the country; and I found that a single insect should have found its way so far inland.

Flies the large-headed Screamer of the night. — 39, p. 248

An Arabian expression from the Moilhakat: — "She turns her right side, as if she were in fear of some large-headed Screamer of the night." — Poem of Istanta.
Glare in the darkness of that dreadful noon. — 39, p. 348.

In the ninth volume of the Spectator is an account of the total Eclipse of the Sun, Friday, April 22, 1715. It is in a strain of vile bombast; yet some circumstances are so fine, that even such a writer could not spoil them: "The different modifications of the light formed colors the eye of man has been five hundred years unacquainted with, and for which I can find no name, unless I may be allowed to call it a dark, gloomy sort of light, that scattered about a more sensible and genuine horror, than the most consummate darkness. All the birds were struck dumb, and hung their wings in moody sorrow; some few pigeons, that were on the wing, were afraid of being heighted even in the morn, alighted, and took shelter in the houses. The heat went away by degrees with the light. But when the rays of the sun broke out afresh, the joy and the thanks that were in me, that God made me as these signs and marks of his power before he exercised it, were exquisite, and such as never worked upon me so sensibly before. With my own ears I heard a cock crow as at the dawn of day, and he welcomed with a strange gladness, which was plainly discoverable by the cheerful notes of his voice, the sun at its second rising, and the returning light." The Paper is signed R., and is perhaps by Sir Richard Blackmore.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

Fas est quoque bruta
Tulli, deorum munia calcabatur eos.
MADBRINUS CONSTANTINUS.

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

Din 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.

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

3. The Spirit hung toward him when she ceased,
As though with actual lips she would have given
A mother's kiss. His arms outstretched,
His body bending on,
His mouth unlosed and trembling into speech,
He press'd to meet the blessing: but the wind
Play'd on his cheek: he look'd, and he beheld
The darkness close. "Again! again!" he cried,
"Let me again behold thee!" from the darkness
His Mother's voice went forth —
"Thou shalt behold me in the hour of death."

4. 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 'er the sands,
A lessening image, trembling through their tears
Visions of high surprise
Beguiled his lonely road;
And if sometimes to Moath's tent
The involuntary mind recurr'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
Oncina form'd a part,
And hope and memory made a mingled joy.

5. 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 abide.
There, due ablutions made, and prayers perform'd,
The youth his mantle spread,
And silently produced
His solitary meal.
The silence and the solitude recall'd
Dear recollections; and with folded arms,
Thinking of other days, he sat, till thought
Had left him, and the Acacia's moving shade
Upon the sunny sand
Had caught his idle eye;
And his awaken'd ear
Heard the gray Lizard's chirp,
The only sound of life.

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

7. 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 bore.
His beard was long, and gray, and crisp:
Lively his eyes, and quick,
And reaching over them
The large broad eyebrow curl'd.
His speech was copious, and his winning words
Enrich'd with knowledge, that the attentive youth:
Sate listening with a thirsty joy.

8. So, in the course of talk,
The adventurer youth inquir'd
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,
"Am journeying thitherward;
Let me become companion of thy way!"
Courteous the Old Man smiled, 
And willing in assent.

9. 
OLD MAN. 
Son, thou art young for travel.

THALABA. 
Until now 
I never past the desert boundary.

OLD MAN. 
It is a noble city that we seek. 
Thou wilt behold magnificent Palaces, 
And lofty Minarets, and high-domed Mosques, 
And rich Bazars, whither from all the world 
Industrious merchants meet, and market there 
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 folly 
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 relates, 
We learn it and believe. But all things feel 
The power of Time and Change; thistles and grass 
Usurp the desolate palace, and the weeds 
Of Falsehood root in the aged pile of Truth. 
How have you heard the tale?

THALABA. 
Thus: — on a time 
The Angels at the wickedness of man 
Express’d indignant wonder; that in vain 
Tokens and signs were given, and Prophets sent. 
Strange obstinacy this! a stubbornness 
Of sin, they said, that should forever bar 
The gates of mercy on them. Allah heard 
Their unforgiving pride, and bade that two 
Of these untempted Spirits should descend, 
Judges on Earth. Haruth and Maruth went, 
The chosen Scenencers; they fairly heard 
The appeals of men to their tribunal brought, 
And rightfully decided. At the length 
A Woman came before them; beautiful 
Zohara was, as yonder Evening Star, 
In the mild lustre of whose lovely light 
Even now her beauty shines. They gazed on her 
With fleshly eyes; they tempted her to sin. 
The wily woman listen’d, and required 
A previous price, the knowledge of the name 
Of God. She learnt the wonder-working name, 
And gave it utterance, and its virtue bore her 
Up to the glorious Presence, and she told 
Before the awful Judgment-Seat her tale.

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 forever 
His wrath might be upon them, and implored 
That penal ages might at length restore them 
Clean from offence: since then by Babylon, 
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.

OLD MAN. 
And hast thou never, in the twilight, fancied 
Familiar object into some strange shape 
And form uncouth?

THALABA. 
Ay! many a time.

OLD MAN. 
Even so 
Things view’d at distance, through the mist of fear, 
By their distortion terrify and shock 
The abused sight.
TIIALABA

THALABA.
But of these Angels' fate
Thus in the uncreated book is written.

OLD MAN.
Wisely from legendary fables Heaven
Inculcates wisdom.

THALABA.
How then is the truth?
Is not the dungeon of their punishment
By rain'd Babylon?

OLD MAN.
By Babylon
Haruth and Maruth may be found.

THALABA.
And there
Magicians learn their impious sorcery?

OLD MAN.
Son, what thou say'st is true, and it is false.
But night approaches fast; I have travel'd far,
And my old lids are heavy;—on our way
We shall have hours for converse;—let us now
Turn to our due repose. Son, peace be with thee!

10.
So in his loose'd cloak
The Old Man wra'd himself,
And laid his limbs at length;
And Thalaba in silence laid him down.
Awhile he lay, and watch'd the lovely Moon,
O'er whose broad orb the boughs
A mazy fretting framed,
Or with a pale, transparent green
Lighting the restless leaves,
The thin Acacia leaves that play'd above.
The murmuring wind, the moving leaves,
Soothed him at length to sleep,
With mingled lullabies of sight and sound.

11.
Not so the dark Magician by his side,
Lobaba, who from the Dondaniel caves
Had sought the dreaded youth.
Silent he lay, and simulating sleep,
Till, by the long and regular breath he knew,
The youth beside him slept.
Carefully then he rose,
And bending over him, survey'd him near;
And secretly he cursed
The dead Abuladar's ring,
Arm'd by whose amulet
He slept from danger safe.

12.
Wra't in his mantle Thalaba repos'd,
His loose right arm pillowing his easy head.
The Moon was on the Ring,
Whose crystal gem return'd
A quiet, moveless light.
Vainly the Wizard vile put forth his hand,

And strove to reach the gem;
Charms, strong as hell could make them, kept it safe.
He call'd his servant-fiends,
He bade the Genii rob the sleeping youth
By the virtue of the Ring,
By Mahomet's holier power.
By the holiest name of God,
Had Thalaba disarm'd the evil race.

13.
Baffled and weary, and convinced at length,
Anger, and fear, and rancor gnawing him,
The accursed Sorcerer ceased his vain attempts,
Content perforce to wait
Temptation's likelier aid.
Restless he lay, and brooding many a while,
And tortured with impatient Lope,
And envying with the bitterness of hate
The innocent youth, who slept so sweetly by

14.
The ray of morning on his eyelids fell,
And Thalaba awoke,
And folded his mantle around him,
And girded his loins for the day;
Then the due rites of holiness observed.
His comrade too arose,
And with the outward forms
Of righteousness and prayer insulted God.
They fill'd their water skin, they gave
The Camel his full draught.
Then on the road, while yet the morn was young,
And the air was fresh with dew,
Forward the travellers went,
With various talk beguiling the long way.
But soon the youth, whose busy mind
Dwelt on Lobaba's wonder-stirring words,
Renew'd the unfinished converse of the night.

15.
THALABA.
Thou said'st that it is true, and yet is false,
That men accrust attain at Babylon
Forbidden knowledge from the Angel pair:—
How mean you?

LOBABA.
All things have a double power,
Alike for good and evil. The same fire
That on the comfortable hearth at eve
Warm'd the good man, flames o'er the house at night;
Should we for this forego
The needful element?
Because the scorching summer Sun
Darts fever, wouldst thou quench the orb of day?
Or deemest thou that Heaven in anger form'd
Iron to fill thy field, because when man
Had tipt his arrows for the chase, he rush'd
A murderer to the war?

THALABA.
What follows hence?
THALABA THE DESTROYER.  BOOK IV

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 honor
The skilful Leech. From land to land he goes
Safe in his privilege; the sword of war
Spare him; Kings welcome him with costly gifts;
And he who late had from the couch of pain
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,
Consuming still in flames, and still renew'd.

LOBABA.
But is their knowledge therefore in itself
Unlawful?

THALABA.
That were foolishness to think.

LOBABA.
Oh, what a glorious animal were Man,
Knew he but his own powers, and, knowing, gave
Room for their growth and spread! The Horse
obeys
His guiding will; the patient Camel bears him
Over these wastes of sand; the Pigeon wafts
His bidding through the sky;—and with these
triumphs
He rests contented!—with these ministers,—
When he might ave the Elements, and make
Myriads of Spirits serve him!

THALABA.
But as how?
By a league with Hell, a covenant that binds
The soul to utter death!

LOBABA.
Was Solomon
Accurst of God? Yea, to his talismans
Obedient, o'er his thre-e the birds of Heaven,
Their waving wings his. in-shield, fam'd around him
The motionless air of noon; from place to place,
As his will reind't the viewless Element,
He rode the Wind; the Genii rear'd his temple,
And ceaselessly in fear while his dread eye

O'erlook'd them, day and night pursued their toil
So dreadful was his power.

LOBABA.
But 'twas from Heaven
His wisdom came; God's special gift,—the guerdon
Of early virtue.

LOBABA.
Learn thou, O young man.
God hath appointed wisdom the reward
Of study! 'Ts a well of living waters,
Whose inexhaustible bounties all might drink,
But few dig deep enough. Son! thou art silent,—
Perhaps I say too much,—perhaps offend thee.

LOBABA.
Nay, I am young, and willingly, as becomes me,
Hear the wise words of age.

LOBABA.
Is it a crime
To mount the Horse, because, forsooth, thy feet
Can serve thee for the journey?—Is it sin,
Because the Horn soars upward in the sky
Above the arrow's flight, to train the Falcon
Whose beak shall pierce him there? The powers
which Allah
Granted to man, were granted for his use;
All knowledge that befits not human weakness
Is placed beyond its reach. —They who repair
To Babylon, and from the Angels learn
Mysterious wisdom, sin not in the deed.

THALABA.
Know you these secrets?

LOBABA.
I? alas! my Son,
My age just knows enough to understand
How little all its knowledge! Later years,
Sacred to study, teach me to regret
Youth's unforeseeing indolence, and hours
That cannot be recall'd! Something I know
The properties of herbs, and have sometimes
Brought to the afflicted comfort and relief
By the secrets of my art; under His blessing
Without whom all had fail'd! Also of Gems
I have some knowledge, and the characters
That tell beneath what aspect they were set.

THALABA.
Belike you can interpret then the graving
Around this Ring!

LOBABA.
My night is feeble, Son,
And I must view it closer; let me try!

16.
The unsuspecting Youth
Held forth his finger to draw off the spell.
Even whilst he held it forth,
There settled there a Wasp,
And just above the Gem infix'd its dart;
All purple-swollen, the hot and painful flesh
Rose round the tightened ring;
The baffled sorcerer knew the hand of Heaven,
And inwardly blasphemed.

17.
Ere long, Lobasha’s heart,
Fruitful in wiles, devised new stratagem.
A mist arose at noon,
Like the loose, hanging skirts
Of some low cloud, that, by the breeze impell’d,
Sweeps o’er the mountain side.
With joy the thoughtless youth
That grateful shadowing sail’d;
For grateful was the shade,
While through the silver-lighted haze,
Guiding their way, appear’d the beamless Sun.
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 stay,
The Sun to-morrow will direct our course.”
So saying, he toward the desert depths
Misleads the youth deceived.

18.
Earlier the night came on,
Nor moon, nor stars, were visible in heaven;
And when at morn the youth unclosed his eyes,
He knew not where to turn his face in prayer.
“What shall we do?” Lobasha cried;
“The lights of heaven have ceased
To guide us on our way.
Should we remain and wait
More favorable skies,
Soon would our food and water fail us here;
And if we venture on,
There are the dangers of the wilderness!”

19.
“Sure it were best proceed!”
The chosen youth replies;
“So haply we may reach some tent, or grove
Of dates, or station’d tribe.
But idly to remain,
Were yielding effortless, and waiting death.”
The wily sorcerer willingly assents,
And farther in the sands,
Elate of heart, he leads the credulous youth.

20.
Still o’er the wilderness
Settled the moveless mist.
The timid Antelope, that heard their steps,
Stood doubtful where to turn in that dim light;
The Ostrich, blindly hastening, met them fall.
At night, again in hope,
Young Thalaba lay down;
The morning came, and not one guiding ray
Through the thick mist was visible,
The same deep moveless mist that mantled all.

21.
Oh for the Vulture’s scream,
Who haunts for prey the abode of human-kind
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 drought, the more eagerly desired,
Imperious prudence took with sparing thirst.
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
In vain! for still the deadly calm endured.
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!

22.
Alas! a wretched scene
Was open’d on their view.
They look’d around; no wells were near,
No tent, no human aid!
Flat on the Camel lay the water-skin,
And their dumb servant difficulty now,
Over hot sands and under the hot sun,
Dragg’d on with patient pain

23.
But, oh, the joy! the blessed sight!
When in that burning waste the Travellers
Saw a green meadow, fair with flowers besprent,
Azure and yellow, like the beautiful fields
Of England, when amid the growing grass
The blue-bell bends, the golden king-cup shines,
And the sweet cowslip scents the genial air,
In the merry month of May!
Oh, joy! the Travellers
Gaze on each other with hope-brighten’d eyes,
For sure through that green meadow flows
The living stream! And lo! their famish’d beast
Sees the restoring sight.
Hope gives his feeble limbs a sudden strength;
He hurries on! —

24.
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 leaves
Even frantic Famine loathed.

25.
In uncommunicating misery
Silent they stood. At length Lobasha 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!
Who that beheld thy venerable face,
Thy features stiff with suffering, the dry lips,
The feverish eyes, could deem that all within
Was magic case, and fearlessness secure,
And wiles of hellish import? The young man
Paused with reluctant pity, but he saw
His comrade’s red and painful countenance,
And his own burning breath came short and quick,
And at his feet the grasping beast
Lies, over-worn with want.

26.
Then from his girdle Thalaba took the knife
With stern compassion, and from side to side
Across the Camel’s throat
Drew deep the crooked blade.
Servant of man, that merciful deed
Forever ends thy suffering; but what doom
Waits thy deliverer? “Little will thy death
Avail us!” thought the youth,
As in the water-skin he pour’d
The Camel’s hoarded draught;
It gave a scant supply,
The poor allowance of one prudent day.

27.
Son of Hodeirah, though thy steady soul
Despair’d not, firm in faith,
Yet not the less did suffering nature feel
Its pangs and trials. Long their craving thirst
Struggled with fear, by fear itself inflamed;
But drop by drop, that poor,
That last supply is drain’d.
Still the same burning sun! no cloud in heaven!
The hot air quivers, and the sultry mist
Floats o’er the desert, with a show
Of distant waters, mocking their distress.

28.
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 seemed 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 view’d the writing close,
Then cried with sudden joy,
“It is a stone that whose 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.”

29.
“Nay!” answer’d Thalaba;
“Shall I distrust the providence of God?
Is it not He must save?
If Allah wills it not,
Vain were the Genii’s aid.”

30.
Whilst he spake, Lobaba’s eye,
Upon the distance fix’d,
Attended not his speech.
Its fearful meaning drew
The looks of Thalaba;
Columns of sand came moving on;
Red in the burning ray,
Like obelisks of fire,
They rush’d before the driving wind.
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 force.

31.
High—high in heaven upcurl’d
The dreadful sand-spouts moved;
Swift as the whirlwind that impell’d their way
They came toward the travellers!
The old Magician shriek’d,
And lo! the foremost bursts,
Before the whirlwind’s force,
Scattering afar a burning shower of sand.
“Now by the virtue of the Ring,
Save us!” Lobaba cried,
“While yet thou hast the power,
Save us! O save us! now!”
The youth made no reply,
Gazing in awful wonder on the scene.

32.
“Why dost thou wait?” the Old Man exclaim’d;
“If Allah and the Prophet will not save,
Call on the Powers that will!”

33.
“Ha! do I know thee, Infidel accurst?”
Exclaim’d the awaken’d youth.
“And thou hast led me thither, Child of Sin!
That fear might make me sell
My soul to endless death!”

34.
“Fool that thou art!” Lobaba cried,
“Call upon Him whose name
Thy charmed signet bears,
Or die the death thy foolishness deserves!”

35.
“Servant of Hell! die thou!” quoth Thalaba.
And leaning on his bow,
He fitted the loose string,
And laid the arrow in its resting-place.
“Bow of my Father, do thy duty now!”
He drew the arrow to its point;
True to his eye it fled,
And full upon the breast
It smote the Sorcerer.
Astonish’d Thalaba beheld
The blunted point recoil.

36.
A proud and bitter smile
Wrinkled Lobaba’s cheek.
"Try once again thine 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.

37.
Swift as the viewless wind, Self-moving, the Chariot came; The Sorecere mounts the seat.
"Yet once more weigh thy danger!" he resumed; "Ascend the car with me, And with the speed of thought We pass the desert bounds."
The indignant youth vouchsafed not to reply; And lo! the magic car begins its course!

38.
Hark! hark! — he shrieks — Lobaba shrieks! What, wretch, and hast thou raised The rushing terrors of the Wilderness To fall on thine own head? Death! death! inevitable death! Driven by the breath of God, A column of the Desert met his way.

NOTES TO BOOK IV.

How great our fathers were, how little we. — 9, p. 256.
The Mussulmans are immutably possessed, that as the Earth approaches its dissolution, its sons and daughters gradually decrease in their dimensions. As for BaghjaL they say he will find the race of mankind dwindled into such diminutive pigmies, that their habitations in cities, and all the best towns, will be of no other fabric than the shoes and slippers made in these present ages, placed in rank and file, in secrecy and regular order; allowing one pair for two round families. — Morgan's Hist. of Algiers.

The Cady then asked me, "If I knew when Hagiuco was to come?" "I have no wish to know any thing about him," said I; "I hope those days are far off, and will not happen in my time." "What do your books say concerning him?" says he, affecting a look of great wisdom. "Do they agree with ours?" "I don't know that," said I, "I till I hear what is written in your books." "Hagiuco Mahji," says he, "are little people not so big as bees, or like the zimb, or fly of Zennar, that came in great swarms out of the earth, &c., in multitudes that cannot be counted; two of their chiefs are to ride upon an ass, and every hair of that ass is to be a pipe, and every pipe is to play a different kind of music, and all that hear and follow them are to be carried to hell." "I know them not," said I; "and in the name of the Lool, I fear them not, were they twice as little as you say they are, and twice as numerous. I trust in God I shall never be so fond of music as to go to hell after an ass, for all the tunes that he or they can play." — Bruce.

There very little people, according to Theraenot, are to be great drinkers, and will drink the sea dry.

In the wild basset, &c. — 9, p. 256.
The story of Haruth and Maruth, as in the Poem, may be found in lvllusus, and in S¢iena's notes to the Koran. Of the different accounts, I have preferred that which makes Zohara originally a woman, and metamorphoses her into the planet Venus, to that which says the planet Venus descended as Zohara to tempt the Angels.
The Arabs have so childish a love of rhyme, that when two names are usually coupled, they make them jingle, as in the case of Haruth and Maruth. Thus they call Chis and Abel, Abel and Kabel. I am informed that the Koran is crowded with rhymes, more particularly at the conclusion of the chapters.

A precious price, the knowledge of the name Of God. — 9, p. 256.
The Ism-Abih — The Science of the Name of God.
They pretend that God is the lock of this science, and Mahommed the key; that consequently none but Mahommedans can attain it; that he discovers what posses in distant countries; that it familiarizes the possessors with the Gonihi, who are at the command of the initiated, and who instruct them; that it places the winds and the seasons at their disposal; that it heals the bite of serpents, the lame, the maimed, and the blind. They say, that some of their greatest Saints, such as Abdallak, Chelistan of Bagdad, and Ibn Aluan, who resided in the south of Yemen, were so far advanced in this science by their devotion, that they said their prayers every noon in the Kubs of Mecca, and were not absent from their own houses any part of the day. A merchant of Mecca, who had learnt it in all its forms from Mahommed el Djobnabensji, (at present so famous in that city,) pretended that he himself, being in danger of perishing at sea, had fastened a billet to the mast, with the usual ceremonies, and that immediately the tempest ceased. He showed me, at Bombay, but at a distance, a book which contained all sorts of figures and mathematical tables, with instructions how to arrange the billets, and the appropriate prayers for every circumstance. But he would neither suffer me to touch the book, nor copy the title.

There are some Mahommedans who shut themselves up in a dark place without eating and drinking for a long time, and there with a loud voice repeat certain short prayers till they faint. When they recover, they pretend to have seen not only a crowd of spirits, but God himself, and even the Devil. But the true initiated in the Ism-Abih do not seek such visions. The secret of discovering hidden treasures belongs also, if I mistake not, to the Ism-Abih. — Niebuhr.

Huge as the giant race of elder times. — 9, p. 256.
One of the Arabs, whom we saw from afar, and who was mounted upon a camel, seemed higher than a tower, and to be moving in the air; at first this was a strange appearance; however, it was only the effect of refraction; the Camel, which the Arab was upon, touching the ground like all others. There was nothing then extraordinary in this phenomenon, and I afterwards saw many appearances exactly similar in the dry countries. — Niebuhr.

"They surprised me, not indeed by a sudden assault; but they advanced; and the sultry vapor of noon, through which you saw them, increased their magnitude." — Nonnabat. Poem of Horath.

So in his loosest cloak
The Old Man wraps himself. — 10, p. 257.

One of these Hylæs is usually six yards long and five or six feet broad, serving the Arab for a complete dress in the day, and for his bed and covering in the night. It is a close but troublesome kind of garment, being frequently disconcerted and falling upon the ground, so that the person who wears it is every moment obliged to tuck it up, and fold it anew about his body. This shows the great use there is for a garment in attaining any active employment, and, in consequence thereof, the force of the Scripture injunction alluding thereto, of having our loins girded. The method of wearing these garments, with the use they are at other times put to, in serving for coverlets to their beds, should induce us to take the finer sort of them, at least those that are worn by the ladies and persons of distinction, to be the ρεπλευ of the ancients. It is very probable likewise, that the loose folding
Consuming still in flowers, and still renew'd.— 15, p. 298.

Fear the fire, whose fount is men and stones prepared for the unbelievers.—Korah, Chap. 2.

Virtuously, those who declaim our signs, we will surely cast to be broiled in hell-fire; so often as their skins shall be well burned, we will give them other skins in exchange, that they may take the sharper torment.—Korah, Chap. 4.

Their warbling wings his sun-shield.—15, p. 298.

The Armenians attribute to Solomon a perpetual enemy and warfare against wicked Gemini and Gniatis; on the subject of his wonder-working filing, their tales are innumerable. They have even invented a whole race of Pre-Adamite Solomons, who, according to them, governed the world successively, to the number of 40, or, as others affirm, as many as 72. All these made the evil Gemini their unwilling drudges. —D’Herr-Netten.

Anchieta was in a canoe to the mouth of the river Abre, a delightful spot, surrounded with mango-trees, and usually abounding with birds called garraves, that breed there. These birds are about the size of a hen, their color a rich purple inclining to red. They are white when hatched, and soon become black; but as they grow larger, lose that color, and take this rich and beautiful purple. Our navigators had reached the place, but when they should have enjoyed the fine prospect which delights all who pass it, the sun was excessively hot; and this eye-pleasure was purchased dearly, when the whole body was in a profuse perspiration, and the rovers were in a fever. Their distress called upon Joseph, and the remedy was no soon to one him. He saw three or four of these birds perched upon a mango, and calling to them in the Brazilian language, which the rovers understood, said, Go you, call your companions, and come to share these hot servants of the Lord. The birds stretched out their necks as if in obedience, and away they went to seek for others, and in a short time they came flying in the shape of an elegant cloud, and they shadowed the canoe a good league out to sea, till the fresh sea-breeze sprung up. Then he told them they might go about their business; and they separated with a clamor of rude, but joyful sounds, which were only understood by the Author of Nature, who created them. This was a greater miracle than that of the cloud with which God defended his chosen people in the wilderness from the heat of the sun, inasmuch as it was a more elegant and fanciful parasol. 

... the most curious account of Solomon's wisdom is in Du Bartas.

Hee knows — 

... the heavens's sweet-sweating issue appear to be Pearls parent, and the Oysters peer; 
And whether, duch, it makes them dilate, 
Cleer breeds the cleer, and stormy brings the pale; 
Whether from sea the amber-greece be sent, 
Or be some fishes pleasant excrement; 
Hee knows why the Earth’s immovable and round, 
The less of Nature, centre of the round; 
Hee knows her measure; and hee knows besides 
How Cophoquist (duly apply’d) 
Within the darkness of the Conduit-pipes, 
Aid the winding of our inward tripe, 
Can so discreetly the white humour take.

Salierst’s Du Bartas.

He rode the wind, &c. —15, p. 298.

... and the wind we subject unto Solomon; it blew in the morning for a month, and in the evening for a month. And we made a fountain of molten brass to flow for him. And some of the Gemii were obliged to work in his presence, by the will of his Lord; and whoever of them turned aside from our command, we will cause him to taste the pain of

... they say that he had a carpet of green silk, on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigiously length and breadth, and sufficient for all his horses to stand upon; the same placing themselves on his right hand, and the spirits on his left; and that when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased, the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy to shelter them from the sun.

... a fountain of molten brass. This fountain, they say, was in Yemno, and flowed three days in a mouth.
hell-fire. They made for him whatever he pleased, of
palaces and statues, and large dishes like fish-pots, and
calorific standing firm on their trevets. And we said,
Work righteousness, O family of David, with thanksgiving;
for few of my servants are thankful. And when we had de-
crated that Solomon should die, nothing discovered his death
unto them, except the creeping thing of the earth, which
gasped his stuff. And when his body fell down, the Genii phinely perceived,
that if they had known that which is secret, they had not continued in a vile
punishment.

- Konan, Chap. 34.

Oh for the Pleaser's pleasant cry. - 21, p. 229.

In places where there was water, we found a variety
of the plewer. - Nicks.

Oh for the Camel-driver's song. - 91, p. 239.

The camels of the hot countries are not fenced off to
the tail of the other, as in cold climates, but suffered to go
at their will, like herds of cows. The camel-driver follows
singing, and from time to time, giving a sudden whistle. The
lender he sings and whistles, the faster the camels go; and
they stop as soon as he ceases to sing. The camel-drivers,
to relieve each other, are provided with caldrons, and when they wish
their beasts to browse for half an hour on what they can find, they
amuse themselves by smoking a pipe; after which, beginning
again to sing, the camels immediately proceed. - Towlernier.

Een Fratse Farnse loathed. - 84, p. 230.

At four in the afternoon, we had an unexpected entertain-
ment, which did our breasts with a very short-lived joy.
The whole plain before us seemed deck covered with green grass
and yellow daisies. We advanced to the place with as much
speed as our lame condition would suffer us; but how ter-
rible was our disappointment, when we found the whole
of that verdure to consist in sepsis and coloquintida, the most
noxious of plants, and the most incapable of being sub-
stituted as food for man or beast! - Bruce.

Then from his girdle Thalaba took the knife. - 85, p. 230.

The girdles of these people are usually of worsted, very
artfully woven into a variety of figures, and made to wrap

* We will cause him to taste the pain of hell-fire: or, as some exposed
the words, we caused him to taste the pain of burning; by which they understood
hell, and they affirmed that the soul of he who committed the transgression of
the Angel set over them, who whipped them with a whip of fire.

† Statues. Some suppose these were images of the Angels and Prophets,
but that the making of them was not forbidden, or else that they were not
such images as were forbidden by the law. Some say these Spirits made
him two hands, which were placed at the foot of his throne, and two eagle,
which were set about it; and that when he mounted it, the fins stretched
out their paws, and when he sat down, the eagles shaded him with their
wings.

‡ Dishes like elegantly: being so magnificently large, that a thousand
people might eat out of each of them at once.

§ And elaborate standing firm on their trevets. - Those calorific, they
say, were cut out of the mountains of Yemen, and were so vastly big, that
they could not be moved; and people went up to them by steps.

Nthwithstanding his rich dress and the gorgeous thing of the earth
which graced his staff. - The common stories, to explain this passage.
Tell us, that David, having laid the foundations of the temple of Jerusalem,
which was to be in lieu of the tabernacle of Moses, when he died, left it
to be finished by his son Solomon, who employed the Genii in the work:
but Solomon, before the ladder was completed, perceiving his end drew
nigh, sent for that Genii which had been in the house of God, to
Him, till he had entirely finished it; that God therefore so ordered it, the
Solomon died as he stood at his prayers, leaning on his staff, which
supported the body so as to impress a full year, and the soul, supporting
him to the air, continued their work for him; and the expression
whereof, the temple being perfectly completed, a worm, which had eaten
into the staff, was cast out, and the corpse fell to the ground, and
disclosed the king's death.

Possibly this gable of the temple being built by Glacier, and not by men,
might lead the reader to infer that it was finished in Scripture, that the
house was built of stone, made ready before it was brought there, so that
there was neither hammer nor axe, nor tool did iron heard in the house while it
was building.

several times their beholders; one end of them, by being
doubled and sewn along the edges, serves the turn for a purse,
agreeable to the acceptation of the word Zerub in the Holy
Scriptures: the Turks and Arabs make a further use of their
girdles, by fixing their knives and pomanders in them; whilst
the Hojjas, i.e. the writers and secretaries, are distinguished
by having an inkwell, the judge of this office, suspended in
the like situation. - Shaw.

-Across the Camel's throat. - 26, p. 220.

On the road we passed the skeleton of a camel, which now
and then happens to the desert animals that have perished with fatigue; for those which are
killed for the sustenance of the Arabs, are carried away, bones and
all together. Of the hides are made the soles of the slippers
which are worn in Egypt, without any dressing but what the
sun can give them. The circumstances of this animal's
death, when his strength fails him on the road, have some-
ting in them affecting to humanity. Such are his patience
and perseverance, that he pursues his journey without
flagging, as long as he has power to support its weight; and such
is his fortitude and spirit, that he will never give out, until
nature stales before the complicated life which press upon
him. Then, and then only, will he resign his burden and
body to the ground. Nor stripes, nor carriages, nor food, nor
rest, will make him rise again! His vigor is exhausted, and
life ebbs out upon him. This the Arabs are very sensible of,
and kindly pluck a leaf into the beast's mouth, which
shorten his pangs. Even the Arab feels remorse when he
commits this deed; his hardened heart is moved at the loss
of a faithful servant. - Eyles Irwin.

In the Monthly Magazine for January, 1880, is a letter from Professor Heering recommending the introduction of these
animals at the Cape; but the camel is made only for level
countries. The animal is very ill qualified to travel upon
the snow or wet ground; the breadth in which they carry
their legs, when they slip, often occasions their splitting
themselves; so that when they fall with great hardness, they
seldom rise again! - James Hennaway.

The African Arabs say, if one should put the question,
Which is best for you, O Camel, to go up hill or down? he will
make answer, God's curse light on 'em both, wherever they are
to be met with. - Morgan's Hist. of Algiers.

No creature is more particularly fitted to the climate in
which it exists. We cannot doubt the nature of the one has been
adapted to that of the other by some disposing intelli-
gence. Designing the camel to dwell in a country where he
can find little nourishment, nature has been sparing of his
materiel in this form of his body, has confined him to the
stomach upon the flimsiness of the ox, horse, or
elephant; but limiting herself to what is strictly necessary,
she has given him a small head without ears, at the end of a
long neck without flesh. She has taken from his legs and
thighs every muscle not immediately requisite for nation;
and, in short, has bestowed on his withered body only the
vessels and tendons necessary to connect his frame together.

She has furnished him with a strong jaw, that he may
grind the hardest substances; but lest he should consume too
much, she has contracted his stomach, and obliged him to chew
the cud. She has fitted him with a foot, as unique as his form,
and utterly disarmed of his flesh, so as to be firm as a stone,
standing on the mud, and being so adapted for climbing,
suits him only for a dry, level, and sandy soil, like that of
Arabia. She has evidently destined him likewise to slavery
by refusing him every sort of defence against his
enemies. Besides the hopeless horror of the strange
former of the horse, the teeth of the elk-plant, and the
swiftness of the stag, how can the camel resist or avoid the attacks
of the lion, the tiger, or even the wolf? To preserve the
species, therefore, nature has concealed him in the depths of
the vast desert, in the midst of a wilderness, where the want of vegetation can attract
no game, and whence the want of game repels every vor-
cious animal. Tyranny must have expelled man from the
habitable parts of the earth, before the camel could have lost his
liberty. Become domestic, he has rendered habitable the
most barren soil the world contains. He alone supplies all
his master's wants. The milk of the camel nourishes the
Farly of the Arab, under the various forms of curds, cheese, and butter; and they often feed upon his flesh. Shropers and harsies are made of his skin, and tents and clothing of his hair. Heavy burdens are transported by his means, and when the earth denies forage to the horse, so valuable to the Bedouin, the camel supplies that deficiency by her milk, at no other cost, for so many advantages, than a few stalks of brambles or wormwood, and pounded date-kernels. So great is the importance of the camel to the desert, that were it deprived of that useful animal, it must infallibly lose every inhabitant.

Of distant waters, &c. — 27, p. 269.

Where any parts of these deserts are sandy and level, the horizon is as fit for astronomical observations as the sea, and appears, at a small distance, to be no less a collection of water. It was likewise equally surprising to observe, in what an extraordinary manner every object appeared to be magnified within it, insomuch that a scrub seemed as big as a tree, and a flock of Achnabodias might be mistaken for a caravan of camels. This seeming collection of water always advances about a quarter of a mile before us, whilst the intermediate space appears to be in one continuous glide, occasioned by the quickening, and inflammable character of that quick succession of vapors and exhalations, which are extracted by the powerful influence of the sun. — Sheer.

In the Bahar Dahush is a metaplex drawn from this optical deception. "It is the ancient custom of fortune, and time has long established the habit, that she at first bewilders the thirsty traveller by the paths of desert by the north, ready for a disappointment; but when their distress and misery has reached extremity, suddenly relieving them from the dark windings of confusion and error, she conducts them to the fountains of enjoyment."

"The burning heat of the sun was reflected with double violence from the hot sand, and the distant ridges of the hills, seen through the ascending vapors, seemed to wave and fluctuate like the unscrolled sea." — Mango Park.

"I shake the lachery, and she quickens her pace, while theubby whey rolls in waves over the burning cliffs." — Moallalah. Poem of Tarufa.

His tongue was dry and rough. — 28, p. 269.

Perhaps no traveller but Mr. Park ever survived to relate similar sufferings.

"I pushed on as fast as possible, in hopes of reaching some watering-place in the course of the night. My thirst was, by this time, become insufferable; my mouth was parched and inflamed; a sudden dizziness would frequently come over my eyes, with other symptoms of fainting; and my horse being very much fatigued, I began seriously to apprehend that I should perish of thirst. To relieve the burning pain in my mouth and throat, I chewed the leaves of different shrubs, but found them all bitter, and of no service to me."

"A little before sunset, having reached the top of a gento rising, I climbed a high tree, from the topmost branches of which I cast a melancholy look over the barren wilderness, but without discovering the most distant trace of a human dweller. The beauty of the scenery of shrubs and sand everywhere presented itself, and the horizon was as level and uninterrupted as that of the sea.

"Descending from the tree, I found my horse devouring the stubble and brushwood with great avidity; and as I was now too faint to attempt walking, and my horse too much fatigued to carry me, I thought it but an act of humanity, and perhaps the last I should ever have it in my power to perform, to take off his bridle, and let him shift for himself; in doing which I was suddenly affected with sickness and giddiness, and falling upon the sand, felt as if the hour of death was fast approaching. Here then, thought I, after a short, but ineffectual struggle, terminate all my hopes of being useful in my day and generation; here must the short span of my life come to an end. — I cast (as I believed) a last look on the surrounding scene, and whilst I reflected on the awful change that was about to take place, this world, with its enjoyments, seemed to vanish from my recollection. Nature, however, at length, resumed its functions; and on recovering my senses, I found myself stretched upon the sand, with the bridge still in my hand, and the sun just sinking behind the trees. I now summoned all my resolution, and determined to make one last effort to prolong my existence. And as the evening was somewhat cool, I resolved to travel as far as my limbs would carry me, in hopes of reaching (my only resource) a watering-place. With this view I put the bridge on my horse, and driving him where I thought the wind was blowing,args more slowly, for a little while, but when I perceived some lightening from the north-east—a most delightful sight, for it promised rain. The darkness and lightening increased very rapidly; and in less than an hour I heard the wind roaring among the bushes. I had already opened my mouth to receive the refreshing drops which I expected, but I was instantly covered with a cloud of sand, driven with such force by the wind, as to give a very disagreeable sensation to my face and arms, and I was obliged to mount my horse and stop under a bush to prevent being suffocated. — The sand continued to fly in amazer quantities, for near an hour, after which I again set forward, and travelled with difficulty until ten o'clock. About this time, I was agreeably surprised by some very vivid flashes of lightning, followed by a few heavy drops of rain. In a little time, the sand ceased to fly, and I allotted, and spread out all my clean clothes to collect the rain, which I had seen fall from the sky more than an hour it rained plentifully, and I quenched my thirst by wringing and sucking my clothes." — Park's Travels in the Interior of Africa.

Could they have back'd the Dromedary, &c. — 30, p. 269.

All the time I was in Barbary, I could never get sight of above three or four Dromedaries. These the Arabs call Mehera; the singular is Meher. They are of several sorts and degrees of beauty, and worth many thousand dollars each; scarce worth two or three. To look on, they seem little different from the rest of that species, only I think the egressiveness on a Dromedary's back is somewhat less than that of a Camel. What is reported of their sleeping, or rather seeming scarce alive, for some time after coming into this world, is no false. The longer they lie so, the more excellent they prove in their kind, and consequently of higher price and esteem. None lie in that trance more than ten days and nights. Those that do are very rare, and are called Asshari, from Asshur, and signifies ten, in Arabic. I saw one single, perfectly white all over, belonging to Leilah Oumme, Princess of that noble Arab Neja, named Heyl ben Ali, I spoke of, and upon which she put a very great value, never sending it abroad but upon some extraordinary occasion, when the arbiters of taste were required: having others, inferior in swiftness, for more ordinary messages. They say that one of these Assharis will, in one night, and through a level country, traverse as much ground as any single horse can perform in ten, which is no exaggeration of the matter, since many have affluence to go, that it makes nothing of holding its rapid pace, which is a most violent hard trot, for four or five hours upon a stretch, without showing the least sign of weariness, or inclination to halt, and that having then swallowed a bail or two of a sort of paste, made up of barley-meal, and may be a little water, or Cassels' milk, if to be had, and which the courtier seldom forgets to be provided with, in skins, as well for the sustenance of himself as of his Pegasus, the indefatigable animal will seem as fresh as at first setting out, and ready to continue running at the same scarce ebulient rate, for as many hours longer, and so on from one extremity of the African Deserts to the other, provided its rider could hold out without sleep or other refreshments. This has been averred to me, by believe, more than a thousand Arabs and Moors, all agreeing in every particular.

I happened to have a chance in particular, in the tent of that Princess, with Ali ben Mahamoud, the Bey, or Vice-Regal of the Algerine Eastern Province, when he went thither to celebrate his nuptials with Abamara, her only daughter, if I mistake not. Among other entertainments she gave her guests, the favorite white Dromedary was brought forth, ready saddled and bridled, I said bridled, because the thong, which
Thalaba the Destroyer.

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

Psalm xviii. 33.

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

He lifted up his fever’d face to heaven,
And bared his head, and stretch’d his hands
To that delightful shower,
And felt the coolness permeate every limb,
Freshening his powers of life.

A loud, quick panting! Thalaba looks up;
He starts, and his instinctive hand
Grasps the knife hilt; for close beside
A Tiger passes him.

An indolent and languid eye
The passing Tiger turn’d;
His head was hanging down,
His dry tongue lolling low,
And the short panting of his breath

Came through his hot, parch’d nostrils painfully
The young Arabian knew
The purport of his hurried pace,
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,
Fragrantly with the river-stream,
Her load of water had discharged’d there
Her young in the refreshing bath
Dipp’d down their callow heads,
Fill'd the swollen membrane from their pulseless throat
Pendent, and bills yet soft;
And buoyant with arch'd breast,
Plec'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 nestle underarch their outspread wings.
The spotted prowler of the wild
Lapp'd the cool wave, and satiate, from the nest,
Guiltless of blood, withdrew.

4.
The mother-bird had moved not,
But, cowering o'er her nestlings,
Sate confidant 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.

5.
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,
Roman o'er the city with insatiate eyes;
Its thousand dwellings, o'er whose level roofs
Fair cupolas appear'd, and high-domed mosques,
And pointed minarets, and cypress groves,
Every where scatter'd in unwithering green.

6.
Thou too art fallen, Bagdad! City of Peace,
Thou too hast had thy day;
And loathsome Ignorance and brute Scrvitude
Pollute thy dwellings now,
Erst for the Mighty and the Wise renown'd.
O yet illustrious for remember'd fame,—
Thy founder the Victorious,— and the pomp
Of Haroun, for whose name, by blood defiled,
Yahia's, and the blameless Barmecides',
Genius hath wrought salvation,— and the years
When Science with the good Al-Ma'mon dwelt:
So one day may the Crescent from thy Mosques
Be pluck'd by Wisdom, when the enlightened arm
Of Europe conquers to redeem the East!

7.
Then Pomp and Pleasure dwelt within her walls;
The Merchants of the East and of the West
Met in her arch'd Bazzars;
All day the active poor
Shower'd a cool comfort o'er her thronging streets;
Labor was busy in her looms;
Through all her open gates
Long troops of laden Camels lined the roads,
And Tigris bore upon his timeless stream
Armenian harvests to her multitudes.

8.
But not in sumptuous Caravansary
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 loathes all lingering that delays the hour
When, full of glory, from his quest return'd,
He on the pillar of the Tent beloved
Shall hang Hodeirah's sword.

9.
The many-colored domes
Yet wore one dusky hue;
The Cranes upon the Mosque
Kept their night-clatter still;
When through the gate the early Traveller past.
And when at evening o'er the swampy plain
The Bittern's boom came far,
Distinct in darkness seen
Above the low horizon's lingering light,
Rose the near ruins of old Babylon.

10.
Once from her lofty walls the Charioteer
Look'd down on swelling myriads; once she flung
Her arches o'er Euphrates' conquer'd tide,
And through her brazen portals when she pour'd
Her armies forth, the distant nations look'd
As men who watch the thunder-cloud in fear,
Lest it should burst above them. She was fallen,
The Queen of cities, Babylon, was fallen!
Low lay her bulwarks; the black Scorpion bask'd
In the palace courts; within the sanctuary
The She-Wolf hid her whelps.
Is yonder huge and shapeless heap, what once
Hath been the aerial Gardens, height on height
Rising like Media's mountains crown'd with wood,
Work of imperial dotage? Where the fame
Of Belus? Where the Golden Image now,
Which, at the sound of dulcimer and lute,
Cornet and sacbut, 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.
Alone unchanged, a free and bridgeless tide,
Euphrates rolls along,
Eternal Nature's work.
11.
The man was fearless, and the temper'd pride
Which toned the voice of Thalaba
Displeased not him, himself of haughty heart.
Headless he answered, "Knowest thou
Their cave of punishment?"

12.
Thalaba went his way.
Cautious he trod, and felt
The dangerous ground before him with his bow.
The Jackal started at his steps;
The Stork, alarm'd at sound of man,
From her broad nest upon the old pillar top,
Affrighted fled on flapping wings;
The Adder, in her haunts disturb'd,
Lanced at the intruding staff her arrowy tongue.

13.
Twilight and moonshine dimly mingling gave
An awful light obscure,
Evening not wholly closed,
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 moss.
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.

14.
Reclined against a column's broken shaft,
Unknowing 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.

15.
Soon at approaching step
Starting, 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.

16.
"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?"

17.
The youth replied, "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?"
22.
From Ait's bitumen-lake
That heavy cloud ascends;
That everlasting roar
From where its gushing springs
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 wherebread lichens whiten'd some smooth spot,
And where the ivy hung
Its flowing tresses down.
A little way within the cave
The moonlight fell, glossing 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.

23.
No eye of mortal man,
If unenam'd by enchanted spell,
Had pierce[d] those fearful depths;
For mingling with the roar
Of the portentous torrent, oft were heard
Sireeks, 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,
And dropping their beads fast,
Pronounce the Holy Name.

24.
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.

25.
"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.

26.
Mohareb, when the long reeking ceased,
Exclaim'd, "Fate favor'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!"

27.
So saying, from beneath
His cloak a bag he drew:
"Young Arab! thou art brave," he cried;
"But thus to rush on danger unprepared,
As lions spring upon the hunter's spear,
Is blind, brute courage. Zohak keeps the cave
Against that Giant of primeval days:
No force can win the passage."
Thus he said,
And from his wallet drew a human hand,
Shrivell'd, and dry, and black;
And fitting, as he spake,
A taper in his hold,
Pursued: "A murderer on the stake had died;
I drove the Vulture from his limbs, and lopp'd
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 last thou undergone the rites
That fit thee to partake 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,—
Mangre the doom of Heaven,—
The salutory spell
Shall hush his penal agony to sleep,
And leave the passage free."

28.
Thalaba answer'd not.
Nor was there time for answer now,
For lo! Mohareb leads,
And o'er the vaulted cave,
Trembles the accursed taper's feeble light.
There, where the narrowing elasm
Rose loftier in the hill,
Stood Zohak, wretched man, condemn'd to keep
His Cave of punishment.
His was the frequent scream
Which when, far off, the prowling Jackal heard,
He howl'd in terror back:
From for his shoulders grew
Two snakes of monster size,
Which ever at his head
Aim'd their rapacious teeth,
To satiate raving hunger with his brain.
He, in the eternal conflict, oft would seize
Their swelling necks, and in his giant grasp
Bruise them, and rend their flesh with bloody nails,
And howl for agony,
Feeling the pangs he gave; for of himself
Co-sentient and inseparable parts,
The snaky torturers grew.

29.
To him approaching now,
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 surprised his vital powers.

30.
Yet though along the cave relax’d
Lay Zohak’s giant limbs,
The twin-born serpents kept the narrow pass,
Kindled their fiery eyes,
Darted their tongues of terror, and roll’d out
Their undulating length,
Like the long streamers of some gallant ship
Buoy’d on the wavey air,
Still struggling to flow on, and still withheld.
The scent of living flesh
Inflamed their appetite.

31.
Prepared for all the perils of the cave,
Moharc came. He from his wallet drew
Two human heads, yet warm.
O hard of heart! whom not the visible power
Of retributive Justice, and the doom
Of Zohak in his sight,
Deterr’d from equal crime!
Two human heads, yet warm, he laid
Before the scaly guardians of the pass;
They to their wonted banquet of old years
Turn’d eager, and the narrow pass was free.

32.
And now before their path
The opening cave dilates;
They reach a spacious vault,
Where the black river-fountains burst their way.
Now as a whirlwind’s force
Had centred on the spring,
The gushing flood roll’d up;
And now the deaden’d roar
Echoed beneath, collapsing as it sunk
Within a dark abyss,
Adown whose fathomless gulfs the eye was lost

33.
Blue flames that hover’d o’er the springs
Flung through the cavern their uncertain light;
Now waving on the waves they lay,
And now their fiery curls
Flow’d in long tresses up,
And now contracting, glow’d with whiter heat:
Then up they shot again,
Darting pale flashes through the tumultuous air;
The flames, the red and yellow sulphur-smoke,
And the black darkness of the vault,
Commingling indivisibly.

34.
“Here,” quoth Moharc, “do the Angels dwell,
The Teachers of Enchantment.” Thalaba
Then raised his voice, and cried,
“Haruth and Maruth, hear me! Not with rites
Accurs’d, to disturb your penitence,
And learn forbidden lore,
Repentant Angels, seek I your abode;
But sent by Allah and the Prophet here,
Obediently I come;
Their chosen servant I;
Tell me the Talisman”—

35.
“And dost thou think,”
Moharc cried, as with a smile of scorn
He glanced upon his comrade, “dost thou think
To trick them of their secret? For the dupes
Of human-kind keep this lip-righteousness!
’Twill serve thee in the Mosque
And in the Market-place;
But Spirits view the heart.
Only by strong and torturing spells enforced,
Those stubborn Angels teach the charm
By which we must descend”

36.
“Descend?” said Thalaba.
But then the wrinkling smile
Forsook Moharc’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-kneed prayer-monger through the cave!
What brings thee hither? Thou shouldst have a hat
By some Saint’s grave beside the public way,
There to less-knowing fools
Retail thy Koran-scraps,
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 uninitiate tread
Your threshold, this stones!—
Fit sacrifice he falls!”
And forth he flash’d his cimeter,
And raised the murderous blow.

37.
There ceased his power; his lifted arm,
Suspected by the spell,
Hung impotent to strike.
“Poor hypocrite!” cried he,
“And this then is thy faith
In Allah and the Prophet! They had fail’d
To save thee, but for Magic’s stolen aid;
Yea, they had left thee yonder Serpent’s meal,
But that, in prudent cowardice,
The chosen Servant of the Lord came in,
Safe follower of my path!”

38.
“Blasphemer! dost thou boast of guiding me?”
Quoth Thalaba, with virtuous pride inflamed.
“Blindly the wicked work
The righteous will of Heaven!
Sayest thou that, deficient of God,
In Magic spells I trust?
Liar! let witness this!”
And he drew off Abdaladar’s Ring,
And cast it in the gulf.
A skinny hand came up,
And caught it as it fell,
And peals of devilish laughter shook the Cave.
NOTES TO THALABA THE DESTROYER.

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

40. The unguarded youth
Sprung forward, and he seized
Mohareb in his grasp,
And grappled with him breast to breast.
Sincere and large of limb 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 mood divine,
Infused a force portentous, like the strength
Of madness through his frame.

Mohareb reels 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 upwirling flood received
Mohareb, then, absorb'd,
Engulf'd him in the abyss.

41. 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!"

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

43. In awe the youth received the answering voice —
"Son of Hodeirah! thou hast proved it here;
The Talisman is Faith."

NOTES TO BOOK V.

Lays the cool waves, &c. — 3, p. 266.

The Pelican makes choice of dry and desert places to lay her eggs; when her young are hatched, she is obliged to
bring water to them from great distances. To enable her
to perform this necessary office, Nature has provided her with
a large sack, which extends from the tip of the under mandible
of her bill to the throat, and holds as much water as
will supply her brood for several days. This water she pours
into the nest, to cool her young, to slay their thirst, and
to teach them to swim. Lions, Tyggers, and other ravenous animals resort to these nests, and drink the water, and are
sued not to injure the young. — Selvatic's Philosophy of Natural
History.

It is perhaps from this power of carrying a supply of water
that the Pelican is called Jianaud el Baher, the Camel of the River.
Bruce notices a curious blunder upon this subject in the
translation of Norden's travels. "On looking into Mr.
Norden's Voyage," says he, "I was struck at a first sight with
this paragraph: — 'We saw, this day, abundance of cannes; but
they did not come near enough for us to shoot them.'
I thought with myself, to shoot cames in Egypt would be very
little better than to shoot men, and that it was very lucky for
him the cames did not come near, that was the only thing
that prevented him. Upon looking at the note, I see it is a
small mistake of the translator, who says, that in the original it
is Chameau d' eau, Water Cames; but whether they are a
particular species of cames, or a different kind of animal, he
does not know."

Every where scattered, &c. — 5, p. 266.

These prominent features of an Oriental city will be found
in all the works of John Chardin.
The mosques, the minarets, and numerous cupolas, form a
splendid spectacle; and the flat roofs of the houses, which are
situated on the hills, rising one behind another, present a
succession of hanging terraces, interspersed with cypress and

The circuit of Isphahan, taking in the suburbs, is not less than
that of Paris; but Paris contains ten times the number of
its inhabitants. It is, however, almost impossible that this
city is so extensive and so thinly peopled, because every family
has its own house, and almost every house its garden; so that
there is much void ground. From whatever side you arrive,
you first discover the towers of the mosques, and then the
trees which surround the houses; at a distance, Isphahan
resembles a forest more than a town. — Tavernier.

Of Alexandria, Velchey says, "The spreading palm-trees, the
terraced houses, which seem to have no roof, the lofty, slender
minarets, all announce to the traveller that he is in
another world."

Thou art afar felled, Bugdah! City of Peace. — 6, p. 266.

Almazar, rising one day with his courtiers along the banks
of the Tigris, where S-leucia formerly stood, was so delighted
with the beauty of the country, that he resolved there to build
his new capital. Whilst he was conversing with his attendants
upon this project, one of them, separating from the rest, met a
Hermit, whose cell was near, and entered into talk with him,
and communicated the design of the Caliph. The Hermit
replied, he well knew, by a tradition of the country, that a
city would one day be built in that plain, but that its founder
would be a man called Mochas, a name very different from
both those of the Caliph, Giaffar and Almazar.

The Officer rejoined Almanzar, and repeated his conver-
sation with the Hermit. As soon as the Caliph heard
the name of Mochas, he descended from his horse, prostrated
himself, and returned thanks to God, for that he was chosen
to execute his orders. His courtiers waited for an explo-
nation of this conduct with eagerness, and the Caliph told them thus: — During the Caliphate of the Omniades, my
brothers and myself being very young, and possessing very
little, were obliged to live in the country, where each in rota-
tion was to provide subsistence for the whole. On one of
my days, as I was without money, and had no means of pro-
curing food, I took a branchet belonging to my nurse, and
pawned it. This woman made a great outcry, and, after
much search, discovered that I had been the thief. In her
anger she abused me plentifully, and, among other terms of
reproach, she called me Mochas, the name of a famous robber
in those days; and, during the rest of her life, she never called
![Image](https://example.com/image.png)

**The many-colored dances.** — p. 266.

In Tavercini's time, there were five Mosques at Bagdad, two of them fine, their large domes covered with varnished tiles of different colors.

**Kept their night clatter still.** — p. 266.

At Bagdad are many cranes, who build their nests upon the top of the minarets, and the loftiest house. At Adamqui, cranes are so abundant, that there is nearly a house which has not several nests upon it. They are very tame, and the inhabitants never molest them. When any thing disturbs these birds, they make a violent clatter with their long beaks, which is some time repeated by the others all over the town; and this noise will sometimes continue for several minutes. It is as loud as a watchman's rattle, and not much unlike in sound. — Jackson.

The cranes were now arrived at their respective quarters, and a couple had made their nest, which is bigger in circumference than a bushel, on a dome close by our chamber. This pair stood, side by side, with great gravity, showing no concerto at what was transacting beneath them, but at intervals twisting about their long necks, and clattering with their beaks, turned behind them upon their backs, as it were in concert. This pair continued the whole night. An owl, a bird also un molest ed, was perched hard by, and as frequently hooted. The crane is tall, like a heron, but much larger; the body white, with black pinions, the neck and legs very long, the head small, and the bill thick. The Turks call it friend and brother, believing it has an affection for their motion, and will accompany them into the countries they shall conquer. In the course of our journey we saw one hopping on a wall with a single leg, the mainstump wrapped in linen. — Chandler's Travels in Asia Minor.

**Once from her lovely walls the Charisiton.** — p. 266.

— Walls within Whose large enclosures the rude hird, or guides His plough, or binds his sheaves, white shepherds guard Their flecks, secure of ill: on the broad top Six chariot rattle in extended front Each side in length, in height, in solid bulk, Reflects its opposite a perfect square: Searce sixty thousand paces can mete out The vast circumference. An hundred gates Of polished brass lead to that central point, Where, through the midst, the bridge o'er with wondrous art, Ephrates leads a navigable stream, Branch'd from the current of his roaring flood. — Roberts's Judaism Restored.

**Hath been the awful Charisiton, &c.** — p. 19, p. 19.

Within the walls Of Babylon was rais'd a lofty mantle, Where flowers and aromatic shrubs abond'd The pensil garden. For Nebassar's queen, Fatigued with Babylonia's level plains, Sigh'd for her Median home, where nature's hand Had scoop'd the vale, and clothed the mountain's side With many a verdant wood; nor long she pleas'd, Till that anxious monarch cou'd on it To rival nature's sweet variety.
Our early travellers have given us strange and circumstantial accounts of what they conceive to have been the Temple of Belus.

The Tower of Ninurad, or Babel, is situate on that side of Tygrys that Arabia is, and in a very great plain distant from Babylon seven or eight miles: which tower is ruined on every side; and with the filling of it there is made a great marsh, the desert of it; but there is a great part of it standing, which is compassed, and almost covered, with the overcasted fallings. This Tower was built and made of four-square bricks; which bricks were made of earth, and dried in the Sunne in maner and forme following: First they laid a lay of bricks, then a mat made of cartloads of earth, and, instead of lime, they daubed it with earth. These mates of cases are at this time so strong, that it is a thing wonderful to behold, being of such great antiquity. I have gone round about it, and have not found any place where there hath been any door or entrance. It may be, in my judgment, in circuit about a mile, and rather lesser than more. This Tower, in effect, is contrary to all other things which are seen afar off; for they seem small, and the more near a man cometh to them, the bigger they be: but this tower, afar off, seemeth a very great thing, and the nearer you come to it the lesser. My judgement and reason of this is, that because the Tower is set in a very great plain, and hath nothing more about to make any shew saving the ruins of it, which it hath made round about; and for this respect, desiring it afar off, that piece of the Tower which yet standeth with the plain that is made of the substance that is fallen from it, maketh a greater shew than you shall finde coming nere to it. — Cesar Frederick.

John Eldred notices the same deception: "Being upon a plain ground, it seemeth afarre off very great; but the nearer you come to it, the lesser and lesser it appears. Sunday times I have gone thither to see it, and found the remnants yet standing, about a quarter of a mile in compass, and almost as high as the stone-works of St. Paul’s steeple in London, but it sheweth much bigger." — Hallanger.

In the midst of a vast and level plain, about a quarter of a league from the Exeprates, which in that place ruines westward, appears a heap of ruined buildings, like a huge mountain, the materials of which are so confounded together, that one knoweth not what to make of it. Its figure is square, and rises in form of a tower or pyramid, with four fronts, which answer to the four quarters of the compass; but it seems longer from north to south than from east to west, and is, as far as I could judge by my pacing it, a large quarter of a league. Its situation and form correspond with that pyramid which Strabo calls the tower of Babel; and is, in all likelihood, the tower of Ninurad in Babylon, or Babel, as that place is still called. In that author’s time it had nothing remaining of the stairs, and other ornaments mentioned by Herodotus, the greatest part of it having been ruined by Xerxes; and Alexander, who designed to have restored it to its former lustre, was prevented by death. There appear no marks of ruins without the compass of that huge mass, to convince one that so great a city as Babylon had ever stood there; all one discovers within fifty or sixty paces of it, being only the remains, here and there, of some foundations of buildings; and the country round about it is so flat and level, that one can hardly believe it should be chosen for the situation of so great and noble a city as Babylon, or that there were ever any remarkable buildings on it. But, for my part, I am astonished there appears so much as there does, considering it is at least 4000 years since that city was built; and that Diodorus Strabo tells us it was reduced almost to nothing in his time. The height of this mountain of ruins is not in every part equal, but exceeds the highest palace in Naples. It is a mis-shapen mass, wherein there is no appearance of regularity; in some places it rises in points, is crooked and inaccessible; in others it is smoother, and is of easier ascent; there are also tracks of torrents from the top to the bottom, caused by the rains; and both withinside, and upon it, one sees parts some higher and some lower. It is not to be discovered whether ever there were any steps to ascend it, or any doors to enter into it; whereas it is evident that they might easily judge that there was nothing about on the outside; and that being the less solid parts, they were soonest demolished, so that not the least sign of any appears at present.

Withinside one finds some grorets, but so ruined that one can make nothing of them, whether they were built at the same time with that work, or made since by the penants for shelter; which last seems to be the most likely. The Mohammedans believe that these caverns were appointed by God as places of punishment for Harut and Marut, two angels, who falsely suppose were sent from Heaven to judge the crimes of men, but did not execute their commissions as they ought. It is evident from these ruins, that the tower of Ninurad was built with great and thick bricks, as I carefully observed, causing holes to be dug in several places for the purpose; but they do not appear to have been burnt, but dried in the sun, which is evident, that the sun, so long in laying these bricks, neither lime nor sand was employed, but only earth tempered and petrified; and in those parts which made the doors, there had been mingled with that earth, which served instead of lime, bruised reeds, or hard straw, such as large mats are made of, to strengthen the work. As this one perceiveth at certain distances, in diverse places, especially where the strongest lattresses were to be, several other bricks of the same size, but more solid, and burnt in a kiln, and set in good line, or hitmen; nevertheless, the greatest number consists of those which are only dried in the sun.

I make no doubt but this ruin was the ancient Babel, and the tower of Ninurad; for, besides the evidence of its situation, it is acknowledged to be such by the people of the country, being vulgarly called Babil by the Arabs. — Pietro delle Valls. Universal Hist.

Eight towers arise, and the wandering Arab may set his tent within her walls, &c. — 10, p. 266.

And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chalkeis' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah.

It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there, neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. — Isaiah, xiii. 19, 20.

"Disclose their secret wealth?" — 17, p. 297.

The stupid superstition of the Turks, with regard to hidden treasures, is well known; it is difficult for a traveller to escape an inspection in sight of these barbarians. On a rising ground, at a league's distance from the river Shelliiff, is Memphis-tourey, as they call an old square tower, formerly a sepulchral monument of the Romans. This, like many more ancient edifices, is supposed by the Arabs to have been built; as it is extreme hot in these parts to take any account, they tell us, these mystical lines were inscribed upon it. Prince Memmao Viscali wrote upon this tower:

My Treasure is in my Shade, and My Shade is in my Treasure. Search for it; despair not: Nay, despair; do not search.

So of the ruins of the ancient Tebuna.
From "Att's batunen-ake, &c."—p. 226.

The springs of bitumen called Open Hit, the fountain of Hit, are much celebrated by the Arabs and Persians; the latter call it Cenonel Sir, the fountain of pitch. This liquid bitumen they call Nisfa; and the Turks, to distinguish it from pitch, give the name of hizak nisfa or Hit nisfa. At Persia, they observe, that Nisfa issues out of the springs of the earth, as undergrize issues out of those of the sea. All the modern travellers, except Rouwolff, who went to Persia and the Indies by the way of the Euphrates, before the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, went to this fountain of liquid bitumen as a strange thing. Some of them take notice of the river mentioned by Herodotus, and assure us, that the people of the country have a tradition, that, when the tower of Babel was building, they brought the bitumen from hence; which is confirmed by the Arab and Persian historians. Hit, Hot, Hit, Hit, or Hit, as it is variously written by travellers, is a great Turkish town, situated upon the right or west side of the Euphrates, and has a castle; to the south-west of which, and from three miles on the town, in a valley, are many springs of this black substance; each of which makes a noise like a smith's forge, incessantly puffing and blowing out the matter so loud, that it may be heard a mile off; wherefore the Moors and Arabs call it Bob el Jehomam, that is, hell gate. It swallows up all heavy things; and many camels, from time to time, fall into the pits, and are irrecoverably lost. It issues from a certain kind of weed blowing forth a filthy smoke, and continually boiling over with the pitch, which spreads itself over a great field, that is always full of it. It is free for every one to take: they use it to cark or pitch their boats, laying it on two or three inches thick, which keeps out the water: with it also they pitch their houses, made of palm-tree branches. If it was not that the inundations of the Euphrates carry away this pitch, which covers all the sands from the place where it rises to the river, there would have been mountains of it long since. The very ground and stones thenceabouts afford bitumen; and the fields abound of sulphate.—Universal History.

And dropping their beads fast, &c.—p. 283.

The Musselmans use, like the Roman Catholics, a rosary of beads, called Tushab, or implement of praise. It consists, if I recount aright, of ninety-nine beads; in dropping which through the fingers, they repeat the attributes of God, as, "O Creator, O Merciful, O Forgiving, O Omnipotent, O Omniscient," &c. &c. This act of devotion is called Tabel, from the repetition of the letter I, or Laum, which occurs in the word Allah, (God,) always joined to the epithet or attribute, as Ya Allah Khilick, O God, the Creator; Ya Allah Ker- reem, O God, the Merciful, &c. &c. The devotees may be seen muttering their beads as they walk the streets, and in the intervals of conversations in company. The rosaries of persons of fortune and rank have the beads of diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds. Those of the humble are string with berries, coral, or glass-beads.—Note to the Bahar-Danaah.

The nineteenth beads of the Musselmans, and of all Mohammedans, are divided into three equal lengths, by a little string, at the end of which hangs a long piece of coral, and a large bead of the same. The more devout or hypocritical Turks, like the Catholics, have usually their head-string in their hands.—Tun-Rayr.

Young Arab! when she wrote upon thy brow," &c.—p. 283.

The Mahummedians believe, that the deceased events of every man's life are impressed in divine characters on his forehead, though not to be seen by mortal eye. Hence they use the word Nuseech, nayeqee, stamped, for destiny. Most probably the idea was taken up by Mahummed from the sealing of the scribes, mentioned in the Revelations.—Note to the Bahar-Danaah.

The sacrifice of decree chosen to ornament the edicts on my forehead with these flourishes of disgrace."—Bahar-Danaah.
and if the sun is not sufficient, put it into an oven heated with form and vernal. Then compose a kind of candle with the fat of a hanged man, virgin wax, and sinew of Laphund. The Hand of Glory is used as a candlestick to hold this candle when lighted. Its properties are, that whosoever any one goes with this dreadful instrument, the persons to whom it is presented will be deprived of all power of motion. On being asked if there was no remedy or antidote, to counteract this charm, they said the Hand of Glory would cease to take effect, and thieves could not make use of it, if the threshold of the door of the house, and other places by which they might enter, were anointed with an unguent composed of the gulf of a black cat, the fat of a white hen, and the blood of a screech-owl; which mixture must necessarily be prepared during the dog-days. — Great, Promiscuous Glossary and Popular Superstitions.

Something similar is recorded by Torquemada of the Mexican thieves. They carried with them the left hand and arm of a woman who had died in her first childbed; with this they twice struck the ground before the house which they designed to rob, and the door twice, and the threshold twice; and the inhabitants, if asleep, were hindered from waking by this charm; and, if awake, stupefied and deprived of speech and motion while the fatal area was in the house. — Lib. xiv. c. 22.

"Some camel-kneed prayer-monger through the cave!" — 36, p. 269.

I knew not, when I used this epithet in derision, that the license had been seriously applied to St. James. His knees were, after the guise of a camel's knees, blemished and bereft of the sense of feeling, by reason of his continual kneeling in supplication to God, and petition for the people. — Hegesippus, as quoted by Eusebius.

William of Malmsbury says of one of the Conqueror's daughters, who was affianced to Alphonsus, king of Galicia, but obtained from God a virgin death, that a hard substance, which proved the frequency of her prayers, was found upon her knees after her decease.

"By some Saint's grave beside the public way," &c. — 36, p. 269.

The habitations of the Saints are always beside the sanctuary or tomb of their ancestors, which they take care to adorn. Some of them possess their houses, gardens, trees, or cultivated grounds, and particularly some spring or well of water. I was once travelling in the south in the beginning of October, when the season happened to be exceedingly hot, and the wells and rivulets of the country were all dried up. We had neither water for ourselves nor for our horses; and, after having taken much fruitless trouble to obtain some, we went and paid homage to a Saint, who at first pretended a variety of scruples before he would suffer infidels to approach; but, on promising to give him ten or twelve shillings, he became exceedingly humane, and supplied us with as much water as we wanted; still, however, vaunting highly of his charity, and particularly of his disinterestedness. — Chretien.

"R flank thy Korans, scamps." — 36, p. 269.

No nation in the world is so much given to superstitious as the Arabs, or even as the Mahometaus in general. They hang about their children's necks the figure of an open hand, which the Turks and Moors paint upon their ships and houses, as an antidote and counter-charm to an evil eye; for five is with them an unlucky number; and five (fingers perhaps) in your eyes, is their proverb of cursing and defiance. Those who are grown up, carry always about with them some paragraph or other of their Koran, which, like as the Jews did their phylacteries, they place upon their breasts, or sew upon their cap, to prevent fascination and witchcraft, and to secure themselves from sickness and misfortunes. The virtue of these charms and scrolls is supposed likewise to be so far universal, that they suspend them upon the necks of their cattle, horses, and other beasts of burden. — Shair.

The hand-appl is still common in Portugal; it is called the figa; and thus probably our vulgar phrase — "a fig for him," is derived from a Moorish amulet.

Their robe of glory, purified of stain, &c. — 42, p. 578.

In the Vision of Thuribillus, Adam is described as beholding the events of the world with mingled grief and joy; his original garment of glory gradually recovering its lustre, as the number of the elect increases, till it be fulfilled. — Matthew Paris.

This is more beautifully conceived than what the Archbishop of Toledo describes in his account of Mahomed's journey to Heaven: "Also in the first heaven I found a venerable man sitting upon a seat, and to him were shown the souls of the dead; and when he beheld souls that did not please him, he turned away his eyes, saying, Ah! sinful son, thou hast departed from an unhappy body; and when a soul appeared which pleased him, then he said with applause, O happy Spirit, thou art come from a good body. I asked the Angel concerning a man so excellent, and of such reverence, who he should be; and he said it was Adam, who rejoiced in the good of his generation, but turned away his face from the evil." — Roder. Yminices.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

Then did I see a pleasant Paradise, Full of sweet flowers and daintiest delights, Such as on earth man could not more devise With purple vales, and fragrant plains, Not that which Merlin by his magic snares Made for the gentle squire to entertain His fair Belphoebe, could this garden stain.

Spenser. Ruins of Time.

1. So from the immost cave Did Thalaba retrace The windings of the rock. Still on the ground the giant limbs Of Zohak lay dispreaved; The spell of sleep had ceased, And his broad eyes were glaring on the youth; Yet raised he not his arm to bar the way, Fearful to rouse the snakes Now lingering o'er their meal.

2. Oh, then, emerging from that dreadful cave How grateful did the gale of night Salute his freshness'd sense! How full of lightsome joy, Thankful to Heaven, he hastens by the verge Of that bitumen-lake, Whose black and heavy fumes, Surge heaving after surge, Roll'd like the billowy and tumultuous sea.

3. The song of many a bird at morn Aroused him from his rest. Lo! at his side a courser stood; More animate of eye,
Of form more faultless never had he seen,
More light of limbs and beautiful in strength,
Among the race whose blood,
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 caparisons,
His crimson trappings gay.
But when he saw the mouth
Uncurb'd, the unbridled neck,
Then his heart leap'd, and then his check was
flush'd;
For sure he deem'd that Heaven had sent
A courser, whom no erring hand might guide.
And lo! the eager Steed
Throws his head and paws the ground,
Impatient of delay!
Then up leap'd 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;
The foam froth'd his limbs in the journey of noon;
Nor stay'd he till over the westerly heaven
The shadows of evening had spread.
Then on a shelter'd bank
The appointed Youth repos'd,
And by him laid the docile courser down.
Again in the gray 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 discharged, 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
That cross'd her in the path of Heaven.
All living sounds had ceased;
Only the flow of waters near was heard,
A low and lulling melody.

7.
Fasting, yet not of want
Perceiveth, he on that mysterious steed
Had reach'd his resting-place,
For expectation kept his nature up.
Now, as the flow of waters near
Awoke a feverish thirst,
Led by the sound he moved
To seek the grateful wave.

8.
A meteor in the hazy air
Play'd before his path:
Before him now it roll'd
A globe of living fire;
And now contracted to a steady light,
As when the solitary hermit prunes
His lamp's long undulating flame;
And now its wavy point
Up-blasting rose, like a young cypress-tree
Sway'd by the heavy wind;
Anon to Thalaba it mov'd,
And wrapt him in its pale, innocuous fire;
Now, in the darkness drown'd,
Left him with eyes bedim'd,
And now, emerging, spread the scene to sight.

9.
Led by the sound and meteor-flare,
The Arabian youth advanced.
Now to the nearest of the many rills
He stoops; ascending steam
Timely repels his hand,
For from its source it sprang, a boiling tide.
A second course with better lap he tries:
The wave, intensely cold,
Tempts to a copious draught.
There was a virtue in the wave:
His limbs, that, stiff with toil,
Dragg'd heavy, from the copious draught received
Lightness and supple strength.
O'erjoyed, and weening the benignant Power,
Who sent the reinvigor'd steed,
Had blest these healing waters to his use,
He laid him down to sleep;
Lu'th'd by the soothing and incessant sound,
The flow of many waters, blending oft
With shriller tones, and deep, low murmurings,
Which, from the fountain caves,
In mingled melody,
Like faery music, heard at midnight, came.

10.
The sounds which last he heard at night
Awoke his recollection first at morn.
A scene of wonders lay before his eyes.
In maze the windings o'er the vale
A thousand streamlets stray'd,
And in their endless course
Had intersected deep the stony soil,
With labyrinthine channels insulting
A thousand rocks, which seem'd,
Amid the multitudinous waters there,
Like clouds that fleckle o'er the summer sky,
The blue ethereal ocean circling each
And insulating all.

11.
Those islets of the living rock
Wore 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 gray, or silver white;
And some with yellow lichens glow'd like gold;
Some sparkled sparry radiance to the sun.
Here gush'd the fountains up,
Alternate light and blackness, like the play
Of sunbeams on a warrior's burnish'd arms.
Yonder the river roll’d, whose ample bed,
Their sportive lingerings o’er,
Received and bore away the confluent rills.

12.
This was a wild and wondrous scene,
Strange and beautiful, as where
By Oron-tala, like a sea of stars,
The hundred sources of Hoanghio burst.
High mountains closed the vale,
Bare rocky mountains, to all living things
Inhosiptable; on whose sides no herb
Rooted, no insect fed, no bird awoke
Their echoes, save the Eagle, 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 cheerless place! the solitary Bee,
Whose buzzing was the only sound of life
Flew there on restless wing,
Seeking in vain one flower, wherein to fix.

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.

15.
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.
At length, again a rock
Stretch’d o’er the narrow vale;
There also had a portal-way been hewn,
But gates of massy iron bard the pass,
Huge, solid, heavy-hinged.

16.
There hung a horn beside the gate,
Ivory-tipp’d and brazen-mouth’d.
He took the ivory tip,
And through the brazen mouth he breathed;
Like a long thunder-peal,
From rock to rock rebounding ran the blast;
The gates of iron, by no human arm
Unfolded, turning on their hinges slow,
Disclosed the passage of the rock.
He enter’d, and the iron gates fell to,
And with a clap like thunder closed him in.

17.
It was a narrow, winding way;
Dim lamps, suspended from the vault,
Lent to the gloom an agitated light.
Winding it pierced the rock,
A long, descending path,
By gates of iron closed;
There also hung a horn beside,
Of ivory tip and brazen mouth;
Again he took the ivory tip,
And gave the brazen mouth its voice again.
Not now in thunder spake the horn,
But breathed a sweet and thrilling melody:
The gates flew open, and a flood of light
Rush’d on his dazzled eyes.

18.
Was it to earthly Eden, lost so long,
The fated Youth had found his wondrous way?
But earthly Eden boasts
No terraced palaces,
No rich pavilions bright with woven gold,
Like these, that in the vale,
Rise amid odorous groves.
The astonish’d Thalaba,
Doubting as though an unsubstantial dream
Beguiled him, closed his eyes,
And open’d them again;
And yet uncertified,
He press’d them close, 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.

19.
And lo! a man, reverend in comely age,
Advancing greets the youth.
"Favor’d of Fortune," thus he said; "go taste
The joys of Paradise!
The reinless steed, that ranges o’er the world,
Brings hither those alone for lofty deeds
Mark’d by their horoscope; permitted thus
A foretaste of the full beatitude,
That in heroic acts they may go on
More ardent, eager to return and reap
Endless enjoyment here, their destined meed.
Favor’d of Fortune thou, go taste
The joys of Paradise!"

20.
This said, he turn’d away, and left
The Youth in wonder mute;
For Thalaba stood mute,
And passively received
The mingled joy which flow’d on every sense.
Where’er his eye could reach,
Fair structures, rainbow-livid, arose;
And rich pavilions, through the opening woods,
Gleam'd from their waving curtains sunny gold;
And, wending through the verdant vale,
Went streams of liquid light;
And fluted cypress's rear'd up
Their living obelisks;
And broad-leav'd plane-trees, in long colonnades,
O'er-arch'd delightful walks,
Where round their trunks the thousand tendrill'd vine
Wound up and hung the boughs with greener wreaths,
And clusters not their own.
Weareied with endless beauty, did his eyes
Return for rest? beside him teems the earth
With tulips, like the ruddy evening streak'd;
And here the lily hangs her head of snow;
And here, amid her sable cup,
Shines the red eye-spot, like one brightest star,
The solitary twinkler of the night;
And here the rose expands
Her paradise of leaves.

21.
Then on his ear what sounds
Of harmony arose!
Far music and the distance-mellow'd song
From bowers of merriment;
The waterfall remote;
The murmuring of the leafy groves;
The single nightingale
Perc'd in the rosier by, so richly toned,
That never from that most melodious bird,
Singing a love-song to his brooding mate,
Did Thraean shepherd by the grave
Of Orpheus hear a sweeter melody,
Though there the Spirit of the Sepulchre
All his own power infuse, to swell
The incense that he loves.

22.
And oh! what odors the voluptuous vale
Scatters from jasmine bowers,
From yon rose wilderness,
From cluster'd henna and from orange groves,
That with such perfumes fill the breeze,
As Peris to their Sister bear,
When from the summit of some lofty tree
She hangs encaged, the captive of the Dives.
They from their pinions shake
The sweetness of celestial flowers,
And, as her enemies impure
From that impervious poison far away
Fly groaning with the torrent, she the while
Inhales her fragrant food.

23.
Such odors flow'd upon the world,
When at Mohammed's nuptials, word
Went forth in Heaven, to roll
The everlasting gates of Paradise
Back on their living hinges, that its gales
Might visit all below; the general bliss
Thrill'd every bosom, and the family
Of man, for once, partook one common joy.

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.
Weareied 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.
Instant through all his frame
Delightful coolness spread;
The playing fount refresh'd
The agitated air;
The very light came cool'd through silvering panes
Of pearly shell, like the pale moon-beam tinged;
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 flowing fountain play'd.
Around the water-edge
Vessels of wine, alternate placed,
Ruby and amber, tinged its little waves.
From golden goblets there
The guests sate quaffing the delicious juice
Of Shiraz' golden grape.

25.
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 in the youth's strong eye they saw
No movable 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 he partook the odorous fruits,
For all rich fruits were there;
Water-melons rough of rind,
Whose pulp the thirsty lip
Dissolved into a draught;
Pistacia's 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 ripens there.
Here, cased in ice, the apricot
A topaz, crystal-set;
Here on a plate of snow,
The sunny orange rests;
And still the aloe's and the sandal-wood,
From golden censers, o'er the banquet-room
Diffuse their dying sweets.

26.
Anon a troop of females form'd the dance,
Their ankles bound with bracelet-bells,
That made the modulating harmony.
27.
With earnest eyes the banqueters
Fed on the sight impure:
And Thalaba, he gazed,
But in his heart he bore a talisman,
Whose blessed alchemy
To virtuous thoughts refined
The loose suggestions of the scene impure.
Oneiza’s image swam before his sight,
His own Arabian Maid.
He rose, and from the banquet-room he rush’d;
Tears cours’d his burning cheek;
And nature for a moment wok’d 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!

28.
From tents of revelry,
From festival bowers, to solitude he ran;
And now he came where all the rills
Of that well-water’d garden in one tide
Roll’d their collected waves.
A straight and stately bridge
Stretch’d its long arches o’er the ample stream.
Strong in the evening and distinct its shade
Lay on the watery mirror, and his eye
Saw it united with its parent pile,
One huge, fantastic fabric. Drawing near,
Loud from the chambers of the bridge below,
Sounds of carousel came and song,
And unvel’d women bade the advancing youth
Come merry-make with them!
Unhearing, or unheeding, he
Past o’er with hurried pace,
And sought the shade and silence of the grove.

29.
Deserts of Araby!
His soul return’d to you.
He cast himself upon the earth,
And closed his eyes, and call’d
The voluntary vision up.
A cry, as of distress,
Arous’d him; loud it came, and near!
He started up, he strung his bow,
He pluck’d an arrow forth.
Again a shriek—a woman’s shriek!
And lo! she rushes through the trees;
Her veil is rent, her garments torn!
The ravisher follows close.
"Prophet, save me! save me, God! Help! help me, man!" to Thalaba she cried:
Thalaba drew the bow.
The unerring arrow did its work of death.
Then, turning to the woman, he beheld
His own Oneiza, his Arabian Maid.

NOTES TO BOOK VI.

Of Solomon came down.—3, p. 275.
The Arabian horses are divided into two great branches; the Kudjek, whose descent is unknown, and the Kotharani, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for 3000 years. These last are reserved for riding solely; they are highly esteemed, and consequently very dear; they are said to derive their origin from King Solomon’s studs; however this may be, they are fit to bear the greatest fatigue, and can pass whole days without food; they are also said to show uncommon courage against an enemy; it is even asserted, that when a horse of this race finds himself wounded, and unable to bear his rider much longer, he retires from the fray, and conveys him to a place of security. If the rider falls upon the ground, his horse remains beside him, and neither till assistance is brought. The Kotharani are neither large nor handsome, but amazingly swift; the whole race is divided into several families, each of which has its proper name. Some of these have a higher reputation than others, on account of their more ancient and uncontaminated nobility.—*Mecbbr.

And now, emerging, &c.—8, p. 255.

In travelling by night through the valleys of Mount Ephraim, we were attended, for above the space of an hour, with an Isigo Fatans, that displayed itself in a variety of extraordinary appearances. For it was sometimes globular, or like the flame of a candle; immediately after it would spread itself, and involve our whole company in its pale, inoffensive light; then at once contract itself and disappear. But, in less than a minute, it would again exert itself as at other times; or else, running along from one place to another with a swift progressive motion, would expand itself, at certain intervals, over more than two or three acres of the adjacent mountains. The strength of the atmosphere, from the beginning of the evening, had been remarkably thick and hazy; and the dew, as we felt it upon our bivouac, was unusually chimney and mucuous. In the like disposition of the weather, I have observed those luminous bodies, which at sea skip about the masts and yards of ships, and are called Cuppawne* by the mariners.—Shaw.

And in their endless course, &c.—10, p. 275.
The Hammam Moschouten, the Silent or Incanted Baths, are situated on a low ground, surrounded with mountains. There are several fountains that furnish the water, which is of an intense heat, and falls afterwards into the Zenati. At a small distance from these hot fountains, we have others, which, upon comparison, are as intense a coldness; and a little below them, somewhat nearer the banks of the Zenati, there are the ruins of a few houses, built perhaps for the convenience of persons who came hither for the benefit of the waters.

Besides the strong, sulphurous streams of the Hammam Moskoutene, we are to observe further of them, that their water is of so intense a heat, that the rocky ground it runs over, to the distance sometimes of a hundred feet, is dissolved, or rather calcined by it. When the substance of these rocks is soft and uniform, then the water, by making every way equal impressions, may work them in the shape of cones or hemispheres; which being six feet high, and a little more or less of the same diameter, the Arabs maintain to be so many tents of their predecessors turned into stone. But when these rocks, besides their usual soft, chalky substance, contain likewise some layers of harder matter, not so easy to be dissolved then, in proportion to the resistance the water is thereby to meet with, we are entertained with a confusion of traces and channels, distinguished by the Arabs into sheep, camels, horses, nay, into men, women, and children, whom they suppose to have undergone the like fate with their habitations.

* A corruption of Corpo Sasso, as this meteor is called by the Spaniards.
† They call the Therma of this country Hammam, from whence our Hammam.
BOOK VI.

NOTES TO THALABA THE DESTROYER.

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I observed that the fountains which abounded this water, had been frequently stopped up; or rather cease to run at one place, broke out immediately in another; which circumstance seems not to account for the number of cones, but for that variety likewise of trees, that are continued from one or other of these cones or fountains, quite down to the river Zemati.

This place, in riding over it, gives back such a hollow sound, that we were afraid every moment of sinking through it. It is probable, therefore, that the ground below us was hollow; and not the air, then, which is pent up within these caverns, afford, as we may suppose, in escaping continually through these fountains, that mixture of shrill, mournful, and deep sounds, which, according to the direction of the winds and the motion of the external air, issue out along with the water? The Arabs, to quote their strength of imagination once more, affirm these sounds to be the music of the Jemours, Fairies, who are supposed, in a particular manner, to make their abodes at this place, and to be the grand agents in all these extraordinary appearances.

There are other natural curiosities likewise at this place. For the chalky stone being dissolved into a fine impalpable powder, and carried down afterwards with the stream, bedgeth itself upon the sides of the channel, nay, sometimes upon the lips of the fountains themselves; or else embracing two stray waws, and other bodies in its way, immediately hardeneth, and shoots into a bright fibrous substance, like the Asteroa, forming itself at the same time into a variety of glittering figures and beautiful crystallizations. - Sivas.

By Ono-tala, like a sea of stars. - 12, p. 276.

In the place where the Wang be river, there are more than an hundred springs which sparkle like stars, whence it is called Hotan Nor, the Sea of Stars. These sources come from two great lakes, called Hala Nor, the black sex or lake. Afterwards there appear three or four little rivers, which joined, form the large. The stream thus goes on, and the ground was quite covered. Some were white, some green. They were mostly either of a rich violet, with a red spot in the midst of each leaf, or of a fine black, and these were the most esteemed. In form, they were like our lilies; but much larger. - Tavernier.

Her paradise of leaves. - 29, p. 277.

This expression is borrowed from one of Aristoph's smallest poems.

Tal è proprio a veder qual' amore
Fiorano, che nel bel viso
Si sporge, e' n'è di man coriario;
E in ea benezzze immannorato;
Qual'è a vedere, qual' è vermiglia viva
Sora il bel Paronico
De le sue foglie alber che 'l sol diciro
De l'Oriente sorge il giorno alato.

Of Orpheus hear a sweeter melody. - 21, p. 277.

The Thracians say, that the nightingales which build their nests about the sepulchre of Orpheus, sing sweeter and louder than other nightingales. - Pausanias.

Colours has addressed this bird with somewhat more than his usual extravagance of absurdity:

Con differenza tal, con grazia tanta
Augei Raisenor ilvo, che amava,
Que tiene altre cien mil dentro del pocho,
Que alternan eu dolor per eu guragro.

With such a grace that nightingale bewails,
That I suspect, so exquisite his tone,
An hundred thousand other nightingales.

Within him, warble sorrow through his throat.

Marius has the same conceit, but has expressed it less extravagantly:

Sera' l'uro d'un rio lucido e notto,
Il canto sonorissimo scogliera.

* 1677.
Musice rusticam, ad rem parea
E mulie voce e mulie angelis in petto.

Inhales her fragrant soul. — 82, p. 277.

In the Cimmerian Nome, the Dives, having taken in war
some of the Peris, imprisoned them in iron cages, which they
hung from the highest trees they could find. There,
from time to time, their companions visited them with the
most precious odors. These odors were the usual food of the
Peris, and procured them also another advantage, for they
prevented the Dives from approaching or molesting them.
The Dives could not bear the perfumes, which rendered them
ghouly and melancholy whenever they drew near the cage in
which a Peri was suspended. — Dl'Herbelot.

Of man, for once, partook one common joy. — 82, p. 277.

Duae autem ad nuptias celebrandos sollemniissimam convivium
paravertur, concussus est, Angelis admirantis, thorun Dei;
atque ipse Deus majestate pleonas proscript Custodi Paradisi,
it paelas, et patres ejus festos orationum educeret, et edeces ad
bibendum eum venit: disponebas grandiores item paelas, et
ipsas orationibus unam promiscu, etJacures illis coevos, pro-
thias vivendi inducret. Jussit propter Gabrielis verulam
laudis supra Meccanum Templum explicare. Tune vero volas
annos et montes pro latitudinem coepserunt, et tuta Alcova
mece illa velat alla super immaculata effusis. Eumdem
tempore praecepit Deus Gobril, ut super omnes mortales un-
garat praettiosissima disperseret, admirantium omnibus subiit
illum atque insolubil adorem, quem in gratiam novum con-
guus dicantur exsulvi universi cognocere. — Marcuci.

On silken carpets sate the festival train. — 84, p. 277.

Solomi II. received the ambassadors sitting upon a pallet
which the Turks call Musto, used by them in their chambers
to sleep and to feed upon, covered with carpets of silk, as
was the whole floor of the chamber also. — Knölles.

Among the presents that were exchanged between the Per-
sian and Ottoman sovereigns in 1568, were carpets of silk,
of camel's hair, lesser ones of silk and gold, and some called
Tejrich, made of the finest lawn, and so large that seven
men could scarcely carry one of them. — Knölles.

In the beautiful story of Ali Beg, it is said, Chn Seh, when
he examined the house of his father's favorite, was much
surprised at seeing it so handsomely furnished with plain silk
and coarse carpets, whereas the other nobles in their houses
laid only upon carpets of silk and gold. — Toureirr.

Of pearly shell, &c. — 84, p. 277.

On the way from Macao to Canton, in the rivers and
channels, there is taken a vast quantity of oysters, of whose
shells they make glass for the windows. — Genelli Coreni.

In the Chinese Novel Hwa Kuo Chouan, we read, that
Esuy-ping-sin ordered her servants to hang up a curtain of
mother-of-pearl across the hall. She commanded the first
table to be set for her guest without the curtain, and two
lighted tapers to be placed upon it. Afterwards she ordered
a second table, but without any light, to be set for herself
within the curtain, so that she could be eery thing through
it, unseen herself.

Master George Tuherville, in his letters from Muscovy,
1558, describes the Russian windows: —

They have no English glasse; of slices of a rocke
High Shuda they their windows make, that English glasse
doth meke.

They cut it very thine, and saw it with a thred
In partie other like to panes, to scarce their present need.
No other glasse, good faith, doth give a better light,
And sure the rock is nothing rich, the cost is very slight. — Hooker.

The Indians of Mahan use mother-of-pearl for window
panes. — Fra Paula do San Bartolomeo.

Of where the wine-case, &c. — 84, p. 277.

The King and the great Lords have a sort of cellar for
magnumwine, where they sometimes drink with person whom
they wish to regale. These cellars are square rooms, to
which you descend by only two or three steps. In the
middle is a small cistern of water, and a rich carpet covers the
ground from the walls to the cistern. At the four corners of
the cistern are four large glass bottles, each containing about
twenty quarts of wine, one white, another red. From one
to the other of these, smaller bottles are ranged of the same
material and form, that is, round, with a long neck, holding
about four or five quarts, white and red alternately. Round
the cellar are several rows of niches in the wall, and in each
nich is a bottle, also of red and white alternately. Some
niches are made to hold two. Some windows give light to
the apartment, and all these bottles, so well ranged with
their various colors, have a very fine effect to the eye. They
are always kept full, the wine preserving better, and therefore
are replenished as fast as they are emptied. — Toureirr.

From golden goblets there, &c. — 84, p. 277.

The Captivi, or king of Persia's merchant, treated us with
a collation, which was served in, in plate, vermilion gift.

The Persians having left us, the ambassadors sent to the
Chief Weyvode a present, which was a large drinking-cup,
vermilion gift. — Ambassador's Travels.

At Isphahan, the king's horses were watered with silver
pails, thus colored. — Dl'Herbelot.

The Turks and Persians seem wonderfully fond of gilding;
we read of their gift stirrups, gilt bridles, gilt maces, gilt cim-
eters, &c. &c.

That beverage, the mother of sins. — 23, p. 277.

Mokhamedes vinum appelhbat Hanece poccetorum; cui en-
tutio Hafes, Anconeo ille Perseam, minime ascribit suam;
dicit autem.

"Hoc illud (illam quod vir religiosum matrem poccetorum
vacat, Optabilis nobis as dulcie spiritum, quam virgins sanctam,"
— Poeces Asiat, Com.

Vidc ignem illum nobis liquidum.
Hoc est, ignem illum aequo statim affer. — Hafes.

That fragrant from its deep vase, &c. — 23, p. 277.

They export from Com earthen ware both white and
varnished; and this is peculiar to the white ware which is thence
transported, that in the summer it cools the water wonderfully
and very suddenly, by reason of continual transpiration.
So that they who desire to drink cool and deliciously, never drink
in the same pot above five or six days at most. They wash it
with rose-water the first time, to take away the ill smell of the
earth, and they hang it in the air, full of water, wrapped up in
a moist linen cloth. A fourth part of the water transpires in
six hours the first time; after that, still less from day to day,
till at last the pores are closed up by the thick matter con-
tained in the water which stops in the pores. But so soon as
the pores are stopped, the water stinks in the pots, and you
must take new ones. — Chardin.

In Egypt people of fortune born Sito nostac in their cups;
the penetrating odor of which pervades the porous substance,
which remains impregnated with it a long time, and imparts to
the water a perfume which requires the aid of habit to render
it pleasing. — Sommni.

And Cusbin's generous grapes of amber hue. — 25, p. 277.

Cusbin produces the fairest grape in Persia, which they call
Shahoni, or the royal grape, being of a gold color, transparent,
and as big as a small olive. These grapes are dried and trans-
ported all over the kingdom. They also make the strongest
wine in the world, and the most luxuriant, but very thick, as all
strong and sweet wines usually are. This incomparable grape grows only upon the young branches, which they never water. So that, for five months together, they grow in the heat of summer, and under a scorching sun, without receiving a drop of water, either from the sky or otherwise. When the vintage is over, they let in their estate to blossom in the vineyards; afterwards they cut off all the great wood, and leave only the young stocks about three feet high, which need no pruning up with poles as in other places, and therefore they never make use of any such supports. — Charlevoix.

Here, cast in ice, the apricot, &c. — 21, p. 277.

Dr. Fryer received a present from the Caun of Bender-Abasser, of apples candied in snow. When Tavernier made his first visit to the Kan at Erivan, he found him with several of his officers regaling in the Chambers of the Bridge. They had wine which they cooled with ice, and all kinds of fruit and melons in large plates, under each of which was a plate of ice.

A great number of canoes were laden with snow to cool the liquors and fruits of the Uzilph Mahabhi, when he made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

Their ankle bound with bracelets-bells, &c. — 21, p. 277.

Of the Indian dancing women who danced before the Ambassadors at Ispahan, "some were shod after a very strange manner. They had above the instep of the foot a string tied, with little bells fastened thereto, whereby they discovered the exactness of their cadence, and sometimes corrected the music itself; as they did also by the Tarpanes or Castagnets, which they had in their hands, in the managing whereas they were very expert."

At Koojar, Mungo Park saw a dance "in which many performers assisted, all of whom were provided with little bells, which were fastened to their legs and arms."

Transparent garments to the greedy eye, &c. — 21, p. 278.

At Seronga, a sort of cloth is made so fine, that the skin may be seen through it, as though it were made. Merchants are not permitted to export this, the governor sending all that is made to the Seraglio of the Great Mogul, and the chief lords of his court. C'est de quoy les Saltanes et les femmes des Grands Seigneurs, se font des chemises, et des robes pour la chambre, et le Reg et les Grands se plaissent a les voir au travers de ces chemises fines, et a les faire donner. — Tavernier.

Land from the chambers of the bridge below. — 21, p. 278.

I came to a village called Cupri-Kent, or the Village of the Bridge, because there is a very fair bridge that stands not far from it, built upon a river called Tahabi. This bridge is placed between two mountains, separated only by the river, and supported by four arches, unequal both in their height and breadth. They are built after an irregular form, in regard of two great heaps of a rock that stand in the river, upon which they laid so many arches. Those at the two ends are hollowed on both sides, and serve to lodge passengers, wherein they have made to that purpose little chambers and porticoes, with every one a chimney. The arch in the middle of the river is hollowed quite through, from one part to the other, with two chambers at the ends, and two large balconies covered, where they take the cool air in the summer with great delight, and to which there is a descent of two pair of stairs hewn out of the rock. There is not a fairer bridge in all Georgia. — Charlevoix.

Over the river Isperuth "there is a very fair bridge, built on six arches, each whereof hath a spacious room, a kitchen, and several other conveniences, lying even with the water. The going down into it is by a stone pair of stairs, so that this bridge is able to find entertainment for a whole caravane." — Amb. Tr.

The most magnificent of these bridges is the bridge of Zulphat at Ispahan.

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

Now all is done: bring home the Bride again,
Bring home the triumph of our victory!
Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
With joyous breast bring her, and with jolly,
Never had man more joyful day than this,
Whom Heaven would heap with bliss.

Sesnon's Epithalamium.

1.

From fear, and from amazement, and from joy,
At length the Arabian Maid, recovering speech,
Threw around Thalaba her arms, and cried,
"My father! O my father!" — Thalaba,
In wonder lost, yet fearing to inquire,
Bent down his check on hers,
And their tears met, and mingled as they fell.

2.

O oneizah.

At night they seized me, Thalaba! in my sleep;
Thou went not near, — and yet, when in their grasp
I woke, my shriek of terror called on thee.
My father could not save me, — an old man!
And they were strong and many: — O my God,
The hearts they must have had to hear his prayers,
And yet to leave him childless!

Thalaba.

We will seek him;
We will return to Araby.

O oneizah.

Alas! —
We should not find him, Thalaba! Our tent
Is desolate! the wind hath heaped the sands
Within its door; the lizard's track is left
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,
Seeking his child! old man, he will not rest,
He cannot rest, — his sleep is misery,
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.

O oneizah.

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

Thalaba.

Are Oneizah's limbs
Equal to that long toil?
THALABA THE DESTROYER.

BOOK VII.

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.
These were no little hills,
No sloping uplands lifting to the sun
Their vineyards, with fresh verdure, and the shade
Of ancient woods, courting the loiterer
To win the easy ascent: stone mountains these,
Desolate rock on rock,
The burdens of the earth,
Whose snowy summits met the morning beam
When night was in the vale, whose feet were fix’d
In the world’s foundations. Thalaba beheld
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.
“Tis past 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.’
So saying, yet again in hope
Quickening their eager steps,
They turn’d them thitherward.

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
Loudier and louder in the distance rose,
As if it forced its stream
Struggling through erags along a narrow pass.
And lo! where raving o’er a hollow course
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 deafen’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;
“Be 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,
“Who hath prepared this garden of delight,
And wherefore are its snares?”

9.

The Arabian Maid replied,
“The Women, when I enter’d, welcomed me
To Paradise, by Aloadin’s will
Chosen, like themselves, a Houri of the Earth.
They told me, credulous of his blasphemies,
That Aloadin 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 Sorcerer 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 Talisman, that, whose bears,
Him; nor the Earthly, nor the Infernal Powers
Of Evil, can cast down.
Remember, Destiny
Hath mark’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
Silent sat Thalaba,
And gazed upon the Maid,
And, as he gazed, drew in
New courage and intenser faith,
And waited calmly for the eventful day.
14.
Loud sung the Lark; the awak'n'd Maid
Beheld him twinkling in the morning light,
And wish'd for wings and liberty like his.
The flush of fear inflamed her cheek;
But Thalaba was calm of soul,
Collected for the work.
He ponder'd in his mind
How from Lobba's breast
His blunted arrow fell.
Aladin, too, might wear
Spell perchance of equal power
To blunt the weapon's edge.

15.
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 o'er her shoulders slung
The quiver arrow-stored.
"Me other weapon suits," said he;
"Bear thou the Bow: dear Maid,
The days return upon me, when these shafts,
True to thy guidance from the lofty palm
Brought down its cluster, and thy gladd'n'd eye,
Exulting, turn'd to seek the voice of praise.
Oh! yet again, Oneiza, we shall share
Our desert-joys!" So saying, to the bank
He moved, and, stooping low,
With double grasp, hand below hand, he clinch'd,
And from its watery soil
Uptore the poplar trunk.

16.
Then off he shook the clotted earth,
And broke away the head,
And boughs, and lesser roots;
And lifting it aloft,
Wielded with able sway the massy club.
"Now for this child of Hell!" quoth Thalaba;
"Belike he shall exchange to-day
His dainty Paradise
For other dwelling, and its cups of joy
For the unallayable bitterness
Of Zaccouni's fruit accurs'd."

17.
With that the Arabian youth and maid
Toward the centre of the garden went.
It chanced that Aladdin had convoked
The garden-habitants,
And with the assembled throng
Oneiza mingled, and the Appointed Youth.
Unmark'd they mingled; or if one
With busier finger to his neighbor notes
The quiver'd Maid, "Haply," he says,
"Some daughter of the Homerites,
Or one who yet remembers with delight
Her native tents of Himiar." "Nay!" rejoins
His comrade, "a love-pageant! for the man
Mimics with that fierce eye and knotty club
Some savage lion-tamer; she farsooth
Must play the heroine of the years of old!"

18.
Radiant with gems upon his throne of gold
Sat Aladdin; o'er the Sorcerer's head
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 glow'd, as though an inward fire
Shone though a diamond orb.

19.
The blinded multitude
Adored the Sorcerer,
And bent the knee before him,
And shouted forth his praise;
"Mighty art thou, the bestower of joy,
The Lord of Paradise!"
Then Aladdin rose, and waved his hand,
And they stood mute and moveless,
In idolizing awe.

20.
"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 armies; 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 never Traveller hath return'd!
Have ye not tasted of the cup of joy
That in these groves of happiness
Forever over-mantling tempts
The ever-thirsty lip?
Who is there here that by a deed
Of danger will deserve
The eternal joys of actual Paradise?"

21.
"I!" Thalaba exclaim'd;
And springing forward, on the Sorcerer's head
He dash'd his knotty club.

22.
Aladdin fell not, though his skull
Was shattered by the blow,
For by some talisman
His miserable life imprison'd still
Dwelt 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,—
Soars up — then pounces down
To seize on Thalaba!
Now, Oneiza, bend the bow,
Now draw the arrow home! —
True fled the arrow from Oneiza's hand;
It pierced 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.

23.
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 glen
They wound their thoughtful way.

24.
Amid the vale below
Tents rose, and streamers play'd,
And jacinths sparkled to the sun;
And multitudes encamp'd
Swarm'd, far as eye could travel o'er the plain.
There in his war-pavilion sat
In council with his Chiefs
The Sultan of the Land.
Before his presence there a Captain led
Oneiza and the Appointed Youth.

25.
"Obedient to our Lord's command," said he,
"We past toward the mountains, and began
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 on,
This youth and woman met us on the way.
They told us, that from Aladin's hold
They came, on whom the judgment 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 repeat
The tale before thy presence; that as search
Shall prove it false or faithful, to their merit
Thou mayst reward them."
"Be it done to us;"
Thalaba answer'd, "as the truth shall prove!"

26.
The Sultan, while he spake,
Fix'd on him the proud eye of sovereignty;
"If thou hast play'd with us,
By Allah and by Ali, Death shall seal
The lying lips forever! But if the thing
Be as thou say'st, Arabian, thou shalt stand
Next to yourself!" —
Hark! while he speaks, the cry,
The lengthening cry, the increasing shout
Of joyful multitudes!
Breathless and panting to the tent
The bearer of good tidings comes,—
"O Sultan, live forever! be thy foes
Like Aladin all!
The wrath of God hath smitten him!"

27.
Joy at the welcome tale
Shone in the Sultan's cheek;
"Array the Arabian in the robe
Of honor," he exclaim'd,
"And place a chain of gold around his neck,
And bind around his brow the diadem,
And mount him on my steed of state,
And lead him through the camp,
And let the Heralds go before and cry,
Thus shall the Sultan reward
The man who serves him well!"

28.
Then in the purple robe
They vvested 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!"

29.
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
Honor, and wealth, and fame, the instant thought
Arose to fill my joy, that thou wouldst hear
The tidings, and be happy."

ONEIZA.
Thalaba,
Thou wouldst not have me mirthful! Am I not
An orphan,— among strangers?

THALABA.
But with me!

ONEIZA.
My Father! —

THALABA.
Nay, be comforted! Last night
To what went thou exposed! in what a peril
The morning found us! — safety, honor, wealth, These now are ours. This instant who thou wert The Sultan ask’d. I told him from our childhood We had been plighted; — was I wrong, Oneiza? And when he said with bounties he would heap Our nuptials, — wilt thou blame me if I blest His will, that bade me fix the marriage day! — In tears, my love! —

**Oneiza.**

**Remember, Destiny**

Hath mark’d thee from mankind!

**Thalaba.**

Perhaps when Alcdalin was destroy’d The mission ceased; and therefore Providence With its rewards and blessings strews my path Thus for the accomplish’d service.

**Oneiza.**

Thalaba!

**Thalaba.**

Or if haply not, yet whither should I go? Is it not prudent to abide in peace Till I am summon’d?

**Oneiza.**

Take me to the Deserts!

**Thalaba.**

But MOUTH is not there; and wouldst thou dwell In a stranger’s tent? thy father then might seek In long and fruitless wandering for his child.

**Oneiza.**

Take me then to Mecca!

There let me dwell a servant of the Temple. Bind thou thyself my veil, — to human eye It never shall be lifted. There, whilst thou Shalt go upon thine enterprise, my prayers, Dear Thalaba! shall rise to succor thee, And I shall live, — if not in happiness, Surely in hope.

**Thalaba.**

Oh, think of better things! The will of Heaven is plain: by wondrous ways It led us here, and soon the common voice 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 What he hath wish’d us ever. — Still in tears! Still that unwilling eye! nay — nay — Oneiza — I dare not leave thee other than my own,— My wedded wife. Honor 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 those thoughts Of 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!**

30.

With song, with music, and with dance, The bridal pomp proceeds. Following the deep-veil’d Bride Fifty female slaves attend In costly robes that gleam With interwoven gold, And sparkle far with gems. A 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 daring 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, And now the marriage feast is spread, And from the finish’d banquet now The wedding guests are gone.

31.

Who comes from the bridal chamber? — It is Azrael, the Angel of Death.

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**NOTES TO BOOK VII.**

Within its door; the lizard’s track is left, &c. — 2. p. 281.

The dust which overspreads these beds of sand is so fine, that the lightest animal, the smallest insect, leaves there, as on snow, the vestiges of its track. The varieties of these impressions produce a pleasing effect, in spots where the sudden soul expects to meet with nothing but symptoms of the proscriptions of nature. — It is impossible to see any thing more beautiful than the traces of the passage of a species of very small lizards, extremely common in these deserts. The extremity of their tail forms regular sinuosities, in the middle of two rows of declinations, also regularly imprinted by their four feet, with their five slender toes. These traces are multiplied and interwoven near the subterranean retreats of these little animals, and present a singular assemblage, which is so void of beauty. — Senni.

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In the world’s foundations, &c. — 4. p. 292.

These lines are feebly adapted from a passage in Burnet’s Theory of the Earth. "In autem dicta vived de genisio et maximis terrae montibus; non grato Kenchi calles haec intelligentias, aut annonas illas monticulos, qui viridus herba et viridius fonte et arboribus, vivi osti- vi solis repellunt: hie nee num destit sua quasque eleganter et jacundatas. Sed longa etiam dico respicimus, num longaeva illa tristia et aequidens corpora, triobus pandent, qua dura capite regent inter celestes, inquirant in terram maxiae pedibus, ob illum visaca secundam tumulabili, atque modo potestum perturbatat tot annorum omnes solis fulminet et procellas. Hic sunt prime et immortales illi montes, qui non annuere, quem ex frutus mundi commingatur sunt ducere poterat, nec melium cedem pertur- sarunt."

The whole chapter de montibus is written with the eloquence of a poet. Indeed, Gibbon bestowed no exaggerated praise on
Burke in saying, that he had "blended Scripture, history, and tradition, into one magnificent system, with a sublimity of imagination scarcely inferior to Milton himself." This work should be read in Latin; the author's own version is considerably inferior. He lived in the wrong age of English prose.

The Zeccoum is a tree which issues from the bottom of Hell; the fruit thereof resembleth the heads of devils; and the damned shall eat of the same, and shall fill their bellies therewith; and there shall be given them thence a mixture of boiling water and blood; afterwards shall they return to Hell.—

Koran, chap. 37.

This belligerent Zeccoum lacks its name from a thorny tree in Tchuma, which bears fruit like an almond, but extremely bitter; therefore the same name is given to the infernal tree.

Some daughter of the Homerites. — 17, p. 283.

When the sister of the famous Derar was made prisoner before Damascus with many other Arabian women, she excited them to destruction, and put them all to the sword, even whereby they were of the tribe of Himar, or of the Homerites, where they are early exercised in taking the horses, and seizing the bow, the lance, and the javelin. The revolt was successful, for, during the engagement, Derar came up to his assistance. — Marigny.

The Paradise of Sin. — 22, p. 281.

In the N. E. parts of Persia there was an old man named Aloodin, a Mahometan, who had inclosed a goodly valley, situated between two hilis, and furnished it with all variety which nature and art could yield; as fruits, pietars, ribolle, milk, wine, honey, water, palaces and beautiful damsels, richly attired, and called it Paradise. To this was no passage but by an impregnable castle; and daily the pleasures of this Paradise to the youth which he kept in his court, sometimes he would minister a sleepy drink to some of them, and then ease them thither, where, being entertained with these pleasures four or five days, they supposed themselves rapt into Paradise, and then being again cast into a trance by the said drink, he caused them to be carried forth, and then would examine them of what they had seen, and by this delusion would make them resolve for my enterprise which he should appoint them; as to another prince his enemy, for they feared not death in hope of their Mahometan Paradise. But Haslor or Ulun, after three years' siege, destroyed him, and this is called Paradise. — Parzas.

In another place, Parzas tells the same tale, but calls the impostor Abadoleus, and says that Selnim the Ottoman Emperor destroyed his Paradise.

The story is told by many writers, but with such difference of time and place, as wholly to invalidate its truth, even were the circumstances more probable.

Travelling on further towards the south, I arrived at a certain country called Melistoarte, which is a very pleasant and fertile place. And in this country there was a certain aged man called Senex de Monte, who, round about two mountains, had built a wall to enclose the said mountains. Within this wall there were the fairest and most chystall stones in the whole world; and about the said stones there were most beautiful virgins in great number, and goodly horses also; and in a word, every thing that could be devised for bodily solace and delight, and that which any other inhabitants of the country call the same place by the name of Paradise.

The said old Senex, when he saw any proper and valiant young man, he would admit him into his paradise. Moreover by certaine conductes, he makes wine and milk to fly abundantly. This Senex, when he hath a mind to revenge himself or another to deprive him of a certaine thing, commandeth him that is governor of the said Paradise to bring thercome to the company of the said king or baron, permitting him a while to take his pleasure therein, and then to give him a certaine potion, being of force to cast him into such a slumber as should make him quite void of all sense, and so being in a profounde sleep, to carry him out of his paradise; who being awaked, and seeing himselfe thrust out of the paradise, would become so sorrowfull, that he could not in the world devise what to do, or whither to turne him. Then would he go unto the forsicate old man, beseeching him that he might be admitted againe into his paradise; who saith unto him, thou cannot be admitted thither, unless you will play such or such a man for my sake, and if you will give the attempt onely, whether you kill him or no, I will place you againe in paradise, that there you may remaine alwayes. Then would the party, without failse, put the same in execution, desiring to murder the old man, whom he feared had conceived any hatred. And therefore all the kings of the East stood in awe of the said old man, and gave unto him great tribute.

And when the Tartars had subdued a great part of the world, they came unto the said old man, and took from him the custody of his paradise; who, being incensed thereat, sent abroad divers desperate and resolute persons out of his fore-

named paradise, and caused many of the Tartarin nobles to be slain. The Tartars, seeing this, went and besieged the said old man, and put him to a most cruel and ignominious death. — Odorsius.

The most particular account is given by that undaunted liar, Sir John Manndeleville.

1 Beidle the Yle of Pentaxoeres, that is, the Lord of Prestre John, is a great castle, in the Countie of Oldenburg in England, called Marigny, and it is in the Lordschipe of Prestre John. In that Yle is gret plente of goodes. There was dwelinge sometime a rych man, and it is not long sitllen, and men elet him Galloboozes; and he was full of cautelze, and of sotyelle disseyes; and he had a gret castell, and a strong, in a mountain, so strong and so noble, that no man cowde devise a faireer, as a strenger. And he had let men on all the mountaine aboute with a strong wall and a faire. And withinthe walles he had the fairest gadin that any man myght be hold; and therein were tresse brynge all manner of frutes that any man cowde devise, and therin were alle manner vertuous herbes of gode smelle, and all othher herbes also that born fair Bohres, and he had also in that garde many faire welles, and beside the welles he hede lete faire halles and faire chambers, deckynet alle with gold and azure. And ther were in that place many dasyenes, and many dasyenes stories; and of bestes and of byrdyes that sogen fullfalle delectably, and movede he craft that it semede that ther were myny.

And he had also in his garde al manner of fowles and of bestes, that any man myght thinke on, for to have play or deport wistelhe which hede also in that place, the fairest damasyes that myghte ben founde under the age of 15 zere, and the fairest zonge striplignes that men myghte gote of that same age; and all them were clothed in clothes of gold fullfally rycheles, and he seyde that ther were angesles. And he also lete make three welles faire and noble and all ennsuyous with sten of jasper, of cristalle, dyapped with gold, and set with precious stones, and grete orient perles. And he made a conduyt under eterhe, so that the three welles, at his list, on schokelle renne wolk, another wyn, and another byny, and that place he elet parlyes. And he made one that was a mynkyt, that was hasty and noble, came to see this Bristele, he would lede him into his parlyde, and schewen him thicke wonderfull thinges to his despert, and the marveilling and delicious song of dasyene byrdyes, and the faire damyselles and the faire wellses of mynyk, wyn, and howe plenteous rennyage. And he would let make dasyene instruments of musicome to swoven in an high tour, so merily, that it was joye for to heere, and no man schoke the craft thereof; and tho, he seyde, were Angules of God, and that place was parlyes, that God had helhyng the wondry kynde, saying, Annonum Deum, facuentes lacte et melhe. And thanne wold he make hem men to drynken of certeyn drynk, whereof anon thine sholden be drunke, and thanne wold he hem thinken gretter deuyt then they hadden before. And thanne wold he seye to hem, that sif thei woldes drynk for him and fayr for thei loue, that after hile dethi thei schoke coxier, or hem or hene, or hem thei schoke ben of the age of the damyselles, and thei schoke pleyen with hem and zit ben myndenes. And after
that sit solde be putten hem in a dyvere paradyse, where that they schold see God of nature visibly in his mageste and in his blyse. And than wolde he sheue hen his entente and soye hem, that zif thei wolde go se such a lord, or such a man, that was his enmye, or contrectes to his list, that thei schold be drede to doen it, and for to be skyn therefore heemselfe; for after hire defte he wolde putten hem into anoder paradyse, that was an hundred felle faire nor any of the tother; and there schuld be thei dwellen with the most fairest damaysele that myght be, and play with hem evermore. And thus wened many divesre lusty bachelors for to sege grete lords, in diverse countreis, that were his enmyes, and aunden himselfe to be skyn in hope to have that paradyse. And thus othen tyne he was revenged of his enmyes by his satycke disceytse and fasca caultes. And when the worthie men of the countrey hidden perceyved this satycke falsefled of this Catholombe, thei assembled hem with force, and asseysted his castelle and shown him, and destroyned all the faire places, and alle the noblestes of that paradyse. The place of the welles, and of the walle, and of many other thinges, bene zipt spertiely scene; but the richesse is voyded clene. And it is not long gon sithen that place was destroyed." — Sir John Mandeville.

"The man who serves him well!" — 27, p. 284.

Let the royall apparell be brought which the kyng useth to weare, and the horse that the kyng kycht upon, and the crowne-royal which is set upon his head.

And let this apparell and horse be delivered to the hand of one of the king's most noble princes, that they may arry the man withal whom the king delighteth to honor, and bring him an hors-chace through the streete of the city, and proclame before him, Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor. — Esther, vii. 8, 9.

"Take me then to Mecca!" — 29, p. 265.

The Sheik Kothedides discusses the question, whether it be, upon the whole, an advantage or a disadvante to live at Mecca; for all doctors agree, that good works performed there have double the merit which they would have any where else. He therefore inquires, whether the guilt of sins must not be augmented in a like proportion. — Notices des MSS. de la Bibl. Nat. t. 4. 511.

THE EIGHTH BOOK.

Quas patiue desin nostrae te infore sepulchro
Petronella, tibi spurgiius has lacrnona.
Spurgiius has lacronae mental monumenta parentis.
Et tibi pro thelano strolium hane tumulum.
Sperbam generu tardas prefert dequmvel,
Et lucto patrio uenere sonae uex.
Hoc! gener est Oenus; quiquere, Q delectusima: per te
Se sperant acuam, deincep easte puter.
Joach. Bellace.

1. WOMAN.

Go not among the Tombs, Old Man!
There is a madman there.

OLD MAN.

Will he harm me if I go?

WOMAN.

Not he, poor miserable man!
But 'tis a wretched sight to see

His utter wretchedness.
For all day long he lies on a grave,
And never is he seen to weep,
And never is he heard to groan,
Nor even at the hour of prayer
Bends his knee nor moves his lips.
I have taken him food for charity,
And never a word he spake;
But yet so ghastly he look'd,
That I have awak'n at night.
With the dream of his ghostly eyes.
Now go, not among his ghostly tombs.

OLD MAN.

Wherefore has the wrath of God
So sorely stricken him?

WOMAN.

He came a stranger to the land,
And did good service to the Sultan,
And well his service was rewarded.
The Sultan named him next himself,
And gave a palace for his dwelling,
And dower'd his bride with rich domains.

But on his wedding night
There came the Angel of Death.
Since that hour, a man distracted
Among the sepulchres he wanders.
The Sultan, when he heard the tale,
Sud that for some untold crime,
Judgment thus stricken him,
And asking Heaven forgiveness
That he had shown him favor,
Abandon'd him to want.

OLD MAN.

A Stranger did you say!

WOMAN.

An Arab born, like you.

But go not among the Tombs,
For the sight of his wretchedness
 Might make a hard heart ache!

OLD MAN.

Nay, nay, I never yet have shunn'd
A countryman in distress;
And the sound of his dear native tongue
May be like the voice of a friend.

2.

Then to the Sepulchre
Whereunto she pointed him,
Old Moath bent his way.
By the tomb lay Thalaba,

In the light of the setting eve;
The sun, and the wind, and the rain,
Had rusted his raven locks;
His cheeks were fallen in,
His face-bones prominent;
Reclined against the tomb he lay,
And his lean fingers play'd,
Unwitting, with the grass that grew beside.
3.
The Old Man knew him not,
But dwelling near him, said,
"Countryman, peace be with thee!"
The sound of his dear native tongue
Awaken'd Thalaba;
He raised his countenance,
And saw the good Old Man,
And he arose and fell upon his neck,
And groan'd in bitterness.
Then Moath knew the youth,
And fear'd that he was childless; and he turn'd
His asking eyes, and pointed to the tomb.
"Old Man!" cried Thalaba,
"Thy search is ended here!"

4.
The father's cheek grew white,
And his lip quiver'd with the misery;
Howbeit, collectedly, with painful voice
He answer'd, "God is good! His will be done!"

5.
The woe in which he spoke,
The resignation that inspired his speech,
They solen'm Thalaba.
"Thou hast a solace in thy grief," he cried,
"A comforter within!
Moath! thou seest me here,
Deliver'd to the Evil Powers,
A God-abandon'd wretch."

6.
The Old Man look'd at him incredulous.
"Nightly," the youth pursued,
"Thy daughter comes to drive me to despair.
Moath, thou thinkest me mad;
But when the Crier from the Minaret
Proclaims the midnight hour,
Hast thou a heart to see her?"

7.
In the Meidan now
The clang of clarion and of drums
Accompanied the Sun's descent.
"Dost thou not pray, my son?"
"Said Moath, as he saw
The white flag waving on the neighboring Mosque:
Then Thalaba's eye grew wild.
"Pray!" echoed he, "I must not pray!"
And the hollow groan he gave
Went to the Old Man's heart.
And bowing down his face to earth,
In fervent agony he call'd on God.

8.
A night of darkness and of storms!
Into the Chamber of the Tomb,
Thalaba led the Old Man,
To roof him from the rain.
A night of storms! the wind
Swept through the moonless sky,
And moan'd among the pillar'd sepulchres;
And in the pauses of its sweep
They heard the heavy rain
Beat on the monument above.
In silence on Oneiza's grave
Her Father and her husband sat.

9.
The Crier from the Minaret
Proclaim'd the midnight hour.
"Now, now!" cried Thalaba;
And o'er the chamber of the tomb
There spread a lurid gleam,
Like the reflection of a sulphur fire;
And in that hideous light
Oneiza stood before them. It was She,—
Her very lineaments,—and such as death
Had changed them, livid cheeks, and lips of blue;
But in her eyes there dwelt
Brightness more terrible
Than all the loathsome ness of death.
"Still art thou living, wretch?"
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?"

10.
"This is not she!" the Old Man exclaim'd;
"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, disobedient 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,
Its fiendish tenant fled.
A sapphire light fell on them,
And garnished with glory, in their sight
Oneiza's Spirit stood.

11.
"Oh Thalaba!" she cried,
"Abandon not thyself!"
Wouldst thou forever lose me? — O my husband,
Go and fulfil thy quest,
That in the Bowers of Paradise
I may not look for thee
In vain, nor wait thee long."

12.
To Moath then the Spirit
Turn'd the dark lustre of her heavenly eyes.
"Short is thy destined path,
O my dear Father! to the abode of bliss.
Return to Araby;
There with the thought of death
Comfort thy lonely age,
And Azrael, the Deliverer, soon
Will visit thee in peace."

13.
They stood with earnest eyes,
And arms outstretched, when again
The darkness closed around them.
The soul of Thalaba revived:
He from the floor his quiver took,
And as he bent the bow, exclaimed,'—
"Was it the everwelling Providence
That in the hour of frenzy led my hands
Instinctively to this?
To-morrow, and the sun shall brace anew
The slacken'd cord, that now sounds loose and damp;
To-morrow, and its livelier tone will sing
In tort vibration to the arrow's flight.
I— but I also, with recovered health
Of heart, shall do my duty.
My Father! here I leave thee then!" he cried,
"And not to meet again,
Till, at the gate of Paradise,
The eternal union of our joys commence.
We parted last in darkness!" — and the youth
Thought with what other hopes;
But now his heart was calm,
For on his soul a heavenly hope had dawn'd.

14.
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,
Leaving along its path continuous light,
Shot eastward. "See my guide!" quoth Thalaba;
And turning, he received
Old Moath's last embrace,
And the last blessing of the good Old Man.

15.
Evening was drawing nigh,
When an old Dervise, sitting in the sun
At the cell door, invited for the night
The traveller; in the sun
He spread the plain repast,
Rice and fresh grapes; and at their feet there flow'd
The brook of which they drank.

16.
So as they sat at meal,
With song, with music, and with dance,
A wedding train went by;
The deep-veil'd bride, the female slaves,
The torches of festivity,
And trump and timbrel merriment
Accompanied their way.
The good old Dervise gave
A blessing as they past;
But Thalaba look'd on,
And breathed a low, deep groan, and hid his face.
The Dervise had known sorrow, and he felt
Compassion; and his words
Of pity and of piety
Open'd the young man's heart,
And he told all his tale.

17.
"Repine not, O my Son!" the Old Man replied,
"That Heaven hath clasped thee. Behold this vine:
I found it a wild tree, whose wanton strength
Had swollen into irregular twigs
And bold excrescences,
And spent itself in leaves and little rings,
So, in the flourish of its outwardsness,
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 seest,
Into these full, clear clusters, to repay
The hand that wisely wounded it.
Repine not, O my Son!
In wisdom and in mercy Heaven inflicts
Its painful remedies."

18.
Then pausing,— "Whither goest thou now?" he ask'd.
"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."

19.
"Far be 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 painfully.
In Kaf the Simorg hath his dwelling-place,
The all-knowing Bird of Ages, who hath seen
The World, with all its children, thrice destroy'd.
Long is the path,
And difficult the way, of danger full;
But that unerring Bird
Could to a certain end
Direct thy weary search."

20.
Easy ascent the youth
Gave to the words of wisdom; and behold,
At dawn, the adventurer on his way to Kaf.
And he hath travelled many a day
And many a river swum over,
And many a mountain ridge hath cross'd,
And many a measureless plain;
And now, amid the wilds advanced,
Long is it since his eyes
Have seen the trace of man.

21.
Cold! cold! 'tis a chilly clime
That the youth in his journey hath reach'd,
And he is aweary now,
And faint for lack of food.
Cold! cold! there is no sun in heaven;
A heavy and uniform cloud
Overseeps the face of the sky,
And the snows are beginning to fall.
Dost thou wish for thy deserts, O Son of Hodeirah?
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!

22.
All waste! no sign of life
But the track of the wolf and the bear!
No sound but the wild, wild wind,
And the snow crunching under his feet!
Night is come; neither moon, nor stars,
Only the light of the snow!
But behold a fire in a cave of the hill,
A heart-reviving fire;
And thither, with strength renew'd,
Thalaba presses on.

23.
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 Dame's face,
And yet her hair was gray.
She bade 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 sung was low and sweet,
But Thalaba knew not the words.

24.
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 ask'd for food.
The Woman answer'd 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 then with her I make good cheer;
And now to the chase the She Bear is gone,
And she with her prey will be here anon."

25.
She ceased her spinning while she spake;
And when she had answer'd him,
Again her fingers twirl'd the thread,
And again the Woman began,
In low, sweet tones to sing,
The unintelligible song.

26.
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 sat 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!"

27.
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."

28.
Thalaba strove; but the thread
By magic hands was spun,
And in his cheek the blush of shame
Arose, connix'd 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!"

29.
And up she raised her bright blue eyes,
And fiercely she smiled on him:
"I thank thee, I thank thee, Hodeirah's son!
I thank thee for doing what can't be undone,
For binding thyself in the chain I have spun.
Then from his head she wrench'd
A lock of his raven hair,
And cast it in the fire,
And cried aloud as it burnt,
"Sister! Sister! hear my voice!"
Sister! Sister! come and rejoice!
The thread is spun,
The prize is won,
The work is done,
For I have made captive Hodeirah's Son."

30.
Borne in her magic car
The Sister Sorceress came,
Khawla, the fiercest of the Sorcerer brood
She gazed upon the youth;
She bade him break the slender thread;
She laugh'd aloud for scorn;
She clapp'd her hands for joy.

31.
The She Bear from the chase came in;
She bore the prey in her bloody mouth;
She laid it at Mainuna's feet;
And then look'd up with wistful eyes,
As if to ask her share.

"There! There!" quoth Mainuna,
And pointing to the prisoner-youth,
She spra'd him with her foot,
And bade her make her meal,
But then their mockery fail'd them,
And anger and shame arose;
For the She Bear fawn'd on Thalaba,
And quietly lick'd his hand.

32.
The gray-hair'd Sorcerer stamp'd 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 caverns below.

MAIMUNA.
Shall we leave him fitter'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 shouldest die.

MAIMUNA.
Whither then must we bear the foe?

SPIRIT.
To Mohareb's island go;
There shalt thou secure the foe,
There prevent thy future woe.

33.
Then in the Car they threw
The fitter'd Thalaba,
And took their seats, and set
Their feet upon his neck;
Maimuna held the reins,
And Khawla shook the scourge,
And away! away! away!

34.
They were no seeds of mortal race
That drew the magic car
With the swiftness of feet and of wings.
The snow-dust rises behind them;
The ice-rock's splinters fly;
And hark, in the valley below
The sound of their chariot wheels,—
And they are far over the mountains!

Away! away! away!
The Demons of the air
Shout their joy as the Sisters pass;
The Ghosts of the Wicked that wander by night
Flit over the magic car.

35.
Away! away! away!
Over the hills and the plains,
Over the rivers and rocks,
Over the sands of the shore
The waves of ocean heave
Under the magic steeds;
With unwet hoofs they trample the deep,
And now they reach the Island coast,
And away to the city the Monarch's abode.
Open fly the city gates,
Open fly the iron doors,
The doors of the palace-court.
Then stopp'd the charmed car.

36.
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.

NOTES TO BOOK VIII.

"But when the Crier from the Minaret, &c. — 6, p. 288.

As the celestial Apostle, at his retreat from Medina, did not perform always the five canonical prayers at the precise time, his disciples, who often neglected to join with him in the Minaret, assembled one day to fix upon some method of announcing to the public those moments of the day and night when their master discharged his first of religious duties. Flags, bells, trumpets, and fire, were successively proposed as signals. None of these, however, were admitted. The flags were rejected as unsuited to the sanctity of the object; the bells, on account of their being used by Christians; the trumpets, as inappropriate to the Hebrew worship; the fires, as having too near an analogy to the religion of the pyromaniacs. From this contrariety of opinions, the disciples separated without any determination. But one of them, Abdullah ibn Zeit Abderge, saw, the night following, in a dream, a celestial being, clothed in green; he immediately requested his advice, with the most zealous earnestness, respecting the object in dispute. I am come to inform you, replied the heavenly visitor, how to discharge this important duty of your religion. He then ascended to the roof of the house, and decla'red the Evens with a loud voice, and in the same words which have been ever since used to declare the canonical periods. When he awoke, Abdullah ran to declare his vision to the prophet, who loaded him with blessings, and authorized that moment Bilal Hakeesh, another of his disciples, to discharge, on the top of his house, that august office, by the title of Muezzin.

These are the words of the Evens: Most high God! Most high God! Most high God! I acknowledge that there is no other except God; I acknowledge that there is no other except God; I acknowledge that Mohammed is the Prophet of God; come to prayer! come to prayer! come to the temple of salvation. Great God! Great God! there is no God except God.

This declaration must be the same for each of the five canonical periods, except that of the morning, when the
Moravia ought to add, after the words, come to the temple of salutation, follow: prayer is to be preferred to sleep, prayer is to be preferred to sleep.

This addition was produced by the zeal and piety of Bílů Hohenszcz: as he announced, one day, the Eunus of the dawn in the prophet's antechamber, Asiehe, in a whisper, informed him that the celestial envoy was of Moravia; this first Moravians then added these words, prayer is to be preferred to sleep; when he awoke, the prophet apprized him, and commanded Bílů to insert them in all the morning Eunuses.

The words must be chanted, but with deliberation and gravity, those particularly which constitute the profession of the faith. The Moravians must pronounce them distinctly; he must pay more attention to the pronunciation of the words than to the melody of his voice; he must make proper intervals and pauses, and not precipitate his words, but let them be clearly understood by the people. He must be interrupted by no other object whatever. During the whole Eunuses, he must stand with a finger in each ear, and his face turned, as in prayer, towards the Kaobe of Mecca. As he utters those words, come to prayer, come to the temple of salvation, he must turn his face to the right and left, because he is supposed to address all the nations of the world, the whole expanded universe.

At this time, the auditors must recite, with a low voice, the Tehillim. — There is no strength, there is no power, but what is in God, in that Supreme Being, in that powerful Being. — *Ephasis.*

In the Meidan rose, &c., — 7, p. 283.

In the Meidan, or great place of the city of Turiz, there are people appointed every evening when the sun sets, and every morning when he rises, to make during half an hour a terrible concert of trumpets and drums. They are placed on one side of the square, in a gallery somewhat elevated; and the same practice is established in every city in Persia. — *Ephasis.*

Into the Chamber of the Tomb, &c., — 8, p. 288.

If we except a few persons, who are buried within the precincts of some sanctuary, the rest are carried out at a distance from their cities and villages, where a great extent of ground is allotted for that purpose. Each family hath a particular portion of it, walled in like a garden, where the bones of their ancestors have remained undisturbed for many generations. For in these enclosures the graves are all distinct and separate; there are here and there a flower, a vine, a shrub, the head and feet, inscribed with the name of the person who lieth there interred; whilst the intermediate space is either planted with flowers, bordered round with stone, or paved all over with tiles. The graves of the principal citizens are further distinguished from some square chambers or capudas* that are built over them.

Now, as all these different sorts of tombs and sepulchres, with the very walls likewise of the enclosures, are constantly kept clean, whitened, and beautified, they continue, to this day, to be an excellent comment upon that expression of our Savior's, where he mentions the garnering of the sepulchres, and again, where he compares the scribes, pharisees, and hypocrites, to whitened sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful, but are within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. For these, as happened in the three months after any person is interred, the female relations go once a week to weep over the grave, and perform their paternalia upon it. — *Ephasis.*

About a quarter of a mile from the town of Myssza is a sepulchre of the species called, by the ancients, Distega, or Double-roofed. It consisted of two square rooms. In the lower, which has a door-way, were deposited the urns, with the ashes of the deceased. In the upper, the relations and friends solemnized the anniversary of the funeral, and per-

* They seem to be the same with the Παρευρεταὶ of the Ancients.

Thus Epithalam. Trad. 128.: ᾿Αμα αυτῷ κενήρα περιολοῦν το θάνατον έν τῇ γέρα χάπα χειλα. *Ephasis.*

Such places probably as these are to be understood, when the Demos skick is said to have his dwelling among the tombs.

formed stated rites. A hole made through the floor was de signed for pouring libations of honey, milk, or wine, with which it was usual to gratify the names or spirits. — Chas- tier's Travels in Asia Minor.

ST. Anthony the Great once retired to the sepulchres; a brother shut him in, in one of the tombs, and regularly brought him food. One day he found the doors of the tomb broken, and Anthony lying upon the ground as dead, the devil had so mov ed him. When a whole army of devils attacked him; the place was shaken from its foundation, the walls were thrown down, and the crowd of multiform fiends rushed in. They filled the place with the shapes of lions, tigers, apes, serpents, adders, lizards, vipers, pangs, and bears, yelling and howling, and threatening, and flinging and wounding him. The brave saint defied them, and(uprised them for their cowardice in not attacking him one to one, and defended himself with the sign of the cross. And lo, a light fell from above, which at once put the hellish rabble to flight, and healed his wounds, and strengthened him; and the walls of the sepulchre rose from their ruins. Then knew Anthony the presence of the Lord, and the voice of Christ proceeded from the light to comfort and appraise him. Acts, xxi. 28, 29. *Ephasis.*


The Egyptian saints frequently inhabited sepulchres. St. James the hermit found an old sepulchre, made in the form of a cave, wherein many bones of the dead had been deposited, which, by length of time, were now become as dust. Entering there, he collected the bones into a heap, and laid them in a corner of the monument, and closed upon himself the old door of the cave. Vita S. Jacob Evangel. apud Menophristan. *Ephasis.*

—the vampire corpse, &c., — 10, p. 288.

In the Lettres Jaives is the following extract from the Mar- cius Historiae et Politic. Octob. 1736. We have had in this country a new scene of Vampireism, which is duly attested by two officers of the Tribunal of Belgrade, who took cognizance of the affair on the spot, and by an officer in his Imperial Majesty's troops at Grolidzch, (in Schoenricz,) who was an eye-witness of the proceedings.

In the beginning of September, there died at the village of Kestula, three leagues from Grolidzch, an old man of above threescore and two; three days after he was buried, he appeared in the night to his son, and desired he would give him some thing to eat. The next day, the son, hearing his father wished to eat, went to his neighbors these particulars. That night the father did not come, but the next evening he made him another visit, and desired something to eat. It is not known whether his son gave him any thing or not, but the next morning the young man was found dead in his bed. The magistrate or bailiff of the place had notice of this; as also that the same day five or six persons fell sick in the village, and died one after the other. He sent an exact account of this to the tribunal of Belgrade, and therefore two commissioners were dispatched to the village, attended by an executioner, with instructions to ex-amine closely into the affair. An officer in the Imperial ser- vices, from whom we have this relation, went also from Grolidzch, in order to examine personally a affair of which he had heard so much; and he found the graves of all who had been buried in six weeks. When they came to that of the old man, they found his eyes open, his color fresh, his respiration quick and strong; yet he appeared to be stiff and insensible. From these signs, they concluded him to be a vampire. The executioner, by the command of the commissioners, struck a stake through his heart; and when he had so done, they made a bonfire, and therein consumed the carcass to ashes. There were no marks of Vampireism found on his son, or on the bodies of the other persons who died suddenly.

Thanks be to God, we are as far as any people can be from giving into credulity; we acknowledge that all the lights of physic do not enable us to give any account of this fact, nor do we pretend to enter into its causes. However, we cannot avoid giving credit to a certain fact juridically attested by competent and unsuspected witnesses, especially since it is far
BOOK VIII.

NOTES TO HALABA THE DESTROYER.

from being the only one of the kind. We shall here amuse an instance of the same sort in 1732, already inserted in the Gleaner, No. 18.

In a certain town of Hungary, which is called, in Latin, Oppida Hungaria, on the river called the Tisa, a person called the Papus, that is to say, the river which washes the celebrated territory of Toluy, as also a part of Transylvania, the people known by the name of Haidaké believe that certain dead persons, whom they call Vampires, suck the blood of the living, insomuch that those who appear like skeletons, while the dead bodies of the suckers are so full of blood, that it runs out at all the passages of their bodies, and even at their very pores. This old opinion of theirs they support by a multitude of facts, attested in such a manner, that they leave no room for doubt. We shall here mention some of the most considerable.

It is now about five years ago, that a certain Haidake, an inhabitant of the village of Melégres, whose name was Arnold Paul, was bruised to death by a hay-cart, which ran over him. Thirty days after his death, no less than four persons died suddenly in that manner, wherein, according to the tradition of the country, those people generally die who are sucked by Vampires. Upon this, a story was called to mind that this Arnold Paul had told in his lifetime, viz., that at Conzen, on the day he was buried, after the interment, was created by a Vampire; now the established opinion is, that a person sucked by a Vampire becomes a Vampire himself, and sucks in his turn; but that he had found a way to rid himself of this evil by eating some of the earth out of the Vampire's grave, and rubbing himself with the ashes, proved, however, did not hinder his becoming a Vampire; insomuch, that his body being taken up forty days after his death, all the marks of a notorious Vampire were found thereon. His complexion was fresh, his hair, nails, and beard were gone; he was full of fluid blood, which filled the space of his body upon his shrine.

The Haidage or Bigli of the place, who was a person well acquainted with Vampirism, caused a sharp stake to be thrust, as the custom is, through the heart of Arnold Paul, and also quite through his body; whereupon he cried out dreadfully, as if he had been alive. This done, they cut off his head, burnt his body, and threw the ashes thereof into the Saare. They took the same measures with the bodies of those persons who had died of Vampire, for fear that they should fall to sucking in their turns.

All these prudent steps did not hinder the same mischief from breaking out again about five years afterwards, when several people in the same village died in a very old manner. In the space of three mouths, seventeen persons of all ages and sexes died of Vampirism, some suddenly, and some after two or three days' suffering. Amongst others, there was one Vroucolacas, the son of a Jew; who, going to bed in perfect health, waked in the middle of the night, and making a terrible outcry affirmed, that the son of a certain Haidake, whose name was Millo, and who had been dead about three weeks, had attempted to strangle her in her sleep. She continued from that time in a languishing condition, and in the space of three days died. What this girl had said, discovered the son of Millo to be a Vampire. They took up the body, and found him to effect. The principal persons of the place, particularly the physician and surgeons, began to examine the corpse narrowly, how, in spite of all their precautions, Vampirism had again broke out in so terrible a manner. After a strict inquisition, they found that the deceased Arnold Paul had not only sucked the four persons before mentioned, but likewise several beasts, of whom the new Vampires had eaten, particularly the son of Millo. Induced by these circumstances, they took a resolution of digging up the bodies of all persons who had died within a certain time. They did so, and amongst forty bodies, there were found seventeen evidently Vampires. Through the hearts of these, they drove stakes inwardly, and gave them a full boiling, and threw the ashes into the river. All the informations we have been speaking of were taken in a legal way, and all the executions were so performed, as appears by certificates drawn up in full form, attested by several surgeons, and by the priests of several regiments, and the priests of the inhabitants of the place. The verbal process was sent towards the latter end of last January, to the council of war at Vienna, who thereupon established a special commission to examine into these facts. Those just now mentioned were attested by the Halabine Barieras, the principal Haidake of the village, as also by Bautier, first lieutenant of prince Alexander of Werdenberg, Feldzeugen-major of the regiment of Paracelsus, surgeon-major of the several regiments of the same regiment, and several other persons.

This superstition extends to Greece.

The man, whose story we are going to relate, was a peasant of Myconos, naturally ill-affected and quarrelsome; this is a circumstance to be taken notice of in such cases. He was murdered in the fields, nobody knew how, or by whom. Two days after his being buried in a chapel in the town, it was noised about that he was seen to walk in the night with great haste, that he tumbled about people's goods, put out their lamps, gripped them by the hair, and used a thousand other monkey tricks. At first the story was received with laughter; but the thing was looked upon to be serious when the better sort of people began to complain of it; the Papus themselves gave credit to the fact, and no doubt had their reasons for so doing; masses must be said, to be sure; but for all this, the present drove his old trade, and needed nothing they could do. After divers meetings of the chief people of the city, of priests, and monks, it was gravely concluded, that it was necessary, in consequence of some musty ceremonials, to wait till nine days had elapsed.

On the tenth day, they said one mass in the chapel where the body was laid, in order to drive out the Demon which they imagined was got into it. After mass, they took up the body, and got every thing ready for pulling out its heart. The butcher of the town, and old clergyman, first opens the belly instead of the breast; he groped a long while among the entrails, but could not find what he looked for; at last, somebody told him he should cut up the diaphragm. The heart was then pulled out, to the admiration of all the spectators. The man stuck in it, and the people were surprised, that they were obliged to burn funereal; but the smoke mingled with the exhalations from the carcasses, increased the stink, and began to muddle the poor people's pericaries. Their imagination, struck with the spectacle before them, grew full of visions. It came into their minds that a thick smoke came out of the body; we durst not say it was the smoke of the incense. They were incessantly howling out Vroucolacas, in the chapel, and place before it; this is the name they give to these pretended Redivivi. The noise bellowed through the streets, and it seemed to be a name invented on purpose to rend the roof of the chapel. Several there present avowing that the wretch's blood was extremely red; the butcher swore the body was still warm; whence they concluded that the deceased was a very ill man for not being thoroughly dead, or, in plain terms, for suffering himself to be reanimated by the Old Nick; which, as he had taken the body, he heated it. They then roared out that name in a stupendous manner. Just at this time came a flock of people, loudly protesting, they plainly perceived the body was not grown stiff, when it was carried from the fields to church to be buried, and that consequently it was a true Vroucolacas; which word was still the burden of the song.

I dare not doubt they would have sworn it did not stink, had not we been there; so amazed were the poor people with this disaster, and so infiltrated with their notion of the dead being reanimated. As we were, who were put so close to the events as we could, that we might be more exact in our observations, we were almost poisoned with the intolerable stink that issued from it. When they asked us what we thought of this body, we told them we believed it to be very thoroughly dead. But as we were willing to cure, or at least not to exasperate their prepossessed imaginations, we represented to them, that it was no wonder the butcher should feel a little warmth when he groped among entrails that were then rotting, that it was a.C. extraordinary thing for it to emit fumes, since dung turn'd up will do the same; and as the body was not a dead blood, it still appeared by the butcher's hands to be nothing but a very stinking, nasty sour.

After all our reasons, we were of opinion it would be their wisest course to burn the dead man's body, but this execution was not made, because the place is a bit more tractable; he went on with his racket more furiously than ever; he was accused of heating folks in the night, breaking down doors, and even rooms of houses, clattering windows, tearing clothes.
NOTES TO THALABA THE DESTROYER.

BOOK VIII

empting bottles and vessels. It was the most thority devil! I believe he is also a remarkably lively boy, of course, in whom we lodged. Nothing could be more miserable than the condition of this island; all the inhabitants seemed frightened out of their senses; the wisest among them were stricken like the rest; it was an epidemic disease of the brain, and inflicted, as usual, on the maddest of dogs. Whole families quitied their houses, and brought their tenty seds from the farthest parts of the town into the public place, there to spend the night. They were every instant complaining of some new misfortune; nothing was to be heard but sighs and groans at the approach of night; the better sort of people retired into the country.

When the possession was so general, we thought it our best way to hide our tongues. Had we opposed it, we had not only been accounted ridiculous blockheads, but Atheists and Infidels; how was it possible to stand against the madness of a whole people? Those that believed we doubted the truth of the fact, came and upbraided us with our incredulity, and strove to prove that there were such things as Vroucolacasses, by citations out of the Buckler of Faith, written by F. Richard, a Jewess Missionary. He was a Latin, say they, and consequently you ought to give him credit. We should have got nothing by denying the justness of the consequence: it was as good as a comedy to our every morning to hear the new follies committed by this night bird; they charged him with being guilty of the most abominable sin.

Some citizens, that were most zealous for the good of the public, fancied they had been deficient in the most material part of the ceremony. They were of opinion that they had been wrong in saying mass before they had pulled out the wretch's heart; and we had taken this precaution, quoth they, we had let the devil as sure a gun; he would have been hanged before he would ever have come there again; whereas, saying mass first, the running dog fled for it awhile, and came back again when the danger was over.

Notwithstanding these wise reflections, they remained in as much perplexity as they were the first day: they meet night and morning, they debate, they make processions three days and three nights; they oblige the Papas to fast; you might see them running from house to house, holy-water-brush in hand, sprinkling it all about, and washing the doors with it; say, they poured it into the mouth of the poor Vroucolacases.

We so often repeated it to the magistrates of the town, that in Christendom we should keep the strictest watch a nights upon such an occasion, to observe what was done, that at last they caught a great vagabonds, who undoubtedly had a hand in these disorders; but either they were not the chief ringleaders, or else they were released too soon. For two days afterwards, to make themselves amends for the Lent they had kept in prison, they fell foul again upon the wine-tales of those who were such fools as to leave their houses empty in the nights, so that the people were forced to betake themselves again to their prayers.

One day, as they were hard at this work, after having stuck I know not how many naked swords over the grave of this corpse, which they took up three or four times a day, for any man's whom, an Almanze that happened to be at Myzone took upon him to say, with a voice of authority, that it was in the last degree ridiculous to make use of the swords of Christians in a case like this. Can you not conceive, blind as ye are, says he, that the handles of these swords, being made like a cross, hinder the devil from coming out of the body? Why do you not rather take the Turkish sabres? The advice of this learned man had no effect: the Vroucolacases was incorrigible, and all the inhabitants were in a strange consternation; they knew not what to call upon, when, of a sudden, with one voice, as if they had given each other the hint, they fell to bowing out all through the city; that it was intolerable to wait any longer; that the only way left was to burn the Vroucolacases entire; but after so doing, let the devil lurk in it if he could; that it was more than he was able to bear to have the island totally deserted; and, indeed, whole families began to pack up, in order to retire to Syre or Tinos. The magistrates therefore ordered the Vroucolacases to be carried to the point of the island St. George, where they prepared a great pile with pitch and tar, for fear the wood, as they say, as it was, should not burn fast enough of itself. What they had before left of this miserable excrescence was thrown into this fire and consumed presently. It was on the 1st of January, 1701. We saw the flame as we returned from Dols; it might justly be called a bonfire of joy, since after this no more complaints were heard against the Vroucolacases; they said that the devil had now met with his match, and some bailiffs were made to turn him into ridicule. — Tournfort.

In Dalmatia, the Morlachians, before a funeral, cut the hangmasts of the corpse, and mark certain characters upon the body with a hot iron; they then drive nails or pins into different parts of it, and the sorcerers finish the ceremony by repeating certain mysterious words; after which they rest confident that the deceased cannot return to the earth to shed the blood of the living. — Cassas.

The Turks have an opinion, that men that are buried have a sort of life in their graves. If any man makes affidavit before a judge, that he heard a noise in a man's grave, he is, by order, dug up, and chopped all to pieces. The merchants, at Coestantinople, once airing on horses back, had, as usual, for protection, a Janizary with them. Passing by the burying place of the Jews, it happened that an old Jew sat by a sepulchre. The Janizary rode up to him, and rated him for stinking the world a second time, and commanded him to get into his grave again. — Roger North's Life of Sir Dudley North.

"That Heaven has chastened thee. Behold this vine." — 17, p. 289.

In these lines, I have verified a passage in Bishop Taylor's Sermons, altering as little as possible his unimprovable language.

58. For so have I known a luxuriant vine swell into irregular twigs and bold excrescences, and spend itself in leaves and little rings, and afford but trifling clusters to the wine-press, and a faint return to his heart which longed to be refreshed with a full vintage; but when the Lord of the vine had caused the dressers to cut the wilder plant, and made it bleed, it grew temperate in its vain expense of useless leaves, and knotted into fair and juicy branches, and made accounts of that loss of blood, by the return of fruit."

"And difficult the way, of danger full." — 19, p. 289.

It appears from Haile, that the way is not easily found out. He says,  "Do not expect faith from any one; if you do, deceive yourself in searching for the Simurgh and the philosopher's stone."

"And away! away! away!" — 33, p. 291.

My readers will recollect the Lernza. The unwilling resemblance has been forced upon me by the subject. I could not turn aside from the road, because Burger had travelled it before. The "Old Woman of Berkeley" has been foolishly called an imitation of that inimitable ballad: the likeness is of the same kind as between Macedon and Monmouth. Both are ballads, and there is a horse in both.

"Molarch in the robes of royalty, &c. — 36, p. 291.

How came Molarch in the Sultan of this island? Every one who has been here is but too well acquainted to know that there are always islands to be had by adventurers. He killed the former Sultan, and reigned in his stead. What could not a Dam- danielite perform? The narration would have interrupted the flow of the main story.
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.

B. Jonson. Mortimer's Fall.

1.
"Go up, my Sister Maimuna,
Go up, and read the stars!"

2.
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.

3.
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—judgment!" Maimuna replied.

4.
"Is that the language of the lights of Heaven?"
Exclaim'd the sterner Witch;
"Creatures of Allah, they perform his will,
And with their lying menaces would daunt
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."

5.
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 look'd, and smote the air;
And down she stoop'd, and smote the floor.
"To Eblis 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!"

6.
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,
Clench'd 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.

7.
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 stops, she rocks, she reels!
Look! look! she appears in the darkness!
Her danny hairs curl up.
All living, like the Meteor's locks of light!
Her eyes are like the sickly Moon!

8.
It is her lips that move,
Her tongue that shapes the sound;
But whose is the Voice that proceeds?
"Ye may hope, and ye may fear;
The danger of his stars is near.
Sultan! if he perish, woe!
Fate hath written one death-blow
For Mohareb and the Foe!
Triumph! triumph! only she
That knit his bonds can set him free."

9.
She spake the Oracle,
And senselessly she fell.
They kneel'd in care beside her,—
Her Sister and the King;
They sprinkled her palms with water;
They wetted her nostrils with blood.

10.
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!
11.

He sought the dungeon cell
Where Thalaba was laid.
'Twas the gray morning twilight, and the voice
Of Thalaba, in prayer,
With words of hallow'd import, smote his ear.
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 pietie alone can give.

12.

When Thalaba, the perfect rite perform'd,
Raised his calm eye, then spake the Island-Chief:
"Arab! my guidance through the dangerous Cave
Thy service overpaid,
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."

13.

Artful he spake, with show of gratitude
Veiling the selfish deed.
Lock'd in his magic chain,
Thalaba on his passive powerless hand
Received again the Spell.
Remembering then what an ominous faith
First he drew on the ring,
The youth repeats his words of anger;
"In God's name and the Prophet's! be its power
Good, let it serve the righteous! if for evil,
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.

14.

Thoughtful awhile Mohareb stood,
And eyed the captive youth.
Then, building skilfully sophistc speech,
Thus he began: "Brave art thou, Thalaba;
And wherefore are we foes?—for I would buy
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
Bears fruit and poison; where the Camel finds
His fragrant food, the horned Viper there
Sucks in the juice of death: the Elements
Now serve the use of man, and row assert
Dominion o'er his weakness: dost thou hear
The sound of murriment and nuptial song?
From the next house proceeds the mourner's cry,
Lamenting o'er the dead. Say'st thou that Sin
Enter'd the world of Allah? that the Fiend,
Permitted for a season, prov'd for prey?
When to thy tent the venomous serpent creeps,
Dost thou not crush the reptile? Even so,
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,
What are they, Thalaba, but words? in the strife
Of Angels, as of Men, the weak are guilty;
Power must decide. The Spirits of the Dead,
Quitting their mortal mansion, enter not,
As falsely ye are preach'd, their final seat
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!
They, with their Leader, through eternity,
Must howl in central fires.
Thou, Thalaba, last chosen ill thy part,
If choice it may be call'd, where will was not,
Nor searching doubt, nor judgment wise to weigh.
Hard is the service of the Power beneath
Whose banners thou wert born; his discipline
Severe, yea, cruel; and his wages, rich
Only in promise; who hath seen the pay?
For us, the pleasures of the world are ours,
Riches and rule, the kingdoms of the Earth.
We met in Babylon adventurers both,
Each zealous for the hostile Power he serv'd;
We meet again: thou seest what thou art,
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!"

15.

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!
This lie against the Sun, and Moon, and Stars,
And Earth, and Heaven! Blind man, who canst
Not see
How all things work the best! who wilt not know
That in the Manhood of the World, whate'er
Of folly mark'd its infancy, of vice
Sullied its Youth, ripe Wisdom shall cast off,
Stablished in good, and, knowing evil, safe.
Sultan Mohareb, yes, ye have me here
In chains; but not forsaken, though oppress'd;
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 Martyr's palm above
Beau with one glory. Hope ye that my blood
Can quench the dreaded flame? and know ye not,
That leagued against ye are the Just and Wise,
And all Good Actions of all ages past,
Yea your own crimes, and Truth, and God in
Heaven?"

16.

"Slave!" quoth Mohareb, and his lip
Quivered with eager wrath,
"I have thee! thou shalt feel my power,
And in thy dungeon loathsome presence
Rot piecemeal, 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.

17.

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 wan boys bemock her;
The bale in arms that meets her
Turns round with quick affright,
And clings to his nurse's neck.

18.

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 crouchant on the saddle-bow,
With tranquil eyes and talons sheathed,
The ounce expects his liberty.

19.

Prop'd on the staff that shakes
Beneath her trembling weight,
The Old Woman sees them pass.
Halloo! halloo!
The game is up!
The dogs are loosed,
The deer bounds over the plain:
The dogs pursue
Far, far behind,
Though at full stretch,
With eager speed,
Far, far behind,
But lo! the Falcon o'er his head
Hovers with hostile wings,
Andbuffets him with blinding strokes!
Dizzy with the deafening strokes,
In blind and interrupted course,
Poor beast, he struggles on;
And now the dogs are nigh!

The pouting of his heart;
And tears like human tears
Roll down, along the big veins fever-swollen;
And now the death-sweat darkens his dun hide;
His fear, his groans, his agony, his death,
Are the sport, and the joy, and the triumph!

20.

Halloo! another prey,
The nimble Antelope!
The ounce is freed; one spring,
And his talons are sheathed in her shoulders,
And his teeth are red in her gore.
There came a sound from the wood,
Like the howl of the winter wind at night,
Around a lonely dwelling;
The ounce, whose gums were warm in his prey,
He hears the summoning sound.
In vain his master's voice,
No longer dreaded now,
Calls and recalls with threatful tone;
Away to the forest he goes;
For that Old Woman had laid
Her shrivell'd finger on her shrivell'd lips,
And whistled with a long, long breath;
And that long breath was the sound
Like the howl of the winter wind, at night,
Around a lonely dwelling.

21.

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,
Fawning and fearful, creeps
The ounce by charms constrain'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.

22.

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 press'd finger fastens them,
Deaf as the Adder, when, with grounded head,
And circled form, both avenues of sound
Barr'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 scourge:
With that the dying plant, all agony,
Feeling its life-strings crack,
Utter'd the unimaginable groan
That none can hear and live.

23.

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

24.
In a cavern of the wood she sits,
And moulds the wax to human form;
And, as her fingers kneaded it,
By magic accents, to the mystic shape
Imparted with the life of Thalaba,
In all its passive powers,
Mysterious sympathy.
With the mandrake and the manchineel
She builds her pile accurst,
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.

25.
Before the fire she placed the imaged wax;
"There waste away!" the Enchantress cried,
"And with thee waste Hodeirah's Son!"

26.
Fool! fool! go shaw the everlasting ice,
Whose polar mountains bound the human reign.
Blindly the wicked work
The righteous will of Heaven!
The doom'd Destroyer wears Abdaladar's ring;
Against the danger of his horoscope
Yourselves have shielded him;
And on the sympathizing wax,
The unadmitted flames play powerlessly
As the cold moon-beam on a plain of snow.

27.
"Curse thee! curse thee!" cried the fiendly woman,
"Hast thou yet a spell of safety?"
And in the raging flames
She threw the imaged wax
It lay amid the flames,
Like Polycarp of old,
When, by the glories of the burning stake
O'er-vaulted, his gray hairs
Curled, life-like, to the fire
That haloed round his saintly brow.

28.
"Wherefore is this!" cried Khawla, and she stamp'd
Thrice on the cavern floor;
"Maimuna! Maimuna!"
Thrice on the floor she stamp'd,
Then to the rocky gateway glanced
Her eager eyes, and Maimuna was there.
"Nay, Sister, nay!" quoth she; "Mohareb's life
Is link'd with Thalaba's!
Nay, Sister, nay! the plighted oath!
The common sacrament!"

29.
"Idiot!" said Khawla, "one must die, or all!
Faith kept with him were treason to the rest.
Why lies the wax like marble in the fire?

30.
Cold, marble-cold, the wax
Lay on the raging pile,
Cold in that white intensity of fire.
The Bat, that with her hook'd and leathery wings
Clung to the cave-roof, lashed her hold,
Death-sickening 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 rings,
Ere the green beauty of their brittle youth
Grows brown, and toughens in the summer sun.
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.

31.
Amid the red and fiery smoke,
Watching the portent strange,
The blue-eyed Sorceress and her Sister stood,
Scanning a ruined Angel by the side
Of Spirit born in hell.
Maimuna raised 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 bower, through whose veins
The Martyr's blood sends such a virtue out
That the fond mother from beneath its shade
Wreathes the horn'd viper round her playful child.
This is the eternal, universal strife!
There is a Grave-wax,—I have seen the Gouls
Fight for the dainty at their banqueting."—

32.
"Excellent Witch!" quoth Khawla; and she went
To the cave-arch of entrance, and seow'd up,
Mocking the blessed Sun:
"Shine thou in Heaven, but I will shadow Earth!
Then wilt not shorten day,
But I will hasten darkness!" Then the Witch
Began a magic song,
One long, low tone, through teeth half-closed,
Through lips slow-moving, muttered slow;
One long-continued breath,
Till to her eyes a darker yellowness
Was driven, and, fullerswollen, the prominent veins
On her loose throat grew black.
Then, looking upward, thrice she breathed
Into the face of Heaven.
The baneful breath infected Heaven;
A mildewing fog it spread
Darkener and darker; so the evening sun
Pour'd his unentering glory on the mist,
And it was night below
33. “Bring now the wax,” quoth Khawla, “for thou know’st
the mine that yields it. Forth went Maimuna;
in mist and darkness went the Sorceress forth;
And she hath reach’d the Place of Tombs,
And in their sepulchres the Dead
Feel feet unholy trampling over them.

34. 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’d,
Were laboring late, flies now before the gale,
Thim as an infant’s breath,
Seen in the sunshine of an autumn frost.
Sudden it came, and soon its work was done,
And suddenly it ceased;
Cladless and calm it left the firmament,
And beautiful in the blue sky
Arose the summer Moon.

35. She heard the quicken’d action of her blood;
She felt the fever in her cheeks.
Daunted, yet desperate, in a tomb
Entering, with impious hand she traced
Circles, and squares, and lines,
And magic characters,
Till, riven by her charms, the tomb
Yawn’d, and disclosed its dead;
Maimuna’s eyes were open’d, and she saw
The secrets of the Grave.

36. There sat A Spirit in the vault,
In shape, in hue, in lineaments, like life;
And by him couch’d, as if intranced,
The hundred-headed Worm that never dies.

37. “Nay, Sorceress! not to-night!” the Spirit cried;
“The flesh in which I sinn’d may rest to-night
From suffering; all things, even I, to-night,
Even the Damned, repose!”

38. The flesh of Maimuna
Crept on her bones with terror, and her knees
Trembled with their trembling weight.
“Only this Sabbath! and at dawn the Worm
Will wake, and this poor flesh must grow to meet
The gnawing of his hundred poison-mouths!
God! God! is there no mercy after death!”

39. 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 anguish of evil had been possible
On this mysterious night;

For this was that most holy night
When all Created Things adore
The Power that made them; Insects, Beasts, and
Birds,
The Water-Dwellers, Herbs, and Trees, and Stones,
Yea, Earth and Ocean, and the infinite Heaven,
With all its Worlds. Man only doth not know
The universal Sabbath, doth not join
With Nature in her homage. Yet the prayer
Flows from the righteous with intenser love;
A holier calm succeeds, and sweeter dreams
Visit the slumber of the penitent.

40. Therefore on Maimuna the Elements
Shed healing; every breath she drew was balm.
For every flower sent then in incense up
Its richest odors; and the song of birds
Now, like the music of the Seraphim,
Enter’d her soul, and now
Made silence awful by their sudden pause.
It seemed as if the quiet Moon
Pour’d quietness; its lovely light
Was like the smile of reconciling Heaven.

41. Is it the dew of night
That on her glowing cheek
Shines in the moon-beam? Oli! she weeps—she
weeps!
And the Good Angel that abandon’d 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
Its import glanced upon her, and the hope
Of pardon and salvation rose,
As now she understood
The lying prophecy of truth.
She pauses not, she ponders not;
The driven air before her found’d the face
Of Thalaba, and he awoke and saw
The Sorceress of the Silver Locks.

42. One more permitted spell!
She takes the magic thread.
With the wide eye of wonder, Thalaba
Watches 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
Fillo’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.

43. Her charm hath loosed the chain it bound,
But mazy walls and iron gates
300

NOTES TO THALABA THE DESTROYER. BOOK IX.

Confine Hodeirah's Son.

Heard ye not, Genii of the Air, her spell,
That o'er her face there flits
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, Mainuma! thy power hath ceased,
And the wind scatters now
The voice which ruled it late.

44.

"Be comforted, my soul!" she cried, her eye
Brightening with sudden joy, "be comforted!
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!"

45.

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.

NOTES TO BOOK IX.

"His fragrant food, the burned Viper there," &c. — 14, p. 296.

In this valley we found plenty of provender for our cattle; rosemary bushes, and other shrubs of uncommon fragrance, which, being natives of the desert, are still perhaps without a name. Though these scented plants are the usual food of the camel, it is remarkable that his breath is insensibly nauseous. But, when he is pushed by hunger, he devours thistles and prickles indiscriminately, without the least damage to his mouth, which seems proof to the sharpest thorns. — Eyles Irwin.


The hawk is used at Aleppo in taking the bare. "As soon as the bare is put up, one, or a brace of the nearest greyhounds are slipped, and the falconer, galloping after them, throws off his hawk. The bare cannot run long, where the hawk behaves properly; but sometimes getting the start of the dogs, she gains the next hill, and escapes. It now and then happens when the hawk is fierce and voracious in an unusual degree, that the bare is struck dead at the first stroke, but that is very uncommon; for the hawks preferred for hare-hunting are taught to pounce and buffet the game, not to seize it; and they rise a little between each attack, to descend again with fresh force. In this manner the game is confused and retarded, till the greyhounds come in." — Russell.

The Shallean, or Falcon Gentle, flies at a more dangerous game. Were there not, says the elder Russell, several gentlemen now in England to bear witness to the truth of what I am going to relate, I should hardly venture to assert that, with this bird, which is about the size of a pigeon, they sometimes take large eagles. The hawk, in former times, was taught to seize the eagle under his pinion, and thus, depriving him of the use of one wing, both birds fell to the ground together. But I am informed, the present mode is to teach the hawk to fix on the back between the wings, in which case only, that the bird tumbling down more slowly, the falconer has more time to come in to his hawk's assistance: but, in either case, if he be not very expeditious, the falcon is inevitably destroyed.

Dr. Patrick Russell says, this sport was disused in his time, probably from its ending more frequently in the death of the falcon than of the pheasant. But he had often seen the shalheen take hares and storks. "The hawk, when it was down, flies for some time in a horizontal line, not six feet from the ground, then mounting perpendicularly with astonishing swiftness, he seizes his prey under the wing, and both together come tumbling to the ground. If the falconer is not expeditious, the game soon disengages itself."

We saw about twenty antelopes, which, however, were so very shy, that we could not get near enough to have a shot, nor do I think it possible to take them without hawks, the mode usually practised in those countries. The swiftest greyhounds would be of no use, for the antelopes are much swifter of foot than any animal I ever saw before. — Jackson's Journey over Land.

The Persians train their hawks thus: — They take the whole skin of a stag, of the head, body, and legs, and stuff it with straw to the shape of the animal. After fixing it in the place where they usually train the bird, they place his food upon the head of the stuffed stag, and chiefly in the two cavities of the eyes, that the bird may strike there. Having accustomed him for several days to eat in this manner, they fasten the feet of the stag to a plank which runs upon wheels, which is drawn by cords from a distance; and from day to day they draw it faster, insensibly to accustom the bird not to quit his prey; and at last they draw the stag by a horse at full speed. They do the same with the wild bear, the ass, the fox, the hare, and other beasts of chase. Thus they are even taught to stop a horseman at full speed, nor will they quit him till the falconer recalls them, and shows them their food. — Tavresmer.

As the Persians are very patient, and not deterred by difficulty, they delight in training the crow in the same manner as the hawk. — Tavresmer.

I do not recollect in what history or romance there is a tale of two dogs trained in this manner to destroy a tyrant; but I believe it is an historical fiction. The same stratagem is found in Chao-shih-ru-el, the Orphan of the House of Chao.

The famous in Norway believe that the eagle will sometimes attack a deer. In this enterprise, he makes use of this stratagem; he soaks his wings in water, and then covers them with sand and gravel, with which he flies against the deer's face, and blinds him for a time; the pain of this sets him running about like a distracted creature, and frequently he tumbles down a rock or some steep place, and breaks his neck; thus he becomes a prey to the eagle. — Pontoppidan.

In the arms of Gariboy, the historian, a stag, with an eagle or hawk on his back, is thus represented. This species of falconry has therefore probably been practised in Europe.

And saw the death-sweet garlics his dust hide! — 19, p. 297.

I saw this appearance of death at a bull-fight, the detestable amusement of the Spaniards and Portuguese. To the honor of our country, few Englishmen visit these spectacles a second time.

The ounce is fed; one spring, &c. — 20, p. 297.

They have a beast called an Ounce, spotted like a tiger, but very gentle and tame. A horseman carries it; and on perceiving a gazelle, lets it loose; and though the gazelle is incredibly swift, it is so nimble, that in three bounds it leaps upon the neck of its prey. The gazelle is a sort of small antelope, of which the country is full. The ounce immediately strengthens it with its sharp talons; but if unluckily it misses its blow, and the gazelle escapes, it remains upon the spot, and, whether it is pursued or not, the gazelle, taking no notice of it, soon leaves it. — Tavresmer.

The kings of Persia are very fond of the chase, and it is principally in this that they display their magnificence. It happened one day that Shah-Soeh wished to entertain all the ambassadors who were at his court, and there were then ministers from Turkestan, Muscovy, and India. He led them to the chase; and having taken in their presence a great number of large animals, stags, does, hinds, and wild bears,
he had them all dressed and eaten the same day: and while they were eating, an architect was ordered to erect a tower in the middle of Ippecon, only with the heads of these animals; the remains of it are yet to be seen. When the tower was raised to its proper height, the architect came exulting to the king, who was then at the banquet with the ambassadors, and informed him that nothing was wanting to finish the work well, but the head of some large beast for the point. The Princess, in his dreams, and with a design of showing the ambassadors how absolute he was over his subjects, turned sternly to the architect — "You are right, said he, and I do not know where to find a better head than your own. The unhappy man was obliged to lose his head, and the royal order was immediately executed. — Theocritus.

Waste on the wind his hofted withyery. — 22, p. 297.

A sceptre which that agnus
Is cleped, of his kindo hath this,
That he the stone, noblest of all,
The whiche that men carbuncle call.
Bereth in his head above on hight.
For whiche, when that a man by sight
The stone to wyre, and him to dante,
With his careete him wolde enchaunt,
Anone as he perceiveth
That he lyth downe his uno ear platt
Unto the ground, and hale it not,
And eke that other care als faste
He stopeth with his taille so sore,
That he the wordes, lasse or more
Of his enchantement no heereeth.
And in this wise himselfe he skieereth,
So that he hath the wordes wayved,
And thus his care isought deceaved. — Guiccar.

E' t'ir ch' ara la montantore scorta,
Asec' che le parole uno non odo,
Acoene d'una acquiecio in terra porto,
E' t' altro al' ha turato con la colo. — Pulci.

Does not "the deaf adder, that heareth not the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely," allure to some snake that cannot be enticed by music, as they catch them in Egypt?

That, from the perforated tree forced out. — 23, p. 298.

As for the way, it is the finest and whitest that may be had, though of bees; and there is such plenty as serves the whole empire. Several provinces produce it, but that of Ippacon exceeds all the others, as well in quantity as whiteness. It is gathered in the province of Xantung, upon little trees; but in that of Ippacon, upon large ones, as big as those of the Indian pigoals, or chestnut-trees in Europe. The way nature has found to produce it, to us appears strangely enough. There is in this province a creature or insect, of the bigness of a flea, so sharp at stinging, that it not only pierces the skins of men and beasts, but the breasts and bodies of the trees. Those of the province of Xantung are much valued, where the inhabitants gather their eggs from the trees, and carry them to sell in the province of Ippacon. In the spring, there come from these eggs cerin worms, which, about the beginning of the summer, they place at the foot of the tree, whence they creep up, spreading themselves wonderfully over all the branches. Having greedily themselves there, they gnaw, pierce, and bore to the very pith, and their nourishment they convert into wax, as white as snow, which they drive out of the mouth of the hole they have made, where it remains congealed in drops by the wind and cold. Then the owners of the trees gather it, and make it into cakes as we do, which are sold among China.

Gemelli Careri.

On Halde's account is somewhat different from this; the worms, he says, fasten on the leaves of the tree and in a short time form combs of wax, much smaller than the honey-combs.

A toke to kindle that strange fuel meet. — 24, p. 298.

It being notorious that fire enters into the composition of a devil, because he breathes smoke and flames, there is an obvious propriety in supposing every witch her own tinder-box, as they appear to disable nature. I am sorry to say I have not the Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels to refer to; otherwise, by the best authorities, I could show that it is the trick of Beelzebub to parody the costume of religion. The inflammability of saints may be abundantly exemplified.

It happened upon a tame, before St. Ellis was chosen Abbot, that being in the church at matins, before day, with the rest of her sisters, and going into the midst, according to the custome, to read a lesson, the candle wherewith she saw to read, chance to be put out; and thereupon wanting light, there came from the fingers of her right hand such an exceeding brightness upon the substance, that not only herself, but all the rest of the quire also, might read by it. — English Martyrologe, 1698.

Dead saints have frequently possessed this phosphoric quality, like rotten wood or dead fish. "St. Bridget was interred at the town of Danne, in the province of Ulster, in the tombe together with the venerable lodges of St. Patrick and St. Columbe, which was afterwards miraculouslv revolied in the bishop of that place, as he was praying one night into the church, about the years of Christ 1176, ever which there shined a great light." — English Martyrologe.

So, when the nurse of Mohammed first entered the chamber of Amen, his mother, she saw a coruscating splendor, which was the light of the infant prophet, so that Amen never knivled her lamp to sight.

Another Mohammedan miracle, of the same genus, is in no ways improbable. When the head of Hosein was brought to Conufn, the governor's gates were closed, and Haula, the bearer, took it to his own house. He awoke his wife, and told her what he had brought home. I bring with me, said he, the most valuable present that could possibly be made to the Caliph. And the woman asking eagerly what it could be? The head of Hosein, he answered; here it is; I am sent with it to the governor. Immediately she sprung from the bed, not that she was shocked or terrified at the sight, for the Arabian women were accustomed to follow the army, and habituated to the sight of blood and massacre; but Hosein, by Fatima, his mother, was grandiss of the prophet, and this produced an astonishing effect upon the mind of the woman. By the apostle of God! she exclaimed, I will never again lie down with a man who has brought me the head of his grandson. The Muslim, who, according to the custom of his nation, had many wives, sent for another, who was not so conscientious. Yet the presence of the head, which was placed upon a table, prevented her from sleeping, because she said, she saw a great glory playing around it all night. — Moriny.

After Alfonso de Castro had been martyred in one of the Molucca islands, his body was thrown into the sea. But it was in a few days brought back by Providence to the spot where he had suffered, the wounds fresh as if just opened, and so strange and beautiful a splendor flowing from them, that it was evident the fountain of such a light must be that body whose spirit was in the enjoyment of eternal happiness.

The Moors interpreted one of these phosphoric miracles, with equal ingenuity, to favor their own creed. A light was seen every night over the tomb of a Maronite whom they had martyred; and they said the priest was not only tortured with fire in hell, but his very body burnt in the grave. — Vasconcellos.

"There, waste away! " the Enchantress cried. — 25, p. 298.

A well-known ceremony of witchcraft, all as classical superstition, and probably not yet wholly disbelieved.

It lay amid the flames, &c. — 27, p. 298.

Beautifully hath Milton painted this legend. "The fire, when it came to proof, would not do his work; but starting off like a full sail from the mast, did but reflect a glorious light upon his unviolated limbs, exhaling such a sweet odor, as if all the incense of Arabia had been burning." — Of Prelatical Episcopacy.
"The fore-world's wood to build the magic pil!" — 31, p. 289.

On Mount Ararat, which is called Luber, or the descenting place, is an abbey of St. Gregory's Monks. These Monks, if any let to believe, say that there remaineth yet some part of the ark, kept by angels; which if any seek to second, carry them backe as farre in the night, as they have climed in the day. — Purchas.

"Wretch! the horn'd viper's son! her playful child." — 31, p. 288.

A thicket of balm trees is said to have sprung up from the blood of the Moslem slain at Bede. Albianus avoucheth, that those vipers which breed in the provinces of Arabia, although they do bite, yet their biting is not venomous, because they doe feede on the laurino-tree, and sleepe under the shadow thereof. — Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times.

The balsam-tree is nearly of the same size as a spiring myrtle, and its leaves are like those of the herb sweet marjoram. Vipers take up their residence about these plants, and are in some places more numerous than in others; for the juice of this tree shallst nourish their food, and they are delighted with the shade produced by its leaves. When the time therefore arrives for gathering the juice of this tree, the Arabians come into the sacred grove, each of them holding two twigs. By shaking these, they put to flight the vipers; for they are unwilling to kill them, because they consider them as the sacred inhabitants of the balsam. And if it happens that any one is wounded by a viper, the wound resembles that which is made by iron, but is not attended with any dangerous consequences; for these animals being fed with the juice of the balsam-tree, which is the most aromatic of all trees, their poison becomes changed from a deadly quality into one which produces a milker effect. — Pausanias.

The inhabitants of Helicon say, that none of the herbs or roots which are produced in this mountain, are destructive to mankind. They add, that the pastures here even delute the venom of serpents; so that those who are frequently bit by serpents in this part, escape the danger with greater ease than if they were of the nation of the Psylli, or had discovered an antidote against poison. — Pausanias.

"There is a Grave-man, — I have seen the Goulds," &c. — 31, p. 288.

The common people of England have long been acquainted with this change which muscular fibre undergoes. Before the circumstance was known to philosophers, I have heard them express a dislike and loathing to spermatici, because it was dead men's fat.

Feet forlorn are trampling over them. — 33, p. 229.

The Persians are strangely superstitious about the burial of their kings. For, fearing lest, by some magical art, any enchantments should be practised upon their bodies to the prejudice of their children, they conceal, as much as in them lies, the real place of interment.

To this end, they send to several places several coffins of lead, with others of wood, which they call Tabout, and bury all alike with the same magnificence. In this manner they delude the curiosity of the people, who cannot discern, by the outside, in which of the coffins the real body should be. But not but it might be discovered by such as would put themselves to the expense and trouble of doing it. And thus it shall be related in the life of Habas the Great, that twelve of these coffins were conveyed to twelve of the principal Mosques, not for the sake of their riches, but of the person which they enclosed; and yet nobody knew in which of the twelve the king's body was laid, though the common belief is, that it was deposited at Ardeliv.

It is also said in the life of Sall 1., that there were three coffins carried to three several places, as if there had been a triple prodication from one body, though it were a thing almost certainly known, that the coffin where the body was laid, was carried to the same city of Kom, and to the same place where the deceased king commanded the body of his deceased father to be carried. — Charlem.

They imagine the dead are capable of pain. A Portuguese gentleman had one day ignorantly strayed among the tombs, and a Moor, after much wrangling, obliged him to go before the Cadis. The gentleman complained of violence and asserted he had committed no crime; but the judge informed him he was mistaken, for that the poor dead suffered when trodden on by Christian feet. Muley Ismael once had occasion to bring one of his wives through a burial-ground, and the people removed the bones of their relations, and murmuring, said, he would neither suffer the living nor the dead to rest in peace. — Chaver. Additional Chap. by the Translatoe.

Were their superstition true, it should have been some monkish knave in the last request of St. Swithin — "when he was ready to depart out of this world, he commanded (for humilities sake) his body to be buried in the church-yard, whereon every one might tread with their feet." — English Martyrology.

There is a story recorded, how that St. Fithstune was wont every day to say mass and office for the dead; and one evening, as he walked in the church-yard, reciting the said office, when he came to requiescant in pœter, the voyces in the graves round about made answer aloud, and said, Amen. — English Martyrology.

I observed at Damascus, says Thavenot, that the Turks leave a hole, of three fingers' breadth in diameter, on the top of their tomb, (where there is a channel of earth over the dead body,) that the angels may enter and the spirit of the deceased inhabitant of the balsam. And if it happens that any one is wounded by a viper, the wound resembles that which is made by iron, but is not attended with any dangerous consequences; for these animals being fed with the juice of the balsam-tree, which is the most aromatic of all trees, their poison becomes changed from a deadly quality into one which produces a milker effect. — Pausanias.

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lovely creature, which represents his good actions, changed into that form; then the angels, opening a window, go away to purify, and a gravelly creature comes, which gives him a great deal of content, and stays with him until the day of judgment, when both are received into paradise. — Therecot.

Monkish ingenuity has invented something not unlike this Nohvamnian article of faith.

St. Ephelpe, says, William of Malmesbury, in his tender years took the monastic habit at Dirkerst, then a small monastery, and now only an empty monument of antiquity. Thereafter, he had continued awhile, aspiring to greater perfection, he went to Bath, where, enclosing himself in a secret cell, he kept his mind in a state of excoriation. This cell he lived in, and the food he lived on, were in a manner the most meager. To him, after a short time, were congregated a great number of religious persons, desiring his instructions and directions; and among them, being many, there were some who gave themselves to licentious feasting and drinking in the night-time, their spiritual father, St. Ephelpe, not knowing of it. But Almighty God did not a long time suffer this their license; but, at midnight, struck with a sudden death one who was the ring-leader in this licentiousness, in the chamber where they practiced such excesses. In the mean time, the holy man, being at his prayers, was interrupted by a great noise, proceeding out of the same chamber, and wondering at a thing so unaccustomed, he went softly to the door, looking through certain slits, he saw two devils of vast stature, which, with frequent strokes as of hammers, tormented the lifeless earcneys; from whence, notwithstanding, proceeding loud clamors, as desiring help, but his tormentors answered, Thou dost not know, which gives no better will we thee. This, the next morning, the holy man related to the rest; and no wonder if his companions became afterward more abstemious.— Cressey.

There is another ceremony to be undergone at the time of death, which is described in a most ludicrous mixture of Arabic and Spanish. The original is given for its singularity.

Seba text Mamlm when quanto viene a la muerte, that leniva Alhad cinco Almahakes. El primero viene quando lurnsh (la alma) cesta en la garganta, and dice le, ye sifo de Adam que es de la cuerpo el forjado, que tan falsa es oy que es de la lengua la fabulante, como se considererdo el dia de oy? and que es de la compania y parentes? ay desayan solo. Y viene llamashac segundo, quando le meten la morticia, and dice le, ye sifo de Adam, que es de la que tenico de la respuesta para la poesia? and que es de la que abrupte el pobla do para el germen? and que es de la que abrupte el pozo para la saz? Y viene llamashac tercero, quando lo ponen en lasanas (las undas), and dice le, Ye sifo de Adam, oy comandantes cantico que nunca lo cantaro mas frente catel; el dia de oy eros junte que nunca la comparte nunca jumma; el dia de oy eros cantaron en casa de lo que le dieron de lo que le dieron jummanis mas asorada. Y viene llamashac cuarto, quando lo meten en la fusora y quirda, and dice, Ye sifo de Adam, ay eras sobre la carne de la tierra alegre y gupyron, ay eran en su vientre; and buen dia te vivo si eras en la guaricia de Allah, and mal dia te muero; and que es de la que abrupte el poder para el germo? and que es de la que abrupte el pozo para la saz? Y viene llamashac quinto, quando este estorvado y quirda, and dice, Ye sifo de Adam ay quebraderas solo y aunque quedaras con tu no aparecieronas ningun cosa; a apellogado ellego and dese a para oti; el dia de oy eras en limpona (parano) viejano, et en el fiel poder. Apenas cinco Almahakes vieran por mandoemandado de Allah a cada persona en el paso de la muerte. Regiones de Allah nos pasaro por la rugyora y affidhalia (siempredecia de nuestro alanhí (profeta).) Mohhamad (sale alhino alahiy vassum) nos pasaro de las servidas obliertes, que neceseramos ser serguras del espanto de la fusora y deste cinco almahaknes por su cauto (de los cuadra y verdadero) and puebla. Amen.


Let every Mohel know, that when he comes to die, Allah sends five Almahakes to him. * The first comes when the soul enters in the throat, and says to him, Now, son of Adam, what is become of thy body, the strong, which is to-day so feeble? And what is become of thy tongue, the talker, that is thus made dumb to-day? And where are thy companions and thy kin? The second comes when he says then alone. And the third comes when they put fire to the iron, and say, Now, son of Adam, what is become of the riches when thou hast, in this poverty? And where are the

* Suppose this means ingen, from the Hebrew word for king.
To Mecca!" in her languid eyes
The joy of certain hope
Lit a last instre, 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 earth;
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, O 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, O 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
The snow, rose upward in a point to heaven,
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
Loud'er grows the biting wind,
And it drifts the dust of the snow.
The snow is clotted in his hair;
The breath of Thalaba
Is iced 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 step,
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 o'er the coffee-groves
Of Yemen and its blessed bowers of balm.
A fount of Fire, that in the centre play'd,
Roll'd all around its wondrous rivulets,
And fed the garden with the heat of life.
Every where magic! the Arabian's heart
Yearn'd after human intercourse.
A light!—the door unclosed!—
All silent—he goes in.

9.
There lay a Damsel, sleeping on a couch:
His step awoke her, and she gazed at him
With pleased and wondering look,
Fearlessly, like a happy child,
Too innocent 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 forsok her cheek.
"Oh! it is cold!" she cried;
"I thought I should have felt it warm, like mine;
But thou art like the rest!"

10.
Thalaba stood mute awhile,
And wondering at her words:
"Cold? Lady!" then he said; "I have travell'd long
In this cold wilderness,
Till life is well-nigh spent!"

11.
LAILA.
Art thou 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.

LAILA.
Oh—not to-morrow!
Not like a dream of joy, depart so soon!
And whither wouldst thou go? for all around
Is everlasting winter, ice and snow,
Deserts unpassable of endless frost.

THALABA.
He who has led me here, will still sustain me
Through cold and hunger.

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

13.
LAILA.
Why dost thou watch with hesitating eyes
The banquet? 'tis for thee! I bade it come.

THALABA.
Whence came it?

LAILA.
Matters it from whence it came?
My Father sent it: when I call, he hears.
Nay,— thou hast fabled 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
But fraud and danger could await me here.
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
They shall avenge me,—in the hour of want,
Rise on thy view, and make thee feel
How innocent I am:
And this remember'd cowardice and insult,
With a more painful shame, will burn thy cheek,
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 war'st afraid of sorcery,
And yet hast said a charm!

THALABA.
A charm?

LAILA.
And wherefore? —
Is it not delicate food? — What mean thy words?
I have heard many spells, and many names,
That rule the Genii and the Elements,
But never these.

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

LAILA.
Never — nay, now!
Again that troubled eye? — thou art a strange man,
And wondrous fearful — but I must not twice
Be charged with fraud! If thou suspectest still,
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,
And yonder fountain-fire; and every morn
He visits me, and takes the snow, and moulds
Women and men, like thee; and breathes into them
Motion, and life, and sense, — but to the touch
They are chilling cold; and ever when night closes
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!
My dear, dear Father! — Were it not for him,
I am so weary of this loneliness,
That I should wish I also were of snow,
That I might melt away, and cease to be.

THALABA.
And have you always had your dwelling here
Amid this solitude of snow?

LAILA.
I think so.
I can remember, with unsteady feet
Tottering from room to room, and finding pleasure
In flowers, and toys, and sweetmeats, things which long
Have lost their power to please; which, when I see them,
Raise only now a melancholy wish,
I were the little triller once again,
Who could be pleased so lightly!

THALABA.
Then you know not
Your Father's art?

LAILA.
No. I besought him once
To give me power like his, that where he went
I might go with him; but he shook his head,
And said, it was a power too dearly bought,
And kiss'd me with the tenderness of tears.

THALABA.
And wherefore hath he hidden you thus far
From all the ways of human-kind?

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,
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,
Garden or dwelling-place, or yonder fire
That thaws and mitigates the frozen sky.
And, more than this, even if the Enemy
Should come, I have a Guardian here.

THALABA.
A Guardian?

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

THALABA.
Lead me to him, Lady!

14.
She took him by the hand,
And through the porch they past.
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 blaze.
The various verdure of the grove
Wore here one undistinguishable gray,
Checker'd with blacker shade.
Suddenly Laila stopp'd.
"I do not think thou art the enemy,"
She said, "but He will know!
If thou hast meditated wrong,
Stranger, depart in time —
I would not lead thee to thy death."

15.
She turn'd her gentle eyes
Toward him then with anxious tenderness.
"So let him pierce my breast," cried Thalaba,
"If it hide thought to harm you!"
BOOK X.  

THALABA THE DESTROYER.

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LAILA.

"Thou a figure
Almost I fear to look at!— yet come on.
Twice will I try to see of a heaviness that seems
To sink my heart; and thou mayst 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.
O gentle Lady! I should draw upon you
A killing curse!

LAILA.

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

THALABA.

He was one,
Whom, like a loathsome leper, I have tainted
With my contagious destiny. One evening
He kiss’d me, as he wont, and laid his hands
Upon my head, and blest me ere I slept.
His dying green 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,—
All in that dreadful hour!— but I was saved
To remember, and revenge.

16. —

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,
The other straight, firm planted, and his hand
Lifted on high to hurl
The lightning that it grasp’d.

17. —

When Thalaba approach’d,
The enchanted Image knew Hodeirah’s son,
And hurl’d the lightning at the dreaded foe.
But from Mokareh’s hand
Had Thalaba received Abdaladar’s Ring.
Blindly the wicked work
The righteous will of Heaven.
Full in his face the lightning-bolt was driven;
The scattered fire recoil’d;
Like the flowing of a summer gale he felt
Its ineffuctual force;
His countenance was not changed,
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, suplicateing fear.

19.

Anon she started with a scream of joy,
Seeing her Father there,
And ran and threw her arms around his neck.
"Save me!" she cried, "the Enemy is come!  
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,
And he rush’d on to strike him.

21.

"Son of Hodeirah!" the Old Man replied,
"My hour is not yet come;"
And putting forth his hand,
Gently he repell’d the Youth.
"My hour is not yet come!
But thou mayst shed this innocent Maiden’s blood,
That vengeance God allows thee!"

22.

Around her Father’s neck
Still Laila’s hands were clasp’d,
Her face was turn’d to Thalaba;
A broad light floated o’er its marble paleness,
As the wind waves the fountain fire.
Her large, dilated eye, in horror raised,
Watch’d every look and movement of the Youth
"Not upon her," said he,
"Not upon her, Hodeirah’s blood cries out
For vengeance!" and again his lifted arm
Threaten’d the Sorcerer;
Again withheld, it felt
A barrier that no human strength could burst.

23.

"Thou dost not aim the blow more eagerly,"
Okba replied, "than I would rush to meet it!
But that were poor revenge.
O Thalaba, thy God
Wreaks on the innocent head
His vengeance;— I must suffer in my child!
Why dost thou pause to strike thy victim? Allah
Permits,— commands the deed."

24.

"Liar!" quoth Thalaba.
And Laila’s wondering eye
Look'd up, all anguish, to her father's face.

"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;
Her birth-star warn'd me of Hodeirah's race.
I laid a spell, and call'd a Spirit up;
He answered, one must die,
Laila or Thalaba —
Accursed Spirit! even in truth
Giving a lying hope!
Last, I ascended the seventh Heaven,
And on the Everlasting Table there,
In characters of light,
I read her written doom.
The years that it has gnaw'n me! and the load
Of sin that it has laid upon my soul!
Curse on this hand, that, in the only hour
The favoring Stars allow'd,
Reck'd with other blood than thine.
Still dost thou stand and gaze incredulous?
Young man, be merciful, and keep her not
Longer in agony."

25.

Thalaba's unbelieving frown
Scowl'd on the So'recer,
When in the air the rush of wings was heard,
And Azrael stood before them.
In equal terror, at the sight,
The Enchanter, the Destroyer stood,
And Laila, the victim Maid.

26.

"Son of Hodeirah!" said the Angel of Death,
"The accursed fables not.
When from the Eternal Hand I took
The yearly Scroll of Fate,
Her name was written there; —
Her leaf hath wither'd on the Tree of Life.
This is the hour, and from thy hands
Commission'd to receive the Maid I come."

27.

"Hear me, O Angel!" Thalaba replied;
"To avenge my father's death,
To work the will of Heaven,
To root from earth the accursed sorcerer race,
I have dared danger undismay'd;
I have lost all my soul held dear;
I am cut off from all the ties of life.

Unmurmuring. For whate'er awaits me still,
Pursuing to the end the enterprise,
Peril or pain, I bear a ready heart.
But strike this Maid! this innocent! —
Angel, I dare not do it."

28.

"Remember," answer'd Azrael, "all thou say'st
Is written down for judgment! every word
In the balance of thy trial must be weigh'd!"

29.

"So be it!" said the Youth:
"He who can read the secrets of the heart,
Will judge with righteousness!
This is no doubtful path;
The voice of God within me cannot lie. —
I will not harm the innocent."

30.

He said, and from above,
As though it were the Voice of Night,
The startling answer came.
"Son of Hodeirah, think again!
One must depart from hence,
Laila, or Thalaba;
She dies for thee, or thou for her;
It must be life for life!
Son of Hodeirah, weigh it well,
While yet the choice is thine!"

31.

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

32.

"What!" exclaim'd Okba, "darest thou disobey,
Abandoning all claim
To Allah's longer aid?"

33.

The eager exultation of his speech
Earthward recall'd the thoughts of Thalaba.
"And dost thou triumph, Murderer? dost thou deem,
Because I perish, that the unsleeping lids
Of Justice shall be closed upon thy crime?
Poor, miserable man! that thou canst live
With such beast-blindness in the present joy,
When o'er thy head the sword of God
Hangs for the certain stroke!"

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 savior Youth.
She met the blow, and sunk into his arms;
And Azrael, from the hands of Thalaba,
Received her parting soul.

NOTES TO BOOK X.

No faithful crowd'd round her bier. — 9, p. 304.

When any person is to be buried, it is usual to bring the corpse at mid-day, or afternoon prayers, to one or other of
these Mosques, from whence it is accompanied by the greatest part of the congregation to the grave. Their processions, at these occasions, are particularly large; and are consisted of priests, monks, and Christians; for the whole company make what haste they can, singing, as they go along, some select verses of their Koran. That absolute submission which they pay to the will of God, allows them not to use any consolatory words upon these occasions; no post or mandate is it to be heretopus regretted or complained of: instead likewise of such expressions of sorrow and condolence, as may regard the deceased, the compliments turn upon the person who is the nearest concerned, a blessing (say his friends) be upon your head. —

Sung.

All Mahometans inter the dead at the hour set apart for prayer; the defunct is not kept in the house, except he expires after sunset; but the body is transported to the Mosque, whether it is carried by those who are going to pray; each, from a spirit of devotion, is desirous to carry in his turn. Women regularly go on Friday to weep over, and pray at the sepulchres of the dead, whose memory they hold dear.

This custom of crowding to a funeral contributes to spread the plague in Turkey. It is not many years since, in some parts of Worcestershire, the mourners were accustomed to kneel with their heads upon the coffin during the burial service.

The fullest account of a Mohammedan funeral is in the Letters from la Grece, one of the most perfect works on that subject. The conductor of a ceremony which the Moslem will not suffer an infidel to profane by his presence. About ten in the morning I saw the grave-digger at work; the slaves and the women of the family were seated in the burial-ground, and other spectators were standing. The corpse began to faint. After this prelude, they, one after the other, embraced one of the little pillars which are placed upon the graves, crying out, Ogloum, ogloum, sana Massaphir tweedhi. My son, my son, a guest is coming to see thee. At these words, the tears and sobs began anew; but the sorrow did not continue long; they all seated themselves, and entered into conversation.

At noon I heard a confused noise, and cries of lamentation; it was the funeral which arrived. A Turk preceded it, bearing upon his head a small chest; four other Turks carried the bier upon their shoulders; then came the father, the relations, and the friends of the dead, in great numbers. Their cries ceased at the entrance of the burial-ground, but then they quarrelled — and for this: The man who belonged to the Koran, a crowd of Turks, young and old, threw themselves upon the books, and scrambled for them. Those who succeeded ranged themselves around the Imam, and all at once began to recite the Koran, almost as boys say their lesson. Each of the participants received ten parts, about fifteen whole sheets as a work. It was then for these fifteen pieces, that these pious assistants had quarrelled, and in our own country you might have seen them fight for less.

The bier was placed by the grave, in which the grave-digger was still working, and perfumes were burnt by it. After the reading of the Koran, the Imam chanted some Arabic prayers, and his full chant would, no doubt, have appeared to you, as it did to me, very ridiculous. All the Turks were standing; they held their hands open over the grave, and answered Amen to all the prayers which the Imam addressed to God for the deceased.

The prayers finished, a large chest was brought, about six feet long, and three broad; its boards were very thick. The coffin is usually made of cypress; thus, literally, is verified the phrase of Homer, that the cypress is our last possession.

The ceremonies of the Turks are usually practiced with these trees, to which they have a religious devotion. The charred wood, which was in loose pieces, having been placed in the grave, the coffin was laid in it, and above, planks, with other pieces of wood. Then all the Turks, taking spoons, cast earth upon the grave to cover it. This is a part of the ceremony at which all the bystanders assisted in their turn.

Before the corpse is buried, it is carried to the Mosque. Then, after having recited the Fitrk (a prayer very similar to our Lord's prayer), which is repeated by the shroud, the Imam asks the congregation what they have to testify concerning the life and morals of the deceased? Each then, in his turn, relates those good actions with which he was acquainted. The body is then washed, and wrapped up like a mummy, so that it cannot be seen. Mungs and spirits are laid in the bier with it, and it is carried to interment. Before it is lowered into the grave, the Imam commends silence, saying, — Cease your lamentations for a moment, and let me instruct this Moslem how to act, when he arrives in the other world.

Then, in the ear of the corpse, he delivers him how to answer the Evil Spirit, who will not fail to question him, respecting his religion, &c. This lesson finished, he repeats the Fitrk, with all the assistants, and the body is let down into the grave. After they have thrown earth three times upon the grave, as the Romans used, they retire. The Imam only remains; he approaches the grave, stoops down, inclines his ear, and listens to hear if the dead man disputes when the Angel of Death comes to take him: then he bids him farewell; and in order to be well paid, never fails to report to the family the best hours of the deceased.

As soon as the ceremony of interment is concluded, the Imam, seated with his legs bent under his thighs, repeats a short prayer; he then calls the deceased three times by his name, mentioning also that of his mother, but without the least allusion to his father. These names are considered as infinitely more extraordinary is, that should the Imam be ignorant of the name of the mother, it is usual for him to substitute that of Mary, in honor of the Virgin, provided the deceased be a male, and that of Eve, in case the deceased be a female. It is the custom of the Moslems not to mention the deceased's father.

This custom is so invariant, that even at the in-terment of the Sultans, it is not neglected; the Imam calling out, Oh Mustapha! Son of Mary! or, Oh Fatimah! Daughter of Eve!

Immediately afterwards, he repeats a prayer, called Tellek, which consists of the following words: — Remember the moment of thy leaving the world, in making this profession of faith. Certainly there is no God but God. He is one, and there is no association in Him. Certainly Mohammed is the prophet of God. Certainly Paradise is real. Certainly the resurrection is real; it is indubitable. Certainly God will bring to life the dead, and make them leave their graves. Certainly thou hast acknowledged God for thy God, Islamism for thy religion; Mohammed for thy prophet; the Koran for thy book; the Prophet's tomb; the month of Mese for thy Kiled; and the faithfull for thy brethren. God is my God; there is no other God but he. He is the master of the ascept and sacred throne of Heaven. Oh Mustapha! (or any other name,) say that God is thy God, (which the Imam repeats thrice,) Say there is no other God but God, (which the Imam repeats thrice.) Say that Mohammed is the prophet of God; that thy religion is Islam, and that thy prophet is Mohammed, upon whom is the blessing of salvation, and the mercy of the Lord. O God, do not abandon us. After this ejaculation, the ceremony is concluded by a chapter of the Koran, and the party returns home.

As soon as the grave was filled up, each friend planted a sprig of cypress on the right, and another on the left hand of the deceased, and then took his leave. This was to ascertain by their growth whether the deceased would enjoy the happiness promised by Mohammed to his believing friends, or whether he would forever be denied the bliss of the Hereafter. The former would occur should the sprigs on the right hand take root, and the latter would be ascertainment if the left only should flourish. If both succeeded, he would be greatly favored in the next world; or if both failed, he would be concremented by black angels, until, through the mediation of the prophet, he should be rescued from their persecutions.

The graves are not dug deep, but separated from each other carefully, that two bodies may not be placed together. The earth is raised, to prevent the foot of multitudes from treading upon it; and, instead of a plain flat stone being placed over it, one which is perforated in the centre is most commonly used, to allow of cypress-trees, or odoriferous herbs, being planted immediately over the corpse. Occasionally a square stone, hollowed out, and without a cover, is preferred; which
being filled with mould, the trees or herbs are cultivated in it.” — Griffiths.

— Notes to Thalaba the Destroyer. 

The Turks bury not at all within the walls of the city, but the great Turkish Emperors themselves, with their wives and children about them, and some few other of their great Bas- nes, and those only in chapels by themselves, built for that purpose. All the rest of the Turks are buried in the fields; some of the better sort, in tombs of marble; but the rest, with tomb-stones laid upon them, or with two great stones, one set up at the head, and the other at the feet of every grave; the greatest part of them being of white marble, brought from the Isle of Marmora.

They will not bury any man whereby another hath been buried, accounting it impious to dig up another man’s bones; by reason whereof, they cover over all the best ground about the city with such great white stones; which, for the infinite number of them, are thought sufficient to make another wall about the city. — Knolles.

The Turks bury by the way-side, believing that the passen-
gers will pray for the souls of the dead. — Tavernier.

His eyes are aching with the snow. — 4, p. 364.

All that day we travelled over plains all covered with snow, as the day before; and indeed it is not only troublesome, but very dangerous to travel through those snowy lands. — Cervinier.

The mischief is, that the beams of the sun, which lie all day long upon it, molest the eyes and face with such a scorching heat, as very much weakens the sight, whatever remedy a man can apply, by wearing, as the people of the country do, a thin lahdarjah, or green or black silk, which no way abates the annoyance. — Chardin.

When they have to travel many days through a country covered with snow, travellers, to preserve their sight, cover the face with a silk kerchief, made upon purpose, like a sort of black crape. — Chardin.

The Dutch were formerly expelled from an East Indian settle-
ment, because their canons, in narrating to the Prince of the country the wonders of Europe, charged it to say, that in his own country, water became a solid body once a-year, for some time; when men, or even horses, might pass over it without sinking. The Prince, in a rage, said, that he had likewise listened to his tales with patience, but this was so palpable a lie, that he would never more be concerned with Europeans, who only could assert such monstrous falsehoods.

Its broad, round-spraying branches, when they felt, &c, p. 504. 

A strange account of the cedars of Lebanon is given by De la Roque. Voyage de Syrie et du Mont Liban. 1772.

“This little forest is composed of twenty cedars, of a pro-
digious size, and large, indeed, that the finest planes, sycamores, and other large trees which we had seen, could not be com-
pared with them. Besides these principal cedars, there were a great number of lesser ones, and some very small, mingled with the large trees, or in little clumps near them. They differed not in their foliage, which resembles the juniper, and is green all round, but the great cedars spread at their summit, and form a perfect round, whereas the small ones rise in a pyramidal form like the cypresses. Both diffuse the same pleasant color; the large ones only yield fruit, a large cone, in shape almost like that of the pine, but of a browner color, and compacter shell. It gives a very pleasant odor, and contains a sort of thick and transparent balm, which oozes out through small punctures, but falls by drops. This fruit, which it is difficult to separate from the stalk, contains a not like that of the cypress; it grows at the end of the branch, and turns its point upwards.

The nature of this tree is not to elevate its trunk, or the part between the root and the first branches, but the largest cedars which we saw did not, in the height of their trunks, exceed six or seven feet. From this low but enormously thick body, prodigions branches rise, spreading as they rise, and forming, by the disposition of their boughs and leaves, a large spreading form, which, in point of magnitude, appears to be the work of art. The bark of the cedar, except at the trunk, is smooth and shining, of a brown color; its wood white and soft, immediately under the bark, but hard and red within, and very bitter, which renders it incorruptible, and almost immortal. A fragrant gum issues from the tree.

The largest cedar which we measured was seven feet in circumference, wanting two inches; and the whole extent of its branches, which it was easy to measure, from their perfect roundness, formed a circumference of about 130 feet.

The Patriarch of the Maronites, fully persuaded of the purity of their religion, and the sincerity of their wishes, by the power of those that remain, to shew his regard for a forest so celebrated in Scripture, has pronounced canonical prayers, and even excommuni-
ication, against any Christians who shall dare to cut them; scarcely would he permit a little to be sometimes taken for their cruelty, and little tabernacles in the chapels of our missionaries.

The Maronites themselves have such a veneration for these cedars, that on the day of their festivals, they celebrate the festival under them with great solemnity; the Patriarch officiates, and says many special prayers; and, as a mark of devotion, they particularly honor the Virgin Mary there, and sing her praises, because she is compared to the cedars of Lebanon, and Lebanon itself used as a metaphor for the mother of Christ.

The Maronites say, that the snows have no sooner begun to fall, than these cedars, whose boughs, in their infinite number, are all so equal in height, that they appear to have been sown, and form, as we have said, a sort of wheel or parterre; than these cedars, I say, never fail at that time to change their figure. The branches, which before spread themselves, rise insensibly, gathering together, it may be said, and turn their points upward towards Heaven, forming altogether a pyramid. It is Nature, they say, who inspires this movement, and makes them assume a new shape, without which these trees never could sustain the immense weight of snow remaining so long a time.

I have procured more particular information of this fact, and it has been confirmed by the testimony of many persons, who had observed the same. The Patriarch Maronite wrote to me in one of his letters, which I think it right to give in his own words: Cedri Libani quasi pluviosus Deus, St. Paulinu laicvatu, sita suto in planis quibus, aliquiduntum sub alitsium montis Libani caucarum, ubi montibus diebus minime minima quantum adserit, triaunque et ultra manifeste muneris dominat. Cedri in alto ascendens extendit tamen ramus in gyrum sola parallelogr. confinuitinae sua gyro fierce omnium sol omnibus. Sed superoven-
teate, qui concurrentur in unum quasi summamque ros desiger, neque posse prius talius pondus tango temere prusere, sine certa fracturis discretionem. Nature, quae omnium providar omnis ma-
ter, quasi concursit, ut advercite haec et descendente nive, staturum rami in alio moneantur, et et sic moneat sequenti constitutum quasi serum, ut multis cedere advercere hacte rectractat. Non-
cherin isqih quorum est, virtutem quanquam seminat sinum reddi fortunam.

The cedars of Lebanon, which, as the Psalmist says, God himself planted, are situated in a little plain somewhat below the holliest summit of Mont Lebanon, where, in the winter, a great quantity of snow falls, and continues for three months, without melting; the snow is white, and falls in flakes, parallel with the ground into a circle, forming almost a shield against the sun. But when the snow falls, which would be heaped upon them in so great a quantity, that they could not
endure such a weight so long a time, without the cert in danger of breaking; Nature, the patient mother of all, has endured them with power, that when the winter comes, and the snow descends, their boughs immediately rise, and, uniting together, form a cone, that they may be the better defended from the coming enemy. For in nature itself, it is true, that virtue, as it is united, becomes stronger."

Passing in answer over the coffee groves, &c.—p. 303.

The coffee plant is about the size of the orange-tree. The flower, in color, size, and smell, resembles the white jessamine. The berry is first green, then red, in which ripo state it is gathered.

Olearius's description of coffee is amusing. "They drink a certain black water, which they call cubwa, made of a fruit brought out of Egypt, and which is in color like ordinary wheat, and in taste like Turkish wheat, and is of the bigness of a little bean. They fry, or rather burn it in an iron pan, without any liquor, boil it to powder, and boiling it with fair water, they make this drink thereof, which hath as it were the taste of a clement crust, and is not pleasant to the palate."—Amb. Travels.

Pietro della Valle liked it better, and says he should introduce it into Italy. If, said he, it were drunk with water instead of water, I should think it is the most cordial beverage, according to Health, better brought out from Egypt, for it is certain that coffee comes from that country; and as Nepotiss was said to assuage trouble and discontent, so does this serve the Turks as an ordinary pastime, making them pass their hours in conversation, and occasioning pleasant discourse, which induces forgetfulness of care.

_He reads the stars, &c._—p. 306.

It is well known how much the Orientals are addicted to this pretended science. There is a curious instance of publicly in Sir John Chardin's Travels.

"Sephie-Mizia was born in the year of the Egyrt 1657. For the superstition of the Persians will not let us know the month or the day. Their addiction to astrology is such, that they carefully conceal the moments of their princess's birth, to prevent the casting of their nativities, where they might meet perhaps with something which they should be unwilling to know."

At the coronation of this prince two astrologers were to be present, with an astrologer in their hands, to take the fortunate hour, as they term it, and observe the lucky moment that a happy constellation should point out for proceedings of that importance. Sephie-Mizia having by delusion violently injured his health, the chief astrologer was greatly alarmed, "in regard his life depended upon the king's; or if his life were spared, yet he was sure to lose his estate and his liberty, as happens to all those who attend the Asiatic Sovereigns, when they die under their care. The queen-mother too accosted him of treason or ignorance, believing that since he was her son's physician, he was obliged to cure him. This made the physician at his wit's end, so that, all his receipts failing him, he besought himself of one that was particularly his own invention, and which few physicians would ever have found out, as he being to be met with neither in Galen nor Hippocrates. What does he then do, but out of an extraordinary fetch of his wit, he begins to lay the fault upon the stars and the king's astrologers, crying out, that they were altogether in the wrong. That if the king lay in a languishing condition, and could not recover his health, it was because they had failed to observe the happy hour, or the aspect of a fortunate constellation at the time of his coronation." The stratagem succeeded, the king was re-crowned, and by the new name of Solman—Chardin.

_It was a rotten mango, every leaf, &c._—p. 307.

We have now to refute their error, who are persuaded that brown heads, made under certain constellations, may give answers, and be as it were guides and counsellors, upon all occasions; to know that had them in their possession. Among these is one Yepes, who affirms that Henry de Villon made such a one at Mahon, and observed pieces afterwards by order of John H., King of Castile. The same thing is affirmed by Bartholomew Sibillius, and the author of the _Lounge of the World, of Virgil_; by William of Malmesbury, of Syria; by John Gower, of Robert of Bolson, by the common people of England, of Roger of Sicily; by Tommaso, bishop of Avila; George of Venice, Dettio, Sibillius, Ragusaian, Delsarnie, and others, too many to mention, of Albertus Magnus; who, as the most expert, had made an entire man of the same metal, and had spent thirty years without any interruption in forming himself under several castellates and constellates and signs in that year. He, in particular, for example, to the _Godfather_ correspondent to that part, casting them out of divers metals mixed together, and marked with the characters of the same signs and planets, and their several and necessary aspects. The same method he observed in the head, neck, shoulders, thighs, and legs, all which were fashioned at several times, and being put and fastened together in the form of a man, had the faculty to reveal to the said Albertus the solution of all his principal difficulties. To which they said, (that nothing be lost of the story of the Statuas,) that it was battered to pieces by St. Thomas, merely because he could not endure its excess of prating.

But, to give a more rational account of this Androcles of Albertus, as also of all these miraculous heads, I conceive the original of this face may well be deduced from the Tarphyl of the Hebrews, by which, as Mr. Selden affirms, many are of opinion, that we must understand what is said in Genesis concerning Laban's gods, and in the first book of Kings, concerning the image which Michal put into the bed in David's palace, for R. Henze holds, that it was made of the head of a male child, the first-born, and that dead-born, under whose tongue they applied a beam of gold, whereas were engraved the characters and inscriptions of certain planets, which the Jews superstitionly wandered up and down with, instead of the Urin and Thomas, or the Ephemeris of the high priest. And that this original is true and well deduced, there is a manifest indiciun, in that Henry D'A's-in, and Bartholomew Sibillius affirm, that the Androcles of Albertus, and the head made by Virgil, were composed of flesh and bone, yet not by nature, but by art. But this being judged impossible by modern authors, and the virtue of images, amulets, and planetary Sigils, being in great reputation, men have thought ever since, (taking their opinion from Trismegistus, affirming in his Aspicion, that of the gods, some were made by the Sovereign God, and others by men, who, by some art, had the power to unite the invisible spirits to things visible and corporeal, as is explained at large by St. Augustine;) that such figures were made of copper or some other metal, whereas men had wrought under some favorable aspects of Heaven and the planets.

My design is not absolutely to deny that he might compose some head or statue of man, like that of Memnon, from which proceeded a small sound and pleasant noise, when the rising sun came, by his heat, to rattle and force out, by certain small conduits, the air which, in the cold of the night, was condensed within it. Or, imply, they might be like those statues of Borius, whereof Casanobus, speaking, said, Metella unguent Diomedes in arcus gravem curvae, anus unguis insiti, arcus simulacrum, et quo proprio eorum essent ab arcus dulcitudinem probatam emittunt caducum; for such, I doubt not, but may be made by the help of that part of natural magic which depends on the mathematics.—Dioecius's _Mathematics of Magic._

_And on the Exacerbate Table there, &c._—p. 204, p. 208.

This table is suspended in the Seventh Heaven, and guarded from the demons, lest they should change or corrupt any thing thereon. Its length is so great as in the space between heaven and earth, its breadth is equal to the distance from the east to the west, and it is made of one pearl. The divine pen was created by the finger of God; that also is of pearl, and of such length and breadth, that a swift horse could leisurely gallop round it in five hundred years. It is so enclosed, that, if removed, it writes all things, past, present, and to come.
is its ink, and the language which it uses, only the angel Seraphiel understands. — Maeceli.

The yearly Scroll of Fate, &c. — 29, p. 305.

They celebrate the night Leibeth-naberthath, on the 15th of the month of Schabann, with great apprehension and terror, because they consider it as the tremendous night on which the angels Kirouemm-keastham, placed on each side of man-kind, to write down their good and bad actions, deliver up their books, and receive fresh ones for the continuance of the same employment. It is believed, also, that on that night, the names of the souls of all the angels of destiny, given up to his record, and receives another book, in which are written the names of all those destined to die in the following year. — D'Okeoson.

Her leaf hath wither'd on the Tree of Life. — 29, p. 385.

Here, in the Fourth Heaven, I beheld a most prodigious angel, of an admirable presence and aspect, in whose awful countenance there appeared neither mirth nor sorrow, but an undescribable mixture of both. He neither smiled in my face, nor did he, indeed, scarcely turn his eyes towards me to look upon me, as all the rest did, yet he returned my salutation after a very courteous, obliging manner, and said, "Welcome to these munificent, O Mihomet; thou art the person whom the Almighty hath endowed with all the united perfections of nature; and upon whom he, of his immense goodness, hath been pleased to bestow the utmost of his divine graces."

There stood before him a most beautiful table, of a vast magnitude and extent, written all over, almost from the top to the bottom, in a very close, and scarce distinguishable character, upon which written tables his eyes were continually fixed; and so exceedingly intent he was upon that his occupation, that, though I stood steadfastly observing his countenance, I could not perceive his eyelids once to move. Casting my eyes towards the left side of him, I beheld a prodigious large shady tree, the leaves whereof were as innumerable as the sands of the ocean, and upon every one of which were certain characters inscribed. Being extremely desirous of knowing the secret of this wonderful mystery, I inquired of Gabriel the meaning of what I was examining with my eyes so accurately a curiosity. The obliging angel, to satisfy me, answered, that person, concerning whose written table, very inquisitive, is the redoubtable Azraiel, the Angel of Death, who was never yet known either to laugh, smile, or be merry; for, depend upon it, my beloved Mihomet, had he been capable of smiling; or looking pleasant upon any creature in nature, the table upon which thou holdest him so attentively fixing his looks, is called Et Lough Et Malhoad, and is the register upon which are engraven the names of every individual soul breathing; and, notwithstanding the inspection of that register taketh up the greatest part of his time, yet he more particularly looketh at it all over five times a-day, which are at those very same instances wherein the true believers are obliged to offer up their adorations to our Omnipotent Lord. The means whereby he understandeth is when the thread of each individual life is run out and expired, is to look upon the branches of that vast tree thou holdest, upon the leaves whereof are written the names of all mortals, every one having his peculiar leaf; there, forty days before the time of any person's life is expired, his respective leaf beginning to fade, wither, and grow dry, and the letters of his name to disappear; at the end of the thirtieth day they are quite blasted out, and the leaf fallith to the ground, by which Azraiel certainly knoweth that the breith of his owner is ready to leave the body, and hasteneth away to take possession of the departing soul.

The size or stature of this formidable angel was so incomprehensibly stupendous, so surpassing, that if this earthly globe of ours, with all that is therein contained, were to be placed in the palm of his hand, it would seem no more than one single grain of mustard-seed (though the smallest of all seeds) would do if laid upon the surface of the earth. — Revelation.

In the balance of the trial must be weighed. — 29, p. 308.

The balance of the dead is an article in almost every creed. Mohammed borrowed it from the Persians. I know not whence the Moors introduced it; probably they were ignorant enough to believe it not the obvious fact.

In the Vision of Thurcellus, the ceremony is accurately described. "At the end of the north wall, within the church, sate St. Paul, and opposite him, without, was the devil and his angels. At the feet of the devil, a burning pit flamed up, which was the mouth of the pit of hell. A balance, equally poised, was fixed upon the wall, between the devil and the apostle, one scale hanging before each. The apostle had two weights, a greater and a less, all shining, and like gold, and the devil also had two smoky and black ones. Therefore, the souls that were all black, came one after another, with great fear and trembling, to behold the weighing of their good and evil works; for these weights weighed the works of all the souls, according to the good or evil which they had done. When the scale inclined to the apostle, he took the soul, and introduced it, through the eastern gate, into the fire of Purgatory, that there it might expiate its crimes. But when the scale inclined and sunk towards the devil, then lie and his angels snatcht the soul, miserably howling and cursing the father and mother that begot it, to eternal torments, and cast it, with laughter and grinning, into the deeps of every pit which was at the feet of the devil. Of this balance of good and evil, much may be found in the writings of the Holy Fathers." — Matthew Paris.

Concerning the salvation of Charlemagne, Archbishop Turpin, a man of the first wit of his age, wrote this remarkable, Arch- bishop of Rheims, being in my chamber, in the city of Vienna, saying my prayers, saw a legion of devils in the air, who were making a great noise. I adored one of them to tell me from whence they came, and wherefore they made so great an uproar. And so a report came from Aix to Chal- pelle, where a great lord had died, and that they were returning in anger, because they had not been able to carry away his soul. I asked him who the great lord was, and why they had not been able to carry away his soul. He replied, That it was Charlemagne, and that Santiago had been greatly against them. And I asked him how Santiago had been against them; and he replied, We were weighing the good and the evil which he had done in this world, and Santiago brought so much timber, and so many stones from the churches which he had blotted out in his name, that they greatly over- balanced all his evil, and carried his soul over his soul. And having said this, the devil disappeared.

We must understand from this vision of Archbishop Turpin, that they who build or repair churches in this world, erect resting-places and throws for their salvation. — Historia de l'Empereur Carlos Magne, et des Deux Papes de France.

Two other corollaries follow from the vision. The devil's way home from Aix is Chapelle lay through Vienna; and as churches go by weight, an architect of Sir John Vanbrugh's school should always be employed.

This balance of the dead was an easy and apt metaphor, but clumsily imagined as an actual mode of trial.

"For take thy blissfulance, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the while that under heavens doth blow;
Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise;
Or weigh the thought that from man's mind doth flow,
But if the weight of those thou canst not show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lippa doth fall." — Spencer

And Astartel, from the hands of Thalaba, &c. — 33, p. 308.

This double meaning is in the spirit of oracular prediction. The classical reader will remember the equivocations of Apollo. The Eable of the Young Man and the Lion in the "Tapestry" will be more generally professed. We have many buildings in England to which this story has been applied. Cooke's Folly, near Bristol, derives its name from a similar tradition.

The History of the Persuences affords a remarkable instance of prophecy occasioning its own accomplishment.
Before my first going over into the South Seas with Captain Sharp (and indeed before any privateer, at least since Drake and Oterekken) had gone that way which we afterwards went, except La Suaud, a French captain, who, by Captain Wright's instructions, had ventured as far as Chapo town, with a body of men, but was driven back again; I being then on board Captain Cozen, in company with three or four more privateers, about four leagues to the east of Portobel, we took the packet-bound thither from Coroaguea. We opened a great quantity of the merchants' letters, and found the contents of many of them to be very surprising; the merchants of several parts of Old Spain thereby informing their correspondents of Panama and elsewhere, of a certain prophecy that went about Spain that year, the tenor of which was, that there would be English privateers that year in the West Indies, who would make such great discoveries, as to open a door into the South Seas, which they supposed was fastest shut; and the letters were accordingly full of cautions to their friends to be very watchful and careful of their coasts.

This door they spoke of, we all concluded must be the passage over land through the country of the Indians of Darien, who were a little before this become our friends, and had lately fallen out with the Spaniards, breaking off the intercourse which for some time they had with them. And upon calling also to mind the frequent invitations we had from those Indians a little before this time, to pass through their country and fall upon the Spaniards in the South Seas, we from henceforward began to entertain such thoughts in earnest, and soon came to a resolution to make those attempts which we afterwards did with Captain Sharp, Cozen, &c. So that the taking these letters gave the first life to those bold undertakings; and we took the advantage of the fears the Spaniards were in from that prophecy, or probable conjecture, or whatever it were; for we sealed up most of the letters again, and sent them a-shore to Portobel. — Dampier.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

Those, Sir, that traffic in these seas,
Fraught not their bark with fears.

Sir Robert Howard.

1.
O foot, to think thy human hand
Could check the chariots-wheels of Destiny!
To dream of weakness in the all-knowing Mind,
That its decrees should change!
To hope that the united Powers
Of Earth, and Air, and Hell,
Might blot one letter from the Book of Fate,
Might break one link of the eternal chain!
Thou miserable, wicked, poor old man!
Fall now upon the body of thy child;
Beat now thy breast, and pluck the bleeding hairs
From thy gray beard, and lay
Thine ineffectual hand to close her wound,
And call on Hell to aid,
And call on Heaven to send
Its merciful thunderbolt!

2.
The young Arabian silently
Beheld his frantic grief.
The presence of the hated youth
To raging anguish stung
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! —
"Curse thee, curse thee, Thalaba!"

3.
All feelings of revenge
Had left Hodeira's son.
Pitying and silently he heard
The victim of his own iniquities;
Not with the officious hand
Of consolation, fretting the sore wound
He could not hope to heal.

4.
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.
On the hand of Thalaba
The Green Bird perch'd, and turn'd
A mild eye up, as if to win
The Adventurer's confidence;
Then, springing on, flew forward;
And now again returns
To court him to the way;
And now his hand perceives
Her rosy feet press firmer, as she leaps
Upon the wing again.

5
Obedient to the call,
By the pale moonlight Thalaba pursued,
O'er trackless snows, his way;
Unknowing he what blessed messenger
Had come to guide his steps,—
That Larla's spirit went before his path.
Brought up in darkness, and the child of sin,
Yet, as the need of spotless innocence,
Just Heaven permitted her by one good deed
To work her own redemption after death;
So, till the judgment day,
She might abide in bliss,
Green warbler of the Bowers of Paradise.

6.
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 soaring with slow wing her upward way,
Descending now in slant descent
On outspread 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.
7.

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
Odors diviner than the gales of morning
Waft from Sabea.

9.

Hovering before the youth she hung,
Till from her rosy feet, that at his touch
Uncurl'd their grasp, he took
The fruitful bough they bore.
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 past,
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, bosom'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.
No sound intruded on his solitude;
Only the rivulet was heard,
Whose everlasting flow,
From the birth-day of the World, had made
The same unvaried murmuring.
Here dwelt the all-knowing Bird
In deep tranquillity.
His eyelids ever closed
In full enjoyment of profound repose.

12.

Reverently the Youth approach'd
That old and only Bird;
And cross'd his arms upon his breast,
And bow'd his head, and spoke—
"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!"

13.

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 fortify thy soul with prayer.
Thus prepared, ascend the Sledge;
Be bold, be weary; seek and find.
God hath appointed all."  
The Ancient Simorg then let fall his lids,
Relapsing to repose.

14.

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 companions his way;
And now they reach the Fountain of the Rock.

15.

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,
And pondering all the perils he must pass,
With a mild, melancholy eye,
Beheld the youth beloved.

16.

And lo! beneath yon lonely pine, the sledge:
There stand the harness'd Dogs,
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 line on every breast,
Curved like the crescent moon.
Thalaba takes his 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,
There is fear in their pitiful moan;
And now they turn their heads,  
And seeing him seated, away!

17.  
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.

18.  
Once more away! and now  
The long descent is seen,  
A long, long, narrow path;  
Ice-rocks ageth, and hills of snow  
Aleft the precipice.  
Be firm, be firm, O Thalaba!  
One motion now, one bend,  
And on the crags below  
Thy shatter'd flesh will harden in the frost.  
Why howl the Dogs so mournfully?  
And wherefore does the blood flow fast  
All purple o'er their sable skin?  
His arms are folded on his breast;  
Nor scourge nor goad hath he;  
No hand appears to strike;  
No sounding lash is heard;  
But pitiously they moan and whine,  
And track their way with blood.

19.  
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.  
On—on—with swift and steady pace,  
Adown that dreadful way!  
The Dogs are fleet, the way is steep,  
The Sledge goes rapidly;  
They reach the plain below.

20.  
A wide, blank plain, all desolate;  
Nor tree, nor bush, nor herb!  
On go the Dogs with rapid course;  
The Sledge slides after rapidly;  
And now the sun went down.  
They stopp'd and look'd at Thalaba;  
The Youth perform'd his prayer;  
They knelt beside him while he pray'd;  
They turn'd their heads to Mecca,  
And tears ran down their cheeks.  
Then down they laid them in the snow,  
As close as they could lie,  
They laid them down and slept.  
And backward in the sledge,  
The Adventurer laid himself;  
There peacefully slept Thalaba,  
And the Green Bird of Paradise  
Lay nestling in his breast.

21.  
The Dogs awoke him at the dawn;  
They knelt and wept again;  
Then rapidly they journey'd on;  
And still the plain was desolate,  
Nor tree, nor bush, nor herb!  
And ever, at the hour of prayer,  
They stopp'd, and knelt, and wept;  
And still that green and graceful Bird  
Was as a friend to him by day,  
And, ever when at night he slept,  
Lay nestling in his breast.

22.  
In that most utter solitude,  
It cheer'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  
A loiterer in his thoughtful walk at eve  
But if it swell'd with no exuberant joy,  
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.

23.  
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 scatter'd leaves  
Gray-glittering on the moveless twig;  
The Poplar's varying verdure now,  
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-wids are left!
Green bushes now, and greener grass,
Red thickets here, all berry-bright,
And here the lovely flowers!

24.
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!"

25.
"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!"

26.
"Son of Hodeira!" 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!"

27.
A flush o'erspreads the young Destroyer's cheek;
He 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
The Father that she loves from endless death!"

28.
"Laila! and is it thou?" the youth replied,
"What is there that I durst refuse to thee?
This is no time to harbor in my heart
One evil thought;—here I put off revenge,
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?"

29.
"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.

30.
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 stopp'd, their journey done.
The spring was clear, the water deep;
A venturous man were he, and rash,
That should have probed its depths;
For all 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 clear,
And yet no ripple wrinkled o'er
The face of that fair Well.

31.
And on that Well, so strange and fair,
A little boat there lay,
Without an ear, 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?"

32.
The gentle Damsel made reply—
"Poor servants of the God I serve,
When all this witchery is destroy'd,
Ye woe's 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 ye,
With songs of joy, amid the Eden groves,
Hymn the Deliverer's praise.

33.
Then did the Damsel say to Thalaba,
"The morn is young, the Sun is fair,
And pleasantly through pleasant banks
You quiet stream flows on—
Wilt thou embark with me?
Thou knowest not the water's way;
Think, Stranger, well! and night must come,—
BOOK XI. THALABA THE DESTROYER. 317

Darest thou embark with me? Through fearful perils thou must pass,— Stranger, the wretched ask thine aid! Thou wilt embark with me!" She smiled in tears upon the youth;— What heart were his, who could gainsay That melancholy smile? "I will," quoth Thalaba, "I will, in Allah's name!"

34. He sat on the single seat; The little boat moved on. Through pleasant banks the quiet stream Went winding pleasantly; By fragrant fir-groves now it past, And now, through alder-shores, Through green and fertile meadows now It silently ran by. The flag-flower blossom'd on its side, The willow tresses waved, The flowing current furrow'd round The water-lily's floating leaf, The fly of green and gauzy wing, Fell sporting down its course; And grateful to the voyager The freshness that it breathed, And soothing to his ear Its murmur round the prow. The little boat falls rapidly Adown the rapid stream.

35. But many a silent spring, meantime, And many a rivulet and rill, Had swollen the growing stream; And when the southern Sun began To wind the downward way of heaven, It ran a river deep and wide, Through banks that widen'd still. Then once again the Damsel spake — "The stream is strong, the river broad; Wilt thou go on with me? The day is fair, but night must come — Wilt thou go on with me? Far, far away, the sufferer's eye For thee hath long been looking,— Thou wilt go on with me!" "Sail on, sail on," quoth Thalaba, "Sail on, in Allah's name!" The little boat falls rapidly Adown the river-stream.

36. A broader and yet broader stream, That rock'd the little boat! The Cormorant stands upon its shoals, 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, grows?

The little boat falls rapidly Adown the rapid tide; The Moon is bright above, And the great Ocean opens on their way.

37. 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! Thou wilt go on with me!" "Sail on, sail on!" quoth Thalaba, "Sail on, in Allah's name!"

38. 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 sea, The crescent moon, the little boat, Nought else above, below.

39. The Moon is sunk; a dusky gray 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 ear, 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.

40. The little boat rides rapidly, And pitches now with shorter toss Upon the narrow 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 said the Damsel — "Yonder is our path Beneath the cavern arch. Now is the ebb; and till the ocean flow We cannot override the rocks. Go thou, and on the shore Perform thy last ablutions, and with prayer Strengthen thy heart — I too have need to pray."
NOTES TO BOOK XI.

Green wanker of the Ruin of Paradise. — 5, p. 313.

The souls of the blessed are supposed by some of the Mahomedans to animate green birds in the groves of paradise. Was this opinion invented to conciliate the pagan Arabs, who believed, that of the blood near the dead person's brain was formed a bird named Hamshak, which once in a hundred years visited the sepulcher?

To this there is an allusion in the Meclakvit. "Then I knew with certainty, that in so fierce a contest with them, many a heavy blow would make the perch'd birds of the brain fly quickly from every skull," from of Aitore.

In the Bazar-Danush, parrots are called the green-vested resembiers of Heaven's dwellers. The following passages in the same work may, perhaps, allude to the same superstition, or perhaps are merely metaphorical, in the usual style of its true Oriental bombast. "The bird of understanding fled from the nest of my brain." "My joints and members seemed as if they would separate from each other, and the bird of life would quit the nest of my body." "The bird of my soul became a captive in the net of her glorying ringlets.

I remember in a European Magazine two similar lines by the author of the Lives of the Admirals:

"My beating heart is a well-wrought cage,
Whence that sweet goldfinch Hope shall ne'er escape!"

The grave of Francesco Jorge, the Maronite martyr, was visited by two strange birds of unusual size. No one knew whence they came. They embroidered, says Vasconcellos, the purity and the indefatigable activity of his soul.

The inhabitants of Othaisse have assigned a base respectable part of the body as the seat of the soul.

The disembowelling of the body there, is always performed in great secrecy, and with most religious superstiton. The bowels are, by these people, considered as the immediate organs of sensation, where the first impressions are received, and by which all the operations of the mind are carried on; it is therefore, they conclude, that they may esteem and vitiate the intestines, as bearing the greatest affluence to the immortal part. I have frequently held conversations on this subject, with a view to convince them that all intellectual operations were carried on in the head; at which they would generally smile, and intimate that they had frequently seen men recover whose skulls had been fractured, and whose heads had otherwise been much injured; but that, in all cases in which the intestines had been wounded, the persons on a certainty died. Other arguments they would also advance in favor of their belief; such as the effect of fear, and other passions, which caused great agitation and uneasiness, and would sometimes produce sickness at the stomach, which they attributed entirely to the action of the bowels.

From the birth-day of the world, &c. — 11. p. 314.

The birth-day of the world was logically ascertained in a provincial council held at Jerusalem, against the Quarto-decanum by command of Pope Victor, about the year 500. Venerable Bede (Causum. de Aquinoc. Fere.) supplies the mode of proof. "When the multitude of priests were assembled together, then Theophylas, the bishop, produced the authority sent unto him by Pope Victor, and explained what had been enjoined him. Then all the bishops made answer, Unless it be first examined how the world was at the beginning, nothing salutary can be ordained respecting the observations of Easter. And they said, What day can we believe to have been the first, except Sunday? And Theophilus said, Prove this which ye say. Then the bishops said, It is written, the earth brought immediately behold a miracle; as they were talking together, the door was gently knocked at. He ordered the woman servant to go there, and she found a man, of all men the most beautiful, who had a plate in his hand,covered with green silk, in which there were ten pomegranates. The woman was astonished at the beauty of the man and of the pomegranates, and she took one of them and hid it, and carried the other nine to Ali, who kissed the present. When he had counted them he found that one was wanting, and said so to the servant; she confessed that she had taken it on account of its excellence, and Ali gave her her liberty. The pomegranates were sent from paradise; Iosebin was cured of his disease only by their odor, and rose up immediately, recovered, and in full strength. — Muraeci.

I suspect, says Maracci, that this is a true miracle wrought by some Christian saint, and falsely attributed to Ali. However this may be, it does not appear absurd that God should, by some especial favor, reward an act of remarkable charity, even in an idol, as he has sometimes, by a striking chaste, punished enormous crimes. But the assertion, that the pomegranates were sent from paradise, exposes the fable.

Muraeci, after detailing and ridiculing the Mahomedan miracles, contrasts with them, in an appendix, a few of the real and permanent miracles of Christianity, which are proved by the testimony of the whole world and history. The following examples.

1. The chapel of Loretto, brought by angels from Nazareth to Ilyrium, and from Ilyrium to Italy; faithful messengers having been sent to both places, and finding in both its old foundations, in dimensions and materials exactly corresponding.

2. The cross of St. Thomas at Melisour. A Branin, as the saint was extended upon his cross in prayer,slow him. On the anniversary of his martyrdom, during the celebration of mass, the cross gradually becomes luminous, till it shines out with a white glory. At elevating the host, it resumes its natural color, and sweats blood profusely; in which the faithful dip their clothes, by which many miracles are wrought.

3. Certio-virum quia evidentissimum. — At Bar, on the Adriatic, a liquor flows from the stones of St. Nicholas; they call it St. Nicholas's manna, which, being preserved in bottles, never corrupts or breeds worms, except the possessour be corrupt himself, and daily it works miracles.

4. At Tolentino in the March of Anconia, the arms of St. Nicholas dwell with blood, and pour out copious streams, when any great calamity inspeds over Christendom.

5. The blood of St. Januarius at Naples.

These, says Maracci, are miracula perpetuorunt, permanent miracles; and it cannot be said, as of the Mahomedan ones, that they are tricks of the devil.

Had borne the healing fruits. — 9, p. 314.

When Iosebin, the son of Ali, was sick of a grievous disorder, he longed for a pomegranate, though that fruit was not then in season. Ali went out, and diligently inquiring, found a single one in the possession of a Jew. As he returned with it, a sick man met him and begged half the pomegranate, saying it would restore his health. Ali gave him half, and when he had eaten it, the man requested he would give him the other half, the sooner the better, to complete his recovery. Ali begrudgingly complied, returned to his son, and told him what had happened, and Iosebin approved what his father had done.
forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind; but this is the thing which the beast eateth. When do you believe the beginning of the world to have been, in the beginning of the season, or in the middle, or in the end? And the beasts answered, at the Equinox, on the eighth of the kalends of April. And Theophylus said, Prove this which ye say. Then they answered, It is written, God made the light, and called the light day, and he made the darkness, and called the darkness night, and he divided the light and the darkness into equal parts. Then said Theophylus, Lo, ye have proved the day and the season. What think ye now concerning the Moon? was it created when increasing, or when full, or on the wane? And the beasts answered, At the full. And he said, Prove this which ye say. Then they answered, God made two great luminaries, and placed them in the firmament of the Heavens, that they might give light upon the earth; the greater luminary in the beginning of the day, the lesser one in the beginning of the night. It could not have been thus unless the moon were at the full. Now, therefore, let us see when the world was created; it was made upon a Sunday in the spring, at the Equinox, which is on the eighth of the kalends of April, and at the full of the moon. According to the form of a border-oath, the work of creation began by night. You shall swear by Heaven above you, Hell beneath you, by your part of Paradise, by all that God made in six days and seven nights, and by God himself, you know not what is the brain of an old child, keeping having or resetting of any of the goods and chattels named in this bill. So help you God. (Athenboul and Burn, I. xxv.) This, however, is assertion without proof, and would not have been admitted by Theophylus and his bishops.

That old and only Bird.—12, p. 314.

Simorg Arka, says my friend Mr. Fox, in a note to his Account of a Voyage to the Persian Gulf. A bird of extraordinary strength and size, (as its name importis, signifying as large as thirty eagles,) which, according to the Eastern writers, was sent by the Supreme Being to subdue and chastise the rebellious Druze. It was supposed to possess rational faculties, and the gift of speech. The Caleumian Nahum relates, that Simorg Arka, being asked his age, replied, this world is very ancient, for it has already been seven times replenished with beings different from man, and as often depopulated. That the age of Adam, in which we now are, is to endure seven thousand years, making a great cycle, that himself had seen twelve of these revolutions, and knew not how many more he had to see.

I am afraid that Mr. Fox and myself have fallen into a grievous heresy, both respecting the unity and the sex of the Simorg. For this great bird is a hen; there is indeed a cock also, but he seems to be of some inferior species, a sort of Prince George of Denmark, the Simorg's consort, not the cock Simorg. In that portion of the Shah Namaq which has been put into English rhyme by Mr. Chapman, some anecdotcs may be found concerning this all-knowing bird, who is there represented as possessing one species of knowledge, of which she would not be readily suspected. Zalzer, the father of Rus-tam, is exposed in his infancy by his own father, Shum, who takes him for a young devilling, because his eyes are black, and his hair white. The infant is laid at the foot of Mount Elbars, where the Simorg has her nest, and she takes him up, and breeds him with her young, who are very desirous of eating him, but she preserves him. When Zalzer is grown up, and leaves the nest, the Simorg gives him one of her feathers, telling him, whenever he is in great distress, to burn it, and she will immediately come to his assistance. Zalzer marries Ralshet, who is likely to the in childing; he then burns the feather, and the Simorg appears and orders the Cessenar operation to be performed. As these stories are not Exodus's invention, but the old traditions of the Persians, collected and arranged by him, this is perhaps, the earliest fact concerning that operation which is to be met with, earlier probably than the fable of Semle. Zalzer was ordered first to give his wife, which acts as a powerful opiate, and after sewing up the incision, to anoint it with a mixture of milk, musk, and grass, pounded together, and dried in the shade, and then to rub it with a Simorg's feather.

The Mr. Pan's collection of Persian books, is an illuminated copy of Ferdosi, containing a picture of the Simorg, who is there represented as an ugly dragon-looking sort of bird. I should be loath to believe that she has so bad a physiognomy; and as, in the same volume, there are blue and yellow horses, there is good reason to conclude that this is not a genuine portrait. When the Genius of the Lamp is ordered by Ablin to bring a roc's egg, and hang it up in the hall, he is violently enraged, and exclaims, Wretch, wouldst thou have me hang up my master? From the manner in which these are usually mentioned in the Arabian Tales, the reader feels as much surprised at this indignation as Ablin was himself. Perhaps the original may have Simorg instead of roc. To think, indeed, of robbing the Simorg's nest, either for the sake of drilling the eggs, or of poaching them, would, in a believer, whether Shi'ah or Sunni, be the height of human impayity.

Since this note was written, the eighth volume of the Asiatic Researches has appeared, in which Captain Wilford identifies the roc with the Simorg. "Ferdows," he says, "was exposed to many dangers from the birds called Roes or Simorges, the Garudas of the Persians, whom Persian Romancers represent as living in Madagascar, according to Marco Polo." But the Roc of the Arabian Tales has none of the characteristics of the Simorg; and it is only in the instance which I have noticed, that any mistake of one for the other can be suspected.

The spring was clear, the water deep.—30, p. 316.

Some travellers may perhaps be glad to know, that the spring from which this description was taken, is near Bristol, about a mile from Stokes-Croft turnpike, and known by the name of the Boiling-Well. Other, and larger springs, of the same kind, called the Lady Pools, are near Shobdon, in Herefordshire.

It ran a rise deep and wide.—35, p. 317.

A similar picture occurs in Miss Balliou's Comedy, 2. The Second Marriage." "By Heaven, there is nothing so interesting to me as to trac the course of a prosperous man through this varied world. First, he is seen like a little stream, wearing its shallow bed through the grass, circling and washing, and glancing up its tenement from every twinkiling rill, as it passes; further on, the brown and fuses its margin, the dark rushes thicken on its side; further on still, the broad flags shake their green ranks, the willows bend their wide boughs o'er its course; and yonder, at last, the fair river appears, spreading his bright waves to the light."
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,
Lord! let not thou the weakness of my arm
Make vain the enterprise!"

2.
The Sun was rising all magnificent,
Ocean and Heaven rejoicing in his beams.
And now had Thalaba
Perform'd his last ablations, and he stood
And gazed upon the little boat
Riding the billows near,
Where, like a sea-bird breasting the broad waves,
It rose and fell upon the surge,
Till from the glintance of the sunny main
He turn'd his aching eyes;
And then upon the beach he laid him down,
And watch'd the rising tide.
He did not pray; he was not calm for prayer;
His spirit, troubled with tumultuous hope,
Toil'd with futurity;
His brain, with busier workings, felt
The roar and raving of the restless sea,
The boundless waves that rose, and roll'd, and rock'd:
The everlasting sound
Oppress' d him, and the heaving infinite:
He closed his lids for rest.

3.
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;
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.

4.
Was there a Spirit in the gale
That fluttered o'er his cheek?
For it came on him like the new-risen sun,
Which plays and dallies o'er the night-closed flower,
And wooes it to unfold anew to joy;
For it came on him as the dews of eve
Descend with healing and with life
Upon the summer mead;
Or like the first sound of saphir song
And Angel greeting, to the soul
Whose latest sense had shuddered at the groan
Of anguish, kneeling by a death-bed side.

5.
He starts, and gazes round to seek
The certain presence. "Thalaba!" exclaim'd
The Voice of the Unseen;
"Father of my Oneiza!" he replied,
"And have thy years been number'd: art thou, too,
Among the Angels?"—"Thalaba!"

A second and a dearer voice repeats,
"Go in the favor of the Lord,
My Thalaba, go on!
My husband, I have dress'd our bower of bliss.
Go, and perform the work;
Let me not longer suffer hope in Heaven!"

6.
He turn'd an eager glance toward the sea.
"Come!" quoth the Damsel, and she drove
Her little boat to land.
Impatient through the rising wave,
He rush'd to meet its way;
His eye was bright, his cheek was flush'd with joy.
"Hast thou had comfort in thy prayers?" she ask'd.
"Yea," Thalaba replied,
"A heavenly visitation. "God be praised!"
She answer'd; "then I do not hope in vain!"
And her voice trembled, and her lip
Quiver'd, and tears ran down.

7.
"Strange!" said she, "in years long past
Was one who vow'd himself
The Champion of the Lord, like thee,
Against the race of Hell.
Young was he, as thyself,
Gentle, and yet so brave!
A lion-hearted man.
Shame on me, Stranger! in the arms of love
I held him from his calling, till the hour
Was past; and then the Angel who should else
Have crown'd him with his glory-wreath,
Smote him in anger. — Years and years are gone,
And in his place of penance he awaits
Thee, the Deliverer: surely thou art he!
It was my righteous punishment,
In the same youth unchanged,
And love unchangeable,
Sorrow forever fresh,
And bitter penitence,
That gives no respite night nor day from grief,
To abide the written hour, when I should waft
The Doom'd Destroyer and Deliverer here.
Remember thou, that thy success affects
No single fate, no ordinary woes."

8.
As thus she spake, the entrance of the cave
Darken'd the boat below.
Around them, from their nests,
The screaming sea-birds fled,
Wondering at that strange shape,
Yet unalarm'd at sight of living man,
Unknowing of his sway and power misused.
The clamors of their young
Echoed in shriller cries,
Which rung in wild discordance round the rock.
And farther as they now advanced,
The dim reflection of the darken'd day
Grew fainter, and the dash
Of the out-breakers deaden'd; farther yet,
And yet more faint the gleam;
And there the waters, at their utmost bound,
Silently rippled on the rising rock.
They landed and advanced, and deeper in,
Two adamantine doors
Closed up the cavern pass.

9.
Reclining on the rock beside,
Sat a gray-headed man,
Watching an hour-glass by;
To him the Damself spake—
"Is it the hour appointed?" The Old Man
Nor answer'd her awhile,
Nor lifted he his downward eye;
For now the glass ran low,
And, like the days of age,
With speed perceivable,
The latter sands descend;
And now the last are gone.
Then he look'd up, and raised his hand, and
Smote
The adamantine gates.

10.
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!"

11.
He tarried not,—he past
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 glean of day.
There was a light within,
A yellow light, as when the autumnal Sun,
Through travelling rain and mist,
Shines on the evening hills:
Whether from central fires effused,
Or that the sunbeams, day by day,
From earliest generations, there absorb'd,
Were gathering for the wrath-flame. Shade was none
In those portentous vaults;
Crag overhanging, nor columnal rock
Cast its dark outline there;
For with the hot and heavy atmosphere
The light incorporate, permeating all,
Spread over all its equal yellowness.
There was no motion in the lifeless air;
He felt no stirring as he past
Adown the long descent;
He heard not his own footsteps on the rock,
That through the thick stagnation sent no sound.
How sweet it were, he thought,
To feel the flowing wind!
With what a thirst of joy
He should breathe in the open gales of heaven!

12.
Downward, and downward still, and still the way,
The lengthening way is safe:
Is there no secret wile,
No lurking enemy?
His watchful eye is on the wall of rock,—
And warily he marks the roof;
And warily surveys
The path that lies before.

Downward, and downward still, and still the way,
The long, long way is safe;
Rock only, the same light,
The same dead atmosphere,
And solitude and silence like the grave.

13.
At length the long descent
Ends on a precipice;
No feeble ray enter'd its dreadful gulf;
For in the pit profound,
Black Darkness, utter Night,
Repell'd the hostile gleam,
And o'er the surface the light atmosphere
Float'd, and mingled not.
Above the depth, four over-awning wings,
Unplumed, and huge, and strong,
Bore up a little car;
Four living pinions, headless, bodiless,
Sprung from one stem that branched below
In four down-arching limbs,
And clinch'd the car-rings endlong and athwart
With claws of griffin grasp.

14.
But not on these, the depth so terrible,
The wondrous wings, fix'd Thalaba his eye;
For there, upon the brink,
With fiery fetters fasten'd to the rock,
A man, a living man, tormented lay,
The young Othatha: in the arms of love
He who had linger'd out the auspicious hour,
Forgetful of his call.
In shuddering pity, Thalaba exclaimed,
"Servant of God, can I not succor thee?"
He groan'd, and answered, "Son of Man,
I sinn'd, and am tormented; I endure
In patience and in hope.
The hour that shall destroy the Race of Hell,
That hour shall set me free."

15.
"Is it not come?" quoth Thalaba.
"Yea! by this omen!"—and with fearless hand
He grasp'd the burning fetters,—"in the name
Of God!"—and from the rock
Rooted the rivets, and adown the gulf
Dropp'd them. The rush of flames roar'd up,
For they had kindled in their fall
The deadly vapors of the pit profound;
And Thalaba went on and look'd below
But vainly he explored
The deep abyss of flame,
That sunk beyond the plunge of mortal eye,
Now all ablaze, as if infernal fires
illumined 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.

16.
Meantime, the freed Othatha elasp'd 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!" answer'd 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.
"A wait not me," he cried;
My path hath been appointed! go — embark!
Return to life, — live happy!"

Othatha.
But thy name? —
That through the nations we may blazon it, —
That we may bless thee!

thalaba.
Bless the Merciful!

17.
Then Thalaba pronounced the name of God,
And leap'd into the car.
Down, down it sunk,— down, down,—
He neither breathes nor sees;
His eyes are closed for giddiness,
His breath is sinking with the fall.
The air that yields beneath the car
Inflates the wings above.
Down — down — a measureless depth! — down —
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.

18.
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.

19.
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 accrues'd,
Fit warden of the sorcery-gate,
A rebel Arect lay;
He smelt the approach of human food,
And hungry hope kindled his eye of fire.
Raising his hand to screen the dazzled sense,
O' er on ward 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 knitted forehead then,
Full on the painful light
He fix'd his aching eye, and loosed the bow.

20.
A hideous yell ensued;
And sure no human voice had scope or power
For that prodigious shriek
Whose pealing echoes thundered up the rock.
Din grew the dying light;
But Thalaba leap'd onward to the doors,
Now visible beyond,
And while the Arect warden of the way
Was writhing with his death-pangs, over him
Sprung and smote the stony doors,
And bade them, in the name of God, give way!

21.
The dying Fiend beneath him, at that name,
Toss'd in worse agony,
And the rocks shudder'd, and the rocky doors
Rent at the voice asunder. Lo! within —
The Teraph and the Fire,
And Khawa, and, in mail complete,
Mohareb for the strife.
But Thalaba, with numbing force,
Smites his raised arm, and rushes by;
For now he sees the fire, amid whose flames,
On the white ashes of Hodeirah, lies
Hodeirah's holy Sword.

22.
He rushes to the Fire:
Then Khawa met the youth,
And leap'd upon him, and with clinging arms
Clasps him, and calls Mohareb now to aim
The effectual vengeance. O fool! fool! he sees
His Father's Sword, and who shall bar his way?
Who stand against the fury of that arm
That spurs her to the ground? —
She rises half, she twists around his knees, —
A moment — and he vainly strives
To shake her from her hold;
Impatient then he seized her leathery neck
With throttling grasp, and as she loosed her hold,
Thrust her aside, and unimpeded now
Springs forward to the Sword.
23.
The co-existent Flame
Knew the Destroyer; it encircled him,
Roll'd up his robe, and gather'd round his head:
Condensing to intenser splendor there,
His Crown of Glory and his Light of Life,
Hover'd the irradiate wreath.

24.
The instant Thalaba had laid his hand
Upon his Father's Sword,
The Living Image in the inner cave
Smote the Round Altar. The Domdaniel rock'd
Through all its thundering vaults;
Over the surface of the reeling Earth,
The alarum shock was felt;
The Sorcerer brood, all, all, where'er dispersed,
Perforce obey'd the summons; all,— they came
Compell'd by Hell and Heaven;
By Hell compell'd to keep
Their baptism-covenant,
And with the union of their strength
Oppose the common danger; forced by Heaven
To share the common doom.

25.
Vain are all spells! the Destroyer
Treads the Domdaniel floor.
They crowd'd with human arms and human force
'To crush the single foe.
Vain is all human force!
He wields his Father's Sword,
The vengeance of awak'n'd Deity.
But chief on Thalaba Mohareb press'd:
The Witch, in her oracular 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?
Scatter'd before the sword of Thalaba
The Sorcerer throng rece'de,
And leave him space for combat. Wretched man,—
What shall the helmet or the shield avail
Against Almighty anger?— Wretched man,
Too late Mohareb finds that he hath chosen
The evil part!— He rears his shield
To meet the Arabian's sword;
Under the edge of that fire-hardened steel,
The shield falls sever'd; his cold arm
Rings with the jarring blow:—
He lifts his cimeter,
A second stroke, and lo! the broken hilt
Hangs from his palsied hand:
And now he bleeds, and now he flings,
And faim would hide himself amid the troop;
But they feel the sword of Hodeirah;
But they also fly from the ruin,
And hasten to the inner cave,
And fall all fearfully
Around the Giant Idol's feet,
Seeking protection from the Power they served.

27.
It was a Living Image, by the art
Of magic hands, of flesh and bones composed,
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
Pre'minent 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
Checker'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 shutter'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:— Mohareb'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
Following, nor blud, nor hasty, on his foe
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,
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,
That felt thy brethren's and thy sisters' blood
Gush round the dagger-hilt. Let fall on me
The fated sword! the vengeance-hour is come!—
Destroyer, do thy work!"
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 Judgment, he shall see
The Mercy-Gates unfold."

31.

The astonished man stood gazing as he spake;
At length his heart was soften'd, and the tears
Gush'd, and he sobb'd aloud.
Then suddenly was heard
The all-beholding Prophet's voice divine —
"Thou hast done well, my Servant!
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 favor in the sight of God,
Let him be touch'd with penitence, and save
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."

34.

"Prophet of God!" then answered Thalaba,
"I am alone on earth;
Thou knowest the secret wishes of my heart!
Do with me as thou wilt! Thy will is best."

35.

There issued forth no Voice to answer him;
But lo! Hodeirah's Spirit comes to see
His vengeance, and beside him, a pure form
Of rosyate light, his Angel mother hung.
"My Child, my dear, my glorious, blessed Child,
My promise is perform'd — fulfil thy work!"

36.

Thalaba knew that his death-hour was come;
And on he leapt, and springing up,
Into the Idol's heart
Hit-deep he plunged the Sword.
The Ocean-vault fell in, and all were crush'd.
In the same moment, at the gate
Of Paradise, Oneiza's Houri form
Welcomed her Husband to eternal bliss.

NOTES TO BOOK XII.

30. One of these evil Genii is thus described in the Bahar Danush: — On his entrance, he beheld a black demon heaped on the ground like a mountain, with two large horns upon his head and a long proboscis, fast asleep. In his head the Divine Creator had joined the likenesses of the elephant and the wild bull. His teeth grew out as the tusk of a boar, and all over his monstrosities cavern hung slaggery hairs, like those of the bear. The eye of mortal-born was dimmed at his appearance, and the mind, at his horrible form and frightful figure, was confounded.

He was an Affect, created from mouth to foot by the wrath of God.

His hair like a bear's, his teeth like a boar's. No one ever beheld such a monster.

Crook-backed, and crooked-faced; he might be scented at the distance of a thousand furlongs.

His nostrils were like the ances of brick-burners, and his mouth resembled the rut of the dyer.

When his breath came forth, from its vehemence the dust rose up as in a whirlwind, so as to leave a chasm in the earth; and when he drew it in, chaff, sand, and pebbles, from the distance of some yards, were attracted to his nostrils.

Bahar Danush.


Al-Araf is a place between the Paradise and the Hell of the Mahomedans; 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. From whence they see the glory of the blessed, and are near enough to congratulate them; but their ardent desire to partake the same happiness becomes a great pain. At length, at the day of Judgment, when all men, before they are judged, shall be cited to render homage to their Creator, those who are here confounded shall protrude themselves before the face of the Lord, in adoration; and by this act of religion, which shall be accounted a merit, the number of their good works will exceed their evil ones, and they will enter into glory.

Sandi says, that Araf appears a Hell to the happy, and a Paradise to the damned. — D'Herbelot.
MADOC.

"OMNE SOLUM FORTI PATRIA."

TO CHARLES WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNNE.

THIS POEM

WAS ORIGINALLY INSCRIBED, IN 1805,

AS A TOKEN OF SIXTEEN YEARS OF UNINTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP;

AND IS NOW RE-INSRIBED, WITH THE SAME FEELING,

AFTER AN INTERVAL OF THIRTY-TWO.

PREFACE.

When Madoc was brought to a close, in the summer of 1799, Mr. Coleridge advised me to publish it at once, and to defer 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 endeavor, 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 Jerusalem had fulfilled the promise of better things, thereof that poem was the pledge, so might Madoc be regarded in relation to the juvenile work which had preceded it. Thinking that this would probably be the greatest poem I should ever produce, my intention was to bestow upon it all possible care, as indeed I had determined never again to undertake any subject without due preparation. With this view it was my wish, before 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 autumn of 1801, with my old friends and schoolfellows, Charles Wynn and Peter Elmsley. And so much was I bent upon making myself better acquainted with Welsh scenery, manners, and traditions, than could be done by books alone, that if I had succeeded in obtaining a house in the Vale of Neath, for which I was in treaty the year following, it would never have been my fortune to be chased 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 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. Shorter divisions than the usual one of books, or cantos, were found more convenient; the six books, therefore, which the first part comprised, were distributed in seventeen sections, and the other nine in twenty-seven. These changes in the form of the work were neither 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 subject. 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 no dramatist ever studied more successfully,) than I 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 Saul 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-Pondre Court as final. But my suit was in that Court of Record, which, sooner or later, pronounces unerringly upon the merits of the case.

Madoc 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 author of Madoc as having "mediated a most serious injury against the reputation of the New World, by attributing its discovery and colonization to a little vagabond Welsh Prince." This, he said, "being a most insidious attempt against the honor of America and the reputation of Columbus."  

This poem was the means of making me personally acquainted with Miss Seward. Her encomiastic opinion of it was communicated to me through Charles Lloyd, in a way which required some courteous acknowledgment; this led to an interchange of letters, and an invitation to Lichfield, where, accordingly, I paid her a visit, when next on my way to London, in 1807. She resided in the Bishop's palace. I was ushered up the broad brown staircase by her cousin, the Reverend Henry White, then one of the minor canons of that cathedral, a remarkable person, who introduced me into the presence with jubilant but appalling solemnity. Miss Seward was seated at her desk. She had just finished some verses, to be "Inscribed on the blank leaves of the Poem Madoc," and 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, bending my head, as if in a posture of attentiveness, and screening my face with my hand, and occasionally using some force to compress the visible muscles, I got through the scene without any misbehavior, and expressed my thanks, if not in terms of such glowing admiration 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 corresponded with her from that time till her death.  

Miss Seward was entertained by having repeatedly injured one of her knee-pans. Time had taken away her bloom and her beauty; but her fine countenance retained its animation, and her eyes could not have been brighter nor more expressive in her youth. Sir Walter Scott says of them, "they were auburn, of the precise shade and hue of her hair. In reciting, or in speaking with animation, they appeared to become darker, and as it were to flash fire. I should have hesitated," he adds, "to state the impression which this peculiarity made upon me at the time, had not my observation been confirmed by that of the first actress on this or any other stage, with whom I lately happened to converse on our deceased friend's expressive powers of countenance."  

* 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 my pinch of spirit, 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 considerable 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 Andrè. 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 Andrè's death, he had endeavored to save him; and she was requested to peruse the papers in proof of this, which he sent for her perusal. "They filled me with contrition," says Miss Seward, "for the rash injustice of my censure."  

An officer of her name served as lieutenant in the garrison at Gibraltar during the siege. To his great surprise,—for he had no introduction which could lead him to expect the honor of such notice,—he received an invitation to dine with General Elliot. The General asked him if he were related to the author of the Monody on Major Andrè. The Lieutenant replied that he had the honor of being very distantly related to her, but he had not the happiness of her acquaintance. "It is sufficient, Mr. Seward," said the General, "that you bear her 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

* The title of this notable pamphlet is, "The United States and England; being a Reply to the Criticism on Incequin's Letters, contained in the Quarterly Review for January, 1814. New York: published by A. H. Incequin; and Bradford and Incequin, Philadelphia. Van Winkle and Wiley, Printers, 1815."  

† Literary Correspondence. Ib. p. cxxi.  
she was, not undeservedly, held. Her epistolary style was distorted 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 prepossessions 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 frankness, and her sincerity and warmth of heart.

Keswick, Feb. 19, 1833.

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 Glynhed, 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 part of his people, and went 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 Aztlan, their own country, under the guidance of Yuhuitlilton. They became a mighty people, and founded the Mexican empire, taking the name of Mexicans, in honor of Mexihtl, their tutelary god. Their emigration is here connected with the adventures of Madoc, and their superstitution 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, but whether it be adapted to the purposes of poetry.

Keswick, 1805.

Three tongues must be avoided in Poetry: the frivolous, the obscure, and the superfluous.

The 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 credible, thoroughly animated, and thoroughly natural.

Triads.

COME, LISTEN TO A TALE OF TIMES OF OLD!
COME, FOR YE KNOW ME. I AM HE WHO SANG THE MAID OF ARC, AND I AM HE WHO FRAMED OF THE ALARA THE WILD AND WONDROUS SONG.
COME, LISTEN TO MY LAY, AND YE SHALL HEAR HOW MADOC FROM THE SHORES OF BRITAIN SPREAD THE ADVENTUROUS SAIL, EXPLORED THE OCEAN PATHS, AND QUELLED BARBARIAN POWER, AND OVERTHREW THE BLOODY ALTARS OF IDOLATRY, AND PLANTED IN ITS TAVES TRIUMPHANTLY THE CROSS OF CHRIST. COME, LISTEN TO MY LAY!

PART I.

MADOC IN WALES.

I.

THE RETURN TO WALES.

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
Scatters the ocean spray. What feelings then
Fill'd every bosom, when the mariners,
After the peril of that weary way,
Beheld 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
The fancied headland, and the cape and bay,
Till his eyes ache o'erstraining. This man shakes
His comrade's hand, and bids him welcome home,
And blesses God, and then he weeps aloud:
Here stands another, who, in secret prayer,
Calls on the Virgin, and his patron Saint,
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,
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!
The beautiful band of brethren that they were!

Madoc made no reply,—he closed his eyes,
Groaning. But Urien, for his heart was full.
Loving to finger on the woe, pursued:
I did not think to live to such an hour
Of joy as this! and often, when my sight
Turn'd dizzy from the ocean, overcome
With heavy anguish, Madoc, I have prayed
That God would please to take me to his rest.

So as he ceased his speech, a sudden shout
Of popular joy awakened Madoc's ear;
And calling then to mind the festal fires,
He ask'd their import. The old man replied,
It is the giddy people merry-making,
To welcome their new Queen; unhedging they
The shame and the reproach to the long line
Of our old royalty!—Thy brother wins
The Saxon's sister.

What!—in loud reply
Madoc exclaim'd, hath he forgotten all?
David! King Owen's son,—my father's son,—
He wed the Saxon,—the Plantagenet!

Quoth Urien, He so dotes, as she had dropp'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 Keirig's day,
Should echo this pollution! Will the chiefs
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 Govarchiann struck the harp.
Only Gweryll, careless of the pomp,
Sits in her solitude, lamenting thee.

Saw ye not then my banner? quoth the Lord
Of Ocean; on the topmast-head it stood
To tell the tale of triumph;—or did night
Hide the glad signal, and the joy hath yet
To reach her?

Now had they almost attain'd
The palace portal. Urien stopp'd, and said,
The child should know your coming; it is long
Since she hath heard a voice that to her heart
Spake gladness;—none but I must tell her this.
So Urien sought Gweryll, whom he found
Alone, and gazing on the moonlight sea.

Oh, you are welcome, Urien! cried the maid.
There was a ship came sailing hitherward—
I could not see his banner, for the night
Clos’d in so fast around her; but my heart
Indulged a foolish hope!

The old man replied,
With difficult effort keeping his heart down,
God, in his goodness, may reserve for us
That blessing yet! I have yet life enough
To trust that I shall live to see the day,
Albeit the number of my years well nigh
Be full.

Ill-judging kindness! said the maid.
Have I not nursed, for two long, wretched years,
That miserable hope, which every day
Grew weaker, like a baby sick to death,
Yet dearer for its weakness day by day?
No, never shall we see his daring bark!
I knew and felt it in the evil hour
When forth she fared! I felt it then! that kiss
Was our death-parting! — And she paused to curb
The agony: now, — But thou hast been
To learn their tidings, Urien? — He replied,
In halting articulate words, — They said, my child,
That Madoc lived, — that soon he would be here.

She had received the shock of happiness:
Urien! she cried — thou art not mocking me!
Nothing the old man spake, but spread his arms,
Sobbing 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,
Bear with thy brother! gently bear with him,
My gentle Prince! he is 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
Effaced the lore my foster-father taught.

Haste, haste! exclaimed Goervyl; — for her
Smote her in sudden terror at the thought
Of Yorwerth, and of Owen’s broken house; —
I dread his dark suspicions! Not for me
Suffer that fear, my sister! quoth the Prince;
Safe is the straight and open way I tread;
Nor hath God made the human heart so bad
That thou or I should have a danger there.
So saying, they toward the palace gate
Went on, ere yet Aberfraw had received
The tidings of her wanderer’s glad return.

11.

THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

The guests were seated at the feast board;
Green rushes strewed the floor; high in the hall
Was David; Emma, in her bridal robe,
In youth, in beauty, by her husband’s side
Sat at the marriage feast. The monarch raised
His eyes; he saw the mariner approach;
Madoc! he cried; strong nature’s impulses
Prevailed, and with a holy joy he met
His brother’s warm embrace.

With that, what peals
Of exultation shook Aberfraw’s tower!
How then recoiling rank the house of Kings,
When from subside Ocean, from the World
That he had first foreseen, he first had found,
Gave her triumphant child! The mariners,
A happy band, enter the champaign 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 alay’d, the board was spread anew;
Anew the horn was brunn’d, the central hearth
Built up anew for later revelries.
Now to the ready feast! the seneschal
Duly below the pillars ranged the crew;
Toward the guest’s most honorable seat
The King himself led his brave brother; — then,
Eying the lovely Saxon as he spake,
Here, Madoc, 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 stablished now our ancient house,
Grafting a scion from the royal tree
Of England on the sceptre; so shall peace
Bless our dear country.

Long and happy years
Await my sovereigns! — thus the Prince replied, —
And long may our dear country 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 Keirio’s bank, we gave the enemy
Their welcoming?

And Berwyn’s after-strife!

Quoth Madoc, as the memory kindled him;
The fool that day, who in his mask attire
Sported before King Henry, wished in vain
Filibr habilitas of javelin proof!
And yet not more precipitate that fool
Dropp’d his mock weapons, than the archers cast
Desperate their bows and quivers-full away,
When we leap’d on, and in the mine 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 assay,
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,
Of grief, and solitude, and wretched hope.
Where is Cadwallon? for one bark alone
I saw come sailing here.

The tale you ask
Is long, Goertry, 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 spread the homeward sail; a goodly world,
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 while, relieved
From rising jealousies, with better eye
Regards his venturous brother. Let the Bard,
Exclaim’d the king, give his accustom’d lay;
For sweet, I know, to Madoc is the song
He loved in earlier years.

Then, strong of voice,
The officer proclain’d the sovereign will,
Bidding the hall be silent; loud he spake,
And smote the sounding pillar with his wand,
And hush’d the banqueters. The chief of Bards
Then raised the ancient lay.

Thee, Lord! he sung,
O Father! Thee, whose wisdom, Thee, whose power,
Whose love — all love, all power, all wisdom, Thou!
Tongue cannot utter, nor can heart conceive.
He in the lowest depth of being framed
The imperishable mind: in every change,
Through the great circle of progressive life,
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 predoomed’,
The eternal newness 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,
Lochlin’s long burdens 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 on plunge,
Curling above their banks with tempest-swell,
Their bloody billows heaved.

The long-past days
Came on the mind of Madoc, as he heard
That song of triumph; on his sun-burnt brow
Sat exultation: — 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-half 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.

Tales on the morrow, at the festal board,
The Lord of Ocean thus began his tale:

"My heart beat high, when, with the favoring
We said'd away; Aberfraw! when thy towers,
And the huge headland of my mother isle,
Shrank and were gone.

But, Madoc, I would learn,
Quoth David, how this enterprise arose,
And the wild hope of worlds beyond the sea;
For at thine outset being in the war,
I did not hear from vague and common fame
The moving cause. Sprung it from bardic 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
Angst 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 gathered 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 impious battle:—all the day I sped;
Night did not stay me on my eager way—
Where'er I pass'd, new rumor raised new fear—
Midnight, and morn, and noon, I hurried on,
And the late eve was darkening when I reach'd
Arvon, the fatal field. —The sight, 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 nigh 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 labor master'd me.
I ask'd him of the battle:—who had fallen
He knew not, nor to whom the lot of war
Had given my father's sceptre. Here, said he,
I came to seek if haply I might find

Some wounded wretch, abandon'd else to death.
My search was vain; the sword of civil war
Had bit too deeply.

Soon we reach'd his home,
A lone and lowly dwelling in the hills,
By a gray mountain stream. Beside the hearth
There sat an old blind man; his head was raised
As he were listening to the coming sounds,
And in the fire-light shone his silver locks.
Father, said he who guided me, I bring
A guest to our poor hospitality;
And then he brought me water from the brook,
And homely fare, and I was satisfied:
That done, he pried the hearth, and spread around
The rushes of repose. I laid me down;
But worn with toil, and full of many fears,
Sleep did not visit me: the quiet sounds
Of nature troubled my distemper'd sense;
My ear was busy with the stirring gale,
The moving leaves, the brook's perpetual flow.

So on the morrow languidly I rose,
And faint with fever; but a restless wish
Was working in me, and I said, My host,
Wilt thou go with me to the battle-field,
That I may search the slain? for in the fray
My brethren fought; and though with all my speed
I strove to reach them ere the strife began,
Alas, I sped too slow!

Griesth thou for that?
He answer'd: griesth thou that thou art spared
The shame and guilt of that unhappy strife,
Briton with Briton in unnatural war?
Nay, I replied, mistake me not! I came
To reconcile the chiefs; they might have heard
Their brother's voice.

Their brother's voice? said he;
Was it not so? — And thou, too, art the son
Of Owen! — Yesternight I did not know
The cause there is to pity thee. Alas,
Two brethren 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 henceforth
Must make to all his kin a perilous 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 tics
Of blood, the affections growing as we grow,
If but ambition come? — Thou dearest sure
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
Fearless he was,— the Saxon found him so.
Wise was his counsel; and no supplicant
For justice ever from his palace-gate.
Unrighted turned away. King Owen's name
Shall live to after-times without a blot!

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 then was comfort to him that he left
So dear a brother, who would duly pay
A father's duties to his orphan boy.
And sure he loved the orphan, and the boy
With all a child's sincerity loved him,
And learnt to call him father: so the years
Went on, till when the orphan gain'd the due
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;
He look'd around for help; — he only 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 consum'd 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 were,
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 further agonies he yet endured?
Or hast thou known the consummated crime,
And heard Cynetha's fate?

A painful glow
Inflamed my cheek, and for my father's crime
I felt the shame of guilt. The brown-brow'd man
Beheld the burning flush, the uneasy eye,
That knew not where to rest. Come! we will search
The slain, arising from his seat, he said;
I follow'd; to the field of fight 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 foe men, Hoel lay.

He paused; his heart was full; and on his tongue
The imperfect utterance died; a general gloom
Sadden'd the hall, and David's cheek grew pale.
Commanding first his feelings, Madoc broke
The oppressive silence.

Then 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 meath'd
My poor, lost brother. Wherefore, he exclaim'd,
(And I was awed by his severer voice,
Wouldst thou be pampering thy distempered mind?
Affliction is not sent in vain, young man,
From that good God, who chastens whom he loves.

Oh! there is healing in the bitter cup!
Go yonder, 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 morning, 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.
But rouse thee, Prince! there will be hours enough
For mournful memory; — it befits thee now
Take counsel for thyself; — the son of Owen
Lives not in safety here.

I bow'd my head,
Oppress'd 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! quoit I. Now God forbid!
Quoth he; — but thou art dangerous, Prince! and what
Shall shield thee from the jealous arm of power?
Think of Cynetha! — the unsleeping eye
Of justice hath not closed upon his wrongs;
At length the avenging arm is gone abroad,
One woe is past, — woe after woe comes on; —
There is no safety here, — here thou must be
The victim of 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, —
There were no better purposes ordain'd
For that young arm, that heart of noble hopes?
Son of our kings, — of old Cissibenian,
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 phrase,
Some foreign sovereign's charitable grace, —
The Saxon or the Frank, — and earn his gold,
The hireling in a war whose cause thou know'st not,
Whose end concerns not thee?

I sat and gazed,
Following his eye with wonder, as he paced
Before me to and fro, and listening still,
Though now he paced in silence. But anon,
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 past away; the stronger lines of grief
Softened and settled, till they told of grief
By patient hope and piety subdued:
His eyes, which had their hue and brightness left,
Fix'd listlessly, 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 perused 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 him!

I raised my eyes,
Inquiring, to Cadwallon; Nay, young Prince,
Despise not 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 clasped his knees: he raised me up; —
 Blind as I was, a mutilated wretch,
A thing that nature owns not, I survived,
Loathing existence, and with impious voice
Accused the will of Heaven, and grom'd for death.
Years pass'd away; this universal blank
Became familiar, and my soul repose
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,
Learnt he his dangerous birth. He sought me then;
He woke my soul once more to human ties; —
I hope he hath not wean'd my heart from Heaven,
Life is so precious! —

Dear, good old man!
And lives he still? Goeervyl ask'd, in tears;
Madoc replied, I scarce can hope to find
A father's welcome at my distant home.
I left him fall of days, and ripe for death;
And the last prayer Cynetha breath'd 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 shine 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 invaders felt thine arm.
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
Could seize the wings of Morning! soon would I
Behold that other world, where yonder sun
Speeds now, to dawn in glory!

As he spake,
Conviction came upon my startled mind,
Like lightning on the midnight traveller.
I caught his hand; — Kinsman, and guide, and friend,
Yea, let us go together! — Down we sat,
Full of the vision, on the echoing shore;
One only object fill'd ear, eye, and thought:
We gazed upon the awful world of waves,
And talk'd and dreamt of years that were to come

IV.

THE VOYAGE.

Nor with a heart unmoved I left thy shores,
Dear native isle! oh — not without a pang,
As thy fair uplands lessened on the view,
Cast back the long, involuntary look!
The morning cheer'd our outset; gentle airs
Curl'd the blue deep, and bright the summer sun
Play'd o'er the summer ocean, when our barks
Began their way.

And they were gallant barks,
As ever through the raging billows rode;
And many a tempest's buffeting they bore.
Their sails all swelling with the eastern breeze,
Their tighten'd cordage clattering to the mast,
Steady they rode the main; the gale aloft
Sung in the shrouds, the sparkling waters hiss'd
Before, and froth'd, and whiten'd far behind.
Day after day, with one auspicious wind,
Right to the setting sun we held our course.
My hope had kindled every heart; they blest
The unvarying breeze, whose unbatting strength
Still sped us onward; and they said that Heaven
Favor'd the bold emprise.

How many a time,
Mounting the mast-tower-top, 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
Weigh'd well 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 gone,
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 expectancy? I beheld
Dark looks of growing restlessness; I heard
Distrust's low murmurings; nor avail'd it long
To see and not perceive. Shame had awak'd
Repress'd their fear, till, like a smother'd fire,
It burst, and spread with quick contagion round,
And strengthened, as it spread. They spake in tones
Which might not be mistaken;—They had don'd
What men dared do, ventured where never keel
Had cut the deep before; still all was sea,
The same unbounded ocean!—to proceed
Were tempting Heaven.
I heard with feign'd surprise,
And, pointing then to where our fellow bark,
Gay with 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 a day,
Perchance an hour, might crown their glorious toil,
Shrank then, and coward-like return'd to meet
Mockery and shame! True, they had ventured on
In seas unknown, beyond where ever man
Had plough'd the billows yet: more reason so
Why they should now, like him whose happy speed
Well nigh hath ran the race, with higher hope
Press onward to the prize. But late they said,
Marking the favor of the steady gale,
That Heaven was with us; Heaven vouchsaft us still
Fair seas and favoring 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 silent sullenness of cold assent.
Then, with what fearful eagerness I gazed,
At earliest daybreak, o'er the distant deep!
How sick at heart with hope, when evening closed,
Gazed through the gathering shadows!—but I saw
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,—
Day after day! The fourth week now had past;
Still all around was sea,—the eternal sea!
So long that we had voyaged on so fast,
And still at morning where we were at night,
And where we were at morn, at nightfall still,
The centre of that drear circumference,
Progressive, yet no change!—almost it seem'd
That we had pass'd the mortal bounds of space,
And speed was toiling in infinity.
My days were days of fear; my hours of rest
Were like a tyrant's slumber. Sullen looks,
Eyes turn'd on me, and whispers meant to meet
My car, and loud despondency, and talk
Of home, now never to be seen again,—
I suffer'd these, dissembling as I could,
Till that avail'd no longer. Resolute
The men came round me. They had shown enough
Of courage now, enough of constancy;
Still to pursue the desperate enterprise
Were impious madness! they had deem'd, indeed,
That Heaven in favor gave the unchanging gale;—
More reason now to think offended God,
When man's presumptuous folly strove to pass
The fated limits of the world, had sent
His winds, to waft us to the death we sought.
Their lives were dear, they bade me know, and they
Many, and I, the obstinate, but one.
With that, attending no reply, they hailed
Our fellow bark, and told their fix'd resolve.
A shout of joy approved. Thus, desperate now,
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
Cadwallon found me; shame, and grief, and pride,
And baffled hope, and fruitless anger swell'd
Within me. All is over! I exclaimed;
Yet not in me, my friend, hath time produced
These tardy doubts and shameful fickleness;
I have not fail'd, Cadwallon! 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 you 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; and centred still,
We saw the dreary vacancy of heaven
Close round our narrow view, when that brief term,
The last, poor respite of our hopes, expired.
They shorten'd sail, and call'd with coward prayer
For homeward winds. Why, what poor slaves are we!
In bitterness I cried; the sport of chance;
Left to the mercy of the elements,
Or the more wayward will of such as these,
Blind tools and victims of their destiny!
Yea, Madoc! he replied, the Elements
Master indeed the fecile powers of man!
Not to the shores of Cambria will thy ships
Win back their shamefull way!—or Ilr, 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 labor'd on the laboring sea.
The reef-points rattled on the shivering sail;
At fits the sudden gusthowl'd ominous,
Anon with unremitting fury raged;
High roll'd the mighty billows, and the blast
Swept from their sheeted sides the showery foam.
Vain now were all the seamen's homeward hopes,
Vain all their 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 we are safe;  
Then listen to the perilous tale again,  
And with an eager and suspended soul,  
Woo terror to delight us. — But to hear  
The roaring 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, —  
Oh God, this is indeed a dreadful thing!  
And he who hath endured the horror once  
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm  
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,  
And thinks upon the suffering mariner.

Onward we drove: with unabating 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 Cyric's aid; and I, too, placed  
My hope on Heaven, relaxing not the while  
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,  
And as the curling billows leap and toss,  
Fable that Ocean's mermaid Shepherdess  
Drives her white flocks afield, and warns in time  
The wary fisherman. Gwenn-hidy warned  
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, forever thus,  
Beneath the nearer influence of the Moon,  
Labor'd in these mad workings? Did the Waters  
Here on their outmost circle meet the Void,  
The verge and brink of Chaos? Or this Earth, —  
Was it indeed a living thing, — its breath  
The ebb and flow of Ocean? and had we  
Reached 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, diluting blue of heaven.  
In bolden'd now, I call'd the mariners: —  
Vain were it should we bend a homeward course,  
Driven by the storm so far: they saw our bark's,  
For service of that long and perilous way,  
Disabled, and our food belike to fail.  
Silent they heard, reluctant in assent;  
Anon, they shouted joyfully. — I look'd  
And saw a bird slow sailing overhead,  
His long, white pinions by the sunbeam edged,  
As though with burnish'd silver; — never yet  
Heard I so sweet a music as his cry!

Yet three days more, and hope more eager now,  
Sure of the signs of land, — weed-shoals, and birds  
Who flock'd the main, and gentle airs which breathed,  
Or seemed to breathe the fresh fragrance from the shore.  
On the last evening, a long, shadowy line  
Skirted the sea; — how fast the night closed in!  
I stood upon the deck, and watch'd till dawn.  
But who can tell what feelings ill'd my heart,  
When, like a cloud, the distant land arose  
Gray from the ocean, — when we left the ship,  
And elec, with rapid oars, the shallow wave,  
And stood triumphant on another world!

V.

LISCOYA.

Madoc had paused awhile; but every eye  
Still watch'd his lips, and every voice was hush'd.  
Soon as I leapt ashore, pursues the Lord  
Of Ocean, prostrate on my face I fell,  
Kiss'd the dear earth, and pray'd with thankful tears.  
Hard by a brook was flowing: — never yet,  
Even from the gold-tipp'd horn of victory,  
With harp and song, audit my father's hall,  
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 wing'd barks, and gazed with wonderment  
On the strange garb, the bearded countenance,  
And the white skin, in all unlike themselves.  
I see with what inquiring eyes you ask,  
What men were they? Of dark-brown color, tinged  
With sunny redness; wild of eye; their brows  
So smooth, as never yet anxiety  
Nor busy thought had made a furrow there;  
Beardless, and each to each of lineaments  
So like, they seem'd but one great family.  
Their loins were loosely cinetured, all beside  
Bare to the sun and wind; and thus their limbs,  
Unmanac'd, display'd the truest 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  
Withdrew; they scatter'd on its water drugs  
Of such strange potency, that soon the shoals,  
Coop'd there by Nature prodigally kind,
Floated insubriate. As I gazed, a deer
Sprung from the bordering thickets; the true shaft
Scarce with the distant victim's blood had stain'd
Its point, when instantly he dropp'd and died,
Such deadly juice imbued it; yet on this
We made our meal unfinished; and I perceived
The wisest leech that ever in our world
Call'd herds 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 veil'd: innumerable tribes
From the wood-cover swarm'd, and darkness made
Their beauties visible; one while they stream'd
A bright blue radiance upon flowers which closed
Their gorgeous colors from the eye of day;
Now, motionless and dark, clouded search,
Self-shrouded; and anon, staring the sky,
Rose like a shower of fire.

Our friendly host
Now led us to the hut, our that night's home,
A rude and spacious dwelling: twisted boughs,
And cane, and withies formed the walls and roof;
And from the unhewn trunks which pillar'd it,
Low nets of interwoven reeds were hung.
With shouts of honor here they gather'd round me,
Ungarmented my limbs, and in a net
With so soft feathers lined, a pleasant couch,
They laid and kept me.

To our ships return'd,
After soft sojourn here, we coasted on,
Institute 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 elms vales,
Thy venerable oaks! — But there, what forms
Of beauty clothed the inlands and the shore!
All these in stateliest growth, and mixt with these
Dark spreading cedar, and the cypress tall,
Its pointed summit waving to the wind
Like a long beacon flame; and loveliest
Aimid a thousand strange and lovely shapes,
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 tresses 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 glitterance,
Flew 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 paint
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 shoot, — a trunk, — an arm
Came down: — yea! like a Demon's arm, it seiz'd
The waters; Ocean smoked beneath its touch,
And rose like dust before the whirlwind's force.
But we sail'd onward over tranquil seas,
Waft'd 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;
Yea, 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 at my feet. Such friendly tokens
As our short commerce with the native tribes
Had taught, I proffer'd, and sincerity
Gave force and meaning to the half-learnt 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 Linecoy 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 he shook
The lance, 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 my hand, and gave the shield,
And pointed south and west, that I should go
To conquer and protect; anon he went
Aloud, and clasp'd my knees, and falling, faint
He would have kiss'd my feet. Went we to shore?
Then would he labor restlessly to show
A better place lay onward; and in the sand
To south and west he drew the line of coast,
And figured how a mighty river there
Ran to the sea. The land bent 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 uncouth,
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,
New stretching wide and low, a recidy 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
Awaken'd; 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,
When which I see again in memory,
Star-gazing Idris's stupendous seat [haunts,
Seems dwarf'd, and Snowdon, with its eagle
Shirks, 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 food
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 ween'd, were children of a race
Mightier than they, and wiser, and by Heaven
Beloved and favor'd more: he came to give
Fit welcome, and he led us to the Queen.
The fate of war had reft her of her realm;
Yet with affection, and habitual awe,
And old remembrances, which gave their love
A deeper and religious character,
Fallen as she was, and humbled as they were,
Her faithful people still, in all they could,
Obe'y'd Erillyab. She, too, in her mind
Those recollections cherish'd, and such thoughts
As, though no hope ally'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 sat upon the threshold of her hut;
For in the palace where her sires 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 stone-axe
Had there grown green with moss, his bow-string
Sung as it cut the wind.

She welcom'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 [us
Grow wild, — she could have given to guests like
A worthier welcome. Soon a man approach'd,
Hooded with sable, his half-naked limbs
Smew'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 shriek'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 unsheath'd the avenging sword,
As he with passionate and eloquent signs,
Eye-speaking earnestness, and quivering lips,
Besought me to preserve himself, and those
Who now fell suppliant round me, — youths and
maids,
Gray-headed men, and mothers with their babes.

I caught the little victims up, I kiss'd
Their innocent checks, I raise'd 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 —
Impetuous feeling made no pause for thought.
Heaven heard the vow; the suppliant multitude
Saw what was stirring in my heart; the Priest,
With eye inflamed and rapid answer, raised
His menacing hand; the tone, the bitter smile,
Interpreting his threat.

Meanwhile the Queen,
With watchful eye and steady countenance,
Had listen'd; now she rose, and to the Priest
Address'd her speech. Low was her voice and
As one who spake with effort to subdue [calm,
Sorrow that struggled still; but while she spake,
Her features kindled to more majesty,
Her eye became more animte, her voice
Aloft 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 swear'd the previous gun as I drew nigh,  
And held the steaming fragrance forth to me,  
Honoring me like a god. They led me in,  
Where, on his throne, the royal Azteca  
Canoocotzin sat. Stranger, said he,  
Welcome; and be this coming to thy weal!  
A desperate warfare doth thy courage court;  
But thou shalt see the people and the power  
Whom thy debul'd 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 seemed, heewn out  
And squared by patient labor. 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.
To hear our speech, again did he renew
The query,— stranger! art thou more than man,
That thou shouldst set the power of man at nought?

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 travel'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 with 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 hand shall create thee,
And me, and all that hath the breath of life.
He is our strength;— for in His name I speak,
And when I tell thee that thou shalt not shed
The life of man in bloody sacrifice,
It is 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 Aztlan; thinkest thou they lack
Power to defend their altars, and to keep
The kingdom which they gave us strength to win?
The Gods of thirty nations have opposed
Their irresistible might, and they lie now
Conquer'd, and caged, and fetter'd at their feet.
That who we 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 reached a mace,
The trunk and knotted root of some young tree,
Such as old Albion and his monster-brood
From the oak-forest for their weapons pluck'd,
When father Brute and Corinæus set foot
On the White Island first. Lo this, quoth he,
My club! and he threw back his robe; and this
The arm that wields it!—'Twas my father's once:
Erillyph's husband, King Tepolloni,
He felt its weight.— Did I not show thee him?—
He lights me at my evening banquet. There,
In very deed, the dead Tepolloni
Stood up against the wall, by devilish art
Preserv'd; and from his black and shrivell'd hand
The steady lamp hang down.

My spirit rose
At that abomination; I exclaimed,
Thou art of noble nature, and full fam
Would I in friendship plight my hand 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 him not, is also thine,
And after death will be thy dreadful Judge,
May it please Him to visit thee, and shed
His mercy on thy soul!— But if thy heart
Be hardened to the proof, come when thou wilt!
I know thy power, and thou shalt then know mine.

VII.

THE BATTLE.

Now, then, to meet the war! Erillyph's call
Roused all her people to revenge their wrongs;
And at Lincuya's voice, the mountain tribes
Arose and broke their bondage. I, meantime,
Took counsel with Cadwallon and his sires,
And told them of the numbers we must meet,
And what advantage from the mountain-straits
I thought, as in the Saxon war, to win.
Thou saw'st their weapons then, Cadwallon said;
Are they like these rude works of ignorance,
Bone-headed shafts, and spears of wood, and shields
Strong only for such strife?
We had to cope
With wiser enemies, and abler arm'd.
What for the sword they wielded was a staff
Set thick with stones athwart; you would have deemed
The uncouth shape was cumbersome; but a hand
Expert, and practised to its use, could drive
The sharpen'd flints with deadly impulse down.
Their mail, if mail it may be call'd, was woven
Of vegetable down, like finest flax,
Bleach'd to the whiteness of the new-fallen snow,
To every bend and motion flexible,
Light as a warrior's summer-garb in peace;
Yet in that lightest, softest habergeon,
Harmless the sharp stone arrow-head would hang.
Others, of higher office, were array'd
In stately breastplates of more gorgeous hue
Than the gay plumage of the mountain cock,
Or pleasant 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-harden'd, 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
Hew, 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 havock.

O my son,
Exclaimed the blind old man, thou counsellest ill!
Blood will have blood, revenge beget revenge,
Evil must come of evil. We shall win,
Cerise, 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 grating steel
Shall shear its mortal way. But what are we
Against a nation? Other hosts will rise
In endless warfare, with perpetual fights
Dwindling 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 follow not the flying foe:
Then may ye win a nobler 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 wavering. 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 at Lincowy's call; a numerous host,
More than in numbers, in the memory
Of long oppression, and revengeful hope,
A formidable foe. I station'd them
Where, at the entrance of the rocky straits,
Secure themselves, their arrows might command
The coming army. On the plain below
We took our stand, between the mountain-base
And the green margin of the waters. Soon
Their long array came on. Oh, what a pomp,
And pride, and pageantry of war there was!
Not half so gaudied, for their May-day mirth,
All wreathed and ribanded, our youths and maids,
As these stern Aztecas in war attire!
The golden glitterance, and the feather mail,
More gay than glittering gold; and round the helm
A coronal of high, upstanding plumes,
Green as the spring grass in a sunny shower;
Or scarlet bright, as in the wintry wood
The cluster'd holly; or of purple tint,—
Whereeto shall that be liken'd? to what gem
Indiadem'd,—what flower,—what insect's wing?
With war-songs and wild music they came on;
We, the while kneeling, raised with one accord
The hymn of supplication.

Front to front,
And now the embattled armies stood: a band
Of priests, all sable-garmented, advanced;
They piled a heap of sedge before our host,
And war'd us,—Sons of Ocean! from the land
Of Aztlan, while ye may, depart in peace!
Before the fire shall be extinguish'd, hence!
Or, even as you dry sedge amid the flame,
So ye shall be consumed.—The arid heap
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 fled; it smote
Cadhwallon's plated breast; the brittle point
Rebounded. He, contemptuous of their faith,
Stoop'd for the shaft, and while with zealous speed
To the rescue they rushed onward, snapping it
Asunder, toss'd 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,
Or feather-mail, while Gwyneth's deep-driven
spear
Pierced to the bone and vitals: when they saw
The falchion, flashing late so lightning-like,
Quench'd in their own life-blood. Our moun-
taineers
Shower'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 chance, high Heaven ordaining so,
The King, who should have led his people forth,
At the army-head, as they began their march,
Was with sore sickness stricken; 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,
Tufted with many a cotton lock, proclaim'd
Of princely prowess many a fact achieved
In many a field of fame. Oft had he led
The Aztecas, with happy fortune, forth;
Yet could not now Yuhildithon inspire
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,
Sounded his signals shrill, and in the voice
Of loud reproach, and anger, and brave shame,
Call'd on the people. But when night laid
Seizing the standard from the timid hand
Which held it in dismay, alone he turn'd,
For honorable death resolved, and praise
That would not die. Thereat the braver chiefs
Rallied; anew their signals rung around;
And Aztlan, seeing how we spared her flight,
Took heart, and roll'd the tide of battle back.
But when Cadwallon from the chieflain's grasp
Had cut the standard-staff away, and stunn'd
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 Yuhildithon;
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,
Him, in his own despite, we seized and saved.

Then, in the moment of our victory,
We purified our hands from blood, and knelt,
And pour’d to Heaven the grateful prayer of praise,
And raised the choral psalm. Triumphant thus
To the hills we went our way; the mountaineers
With joy, and dissonant song, and antic dance;
The captives suddenly, decreeing that they went
To meet the certain death of sacrifice,
Yet stern and undismay’d. We bade them know
Ours was a law of mercy and of love;
We heal’d their wounds, and set the prisoners free.
Bear ye, quothe, my bidding to your King;
Say to him, Did the Stranger speak to thee
The words of truth, and hath he proved his power?
Thus saith the Lord of Ocean, in the name
Of God, Almighty, Universal God,
Thy Judge and mine, whose battles I have fought,
Whose bidding I obey, whose will I speak;
Shed thou no more in impious sacrifice
The life of man; restore unto the grave
The dead Tepollomi; set this people free,
And peace shall be between us.

On the morrow
Came messengers from Aztlan, in reply.
Conocotzin with sore malady
Hath, by the Gods, been stricken: will the Lord
Of Ocean visit his sick bed?—He told
Of wrath, and as he said, the vengeance came:
Let him bring healing now, and establish peace.

VIII.

THE PEACE.

Again, and now with better hope, I sought
The city of the King: there went with me
Iolo, old Iolo, he who knows
The virtue of all herbs of mount, or vale,
Or greenwood shade, or quiet brooklet’s bed;
Whatever lore of science, or of song,
Sages and Bards of old 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?
Conocotzin too had nursed that thought,
And the strong hope upheld him: he put forth
His hand, and raised a quick and anxious eye,—
Is it not peace and mercy?—thou art come
To pardon and to save!

I answer’d him—
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 withholds; 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
Full on the King, a sweet and natural sleep,
And from its healing he awoke refresh’d,
Though weak, and joyful as a man who felt
The peril past away.

Ere long we spoke
Of concord, and how best to knit the bonds
Of lasting friendship. When we won this land,
Conocotzin said, these fertile vales
Were not, as now, with fruitful groves embower’d,
Nor rich with towns and populous villages,
Abounding, as thou seest, with life and joy:
Our fathers found bleak heath, and desert moor,
Wild woodland, and savannahs wide and waste,
Rude country of rude dwellers. From our arms
They to the mountain fastnesses retired,
And long with obstinate and harassing war
Provoked us, hoping not for victory,
Yet mad for vengeance: till Tepollomi
Fell by my father’s hand; and with their King,
The strength and flower of all their youth cut off,
All in one desolating day, they took
The yoke upon their necks. What wouldst thou
That to these Hoa men I should now concede?
Lord of the Ocean, speak!

Quoth I. I come not from my native isle
To wage the war of conquest, and cast out
Your people from the land which time and toil
Have rightly made their own. The land is wide;
There is enough for all. So they be freed
From that accursed tribute, and ye shed
The life of man no more in sacrifice,
In the most holy name of God I say,
Let there be peace between us!

Thou hast won
Their liberty, the King replied; henceforth,
Free as they are, if they provoke the war,
Reluctantly will Aztlan raise her arm.
Be thou the peace-preserver. To what else
Thou say’st, instructed by calamity,
I lend a humble ear; but to destroy
The worship of my fathers, or abate
Or change one point, lies not within reach
And scope of kingly power. Speak thou hereon
With those whom we hold holy, with the sons
Of the Temple, they who commune with the Gods;
Awe them, for they are we. So we resolved
That when the bones of King Tepollomi
Had had their funeral honors, 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 honorable 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 blanch’d
With decent reverence. Soon the mountaineers
Saw the white deer-skin shroud; the rumor
spread;
They gather’d round, and followed in our train.
Before Erillyab's hut the bearers laid
Their burden down. She, calm of countenance,
And with dry eye, albeit her hand the while
Shook like an aguish limb, unrolled the shroud.
The multitude stood gazing silently,
The young and old alike all awed and hush'd
Under the holy feeling,—and the hush
Was awful; that huge multitude so still,
That we could hear distinct the mountain-stream
Roll down its rocky channel far away;
And this was all; sole ceremony this,
The sight of death and silence,— till at length,
In the ready grave his bones were laid to rest.
'Twas in her hut and home, yea, underneath
The marriage bed, the bed of widowhood.
Her husband's grave was dug; on softest fur
The bones were laid, with fur were covered o'er,
Then heaped 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,
Elders, and Priests, and Chiefs; the multitude
Around the Circle of the Council stood.
Then, in the midst, Cacnocotzin rose,
And thus the King began: Pabas, and Chiefs
Of Aztlan, hither ye are come to learn
The law of peace. The Lord of Ocean saith,
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 hath won
The Hoamen's freedom, that their blood no more
Shall on our altars flow: for this the Lord
Of Ocean fought, and Aztlan yielded it
In battle. But if we forego the rites
Of our forefathers, if we wrong the Gods,
Who give us timely sun and timely showers,
Their wrath will be upon us; they will shut
Their ears to prayer, and turn away the eyes
Which watch for our well-doing, and withhold
The hands dispensing our prosperity.

Cynthia then arose, between his son
And me supported, rose the blind old man.
Ye wrong us, men of Aztlan, if ye deem
We bid ye wrong the Gods; accurs'd were he
Who would obey such bidding,—more accurs'd
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,
Ipalmoemi, He by whom we live!
And we too, quoth Ayayaca, we know
And worship the Great Spirit, 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 Cynthia, is the same,
The Universal Father. He to the first
Made his will known; but when men multiplied,
The Evil Spirits darkened 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 bewildered Nations of the earth
Wander'd in fogs, and were in darkness lost,
The light abode with them; and when at times
They sinn'd, 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 redeem'd,
Should form one happy family of love.
Nor ever hath that light, how'er bedimmed,
Wholly been quenched; 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
Go with a willing step, to lay his life
Upon their altars? — Good must come of good,
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;
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 spake,
They stood with open mouth, and motionless sight,
Watching his countenance, as though the voice
Wore of a God; for sure it seem'd that less
Than inspiration could not have infused
That eloquent passion in a blind man's face.
And when he ceased, all eyes at once were turn'd
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 Azthun, 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 Azthun, 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.

Yuhidhiton, Chief of the Chiefs of Azthun, next arose.

Of all her numerous sons, could Azthun 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 ask'd of mine own heart if it were so, and, as he said, the living instinct there answer'd, and own'd the truth. In happy hour, O King of Azthun, 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 asent arose
From the whole people, a tumultuous shout
Of universal joy and glad acclaim.
But when Coanocotzin raised his hand,
That he might speak, the clamor and the buzz ceased, and the multitude, in tiptoe hope, attended and, still, awaited the final voice.

Then said the Sovereign, Hear, O Aztecas,
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 will'd;
And therefore it shall be!

The King hath said!

Like thunder the collected voice replied:
Let it be so!

Lord of the Ocean, then
Pursued the King of Azthun, we will now lay the war-weapon in the grave, and join in right-hand friendship. By our custom, blood should sanctify and bind the solemn act;
But by what oath and ceremony thou shalt proffer, by the same will Azthun swear.
Nor oath, nor ceremony, I replied,
O King, is needful. To his own good word
The good and honorable 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 ever again should these right hands be raised in enmity, upon the offender will his judgment fall.

The grave was dug; Coanocotzin laid his weapon in the earth; Erilidayab's son, Young Annahulta, 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. Thence have I come, Goervyl, to announce the tidings of my happy enterprise; there I return, to take thee to our home. I love my native land; with as true love as ever yet did warm a British heart, love I the green fields of the beautiful Isle, My father's heritage! But far away, where nature's hoarier hand has bless'd the earth, my lot hath been assign'd; beyond the seas Madoc hath found his home; beyond the seas a country for his children hath he chosen, a land wherein their portion may be peace.

IX.

EMMA.

But while Aberfraw echoed to the sounds of merriment and music, Madoc's heart mourn'd for his brethren. Therefore, when no ease was nigh, he sought the King, and said to him, to-morrow, for Mathraval I set forth; longer I must not linger here, to pass the easy hours in feast and revelry, forgetful of my people far away. I go to tell the tidings of success, and seek new comrades. What if it should chance that, for this enterprise, our brethren, foregoing all their hopes and fortunes here, would join my banner?—let me send abroad their summons, O my brother! so, secure, you may forgive the past, and once again will peace and concord bless our father's house.

Hereafter will be time enough for this,
The King replied; thy easy nature sees not, how, if the traitors for thy banner send their bidding round, in open war against me, their own would soon be spread. I charge thee, Madoc, neither to see nor aid these fugitives, the shame of Owen's blood.

Sullen he spake, and turn'd away; nor further 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
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 Goervyl, 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  
Fled to the check of Emma, and her eye,  
Quickening with wonder, turn'd toward the Prince,  
As if expecting that his manly mind  
Would mould Goervyl'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 kingcraft, which, in marriage-vows  
Linking two hearts, unknowning each of each,  
Perverts the ordinance of God, and makes  
The holiest tie a mockery and a curse.  
Her eye was patient, and she spake in tones  
So sweet, and of so pensive gentleness,  
That the heart felt them. Madoc! she exclaimed,  
Why dost thou hate the Saxons? O my brother,  
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, [ven!  
And from the vengeance they must call from Hea-

Shame 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 been  
The scourge and the devouring sword of God,  
The curse and pestilence which he hath sent  
To root us from the land? Alas, our crimes  
Have drawn this dolorous visitation down!  
Our sun hath long been westering; 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. — If the King  
Should ever speak his fears, (and sure to you  
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 genus  
Of virtue would have budded in his heart,  
Cold winds have check'd, and blighting seasons  
Nip'd,

Yet in his heart they live. — A blessing on you,  
That you may see their blossom and their fruit!

X.

MATTHRAVAL.

Now for Mathraval went Prince Madoc forth;  
O'er Menai's ebbing tide, up mountain-paths,  
Beside gray mountain-stream, and lonely lake,  
And through old Snowdon's forest-solitude,  
He held right on his solitary way;  
Nor paused he in that rocky vale, where oft  
Up the familiar path, with gladder pace,  
His steed had hasted to the well-known door,—  
That valley, o'er whose crags, and sprinkled trees,  
And winding stream, so oft his eye had loved  
To linger, gazing, as the eave grew dim,  
From Dolwyddelan's Tower; — alas! from thence,  
As from his brother's monument, he turn'd  
A loathing eye, and through the rocky vale  
Sped on. From morn till noon, from noon till eve,  
He travelled on his way; and when at morn  
Again the Ocean Chief bestrode his steed,  
The heights of Snowdon on his backward glance  
Hung like a cloud in heaven. O'er heath, and hill,  
And barren height he rode; and darker now,  
In loftier majesty, thy mountain-seat,  
Star-loving Idris, rose. Nor turn'd he now  
Beside Kregennan, where his infant feet  
Had trod Ednywain's hall; nor loitered he  
In the green vales of Powys, till he came  
Where Warnway rolls its waters underneath  
Ancient Mathraval's venerable walls,  
Cyveilioc's princely and paternal seat.

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  
[late  
Play'd o'er the reddening steel. The Chiefs, who  
So well had wielded in the work of war  
Those weapons, sat 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 Hirlas Horn! to Gruffydd bear  
Its frothy beverage,— from his crimson lance  
The invader fled;—fill high the gold-tipp'd Horn!  
Heard ye in Maelor the step of war?  
The hastening slant—the onset?—Did ye hear  
The clash and clang of arms—the battle-din,  
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 Tudry's hand,  
Eagle of battle! For Moreiddig fill  
The honorable 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 mournful song to me, a song of woe! —  
Brave Brethren! for their honor brim the cup,  
Which they shall quaff no more.

We drove away  
The strangers from our land; profuse of life,  
Our warriors rush'd to battle, and the Sun  
Saw from his noontide fields their manly strife.  
Pour thou the flowing mead! Cup-bearer, fill  
The Hirlas! for hadst thou beheld the day  
Of Llidosm, thou hast known how well the Chiefs  
Deserve this honor now. Cyveiloie'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 rush-strown floor  Madoc advanced.  
Cyveiloie'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 honorable 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  Undaunted, till upon another World  The Lord and Conqueror of the Elements,  He set his foot triumphant! Fill for him  The Hirlas! fill the honorable Horn!  This for Mathraval is a happy hour,  When Madoc, her hereditary guest,  Appears within her honor'd walls again,  Madoc, the British Prince, the Ocean Lord,  Who never for injustice rear'd his arm;  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  Cyveiloie's floor!  
He sprung 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 honor, and they fill'd for him  The Hirlas Horn. Cyveiloie and his Chiefs,  All eagerly, with wonder-waiting eyes,  Look to the Wanderer of the Water's tale,  Nor mean the joy which kindled Madoc's brow;  When as 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, Madoc, at a happy time  Thou hast toward Mathraval bent thy way;  For on the morrow, in the eye of light,  Our bards will hold their congress. Seekst thou  Comrades 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 talk'd, of common toils, and fields of war,  Where they fought side by side; of Corwen'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  Wan'd 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 Maelor,  In princely arms, but in his nobler robe,  The sky-blue mantle of the Bard, arrayed,  So for the place of meeting they set forth;  And now they reached 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, and rue, and funeral rosemary.  Here Madoc paused. The morn is young, quoth he;  A little while to old remembrance given  Will not belate us. — Many a year hath fled,  Cyveiloie, since you led me here, and told  The legend of the Saint. Come! — be not loath!  We will not loiter long. — So soon to mount  The bark, which will forever 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 Cyveiloie through the church-yard porch,  To the rude image of Saint Monacel.  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 poet 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 sat
Upon the jutting root of this old yeugh —
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. Sculptured above,
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.

Cyveilloe took him by the hand: For this,
Madoc, was I so loath to enter here!
He sought the sanctuary, but close upon him
The murderers follow'd, and by yonder copse
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 favorite boy.
For thy sake and his own, it was my hope
That at Mathravell 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 bordered with trees nor broken by the plough,
Remote from human dwellings and the stir
Of human life, and open to the breath
And to the eye of Heaven. In days of old,
There had the circling stones been planted; there,
From earliest ages, the primeval lore,
[down.
Through Bard to Bard with reverence handed
They whom to wonder, or the love of song,
Or reverence of their fathers' ancient rites,
Drew thither, stood without the ring of stones.
Cyveilloe entered to the initiate Bards,
Himself, albeit his hands were stained with war,
Initiate; for the Order, in the lapse
Of years and in their nation's long decline
From the first rigor of their purity
Somewhat had fallen. The Masters of the Song
Were clad in azure robes, for in that hue
Deduced from Heaven, which o'er a sinful world
Spread its eternal canopy serene,
Meet emblems 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 hand, the Bards of Britain stood,
Their heads in reverence bare, and bare of foot.
A deathless brotherhood! Cyveilioe there,
Lord of the Hirlas; Llyware there was seen,
And old Cynddicklow, 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 reminiscences,
And thoughts from which was no escape, arose:
He was not there to whose sweet lay, so oft,
With all a brother's fond delight, he loved
To listen, — Heol 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 Cynddicklow's face, which he had learnt
In childhood; and old age hath 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 Llyware's lay should give
His future fame; his spirit, on the past
Brooding, beheld with no forefeeling joy
The rising sons of song, who there essay'd
Their eagle flight. But there, among the youth
In the green vesture of their earliest rank,
Or with the aspirants clad in motley garb,
Young Benvaras stood; and, one whose favored race
Heaven with the hereditary power had blest,
The old Gwalluelgan'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.

There, in the eye
Of light, and in the face of day, the rites
Began. Upon the Stone of Covenant
First, the sheathed sword was laid; the Master then
Upraised 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 honorable name. With that,
Heirs and transmitters of the ancient light,
The youths advanced; they heard the Cimbric lore,
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 darkened with its down, his flaxen locks  
Wreathed in contracting ringlets warping low;  
Bright were his large blue eyes, and kindled now  
With that same passion that inflamed his cheek;  
Yet in his countenance there was the sickness  
Which thought and feeling leave, wearing away  
The hue of youth. Inclining on his harp,  
He, while his comrades in probation song  
Approved their claim, stood hearkening, as it  
And yet like unintelligible sounds [seem'd,  
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 dreary 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 Bards,  
Old Merlin, master of the mystic lore?  
Belike his crystal Ark, instinct with life,  
Obedient to the mighty Master, reach'd  
The land of the Departed; there, belike,  
They in the clime of immortality,  
Themselvess immortal, drink the gales of bliss,  
Which o'er Flatinnis breathe eternal spring,  
Blending whatever odors make the gale  
Of evening sweet, whatever melody [halls,  
Charms the wood-traveller. In their high-roof'd  
There, 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 bower's  
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  
Forever sail'd away. Again they launch  
Their vessels to the deep. — Who mounts the bark?  
The son of Owen, the beloved Prince,  
Who never for injustice rear'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 thro'b of pride, to hear  
Our old illustrious annals; who was taught  
To lisp the fame of Arthur, to revere  
Great Caractacus's unconquer'd soul, and call  
That gallant Chief his countrman, 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  
Couldever 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 fathers' 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 linger'd long  
The look expectant; forward sprung the Prince,  
And gave to Caradoc the right-hand pledge,  
And for the comrade of his enterprise,  
With joyful welcome, hail'd the joyful Bard.

Nor needed now the Searcher of the Sea  
Announce his enterprise, by Caradoc  
In song announced so well; from man to man  
The busy murm' and spread, while from the Stone  
Of Cevenaut the sword was taken up,  
And from the Circle of the Ceremony  
The bards went forth, their meeting now fulfill'd.  
The multitude, unheedling all beside,  
Of Madoc and his noble enterprise  
Held stirring converse on their homeward way,  
And spread abroad the tidings of a Land,  
Where Plenty dwelt with Liberty and Peace.

DINAEWWR.

So in the court of Powys pleasantly,  
With hawk and bow and field, 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 Dinewawr  
He bent his way, whence many a time with Rhys  
Had he gone forth to smite the Saxon foe.  
The Son of Owen greets his father's friend  
With reverential joy; nor did the Lord  
Of Dinewawr with cold or deaden'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 Dinevawr between his knees
Vow homage; yea, the Lord of Dinevawr
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
Alone along the Towy's winding shore.
The beavers in its bank had hollow'd out
Their social place of dwelling, and had damm'd
The summer-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, deeper driven,
Still held their place, the eddying waters whirld.
Now in those habitations desolate
One sole survivor dwelt: him Madoc saw,
Laboring 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 man
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 rooks, who overhead
Wing'd their long line; for fragrance of sweet flowers,
Only the odor of the autumnal leaves;—
All sights and sounds of sadness—And the place
To that despondent mood was ministrant;—
Among the hills of Gwyneth, and its wilds,
And mountain glens, perforce he cherish'd still
The hope of mountain liberty; they brazed
And knit the heart and arm of hardihood;—
But here, in these green meads, by these low slopes
And hanging groves, attemp'red 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 fell 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!
I am a wanderer in my father's land,
Hoel he kill'd, and Yorwerth hath he slain;
Llewelyn hath not where to hide his head
In his own kingdom; Rodri is in chains;—
Let me go with thee, Madoc, to some land
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.

The Lord
Of Ocean struggled with his swelling heart.
Let me go with thee?—but thou didst 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 to his Saxon yoke!—I urged him thus,
Curb'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 Dinevawr,—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,
O King, he cried; thouwert 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 Dinevawr!
And rising as he spake, he pledged his hand
In hospitality. — How now! quoth he;
This raiment ill beseems the princely son
Of Owen!—Ririd at his words was led
Apart; they wash'd his feet; they gave to him
Fine linen, as besmack'd his royal race,
The tunic of soft texture worn well,
The broider'd girdle, the broad mantle edged
With fur and flowing low, the bonnet last,
Form'd of some forest martin's costly spoils.
The Lord of Dinevawr sat at the dice
With Madoc, when he saw him, thus array'd,
Returning to the hall. Ay! this is well!
The noble Chief exclaim'd; 'tis as of yore,
When in Aberfraw, at his father's board,
We sat together, after we had won
Peace and rejoicing with our own right hands,
By Corwen, where, conni'm'd 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 honor'd me like this! David respects
De libcubarth's strength, nor would respect 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-starr'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 render’d him
A hot and hasty answer, and hath waited,
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-Enion was it, who was charged
From Gwynneth to Dechenbarth — a brave man,
Of copious speech. He told the royal son
Of Gryffid, the descendant of the line
Of Rhys’s, Tudywr mawr, that he came there
From David, son of Owen, of the stock
Of kingy Cynan. I am sent, said he,
With friendly greeting; and as I receive
Welcome and honor, so, in David’s name,
Am I to thank the Lord of Dinewarw.

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, peradventure, would with no such bounty
Cherish a northern suppliant. This they urged,
I know not if from memory of old feuds,
Better forgotten, or in envy. Moved
Hereby, King David swore he would not rest
Till he had put the question to the proof,
Whether with liberal honor the lord Rhys
Would greet his messenger; but none was found
Of all who had instill’d 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 Dinewarw.

Well! quoth the Chief, Goagan of Powys-land,
This honorable welcome that thou seest,
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 studs. — I double thee the marks,
And give the raiment threefold. 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 Rind. Tell the King,
That thus it is Lord Rhys of Dinewarw
Delighteth to do honor to the sons
Of Owen, of his old and honor’d friend.
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 ancestors
Were mouldering, 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 son,
It shall be so!  said he; and thou shalt be
Remember'd in the prayer: nor then alone;
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 ewer;
The place of honor to the Prince is given,
The Abbot's right-hand guest; the viands smoke,
The horn of ale goes round; and now, the cates
Removed, for days of festival reserved;
Comes choicer beverage, clary, hippocras,
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 called Prince Madoc out,
To speak with one, he said, who from the land
Had sought him and required his private ear.
Madoc in the moonlight met him: in his hand
The stripling held an oar, and on his back,
Like a broad shield, the coracle was hung.
Uncle!  he cried, and with a gush of tears,
Sprung to the glad embrace.

O my brave boy!
Llewelyn! my dear boy! with stifled voice,
And interrupted uttersauce, Madoc cried;
And many times he clasp'd him to his breast,
And many times drew back and gazed upon him,
Wiping the tears away which dimm'd the sight,
And told him how his heart had yearned for him,
As with a father's love, and bade him now
Forsake his lonely haunts, and come with him,
And sail beyond the seas, and share his fate.

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 these 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, and what hope
Thou hast to bear thee up? Why goest thou not
To thy dear father's friend in Powys-land?
There at Mathraval would Cyvelloc give
A kinsman's welcome; or at Dinefwr,
The guest of honor shouldst thou be with Rhys;
And he belike from David might obtain
Some recompense, though poor.

What recompense? Exclaim'd Llewelyn; what hath he to give,
But life for life? and what have I to claim
But vengeance, and my father Yorwrth's throne?
If with swift short of this my soul could rest,
Would I not through the wide world follow thee,
Dear Uncle! and fare with thee, well or ill,
And shew to thine 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 not be! lo, yonder
My native mountains, and how beautiful
They rest in the moonlight! I was nurs'd among them;
They saw my sports in childhood, they have seen
My sorrows, they have saved me in the hour
Of danger;—I have vowed, that as they were
My cradle, they shall be my monument!—
But we shall meet again, and thou wilt find me,
When next thou visitest thy native Isle,
King in Aberfraw!

Never more, Llewelyn,
Madoc replied, shall I behold the shores
Of Britain, nor will ever tale of me
Reach the Green Isle again. With fearful care
I choose my little company, and leave
No traces of our path, where Violence,
And bloody Zeal, and bloodier Avarice,
Might find their blasting way.

If it be so,—
And wise is thy resolve,—the youth replied,
Thou wilt 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 clasp'd him, with a silent agony,—
Then launch'd his coracle, and took his way
A lonely traveller on the moonlight sea.

XIV.

LLAIAIN.

Now hath Prince Madoc left the holy Isle,
And homeward to Aberfraw, through the wilds
Of Arvon, bent his course. A little way
He turn'd aside, by natural impulses
Moved, to behold Cadwallon's lonely hut
That lonely dwelling stood among the hills,
By a gray mountain-stream; just elevate
Above the winter torrents did it stand,
Upon a raggy bank; an orchard slope
Arose behind, and joyous was the scene
In early summer, when those antic trees
Shone with their blushing blossoms, and the flax
Twinkled beneath the breeze its liveliest green.
But save the flax-field and that orchard slope,
All else was desolate; and now it were
One sober hue; the narrow vale, which wound
Among the hills, was gray with rocks, that peer'd
Above its shallow soil; the mountain side
Was loose with stones bestrown, which oftentimes
Clattered adown the steep, beneath the foot
Of struggling goat dislodged; or tower'd with crags,
One day when winter's work hath loosen'd them,
To thunder down. All things assorted well
With that gray mountain hut; the low stone lines,
Which scarcely seem'd to be the work of man,
The dwelling rudely rear'd with stones unheown,
The stubble flax, the crooked apple-trees
Gray with their fleecy moss and mistletoe,
The white-bark'd birch, now leafless, and the ash,
Whose knotted roots were like the rifted rock,
Through which they forced their way. Adown the vale,
Broken by stones, and o'er a stony bed,
Roll'd the loud mountain-stream.

When Madoc came,
A little child was sporting by the brook,
Floating the fallen leaves, that he might see them
Whirl in the eddy now, and now be driven
Down the descent, now on the smoother stream
Sail onward far away. But when he heard
The horse's tramp, he raised his head and watch'd
The Prince, who now dismounted and drew nigh.
The little boy still fix'd his eyes on him,
His bright blue eyes; the wind just moved the curds
That cluster'd round his brow; and so he stood,
His rosy cheeks still lifted up to gaze
In innocent wonder. Madoc took his hand,
And now had ask'd his name, and if he dwelt
There in the hut, when from that cottage-door
A woman came, who, seeing Madoc, stopp'd
With such a fear,—for she had cause for fear,—
As when a bird, returning to her nest,
Turns to a tree beside, if she beheld
Some prying boy too near the dear retreat.
Howbeit, advancing soon, she now approach'd
The approaching Prince, and timidly inquired,
If on his wayfare he had lost the track,
That thither he had strayed. Not so, replied
The gentle Prince; but having known this place,
And its old habitants, I came once more
To see the lonely hut among the hills.
Hath it been long your dwelling?

Some few years,
Here we have dwelt, quoth she, my child and I.
Will it please you enter, and partake such fare
As we can give? Still timidly she spoke,
But gathering courage from the gentle mien
Of him with whom she conversed. Madoc thank'd
Her friendly proffer, and toward the hut
They went, and in his arms he took the boy.
Who is his father? said the Prince, but wish'd
The word unutter'd; for thereat her cheek
Was flush'd with sudden heat and manifest pain;
And she replied, He perish'd in the war.

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 dye
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, overworn 
[years! With toil, and sorrow, and sickness — three long
'Twas when the battle had been waged hard by,
Upon the plains of Arvon.

She grew pale,
Suddenly pale; and seeing that he mark'd
The change, she told him, with a feebler voice,
That was the fatal fight which widow'd her.

O Christ, cried 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 heap'd —
Ay, like ripe corn within the reaper's reach,
Strown round the bloody spot where Hoel lay;
Brave as he was, himself cut down at last,
Oppress'd by numbers, gash'd with wounds, yet still
Clinching 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 know
Prince Hoel?

She replied, Oh, no! my lot
Was humble, and my loss a humble one;
Yet was it all to me! They say, quoth she,—
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
There is a hawthorn grows beside the place,
A solitary tree, nipp'd by the winds,
That it doth seem a fitting monument
For one untimely slain. — But wherefore dwell 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 lea'd 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 gray,
And thou shalt bear me to the dear white walls.
I love the white walls by the verdant bank,
That glitter in the sun, where Bashfulness
 Watches the silver sea-mew sail along.
I love that glittering dwelling, where we hear
The ever-sounding billows; for there dwells
The shapely Maiden, fair as the sea-spray,
Her cheek as lovely as the apple flower,
Or summer evening's glow. I pine for her;
In crowded halls my spirit is with her;
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 spurn 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 stoop'd and kiss'd
The boy, who still was leaning on his knee,
Already 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 she fell,
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 the Prince
Gazed on the child, trac'ing intently there
His brother's lines; and now he caught him up,
And kiss'd his cheek, and gazed again till all
Was dim and dizzy,— then blest God, and vow'd
That he should never need a father's love.
At length, when copious tears had now relieved
Her burden’d heart, and many a broken speech
In tears had died away, O Prince, she cried,
Long hath it been my dearest prayer to Heaven,
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 it hath waken’d misery in me
To think I could not as a sister claim
Thy love! and therefore was it that till now
Thou knew’st 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 Lliaian: by the chance of war I fell
Into his power, when all my family
Had been cut off, all in one hour of blood.
He saved me from the ruffian’s hand, he sooth’d,
With tenderest care, my sorrow.— You can tell
How gentle he could be, and how his eyes,
So full of life and kindness, could win
All hearts to love him. Madoc, I was young;
I had no living friend; — and when I gave
This infant to his arms, when with such joy
He view’d it o’er and o’er again, and press’d
A father’s kiss upon its cheek, and turn’d
To me, and made me feel more deeply yet
A mother’s deep delight,— oh! I was proud
To think my child in after years should say, “Prince Hoel was my father!”
Thus I dwelt
In the white dwelling by the verdant bank,—
Though not without my melancholy hours,—
Happy. The joy it was when I beheld
His steed of shining gray come hastening on,
Across the yellow sand! — Ah! erc 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,
Nor 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 spoke
Of David and my fears, he smiled upon me;
But ’twas a smile that came not from the heart,—
A most ill-boding smile! — O Madoc! Madoc!
You know not with what misery I saw,
His parting steps,— with what a dreadful hope
I watch’d for tiding! — 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 learn’d
to bound my wishes here. The carkanet,
The emboider’d girdle, and what other gauds
Were once my vain adornments, soon were changed
For things of profit, goats and bees, and this,
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.

Often I grieved,
To think the son of Hoel should grow up
In this unworthy state of poverty;
Till Time, who softens all regrets, had worn
That vain regret away, and I became
Humbly resign’d to God’s unerring will.
To him I look’d for healing, and he pour’d
His balm into my wounds. I never form’d
A prayer for more,— and lo! the happiness
Which he hath, of his mercy, sent me now!

—

THE EXCOMMUNICATION.

Os Madoc’s docile courser Lliaian sits,
Holding her joyful boy; the Prince beside
Paces about, and, like a gentle Squire,
Leads her loose bridle; from the saddle-bow
His shield and helmet hang, and with the lance,
Staff-like, he stay’d his steps. Before the sun
Had climb’d his southern eminence, they left
The mountain-keats; and hard by Bangor now,
Traveling the plain before them they espay
A lordly cavalcade, for so it seem’d;
Of knights, with hawk in hand, and hounds in leash,
Squires, pages, serving-men, and armed grooms,
And many a sumpter-beast and laden wain,
Far following in their rear. The bravery
Of glittering baudricks and of high-plumed crests,
Emboider’d surcoats and emblazon’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,
Accorded with the joy.

What have we here?
Quoth Madoc then to one who stood beside
The threshold of his osier-woven hut.
’Tis the great Saxon Prelate, he return’d,
Come hither for some end, I wis not what,
Only be sure no good! — How stands the tide?
Said Madoc; can we pass? — ’Tis even at 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 commun'd of the days
Ere ever Saxen set his hateful foot
Upon the beautiful Isle.

As so they sat,
The bells of the Cathedral rung abroad
Unusual summons. What is this? exclam'd
Prince Madoc; let us see! — Forthwith they went,
He and his host, their way. They found the rites
Began; the mitred Baldwin, in his hand
Holding a taper, at the altar stood.
Let him be cursed! — were the words which first
Assail'd their ears, — living and dead, in limb
And life, in soul and body, be he curs'd
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 Friends is left
In unprotected earth, then let his soul
Be quench'd in hell!

He dash'd it upon the floor
His taper down, and all the ministering Priests
Extinguished each his light, to consummate
The imprecation.

Whom is it ye curse,
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
Dare 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
Disdiner of the Prince of Powys-land,
Lo! here stand I, Prince Madoc, who will make
That shandeous wretch cry craven in the dust,
And eat his lying words!

Be temperate!
Quoth one of Baldwin's Priests, who, Briton born,
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.

This holy badge, whether in godless scorn,
Or for the natural blindness of his heart,
Cyveilloc hath refused; thereby incurring
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 enterprise, which, lest it rob
Judea of one single Christian arm,
We do condemn as sinful. Follow thou
The banner of the church to Palestine;
So shalt 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.

At that,
Scorn 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 sire's
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, in 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 topsail for the breath
Of all his maledictions!

Saying thus,
He turn'd away, lest further speech might call
Further reply, and kindle further wrath,
More easy to avoid than to alloy.
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 hadsettled, 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
Hear to the end! Thou know'st that, in his life,
Becket did excommunicate thy sire
For his unlawful marriage; but the King,
Feeling no sin in conscience, heeded not
The inefficient censure. Now, when Baldwin
Beheld his monument to-day, impell'd,
As we do think, by anger against thee,
He swore that, even as Owen in his deeds
Disowned the Church when living, even so
The Church disowned him dead, and that his corpse
No longer should be suffer'd to pollute
The Sanctuary. — Be patient, I beseech,
And hear me out. Gerald, at this, who felt
A natural horror, sought — as best he knew
The haughty Primate's temper — to dissuade
By polite argument, and chiefly urged
The quick and fiery nature of our nation,—
How, at the sight of such indignity,
They would arise in arms, and limb from limb
Tear piecemeal him and all his company.
So far did this prevail, that he will now
Commit the deed in secret; and, this night,
Thy father's body from its resting-place,
O Madoc! shall he torn, and cast aside
In some unhallowed 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 sacrilege
I should appear among them?

It were well;
The Monk replied, if, at a sight like that,
Thou coust withheld thy hand.

Oh, fear me not!
Good and true friend, said Madoc. I am calm,
And calm as thou holdest me will prove
In word and action. Quick I am to feel
Light ill,—perhaps o'er-hasty: summer gnats,
Finding my cheek ungirded, 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 new
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.

At the western porch,
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!

Then Madoc took
His host aside, and in his private ear
Told him the purport, and wherein his help
Was needed. Night came on; the hearth was
heap'd;
The women went to rest. They twain, the while,
Sat at the board, and while the unstasted bowl
Stood by them, watch'd the glass whose falling sands
Told out the weary hours. The hour is come;
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 wrench'd the iron cramps,
When sudden interruption startled them.
And chad in complete mail from head to foot,
They saw the Prince come in. Their tapers
Upon his visage, as he wore his helm [glean'd
Open; and when in that pale countenance,—
For the strong feeling blanch'd his cheek,—they
His father's living lineaments, a fear [saw
Like awe 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 ex-
claim'd,
As now they would have fled;—stir not a man,—
Or if I once put breath into this horn,
All Wales will hear, as it 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 seized the crucifix,
And held it forth to Madoc, and cried out,
He who strikes me, strikes Him; forbear, on pain
Of endless

Peace! quoth Madoc, and profane not
The holy Cross, with those polluted hands
Of midnight sacrilege!—Peace! I harm thee
not,—
Be wise, and thou art safe. —For thee, thou know'st,
Prior, that if thy treason were divulged,
David would hang thee on thy stoolc top,
To feed the steeple daws. Obey and live!
Go, bring fine linen and a coffer meet
To bear these relics; and do ye, meanwhile,
Procede 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 gums and spicce
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 coffer, and with cloth
At head and foot filled every interval,
And press'd 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 mine 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. Llian there receives
Sisterly greeting from the royal maid,
Who, while she temper's 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 inquired.
Nay, brother, quoth Goerffryd, ask thou that
Of Urien;—it hath been his sole employ
Daily from cock-crow until even-song,
That he 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 reproof.
There, Madoc, pointing to the shore, he cried,
There are they moor'd; six gallant bars, as trim
And worthy of the sea as ever yet
Gave canvass 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 be no delay. I should depart
Without one wish that fingers, could we bear
Ririd from hence, 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 complains 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 Dineawr
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 hail is open!

Then the King
Replied, I told thee, Madoc, thy request
Displeased me heretofore; I warn'd thee too,
To shun the rebel; yet my messenger
Tells me, the guests at Dineawr who sat
At board with Rhys, and drank of his own cup,
Were Madoc and Lord Ririd. — Was this well,
This open disobedience to my will,
And my express command?

Madoc subdu'd
His rising wrath. If I should tell thee, Sire,
He answered, 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 birth-right!—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, shall never thrust me from the throne,
Which this right arm in battle hardly won.
There must he lie till nature set him free,
And so deliver both. Trespass no more!

A little yet bear with me, Madoc cried.
I leave this land forever: let me first
Behold my brother Rodri, lest he think
My summer love be withered, and in wrath
Remember me hereafter.

Leave me, Madoc!
Speedily, ere indulgence grow a fault,
Exclaim'd the Monarch. Do not tempt my wrath!
Thou know'st me!

Ay! the Ocean Prince replied,
I know thee, David, and I pity thee,
Thou poor, suspicious, miserable man!
Friend hast thou none except thy country's foe,
That hateful Saxon, he whose bloody hand
Pluck'd out thy brethren's eyes; and for thy kin,
Them last thou made thy perilous enemies.
What if the Lion Rodri were abroad?
What if Llewelyn's banner were display'd?
The sword of England could not save thee then.
Frown not, and menace not! for what am I,
That I should fear thine anger? — And with that
He turn'd indignant from the wrathful king.

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 Goerffryd's chamber made his way,
And caught the hem of her garment, and ex-
claim'd,
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,
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
swollen,
And cheek defiled with tears, and though his voice
Came chok'd by grief, yet to that earnest eye
And supplicating voice so musical,
It had not been easy to refuse
The boon he begg'd. I cannot grant thy suit,
Goervyl cried, but I can aid it, boy!—
Go ask of Madoc!— And herself arose,
And led him where her brother on the shore
That day the last embarkment oversaw.
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 favor, lightly gave the yes.

Where wert thou, Caradoc, 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
Thy wounded heart, and thou hast voyaged on,
The happiest man that ever yet forsook
His native country! He, on board the bark,
Lean'd o'er the vessel-side, and there he stood
And gazed, almost unconsciously that he gazed,
Toward you distant mountains where she dwelt,
Senena, his beloved. Caradoc,
Senena, thy beloved, is at hand!
Her golden locks are clipp'd, and her blue eye
Is wandering through the throng in search of thee,
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 escaped
The unnatural union; she is 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, beeves, and flocks, and water all aboard;
The dry East blows, and not a sign of change
Stains the clear firmament. The Sea Lord sat
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 Guienne 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 Mona's dragon sons,
By wary patience baffled long his force,
Winning slow Fanmine to their aid, and help'd
By the angry Elements, and Sickness sent
From Heaven, and Fear that of its vigor 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 heighten'd to intenser 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 stretchen'd
His hand toward the ocean, and exclaim'd,
To-morrow over you 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 prospers on the dead! — The Saxon King,
Think not I wrong him now; — an hour like this
Hath soften'd 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,
Wearied by suffering, and driven desperate,
Should lift the sword, or young Llewelyn raise
His banner, and demand his father's throne,—
Were it not trusting to a broken reed,
To lean on England's aid? — I urge thee not
For answer now; but sometimes, O my brother!
Sometimes recall to mind my parting words,
As 'twere the death-bed counsel of the friend
Who loved thee best!

The affection of his voice, So mild and solemn, soften'd David's heart;
He saw his brother's eyes, suffused with tears,
Shine in the moonbeam as he spake; the King
Remembered his departure, and he felt
Feelings which long from his distempered breast
Ambition had expell'd: 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 thoughts,
As might, if Heaven had will'd it, have matured
To penitence and peace.

The day is come;
The adventurers in Saint Cybi's holy fame
Hear the last mass, and, all assoil'd of sin,
Partake the bread of Christian fellowship.
Then, as the Priest his benediction gave,
They kneel'd, in such an awful stillness hush'd,
As with yet more oppression seem'd to load
The burden'd heart. At times, and half suppress'd,
Womanly sobs were heard, and many checks
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-nakes,
Curling aloft; the waves are gay with boats,
Firmance, 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, valor, virtue, reverend age;
Some led by love of noble enterprise,
Others, who, desperate of their country's weal,
Fly from the impending yoke; all warm alike
With confidence and high heroic hope,
And all in one fraternal bond conjoint
By reverence to their Chief, the best beloved
That ever yet on hopeful enterprise
Led gallant army forth.  He, even now
Lord of himself, by faith in God and love
To man, subdues the feeling of this hour,
The bitterness 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
Rodri from prison, meaning that with thee
He should depart in peace; but he was gone,
This very night he had escaped!—Percyance—
As I do hope — it was thy doing, Madoc?
Is he abroad the fleet?

I would he were!—Madoc replied; with what a lighten'd heart
Then should I sail away!  Rigid is there
Alone — alas! that this was done so late!

Reproach me not! half sullenly the King,
Answering, exclaim'd; Madoc, reproach me not!
Thou know'st how hardly I attain'd the throne;
And is it strange that I should guard with fear
The precious prize?—Now — when I would have taken
Thy counsel — be the evil on his head!
Blame me not now, my brother, lest sometimes
I call again to mind thy parting words
In sorrow!

God be with thee! Madoc cried;
And if at times the harshness of a heart,
Too prone to wrath, have wrong'd thee, let these tears
Efface all faults.  I leave thee, O my brother,
With all a brother's feelings!

So he said,
And grasp'd, with trembling tenderness, his hand,
Then calm'd himself, and moved toward the boat.
Emma, though tears would have their way and sighs
Would swell, suppressing still all words of woe,
Follow'd Goervyl to the extremest shore
But then as on the plank the maid sat foot,
Did Emma, staying her by the hand, pluck out
The crucifix, which next her heart she wore
In reverence to its relic, and she cried,
Yet, ere we part, change with me, dear Goervyl,—
Dear sister, loved too well, or lost too soon! —

I shall betake me often to my prayers,
Never in them, Goervyl, of thy name
Unmindful;—thou too wilt remember me
Still in thine orisons;—but God foreordain
That ever misery should make thee find
This Cross thy only comforter!

She said,
And kiss'd the holy pledge, as each to each
Transfer'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'd a kiss on Emma's lips, and left
His tears upon her cheek.  With dizzy 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 dim
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 boat
Rock on the heaving waves; and Libian 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 oar
Speed forward to the fleet; and now, arrived
Beside the Chieftain's vessel, one inquires
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 comrade's countenance,—
A meagre man, severe of brow, his eye
Stern.  Thou dost view me, Madoc, he exclaim'd.
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 enterprise;—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
The house of bondage, and in the sea-caves
By day we lurk'd securely. Here I come,
Only to see thee once before I die,
And say farewell,— dear brother!

Would to God
This purpose could be changed! the Sea Lord
cried;
But thou art roused by wrongs, and who shall tame
That lion heart? — This only, if your lot
Fall favorable, will I be seech of ye,
That to his Queen, the fair Plantagenet,
All honorable humanity ye show,
For her own virtue, and in gratitude,
As she hath pleaded for you, and hath urged
Her husband on your part, till it hath turn'd
His wrath upon herself. Oh! deal ye by her
As by your dearest sister in distress,
For even so dear is she to Madoc's heart:
And now I know she from Aberfraw's tower
Watcheth these specks upon the moonlight sea,
And weeps for my departure, and for me
Sends up her prayers to Heaven, nor thinks that
now
I must make mine to man in her behalf!

Quoth Rodri, Rest assured for her. I swear,
By our dead mother, so to deal with her
As thou thyself wouldst dictate, as herself
Shall wish.
The tears fell fast from Madoc's eyes;
O Britain! O my country! he exclaim'd,
For ever thus by civil strife convulsed,
Thy children's blood flowing to satisfy
Thy children's rage, how wilt thou still support
The struggle with the Saxons?

Rodri cried,
Our strife shall not be long. Mona will rise
With joy, to welcome me, her rightful Lord;
And woe be to the King who rules by fear,
When danger comes against him!

Fare not thou
For Britain! quoth Llewelyn; for not yet
The country of our fathers shall resign
Her name among the nations. Though her Sun
Slope from his eminence, the voice of man
May yet arrest him on his downward way.
My dreams by day, my visions in the night,
Are of her welfare. I shall mount the throne,—
Yes, Madoc! and the Bard of years to come,
Who harps of Arthur's and of Owen's deeds,
Shall with the Worthies of his country rank
Llewelyn's name. Dear Uncle, fare thee well! —
And I almost could wish I had been born
Of humbler lot, that I might follow thee,
Companion of this noble enterprise.
Think of Llewelyn often, who will oft
Remember thee in love!

For the last time
He press'd his Uncle's hand, and Rodri gave
The last farewell; then went the twain their way.

So over ocean through the moonlight waves,
Prince Madoc sail'd with all his company.
No nobler crew fill'd that heroic bark,
Which bore the first adventurers of the deep
To seek the Golden Fleece on barbarous shores:
Nor richer fraught did that illustrious fleet
Home to the Happy Island hold its way,
When Amadis, with his prime chivalry,
Of all chivalry himself the flower,
Came from the rescue, proud of Roman spoils,
And Oriana, freed from Roman thrall.

NOTES TO MADOC IN WALES.

Silent and thoughtful, and apart from all,

Long after these lines had been written, I was pleased at
finding the same feeling expressed in a very singular specimen
of metrical autobiography:

A Nuo, despregando as velos
Ja se aproveita do vento;
E de evidente alegria
Os Portuguezas ja chelos
Sobre a cousa estamos todos:
Na terra se vam recegoal
Igrejas, Palaosos, Quintas,
De que tem abrimento,
Duspi, mil apontalos;
Vam ledameo ao deodo.
Tulos fallando demostram
Seus jubilos manifostos;
Mas o Viero occupado
Vai de hum noturno silencio
Seu excesivo aleurago
Tumultuante, que dentro
No peto sente, o causo
De sobredor ou effusio.
Queato mais elle chegando
Vai ao aspirado termo,
Mais se le augmento e susto
Susto no duc proyecto.
Vicera Lustiano.

Mona, the dark island. — I. p. 328, col. 1.

Ynys Downfi, the dark island.


The palace of Gwyred, or North Wales. Rhodri Mawr,
about the year 674, fixed the seat of government here, which
had formerly been at Dyganywy, but latterly at Caer Seint
in Arno, near the present town of Caernarvon. "It is
strange," says Warrington, "that he should desert a country
where every mountain was a natural fortress, and in times of
such difficulty and danger, should make choice of a residence
so exposed and defenceless." But this very danger may have
been his motive. The Danes, who could make no impression
upon England against the great Alfred, had turned their arms
upon Wales; Mona was the part most open to their ravages
and it may have been no act as well of policy as of courage in
the king to fix his abode there. He fell there, at length, in
battle against the Saxons. A barn now stands upon the site
of the palace, in which there are stones that, by their better
workmanship, appear to have belonged to the original building.

Richly would the king
Gift the red hand that rid him of that fear! — I. p. 328, col. 1.

1 It was the manner of those days, that the murderer only,
and he that gave the death's wound, should dy, which was
NOTES TO MADOC IN WALES.

called in Welsh Llaserwld, which is a red hand, because he had blunted his hands. The accessories and abductors to the murderers were never heartened after." — Gwynt Haristy.

David: King Owen's son — my father's son — He reed the Saxon — the Plantaginists — I. p. 326, col. 2.

This marriage was, in fact, one of the means whereby Henry succeeded for a time in breaking the independent spirit of the Welsh. David immediately sent a thousand men to serve under his brother-in-law and liege lord in Normandy, and shortly after attended the parliament at Oxford upon his summons.

He is the headstrong slave Of passions unshunned. — I. p. 329, col. 1.

Cradoc represents Davydd as a prince greatly disliked on account of his cruelty and untractable spirit, killing and putting out the eyes of those who were not subservient to his will, after the manner of the English! — Cambrian Biography.

The guests were seated at the festal board. — II. p. 329, col. 1.

The order of the royal hall was established by law.

"The men to whom the right of a seat in the hall belongs are fourteen, of whom four shall sit in the lower, and ten in the upper part of the hall. The king is the first; he shall sit at the pillar, and next him the chancellor; and after him the guest, and then the heir apparent, and then the master of the hawks. The foot-bearer shall sit by the dish opposite the king, and the mead-maker at the pillar behind him. The priest of the household shall be at another pillar, who shall bless the meat, and chant the pater noster. The crier shall strike the pillar above the king's head. Next him shall be the judge of the palace, and next to him the musician, to whom the right of the seat belongs. The smith of the palace shall be at the bottom, before the knees of the priest. The master of the palace shall sit in the lower hall, with his left hand towards the door, with the serving-men whom he shall choose, and the rest shall be at the other side of the door, and at his other hand the musician of the household. The master of the horse shall sit at the pillar opposite the king, and the master of the hounds at the pillar opposite the priest of the household." — Laws of Lord Ddui.


1163. The king gathered another armie of chosen men, through all his dominions, as England, Normandy, Anjou, Gascoyne, and Gwyn, sending for succours from Flanders and Brittany, and then returned towards North Wales, minding utterlie to destroy all that had life in the land; and coming to Ceres Owal, called Oswal's Tree, encamped there. On the contrary side, Prince Owen and his brother Cadwallader, with all the power of North Wales; and the Lord Rees, with the power of South Wales; and Owen Cryelloc and the sons of Madoc ap Meredyth, with the power of Powys, and the two sons of Madoc ap Ethard, with the people betwixt Wye and Severn, gathered themselves together and came to Corwen in Edyrnys, proposing to defend their country. But the king understanding that they were nigh, being wonderful desirous of battell, came to the river Ceirnoe, and caused the woods to be hewn down. Whereupon a number of the Welshmen understanding the passage, unknown to their captains, met with the king's ward, where were placed the picked men of all the armie, and there began a hot skirmish, where diverse worthie men were slain on either side; but in the end the king wass the passage, and came to the mountain of Berw Wyn, where he laid in campe certain days, and so both the armes stood in awe of each other; for the king kept the open plains, and was afraid to be intrapped in straits; but the Welshmen watched for the advantage of the place, and kept the king so straitly, that neither forage nor victual might come to his camp, neither durst any odious stir abroad. And to augment their miseries there fell such raine, that the king's men could scarce stand upon them foote upon those slippery hills. In the end, the king was compelled to return home without his purpose, and that with great loss of men andmunition, besides his charges. Therefore in a great choler he caused the pledges else, whom he had received long before that, to be put out; which were Rees and Cawdwallawen the sons of Owen, and Cwynric and Meredith the sons of Rees, and other." — Powell.

During the military expedition which King Henry II. made in our days against South Wales, an old Welshman at Pen

cardeil, who had faithfully adhered to him, being desired to give an opinion about the royal army, and whether he thought that of the rebels would make resistance, and what would be the final event of this war, replied: "This Nation, O king, may now, as in former time, be harassed, and in a great measure weakened and destroyed by you and your men, and it will often prevail by its haughty exertions; but it can never be totally subdued through wrath of man, unless the wrath of God shall concur. Nor do I think, that any other nation than this of Wales, or any other language whatever, may hereafter come to pass, shall in the day of severe examination before the Supreme Judge answer for this corner of the earth." — Hore's Giraldus.

Though I know The rebel's worth. — II. p. 300, col. 1.

There is a good testimony to Hodl's military talents in the old history of Cambria, by Powell. "At this time Cadl, Meredith, and Rees, the sons of Griffith ap Rees, ap Theodor, did lead their powers against the ene-Ne of Gwy; which, after they saw they could not win, they sent for Howell the sonne of Owen, prince of North Wales to their succour, who for his prowess in the field, and his discretion in consultation, was counted the flower of chivalry; whose presence also was thought only sufficient to overthrow amie hold." — Girson's Camden.

I hate the Saxen! — II. p. 300, col. 1.

Of this name, Saxon, which the Welsh still use, Higden gives an old etymology. "Men that of this countrey ben more lightier and stronger on the sea than other seamen or theeres of the see, and pursue their enemies full harde, both by water and by lande, and ben called Saxonnes, of Saxum, that is, a stone, for they ben as hard as stones, and uneasy to fire with." — Polygennius, p. 25.

Scent them never Those eyeless spectres by thy bredal bed? — II. p. 300, col. 1.

Henry, in his attempt upon Wales, 1165, "did justice on the sons of Rhys, and also on the sons and daughters of other noblemen that were his accomplices, very rigorously; causing the eyes of the young striplings to be peaked out of their heads, and their noses to be cut off or slit; and the ears of the young gentlemen to be stufft. But yet I find in other authors that in this journey King Henry did not greatly prevail against his enemies, but rather lost many of his men of war, both horsemen and footmen; for by his severe proceeding against them he rather made them more eager to seek revenge, than quieted them in any tumult." — Holinshed. Among these unhappy hostages were some sons of Owen Gwynedd.
NOTES TO MADOC IN WALES.

3G1
3G Co-partici])ation and give God to the towel; things lic other He Co-sufferance could con- the nothing Ac(|uisition and 330, I^owest very from nourt.

vestation subduing beginning these iiji be By 16. can animation, and in 1157. Happiness.

The officer proclaimed the sovereign will. — II. p. 339, col. 2.

11. The foot-bearer shall hold the foot of the king in his lap from the time when he reclines at the board till he goes to rest, and he shall chase them with a towel; and during all that time he shall watch that no harm happen to the king. He shall eat of the same dishes from which the king takes his meat, having his back turned toward the fire. He shall light the first candle before the king at his meal. — Laws of Hoel Ddu'.


12. There are three Circles of Existence: the Circle of Infinity, where there is nothing but God, of living or dead, and none but God can traverse it; the Circle of Inception, where all things are by Nature derived from Death, — this Circle hath been traversed by man; and the Circle of Happiness, where all things spring from Life, — this man shall traverse in Heaven.

13. Animated Beings have three States of Existence: — that of Inception in the Great Deep, or Lowest Point of Existence; that of Liberty in the state of Humanity; and that of Love, which is Happiness in Heaven.

14. All animated Beings are subject to three Necessities: — beginning in the Great Deep, Progression in the Circle of Inception; and Plenitude in the Circle of Happiness. Without these things nothing can possibly exist but God.

15. Three things are necessary in the Circle of Inception: — the least of all animation, and thence Beginning; the materials of all things, and thence Increase, which cannot take place in any other state; the formation of all things out of the dead mass, and thence Discriminate Individuality.

16. Three things cannot but exist towards all animated Beings from the nature of Divine Justice: — Co-sufferance in the Circle of Inception, because without that none could attain to the perfect knowledge of any thing; Co-participation in the Divine love; and Co-uniformity from the nature of God's Power, and its attributes of Justice and Mercy.

17. There are three necessary occasions of Inception: — to collect the materials and properties of every nature; to collect the knowledge of every thing; and to collect power towards subduing the Adverse and the Devastative, and for the devastation of Evil. Without this traversing every mode of animated existence, no state of animation, or of any thing in nature, can attain to Plenitude.
This curious summary of Welsh history still remains unprinted.

Yonder waters are not spread
A boundless waste, a bound impassable. — III. p. 333, col. 2.

Faintam quasi vei magnitudinem vetara docet, etut et modum: nihil infatatum est Nunc Oceani. Fertiles in Oceano
variae terras, ultraque Oceani varias, alias litteras, aliam nosti
orbea, nec suum naturae rerum desinerunt, sed anonyma indi ubi
dissecis visibatur, necum escugère; facile isto jugantur, quia

As thy fair uplands learned on the view. — IV. p. 333, col. 2.

"Two of the names of Britain were derived from its hills, Clas Meddian, the high lands in the sea, and Clas Meddian, the
hilly lands or fields." — E. Williams' Poems.

Seen, low lying, through the haze of war. — IV. p. 333, col. 2.

What sailors call cape Fly-away.

And speed wasailing in infinity. — IV. p. 334, col. 1.

When Menea, the King of Tarontong, who had never before
been from his own island, made a voyage with Mr. Williams the
Missionary, in a vessel named the Messenger of Peace, which Mr. Williams had built, they were three days and
nights in returning, the wind being unfavorable and very
bisterous. On the second evening the King began to get
anxious and restless, fearing (says Mr. Williams) that we had
missed the island, and were sailing 'I tene breus heam,' into
wide gaping space." — Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea
Islands, 123.

Saint Cyric. — IV. p. 335, col. 1.

The saint to whom sailors addressed themselves; the St.
Elmo of the Welsh.

"It was usual for all, even females, who went from North
Wales in pilgrimage to St. David's, to pass the dangerous
strands and sail over the rough bays in slight coracles, without
any one to guide or assist them; so finally were they
convinced that this saint and St. Cyric, the ruler of the waves,
would protect them." — E. Williams' Poems.

Oceanivv. — IV. p. 335, col. 1.

"A Mermaid. The white finny waves are called her sheep;
the ninth wave her ram. The Welsh have two prov-
erbs concerning her: Take the Mermaid's advice and save
yourself; Take shelter when you see the Mermaid driving her
flocks ashore." — E. Williams.

Where are the source the Fowls forever thus,
Beneath the severer influence of the Moon,
Laiden in these wood workings. — IV. p. 335, col. 1.

"Everywhere the bees move in Oceanus than in the grete see,
that is for the hole t Eigely is mightier and stronger than
one partye by hymself. Or for the hole Ocean is grete and
large, and receyved more workynge of the monie than any
partye by hymselfe that is smaller and lasse." — Polygenism, L. 1, c. 5.

Did the Waters
Here on their utmost circle meet the Foul. — IV. p. 335, col. 1.

"The sea of Ocean beclyppeth all the erre showe as a
garlond, and by times cometh and goth, elvyng and flow-
ynge, and fode eth in she and custoth them up, and wyndes
blowneth therein." — Polygenism, L. 1, c. 5.

Or this Earth,
Was it indeed a living thing. — IV. p. 335, col. 1.

"Physici autantum mundum animal esse, cumque ex varie
elementorum corporibus conglobatum, nasci spiritu, regi mentis:
que utroque diffusa per membras omnium, uterque multis
exercetur. Sunt ergo in corporibus mundi commercia sunt
spiritalis, sita in profundis Oceanis uariae gregum mundi
constitutae, per quas eani umbilicis, et reducte, nunc efficitur
nihil recens." — Solinus, cap. 36.

M. Gregoire emmumtes among the heroes of the 18th cen-
tury one which represented our globe as an animal; the toles
as occasional by its respiration, and volcanic eruptions as the
paroxysms of the diseases to which it was liable. — Historia
Dessecta, T. 1, xvii.

"I suppose the waters," says Pietro Martire, "to be driven
about the globe of the earth by the incessant moving and
impulsion of the heavens, and not to be swallowed up and
cast out again by the breathing of Deomonorgon, as some have
imagined, because they see the seas, by increase and decrease,

The storm-ruinport of its sanctity. — IV. p. 335, col. 1.

"Vid' b pontifioq dnonnoms Dnrom
Naturae a dei o' odo rami,
Sic fulgerat solis nati,
Omnibus, in celsa esse
Qmam r' flammatis aeterna,
Zeus et libera varu
cum aeterni,
Aeta aera elixpatov, 
Euripides, Hyppolutes, v. 741-748.

Stat immutato marce, et quasi desperat in suo fine natura
plaga maris; nunc et terribiles figurae; nunc et Oceano
portenta, que profunda ista vastatibus mundi; confusio lux alta
culmine, et interpretis teaxcens dies; ipsum eurou crece et
decem marce, et aut nullis, aut igtua sideris. — Ann. Seneca,
Emerita, 1.

................ gentile mira which breathed,
Or seemed to breathe, fresh fragrance from the shore.

IV. p. 335, col. 1.

"Our first notice of the approach of land was the fragrant
and aromatic smell of the continent of South America, or of
the islands in its vicinity, which we sensibly perceived as a
squall come from that quarter." — McKenzie's Tour through the
British West Indies.

Dogs always are sensible when land is near, before it can be
seen.


"And for as much as I have made mention of their houses,
it shall not be greatly from my purpose to describe in what
manner they are builded: they are made round, like bells or
round pavilions. Their frame is raised of exceeding high
trees, set close together, and fast rampared in the ground,
so standing alope, and bending inward, that the tops of the
trees joyn to together, and bear one against another, having also
within the house certain strong and short propes or posts,
which susteyne the trees from falling. They cover them with
the leaves of date trees and other trees strongly compact and
hardened, wherewith they make them close from wind and
weather. At the short posts or propes, within the house, they
tie ropes of the cotton of gossamene trees, or other ropes
made of certain long and rough roots, much like unto the
shrubbe called Spertums, whereof in old time they used to
make bands for vines, and gables and ropes for shipples. These
they tie overthwart the house from post to post; on these they
lay as it were certain mattresses made of the cotton of
gossamene trees, which grow plentifully in these islands.
This cotton the Spaniards call Algodon, and the Italians
Bambasine, and thus they sleep in hanging beds." —
Pietro Martire.
NOTES TO MADOC IN WALES.

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Will ye believe
The wavers of the ocean? how its shows
Sprung from the wave. — V. p. 336, col. 1.

I have somewhere seen an anecdote of a sailor's mother, who believed all in existence the same as the inhabitants of the English Channel. A Spanish author, who wrote before the voyage of Columbus, describes how at the appearance of a Spanish vessel, a fish came flying through the air, and fell open the deck of the Infantile's Galley, with which they had some fresh food that day: and because I, who write this history, have never heard or seen any like thing, I here recount it, because it appears to me a thing marvellous, and in my judgment out of the course of nature. — *Gomes Eannes*.

At Barabadoes the negroes, after the example of the Charras, take the flying fish very successful in the dark; they spread their nets before a light, and hit the fish as they pass through the light, and are intercepted by the nets. — *Sinnern*.

These flying fishes, says the writer of *Sir Thomas Roe's Voyage*, are like men professing two trades, and thrive at neither.

*Language eternal point*

*Their splendid texts.* — V. p. 336, col. 1.

Atkins, with some feeling, describes the Dolphin as a gloriously colored fish. A laborious description of its beauty would not have conveyed so lively a sense of admiration. It looks, quite as naturally, that it is of dry taste, but makes good broth. — *Voyage to Guinea in his Majesty's Ships the Scullion and Weymouth*.

Herbert has given this fish a very extraordinary character, upon the authority of the ancients. — *Herbert's Travels*.

The dolphin is no bigger than a salmon, it glitters in the ocean with a variety of beautiful colors; has few scales; from its swiftness and spirit metonymically stigmatized the Prince and Arrow of the sea; celebrated by many learned pens in sundry Epitaphs, Philanthropes, for affecting men, and Muses, for their turtle constancy; generated they be of sperme, nourish like men, imbume, join, and go 10 months great. In fiction versi dulet coelestis hymenaeas Dolphines, simulias sintis conspicuus harenus: a careful husband over his gravid associate, detestating incest, abolishing bigotry, tenderly affecting Parents, whereby, when 300 years old, they feed and defend against hungry fishes; and when dead (to avoid the shark and like marine tyrants) carry them ashore, and there (if Aristotle, *Elian*, and *Pliny* were not) invisible and bewitch their Squelches; they were glad of our company, as it affecting the sight and society of men, many hundred miles in an easy and unwearied pursuit, frisking about us; and as a Poet observed,

*Unique dent saltus, undulique expers prorsum Emarentique literarum, ralvaque sub aqua rarum, Imoque chori indutus spectans lusitanoque iactant Corpora, et acceptam patulis mare maribus effunt.*

*Herbert's Travels*.


There is in every village of the Ysquechannah Indians a vacant dwelling called the Stranger's House. When a traveler arrives within hearing of a village, he stops and halts for it is deemed uncivil to enter abruptly. Two old men lead him to the house, and then go round to the inhabitants, telling them a stranger is arrived fatigued and hungry. They send them all they can spare, bring tobacco after they are refreshed, and then ask questions whence they come and whither they go. — *Franklin*.

*There are easily persuaded that the God that made Englishmen is a greater God than theirs, because he hath so richly endowed the English above themselves. But when they hear that about 1600 years ago, England and the inhabitants thereof were like unto themselves, and since have received from God clothes, books, &c., they are greatly affected with a secret hope concerning themselves.* — *A Key into the Language of America*, by Roger Williams, 1643.

*Her husband's war-pole.* — V. p. 337, col. 2.

The war-pole is a small peeled tree painted red, the top and boughs cut off short. It is fixed in the ground opposite the door of the dead warrior, and all his implements of war: are hung on the short boughs of it till they rot. — *Adair*.

This article, which the mowers of the North American Indians well, though he formed a most wild theory to account for them, describes the rites of mourning. The widow, through the long term of her woe, is compelled to refrain from all food and drink, and stays up all night at the parlour of an adoratress, and likewise to go without bawling, without the privilege of oil to anoint it. The nearest kinmen of the deceased husband keep a very watchful eye over her conduct in this respect. The place of interment is also calculated to wake the widow's grief, for he is entombed in the house under her bed; and if he was a war-leader, she is obliged, for the first moon, to sit in the day-time under his mourning war-pole, which is decked with all his martial trophies, and must be heard to cry with bewailing notes. But none of them are fond of that month's supposed religious duty, it chills, and wastes them so exceedingly, for they are allowed no shade or shelter."

*battlements—that shows*


So dazzlingly white were the houses at Zempeollan, that one of the Spaniards galloped back to Cortez to tell him the walls were of silver. — *Bernal Diaz*, 69.

Toquemado also says, "that the temple and palace courts at Mexico were so highly polished, that they actually shone like harribo red and silver in the sun." — *T. i. p. 351*.

I have described *Athian* like the cities which the Spaniards found in New Spain. How large and how magnificent they may have been known from the True History of the Conquest of Mexico by Bernal Diaz. This delightful work has been abridged into English by Mr. Kenehan, and if the reader has not seen it, he may thank me for recommending it to his notice.

Conversa's description of Zempoallan will show that cities, so splendid in their appearance as Athian, did exist among the native Americans. — *Herbert's Travels*.

They described Zempoallan, which steered a mile distant from them, all hest with faire Orchards and Gardens, very pleasant to behold: they used always to water them with ditches when they pleased. There proceeded out of the Towne many persons to behold and receive so strange a people unto them. They came with smiling countenances, and presented unto them divers kinde of floures and sundry fruits which none of our menne had heretofore seene. These people came without fear among the inhabitants; with this pome, triumph, and joy, they were received into the Citie, which seemed a beautiful Garden: for the trees were so Greene and high that scarcely the houses appeared.

Sixe horsemen, which hadde gone before the army to discover, returned bare backe as Cortez was entering into the Citie, saying that they had seen a great house and court, and that the walls were garnished with silver. Cortez commanded them to proceed on, willing them not to show any token of wonder of any thing that they should see. All the streets were replenished with people, which stood gaping and wondering at the horses and strangers. And passing through a great market-place, they saw, on their right hand, a great walld house made of lyme and stone, with lope holes and
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towers, whitened with plaster that shined like silver, being so well burnished and the stone glistering upon it, and that was the thing that the Spaniards thought had been walls of silver. I do believe that with the imagination and great desire which they had for gold and silver, all the buildings they deemed to be of the same metal."—Conquest of the West India.

Cortes himself says of Cholula, that he counted above four hundred temple towers in that city; and the city of Iztapalapa, he says, contained from 12,000 to 15,000 inhabitants.

Carta de Relacion, 16. 30.


Islets of this kind, with dwelling huts upon them, were common upon the Lake of Mexico. They were moved at pleasure from bay to bay, as the inhabitants wanted sunshine or shelter. — Clavigero.

Each held a burning center in his hand. — VI. p. 338, col. 1.

Tendilli, says the old translator of Gomara, according to their usage, did his reverence to the Captain, by burning frankincense, and little braziers touched in blood of his own body. And at Chihuariuex, the Lord took a little chafing-dish in his hand, and cast into it a certain gum, which sauraved in sweete smoke much like unto frankincense; and with a censer he smoked Cortez, with the ceremonie they use in their salvations to their Gods and nobilitie. So also the Tascalua Indians performed before Cortes, having three made obsequy, and they touched the ground with their hands and kissed the earth.

The next day in the morning, the Spaniards came to Cholula, and there came out near ten thousand Indians to receive him with their Captaynies in good order. Many of them presented unto him bread, fowles and roses; and every Captayne as he approached, welcomed Cortes, and then stood aside, that the rest, in order, might come unto him; and when he came entering into the cite, all the other citizens received him, marvelling to see such men and horses. After all this came out, all the religious men among Priests and Ministers to the idols, who were many and strange to behold, and all were clothed in white, blue unto surplices, and hennamed with common threads; some brought instruments of musicke like unto Cornettes, others brought instruments made of bone; others an instrument like a kestel covered with skin; some brought chafing-disks of coals, with perfumes; others brought idols covered; and, finally, they came singing in their language, which was a terrible noise, and drew near Cortes and his company, singing them with sweete smelles in their sensors. With this pomp of solemnity, which truly was great, they brought him unto the citie. — Conquest of the West India.

Gage's account of Mexico is copied verbatim from this old translation, even, in some places, to the literal error of using the hard c instead of k, which the g with the essilla represents.

The Great Temple. 'Twas a huge, square hill. — VI. p. 338, col. 2.

The great Cu of Mexico, for thus these mounds were called, had 114 steps to the summit; that of Tezcuzco, 115; of Cholula, 120. Gold and jewels, and the different seeds of the country, and human blood, were thrown in the foundations. The Spaniards found great treasures when they levelled the Cu at Mexico, to make room for a church to Santiago. — Bernal Diaz.

The lines which follow describe its structure, as related by Clavigero and by the Spanish Conquerors. The Tower of Babel is usually painted with the same kind of circumstantial ascent.


Gomilla (c. 36) describes a proligetic drum used as a signal to assemble the people in time of danger, by some of the Orinoco tribes, especially by the Caverres, to whom the invention is ascribed. It is a hollowed piece of wood, in thickness about an inch, in girth as much as two men can clasp, in length about eleven or twelve feet. This is suspended by a wistle at each end from a sort of gallowes. On the upper surface, the hammer face is three and a half inches thick, and in the bottom of the instrument, immediately under the middle of the middle aperture, which is shaped like a half-moon, a flint about two pounds in weight is fastened with gum. This is said to be necessary to the sound. Both ends of this long tube are carefully closed, and it is beaten on the middle aperture with a pollot which is covered with a sort of gum called Currency. Gumilla positively affirms, and on his own knowledge, that its sound may be heard four leagues round. This is scarcely possible. I doubt whether the loudest gong can be heard four miles, and it is not possible that wood can be made as sonorous as metal.


"There, in the great Cu, they had an exceedingly large drum; and when they beat it, the sound was so such and so dismal, that it was like an instrument of bell, and was heard for more than two leagues round. They said that the cover of that drum was made of the skin of huge serpent."—Bernal Diaz.

After Cortes had been defeated, he always heard this drum when they were offering up the reeking hearts of his men. The account in Bernal Diaz, of their midnight sacrifices, performed by torch-light, and in the sight of the Spanish army, is truly terrific.


These skull-built temples are delineated in Picart's great work; I suppose he copied them from De Bry. They are described by all the historians of Mexico. Human heads have often been thus employed. Tavernier and Hanway had seen pyramids of them in Persia erected as trophies. The Casa dos Oroes at Evaro gave me an idea of what these Mexican temples must have been. It is built of skulls and thigh-bones in alternate layers, and two whole bodies, dried and shrivelled, are hung up against the walls, like armor in an old barn's hall.

He lights me at my evening banquet. — VI. p. 339, col. 1.

The King of Chelsea having therewith taken and slain two sons of the King of Ethiopia, 115; he placed them, and placed as candellabras in his palace, to hold the lights. — Torquemada, i. 151.

The more usual custom was to stuff the skin of the royal, or noble prisoner, and suspend it as a trophy in the palace, or the house of the priest. Gomara's account of this custom is a dreadful picture of the most barbarous superstition which ever yet disgraced mankind. On the last day of the first month, a hundred slaves were sacrificed; this done, they pluck off the skinnes of a certaine number of them, the which skinnes so many ancient persons put, incontinent, upon their naked bodys, all fresh and bloode as they were flaine from the dead carcases. And being open in the hocke part and shoul- ders, they used to lace them, in such sort that they came fitts upon the bodies of those that ware them; and being in this order attired, they came to dance among many others. In Mexico the King himself did put on one of these skinnes, being of a principal captain, and danced among the other disguised persons, to costre and bring the honour the feast; and an infinite number followed him, to behold his terrible gesture; although some hold opinion, that they followed him to contumbrace his great devotion. After the sacrifice ended, the owner of the slaves did carry their bodys home to their houses, to make of their flesh their families feaste to all their friends, leaving their heads and hearts to the Priests, as their dutie and offering: and the skinnes were filled with cotton wool, or straw, 

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to be hung in the temple and kyng's palance for a memorie." — Conquest of the West India.

After the Inca Tupangui had successfully defended Cuzco against the Chimus, he had all of them who were slain skinned, and their skins stuffed and placed in various attitudes, some beating tambours, others blowing flutes, &c., in a large building which he erected as a monument for those who had fallen in defending the city. — Herrera, 5, 3, 12.

Oh, what a pomp,
And pride, and pageantry of war. — VII. p. 310, col. 1.

Gomara thus describes the Tiscalian army: "They were trimme fellowes, and well armed, according to their use, although they were payted so, that their faces shewed like devils, with great tuffes of feathers and triumphed gallantry. They had also slinger, staves, speares, swords, bowes, and arrows, sulltes, splintes, garrilletes, all of wol, gilt, or else covered with feathers, or leather; their eorleslets were made of cotton wool, their targettes and bucklers, gallant and strong, made of woode covered with leather, and trimmed with hatoe and feathers; they swords were staves, with an edge of flint stone cunningly joysted into the staffe, which would cut very well, and make a sore wounde. Their instruments of warre were hunters' hones, and drummes, rollt attabia, made like a calibron, and covered with velum." — Conquest of the West India.

In the armory of the treasure which Grijalva brought from his expedition are a whole harnesse of furniture for an armed man, of gold, thin lente; another whole armure of wool, with leaves of gold, garnished with little black stones; four pieces of armor of wood, made for the knees, and coverd with hodie leaf. A number of the presents designed for the king, were five targets of feathers and silver, and 24 of feathers and gold, set with pearls, both curious and gallant to behold.

They piled a heap of sedge before our hast. — VII. p. 310, col. 1.

When the Spaniards discovered Campeche, the Indians heaped up a pile of dry sedge, and ranged themselves in troops. Ten Priests then came from a temple with censers and copal, wherewith they incensed the strangers; and then told them by signs to depart, before that pile, which they were about to kindle, should be burnt out. The pile was immediately lighted; the Priest withdrawed without another word or motion, and the people began to whistle and sound their shells. The Spaniards were weak, and many of them wounded, and they pulled their retreating men, with much utterance. — Bruselas, II, 3.

At the sacring of the Popes, when the new-elected Pope passeth (as the manner is) before St. Gregory's chapel, the Master of the Ceremonies goeth before him, bearing two dry reeds, at the end of the one a burning wax candle tied, and at the end of the other a handful of flax, the which he setteth on fire, saying, with a loud voice, Pastor salutet, sic transit gloria mundi. — Camerarius.


The Thaxalttecas had two arrows, which they regarded with great reverence, and used toaugur the event of a battle. Two of their bravest Chiefes were to shoot them at the enemy, and recover them or die. If the arrow struck and wounded, it was held an omen that the fight would be prosperous: but if they neither struck, nor drew blood, the army retired. — Turchanezau, i. 34.

This is more particularly noticed by Gomara. "In the warres the Tiscallanes use their standerendes to be carryed before the armie; but when the battle is to be fought, they place the standerend where all the hoste may see it; and he that commeth not incontinent to his ancient, payseth a penalty. Their standerends hath two crossbow arrows set thereon, which they esteeme as the reliques of their ancestors. They standerendo two olde soldiers, and valiant menne, being of the chiefest Captaynes, have the charge to carry; in the which standerend, an abstinence of shoutings, eyther of lose or victory, is noted. In this order they shote one of these arrows against the first enemies that they mette; and if with that arrow they do eyther kill or hurt, it is a tokoon that they shall have the victorie; and if it neyther kill nor hurt, they noisefully believe that they shall lose the field." — Conquest of the West India.


"Sunt autem his in partibus (Arabedzy) laneae longissimae: sancta castra precebelli Sedevulus, sic hosios precepell Vene- dolia, adeo ut istum hic lancer cominus datum ferrea latic lustruaut minime sentient." — Gisbalus Cambrensi

Thus also Trovius, in his Iane rhymes:

The south exthe Demecia,
And the other Venesolosia.
The first shooteth and arrowes howse,
That other dealeth all with spere. — Polygenicon.

The white deer-skin shroud. — VIII. p. 341, col. 2.

"The Indians use the same ceremonies to the bones of their dead, as if they were covered with their former skin, flesh, and ligaments. It is but a few days since I saw some return with the bones of nine of their people, who had been two months before killed by the enemy. They were tied in white deer-skins separately, and when carried by the door of one of the houses of their family, they were laid down opposite to it, till the female relations convened, with flowing hair, and wept over them about half an hour. Then they carried them home to their friendly magazines of mortality, wept over them again, and then buried them with the usual solemnities. The chieftains carried twelve short sticks tied together in the form of a quadrilateral, so that each square consisted of three. The sticks were only peeled, without any painting; but there were swan feathers tied to each corner. They called that frame the White Circle, and placed it over the door while the women were weeping over the bones." — Adair.

On softest fur.
The bones were laid. — VIII. p. 342, col. 1.

When the hody IS in the grave, they take care to cover it in such a manner, that the earth does not touch it. It lies as in a little cave, lined with a slightly coverd of wool, much warmer, and better adorned, than their calins. — Charlevoix.

Admir was present at one of their funerals. "They laid the corpse in his tomb in a sitting posture, with his feet towards the east, his head anointed with bear's oil, and his face painted red; but not streaked with black, because that is a constant emblem of war and death. He was drest in his finest apparel, having his gun and pouch, and trusty history bow, with a young pantagress skin full of arrows, alongside of him, and every other useful thing he had been possessed of, that when he rises again they may serve him in that truck of land which pleased him best before he went to take his long sleep. His tomb was firm and clean inside; they covered it with thick logs so as to bear several tiers of cypress bark, and such a quantity of clay, as would confine the putrid smell, and be on a level with the rest of the floor. They often sleep over these tombs; which, with the land-will of the women at the dusk of the evening, and dawn of the day, on benches close by the tombs, must awake the memory of their relations very often; and if they were killed by an enemy, it helps to induce, and set on such revengeful tempests to retaliate blood for blood." — Charlevoix.

'Twas in her hat and home, yea, underneath
The marriage bed, the bed of widowshood,
Her husband's grave was dug. — VIII. p. 342, col. 1.

"The Mosquito Indians, when they die, are buried in their houses, and the very spot they lay over when alive, and have their hatchet, harpoon lance, with muskellou, and other neecs-
one of whose places of residence he supposed this to be. He told him he had come a long way to pay his adorations to him, and now would make him the best offerings in his power. He accordingly first threw his pipe into the stream; then the roll that contained his tobacco; after these, the bracelets he wore on his arms, and last, an implement that encircled his neck, composed of leads and wires; and at last, the earings from his ears: in short, he presented to his God every part of his dress that was valuable; during this he frequently smote his breast with great violence, threw his arms about, and appeared in manner highly agitated.

"All this while he continued his adorations, and at length concluded them with fervent petitions that the Great Spirit would constantly afford us his protection on our travels, giving us a bright sun, a blue sky, and clear, untroubled waters; nor would he leave the place till we had smoked together with my pipe in honor of the Great Spirit." — Caver.

The spirit of the Lord
That day was moving in the heart of man. — VIII. p. 343, col. 1.

There is a passage in Rede which well illustrates the different feelings whereby barbarians are induced to accept a new religion.

"Evan of Northumbria had summoned his chiefs and councillors to advise with him concerning his intended conversion. The first person who delivered his opinion was Coife, the Chief Priest of the Idols. 'For this which is preached to us,' said he, 'do you, O King, see to it, what it may be. I will freely confess to you what I have learned, that the religion which we have held till now has no virtue in it. No one of your subjects has devoted himself to the worship of our Gods more earnestly than I, and yet many there are who have received greater bounties and greater favors from your hand, and have prospered better in all their undertakings and desires. Now, if our Gods could have done any thing, they would rather have assisted me than them.' To this another of the nobles added, 'The present life of man upon earth, when compared with the future, has appeared to me, O King, like as when you and your Chiefs and servants have been seated at your supper, in winter time, the hearth blazing in the centre, and the viands smoking, while without it is storm, or rain, or snow, and a sparrows flies through the hall, enterling at one door and passing out at another; while he is within, in that little minute he does not feel the weather, but after that instant of calm, he returns again to winter as from winter he came, and is gone. Such and so transitory is the life of man, and of what follows it or what preceded it we are altogether ignorant. Wherefore, if this new doctrine should bring any thing more certain, it well deserves to be followed.'" — Lib. ii. p. 18.

John Wesley has preserved a very interesting dialogue between himself and the Cheeaws.

"Q. Do you believe there is One above, who is over all things? — Paustachoo answered, We believe there are four Beloved Things above, the Clouds, the Sun, the Clear Sky, and He that lives in the Clear Sky.

"Q. Do you believe there is but one that lives in the Clear Sky?

"A. We believe there are Two with him; three in all.

"Q. Do you think He made the Sun and the other Beloved Things?

"A. We cannot tell. Who hath seen?

"Q. Do you think He made you?

"A. We think He made all men at first.

"Q. How did He make them at first?

"A. Out of the ground.

"Q. Do you believe He loves you?

"A. I do not know. I cannot see him.

"Q. But has He not often saved your life?

"A. He has, but the bullets have gone on this side, and many on that side, but he would never let them hurt me. And many bullets have gone into these young men, and yet they are alive.

"Q. Then cannot He save you from your enemies now?" — Paus.
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...death; and if I am to die, I shall die, and I will die like a man. But if He will have me to live, I shall live. Though I had ever so many enemies, He can destroy them all.

4. How do you know that?... and the ground made a noise under them, and the Beloved Ones in the air behind them, and they were afraid, and went away, and left their meat and their drink, and their guns. I tell no lie, all these saw it, too.

4. Have you heard Beloved Ones at other times?...

4. Yes, often; before and after almost every battle.

5. What sort of noises were they?...

5. Like the noise of drums, and guns, and shouting.

5. Have you heard any such lately?...

5. Yes. In four days after our last battle with the French.

5. Then you heard nothing before it?...

5. The night before, I dreamed I heard many drums up there, and many trumpets there, and much stamping of feet and shouting. Till then, I thought we should all die; but then I thought the Beloved Ones were come to help us. And the next day I heard above a hundred guns go off before the fight began, and I said, When the Sun is there, the Beloved Ones will help us, and we shall conquer our enemies; and we did so.

4. Do you often think and talk of the Beloved Ones?...

4. We think of them always, wherever we are. We talk of them and to them, at home and abroad, in peace and in war, before and after we fight, and indeed whenever and wherever we meet together.

4. Where do your souls go, after death?...

4. We believe the souls of red men walk up and down near the place where they died, or where their bodies lie, for we have often heard cries and noises near the place where any prisoners had been burnt.

5. Where do the souls of white men go after death?...

5. We cannot tell; we have not seen.

5. Our belief is, that the souls of bad men only walk up and down; but the souls of good men go up.

5. I believe so, too; but I told you the talk of the men.

Mr. Andrews. They said, at the burying, they knew what you was doing. You was speaking to the Beloved Ones above to take up the soul of the young woman.

4. We have a book that tells us many things of the Beloved Ones above; would you be glad to know them?...

4. We have no time now, but to fight. If we should ever be at peace, we should be glad to know.

4. Do you expect ever to know what the white men know?...

4. Mr. Andrews. They told Mr. O., they believe the time will come when the red and white men will be one.

5. What do the French teach you?...

5. The French Black Kings (the Priests) never go out. We see you go out: we like that; that is good.

4. How came your nation by the knowledge they have?...

4. As soon as ever the ground was sound and fit to stand upon, it came to us, and has been with us ever since. But we are young men, our old men know more; but all of them do not know. There are but a few whom the Beloved One chooses from a child, and is in them, and takes care of them, and teaches them. They know these things, and our old men practise, therefore they know: but I do not practise, therefore I know little."—WESLEY'S Journal, No. 1. 39.

Dolwyddelan. — X. p. 341, col. 2.

"Dolwyddelan is situated in a rocky valley which is sprinkled with stunted trees, and watered by the Lleder. The boundaries are rude and barren mountains, and among others, the great bending mountain, Seabold, often conspicuous from most distant places. The castle is placed on a high rock, precipices on one side, and insulated; it consists of two square towers, one 40 feet by 23, the other, 32 by 28; each had formerly three floors. The materials of this fortress are...
The Shepherd of Haven (Sera) it chases the soul to hear them sounding the horns of mead that greatly move desire.

Pour thou out the horn covered with a yellow top, honorably drunk with over-frothing mead; and if thou sekest life to one year's close, diminish not its respect, since it is not meet; nor bear to Gruyvd, the crimson-hanced foe, wine with pellicled glass around it; the dragon of Arwstli, safeguard of the borders, the dragon of Owen, the generous, of the race of Cynwyn, a dragon from his beginning, and never seared by a conflict of tumultuous slaughter, over-thrashing chase. Men of combat departed for the acquisition of flame, armed sons of the banquet with gleaming weapons; they required well their need, like Boly's men of yore; fairly did they toil while a single man was left.

Pour thou out the horn, for it is my purpose that its potent sway may incite a sprightly conversation, in the right hand of our leader of devastation, gleaming beneath the broad, light shield; in the hand of Edwyvet, the lion of his kind unapproachable; all dexterous in the push of spears, shivered away his shield. The tumult hurries on the two fearless of nature; they would break as a whirlwind over a fair retreat, with opposing fronts in the combat of battle, where the face of the gold-bespangled shield they would quickly break. Thoroughly stains, their shafts, after head-clearing blows, Thoroughly active in defending the glory-bounded Garthein, and there was heard in Maelor a great and sudden outcry, with horrid scream of men in agony of wounds, and thronging round the carnage they interwove their paths. As it was in Bangor round the fire of spears, when two sovereigns over horses made discord, when there was the banquet of Morc Morvan.

Pour thou out the horn, for I am contemplating where they defend both their mead and their country. Solye the undaunted, of the station of Cwywy, look to it, who insults him of eagle heart! And Madoc's only son, the generous Tudyr of high renown, and the chief of the wolf, a slayer with gleaming shafts. Two heroic ones, two lions in their onset, two of cruel energy, the two sons of Yvyr; two, unrestrained in the day of battle their onward course, of irresistible progress and of matchless feat. The stroke of the fierce lions forcibly cut through warriors of the leading hosts, red with the heaviest masses of blood, heading in pursuit with ruthless glory. The shivering of their two shields may be likened to the loud-voiced wind, over the green-sea brink checking the incessant waves; so seemed the scene of Tul-garth.

Pour out, thou Cup-bearer, seek not death, the Horn with honor in festivals. The long blue goblet of high privilege, with ancient silver that covers it, with opposite lips, and bore to Tudyr, edge of conflicts, a prime beverage of the blushing wine. If there come not in of mead the best of all the liquor from the bowl, thy hand is forfeit to the hand of Movingleth the encourage of songs; may they become old in fame before their cold deputation! Brothers blameless! of highly sorrowing minds, of dauntless vigor earning your deserts, warriors who for me have achieved services, not old with insensitiveness, but old in dexterity, toilers, impellers, leaders that are wolves of the cruel foremost rank, with gory limbs. Brave captains of the men of Moenart, a Pwyllian land, both possess the prowess of the brave; the deliverers in every need, ready are their weapons, securely they would keep their bounds from tumult, praise is their need, they who are so blest. — Cry of death was it? be the two to me then changed!

Oh my Christ! how sad am I from these wounds! By the loss of Moreiddig greatly is his absence felt.

Pour thou out the Horn, far they do not sigh for me! the Hirtas, cheeringly in the hand of Morgan, a man who deserves the homage of peculiar praise. Like poison to the happy is the trick of his spear, a matter accursed is the abiding his blade, smooth its two sides, keen its edges.

Pour out, thou Cup-bearer, from a silver vessel the solemn festive boon with due respect. On the plain of Great Gwesnant I saw the raw throbbing. To baffle Gwennyn were a task for a hundred men; the warriors a mutual purpose did accomplish there, supporters of the battle, heedless of life.

The exalted chief did meet the dispersed ones of slaughter, a governor was slain, burnt was a fort on the flood mark of the sea; a magnanimous prisoner they fetched away, Mairye son of Gruyvd, the theme of propitiating song: Were they not all bathed in sweat when they returned, for fall of sunshine were the extended hill and dale?

Pour thou out the Horn to the mutually toiling ones, the whirls of Owen with connected spears in united lead; they would pour abroad in a noted spot a store where the glinting horns go rebounding: Madoc and Muller, men nurtured in depredation, for inquiet the storming opponents, the instructors for tumult of a shield-bearing host, and forward conductors of subjects trained for conflicts. It is heard how from the feast of mead went the chief of Ca-trath; upright their purpose with keen-edged weapons; the train of Myndoodle, for their being consigned to sleep, obtained their recording, leaders of a wretched fray! None achieved what my warriors did in the land toil of Maelor, — the release of a prisoner belongs to the harmonious eulogy.

Pour out, thou Cup-bearer, sweet mead distilled of spear-impelling spirit in the sweating toil, from bangle horns proudly overlaid with gold to requisite the pledge of their lives. Of the various distresses that chieffains endure no one knows but God and he who speaks. A man who will not pay, will not pledge, will abide no law, Daniel the auxiliary chief, so fair of loyalty. Cup-bearer, great the deed that chance to be honored, of men reposing not from death if they find not hospitality. Cup-bearer, a choicest treat of mead must be served us togeth er, an areat fire bright, a light of ardently bright tapers. Cup-bearer, thou mightest have seen a house of wrath in Llechau land, a sullenly subject prey that shall be highly praised. Cup-bearer, I cannot be continued here nor avoid a separation; Be it in Paradise that we be received; with the Supreme of Kings long be our abode, where there is to be seen the secure course of truth. The passage in the poem would have stood very differently had I seen this literal version before it was printed. I had written from the faultless paraphrase of Evans, in which every thing characteristic or beautiful is lost. Few persons who read this song can possibly doubt its authentici ty. They who chose to consider the Welsh poems as spurious had never examined them. Their groundless and impudent incredulity, however, has been, as it is supposed Mr. Turner to write his Vindication, which has settled the question forever.


Saint Monanod. — X. p. 343, col. 2.

4 In Penannul-Melanbyle church was the tomb of St. Mona
cella, who, protecting a hare from the pursuit of Brocwell
NOTES TO MADOC IN WALES.

Yeathdrog, Prince of Powis, he gave her land to found a religious house, of which she became first Abbess. Her hard bed is shown in the elict of a nighboring rock, her tomb was in a little chapel, now the vestry, and her image is still to be seen in the churchyard, where also of Edward, eldest son of Owen Gwynedd, who was set aside from the succession on account of a broken nose, and flying here for safety, was slain not far off, at a place called Beddau Cynefin. On his shield is inscribed, The feast Edward. *— Gower's Cymdeithas.

Mr. Tough has certainly been mistaken concerning one of these monuments, if not both. What he supposed to be the Image of St. Monacel is the monumental stone of some female distinction, the figure being recumbent, with the hands joined, and the feet resting upon some animal. And the letters which he read for Edward, are plainly El Madoc.

The place of meeting was a high hill-top. — XI. p. 316, col. 1.

The Bardic meetings, or Gwascoedlau, were held in the open air, on a conspicuous place, while the sun was above the horizon; for they were to perform every thing in the eye of light, and in the face of the son. The place was set apart by forming a Circle of Stones, with a large stone in the middle, beside which the presiding Bard stood. This was termed Cyfg Cyngyrail, or the Circle of Federation, and the middle stone Maca Llug, the Stone of Covenant.

Mr. Owen's very curious introduction to his translation of Llywarch Hen has supplied materials for the account of the Gwascoedlau, introduced in the poem. That it might be as accurate as possible, he himself and Edward Williams the Bard did me the favor of examining it. To their knowledge, and to that of Mr. Turner, the historian of the Anglo-Saxons, and to the Liberty and Friendliness with which they have ever been willing to assist me therewith, I am greatly and variously indebted.

The Bard at these meetings wore the distinguishing dress of his order—a robe of sky blue, as an emblem of truth, being unicolored, that is, as a type of the storms of the moral world, he must assume the serenity of the unclouded sky. The dress of the Ogadol, the third order, or first into which the candidate could be admitted, was green. The Aemysddau, the Disciples, wore a variegated dress of blue, green, and white, the three Bardic colors, white being the dress of the Druids, who were the second order. The bands stood within the circle, barbearded and barefooted, and the ceremony opened by sheathing a sword and laying it on the Stone of Covenant. The Bardic traditions were then recited.

Himself, albeit his hands were well-nigh with war, Initiate; for the Order, in the lapse Of years, and in their nation's long decline, From the first vigor of their purity Somewhat had fallen. — XI. p. 316, col. 1.

*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; nor was a asked weapon ever to be held in his possession, for under the title of Bardol Ynas Prydain, Bard of the Isle of Britain, he was recognized as the sacred Herald of Peace. He could pass unmolested from one country to another, where his character was known; and whenever he appeared in his unicolored robe, attention was given to him on all occasions; if it was even between armies in the heat of action, both parties would instantly desist. — Owen's Llygare Hen.

Six of the elder Birds are enumerated in the Triads as having borne arms in violation of their Order; but in these latter days the perversion had become more frequent. Meiler, the Bard of Gryfydd ab Cynn, distinguished himself in war; Cynddelw, Bryffydog Mael, the Great Bard, was eminent for his valor, and Gwalcymai boasts in one of his poems that he had defended the Marches against the Saxons. — Warrington.

The Bard's most honorable name. — XI. p. 316, col. 2.

No people seem to have understood the poetical character so well as the Welsh; witness their Triads.

*The three primary requisites of poetical Genius; an eye that can see Nature, a heart that can feel Nature, and a resolution that dare follow Nature.

*The three foundations of Genius; the gift of God, man's exertion, and the influence of his own life.

*The three indispensables of Genius; understanding, feeling, and perseverance.

*The three things which constitute a poet; genius, knowledge, and impulse.

*The three things that enrich Genius; contentment of mind, the cherishing of good thoughts, and exercising the memory. — E. Williams's Poems. Owen's Llygare Hen.

Cumbrie lore. — XI. p. 316, col. 2.

*The Welsh have always called themselves Cymry, of which the strictly literal meaning is Aborigines. There can be no doubt that it is the same word as the Cymry of the ancients; they call their language Cymraeg, the Primitive Tongue. — E. Williams's Poems.


*Gwawyn, the son of Aeddan Vrudogh ab Brynwal Hen, a chief-man of distinguished celebrity in the latter part of the fifth century. Gwynedd, Cadwallon, and Gwawyn were the heads of the three faithful tribes of Britain. The family of Gwawyn obtained that title by accompanying him to son to discover some islands, which, by a traditionary memorial, were known by the name of Ouestkarvan Dduw, or the green Islands of the Ocean. Their expedition was notward of afterwards, and the situation of those islands became lost to the Britons. This event, the voyage of Merthyl Emrys with the twelve Bards, and the expedition of Madoc, were called the three losses by disappearance. — Cymrythau Brwffaid.

Of these Islands, or Green Spots of the Floods, there are some singular superstitions. They are the abode of the Tyfaghog Feg, or the Fair Family, the souls of the virtuous Druids, who, not having been Christians, cannot enter the Christian heaven, but enjoy this heaven of their own. They, however, discover a love of mischief, neither becoming happy spirits, nor consistent with their original character; for they love to visit the earth, and, seizing a man, inquire whether he will travel above wind, mild wind, or below wind; above wind is a giddy and terrible passage; below wind is through bush and brake; therefore, if it be a safe course, instead of security is, to catch hold of the grass, for these beings have not power to destroy a blade of grass. In their better moods they come over and carry the Welsh in their boats. He who visits these islands imagines on his return that he has been absent only a few hours, when, in truth, whole centuries have passed away.

If you take a turf from St. David's church-yard, and stand upon it in the sea-shore, you holdel these islands. A man once, who had thus obtained sight of them, immediately put to sea to find them; but they disappeared, and his search was in vain. He returned, looked at them again from the enchantcd turf, again sat sail, and failed again. The third time he took the turf into his vessel, and stood upon it till he reached them.

*The inhabitants of Arran More, the largest of the south isles of Arran, on the coast of Galway, are persuaded that in a clear day they can see Hy Breasal, the Enchanted Island, from the east, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish. — Collectanea de Rebus Hiberniae. Beaupre's Anteart Topography of Ireland.

General Vallancey relates a different history of this superstition. 'The old Irish,' he says, 'say, that great part of Ireland was swallowed up by the sea, and that the sunken part often rises, and is frequently to be seen on the horizon from the Northern coast. On the North-west of the island they call this enchanted country Tir Huds, or the city of Huds, believing that the city stands there which once possessed all the riches of the world, and that its key lies buried under some Druidical monument. When Mr. Burton, in 1765, went in search of the Oglim monument, called Coole's Tomb, on Collum mountain, the people could not be convinced that the search was made after an inscription, but insisted that he was
seeking after an Enchanted Key that lay buried with the Hero, and which, when found, would restore the Enchanted City to its former splendor, and convert the moory heights of Cullan mountain into rich and fruitful plains. They expect great riches; whenever this city is discovered.

This Enchanted country is called O Brasil, or O Brazil, which, according to General Valmasey's interpretation, signifies the Royal Island. He says it is evidently the lost city of Arabian Story, visited by their fabulous prophet Houd,—the City and Paradise of Irene! He compares this tradition with the remarks of Whiteweb in the Giant's Causew ay, and suspect s that it refers to the lost Atlantis, which Whiteweb thinks perhaps existed there.

Is that remarkable phenomenon, known in Sicily by the name of Morgaine le Fay's works, ever witnessed on the coast of Ireland? If so, the superstition is explained by an actual apparition. I had not, when this note was written, seen Mr. Latham's account of a similar phenomenon at Hastings, (Phil. Trans. 1798,) which completely establishes what I had here conjectured. Mr. Nicholson, in his remarks on it, says the same thing has been seen from Broadstairs, and that those appearances are much more frequent and general than has usually been supposed.

In his crystal ark,
Whiter sail'd Merlin with his band of Bards,
Old Merlin, master of the mystic love— XI. p. 247, 1. 

The name of Merlin has been so canonized by Ariosto and our divine Spenser, that it would have been a hearse in poetry to have altered it to its genuine orthography.

Merdin was the bard of Enyn Whedig, the Ambrosius of Saxo's history, by whose command he erected Stonehenge, in memory of the Plot of the Long Knives, when, by the treachery of Grythyr, or Vortigern, and the Saxons, three hundred British chiefs were masted. He built it on the site of a former Circle. The structure itself affords proof that it cannot have been raised much earlier, insomuch as it deviates from the original principle of Bardic circles, where no appearance of art was to be admitted. Those of Avebury, Stanton-Drew, Keswick, &c. exemplify this. It is called by the Welsh Gwath Erymy, the work of Ambrosius. Drayton's reproach, therefore, is ill founded.

Ill did those mighty men to trust thee with their story,
Thou hast forgot their names, who reared thee for their glory.

The Welsh traditions say that Merdin made a House of Glass, in which he went to sea, accompanied by the Nine Cyweird Bards, and was never heard of more. This was one of the Three disappearances from the isle of Britain. Merdin is also one of the Three principal Christian Bards of Britain. Merdin Wyllt and Taliesin are the other two.— Cambrian Biograpb.

A diving House of Glass is also introduced in the Spanish Romance of Alexander, written about the middle of the 13th century, by Joan Lorenzo Segura de Astorga.

Unas veces den en las grutas retraer,
No vas en cueita, es grava de errar
Si es verdad o no, yo van he y que escu
Pero no lo quiero en olvido poner.

Bien que por saber que fuen las pescadas,
Como niven las chiras entre las mas granadas,
Fizo cuba de vidrio con puntos bien cerradas,
Mitos en ella dentro con dos de sus criados.

Estos fueron estados de todos los meiores,
Por tal que no aviesen dona los truceros.
Ca que el que ello aviesen agrudadores,
Non fanor a las grazas los malos voltadores.

Fu de bona betume la cuba acriada,
Fu con bonas cadena bien presa a calzada,
Fu con pregues finos a las naves pregadas,
Qand non to se podices a estucarse calzada.

Mundo que quinze dias la dexassen hy derr
Las naves con totes prossasen de tos andar,
Assent podri en esto saber e mesure
Mitiria en escrii los secretos del mar.

Lu cubo fue fredo en qual Reyn, a
A los unos pesaba, a los otros plana
Bien cuidaban algunas que nunca cede saldría
Mas destiada era que en mar non moraría

Andaba ben Rey en su casa erreda,
Seía grant coeren en anguda passada
Vía toda la mer de pescedos poblada,
No es bestia nel siglue que non fues y trobada

Non vive en el mondo nengana creatura
Que non cria la mar semelleant figura
Tracen encinzados entre si por natura,
Los fautes a los flaco d'nalas maleta ventera.

Entonce vio el Rey en aquellos andados
Como cihan las naves a las otras eludos
Dicen que cada furen prezas es sosacadas,
Faren desent atea por el siglue usadas.

Tanto se nejigem el Rey los pescados
Como a los vientes el Rey por sabugados,
Unen fusta la cuba todas cascalegas,
Tremia todos anteto como macedas.

Jaqueba Alexandre por su dentro ilunde,
Que non una fura doma mayor accompagnado
De los pueblos del mar tosose por pagado,
Contaba que ari grant emperio guardo.

Otra fisiona vio en casas poldolleras,
Vio que los mayores caminó a los menores,
Los chicos a los grandes tenemos por senadores,
Mastrainos las mas fautes a los que son senores.

Diz el Rey, soberbia es en todos lugares,
Pocia es tal tierra que en grande mano:
Las aves em non se catan por parce,
 Dios confunda tal viuio que tien tantos lugares.

Nacio entre los angeles es fco muchos carr,
Jaramulos Dios por la tierra, e diote grant poder,
La mesnada non puede sin derecho aec
Asculto la cibo, non osoba parecer.

Quien mas puede una face, non de bien, mas de mal,
Quien mas a ver mas quiet, es morre por guan,
Non revería de su grado nenguna so igual,
Mal pescado, nenguna es a Dios leal.

Las aves e las bestias, los omes, los pescados,
Todos han entre si a bender derramad;
De vieio es de soberbia son todos entregados,
Los fautes de los fautes andan desadados.

Se como sober Rey bien todesto osmar,
Quien siacioso eis derechos sulgar,
Bien deblo un poco a lenua referiu,
Que en tant feras grudas non quisiase andar.

De su prael Rey mas oniera estado
Mas a sus criaciones fioscas pesade
Temes la osacion que non restre privada,
Suejieron bien ato del termo conuudado.

The sweet flow of language and metre in so early a poem is very remarkable; but no modern language can boast of monuments so early and so valuable as the Spanish. To attempt to verify this passage would be laborious and unprofitable. Its import is, that Alexander being desirous to see how the Fish lived, and in what manner the great Fish behaved to the little ones, ordered a vessel of glass to be made, and fastened with long chains to his ship, that it might not sink too deep. He entered it with two chosen servants, leaving orders that the ships should continue their course, and draw him up at the end of fifteen days. The vessel had been made perfectly water-tight. He descended, and found the fish as curious to see him as he had been to see the fish. They crowded round his machine, and trembled before him as if he had been their con
Notes to Madoc in Wales.


Fath-innis, the Noble Island, lies surrounded with tempests in the Western Ocean. I fear the account of this Paradise is but apocryphal, as it rests upon the evidence of Maepherson, and has every internal mark of a modern fiction.

In former days there lived in Skerr a magician of high renown. The blast of wind waited for his commands at the gate; he rode the tempest, and the troubled wave offered itself as a pillow for his repose. His eye followed the sun by day; his thoughts travelled from star to star in the season of night; he thirsted after things unseen; he sighed over the narrow circle which surrounded his days; he often sat in silence beneath the sound of his groves; and he blamed the careless lilies that rolled between him and the Green Isle of the West.

One day as the Magician of Skerr sat thoughtfully upon a rock, a storm arose on the sea: a cloud under whose equally skirts the foaming waters complained, rushed suddenly into the bay, and from its dark womb at once issued forth a beast, with its white sails bent to the wind, and hung around with a hundred moving ears. But it was destitute of mariners, itself seeming to live and move. An unusual terror seized the aged magician; he heard a voice, though he saw no human form.

"Arise! behold the boat of the heroes! arise and see the Green Isle of those who have passed away!"

He felt a strange force on his limbs; he saw no person; but he moved to the boat; immediately the wind changed; in the bosom of the cloud he sailed away. Seven days gleamed faintly round him, seven nights added to his darkness; his ears were stunnéd with shell voices; the dull murmurs of winds passed him on either side; he slept not, but his eyes were not heavy; he ate not, but he was not hungry: on the eighth day the waves swelled into mountains; the boat was rocked violently from side to side; the darkness thickened around him, when a thousand voices at once cried aloud, "The Isle! the Isle! The billows opened wide before him; the calm land of the departed rushed in light on his eyes.

It was not a light that dazzled, but a pure, distinguishing, and placid light, which called forth every object to view in their most perfect form. The isle spread large before him, like a pleasing dream of the soul, where distance fades not on the sight, where nearness fatigues not the eye. It had its gently-sloping hills of green, nor did they wholly want their clouds; but the sun was bright and transparent, and each involved, in its bosom the source of a stream, a beauteous stream, which, wandering down the steep, was like the mint notes of the half-touched larp to the distant ear. The valleys were open and free to the ocean; trees loaded with leaves, which secretly waved to the light breeze, were scattered on the green derelicts and rising ground; the billows walked not on the mountain; no storm took its course through the sky. All was calm and bright; the pure sun of Autumn shone from his blue sky on the fields; he hastened not to the west for repose, nor was he seen to rise from the East: he sits in his mid-day height, and looks obliquely on the Noble Isle.

In each valley is its slow-moving stream; the pure waters swell over the bank, yet abstain from the fields; the showers disturb them not, nor are they lessened by the heat of the sun. On the rising hill are the halls of the departed—the high-roofed dwelling of the heroes of old.

The departure, according to the Tale, retained, in the midst of their happiness, a warm affection for their country and living friends. They sometimes visited the first; and by the latter, as the Bard expresses it, they were transiently seen in the hour of peril, and especially on the near approach of death; it was then that at midnight, or in the dead of night, to use the words of the Tale, were suddenly awakened by a strange knocking at their gates; it was then that they heard the indistinct voice of their departed friends calling them away to the Noble Isle: "a sudden joy rushed in upon their minds, and that pleasing melancholy which looks forward to happiness in a distant land.

Macpherson's Introduction to the History of Great Britain.

"The softer sex, among the Celts," he adds, "passed with their friends to the fortunate isles; their beauty increased with the change, and, to use the words of the Bard, they were rudely lights in the Island of Joy." And an emerald light Perceades the green translucent element. — XI. p. 347, col. 1.

I have supplied Merlin with light when he arrived at his world of Mermankind, but not for his submarine voyage; let Paracelsus do this.

"Uran and Thummim were the Philosopher's Stone, and it was this which gave light in the Ark." For God commanded Noah to make a clear light in the Ark, which some take for a window. But since the Text saith, Day and night shall no more cease; it seems it did then cease, and therefore there could be no exterior light.

"The Rabbits say, that the Hebrew word Zohur, which the Chaldees translate Nebir, is only to be found in this place. Other Hebrew doctors believe it to have been a precious stone hung up in the Ark, which gave light to all living creatures therein. This the greatest carbuncle could not do, nor any precious stone which is only natural. But the Universal Spirit, fixed in a transparent body, shines like the sun in glory, and this was the light which God commanded Noah to make."

— Paracelsus' Uran and Thummim.


Was one of the bravest, wisest, most liberal, and most celebrated of the kings of South Wales He is thus praised in the Pentarchia:—

Quis quest hærum calamos describere tantam,
Quarum ut spes fuli, modo cibus Hectoris instar,
Fortis in hostibus mole turmos instar Achillis.
Ulua avenis patrie fere sexaginta per annos,
Quos faunas aeris, quos castra recepta, quos urbés,
Spes patriae, columnam popcis, lux orbis et orbis,
Genio hunc, duxes aequus, fulmineoque duellii,
Quos sequae pace prior, aequus fortior alter in arma.

In Hearne's Collection of Curious Discourses, are these funereal verses upon Lord Rhys, as preserved by Camden:—

Nobile Cumbrense ecedit diurna desoros,
Hoe est Rhesus obit, Cambria tota gemit.
Sulphuriter, sed non mortaria, quia semper habetur
Iptius egregium nonem in orbe novem.
Hic tegitur, sed detegitur, fames perennius
Non simi illustrem voce lateo desec.
Ecclesiis probate mediis, sensu probateat,
Eloquia sacer, morbus eloquium.

Rhys ap Gryffith, say the Chronicles, was no less remarkable in courage, than in the stature and lineaments of his body, wherein he exceeded most men. — Royal Tribes.

When Giraldbus Cambrensis wrote, that is, at the time when the poem treats, the only Beavers remaining in Wales or England were in the Towy. Inter uuenturos Cambriae, secundum Largerie flavius, solus hic [Yscia] castores habet.

The Beaver is mentioned also in the laws of Hoel Din, and one of those dark, deep resting-places or pits of the river Conway, which the Spaniards call the remanuos del rio, is called the 'Beavers' pool.'

The Great Palace, like a sanctuary, is safe.— XII. p. 318, col. 2.

Dinas Faen, the Great Palace. It was regarded as an asylum.


Properly Gwagan; but I have adopted the orthography to an English eye. This very characteristic story is to be found, as arranged in the poem, in Mr. Yorke's curious work upon the Royal Tribes of Wales. Gwagan's demand was for five pounds, instead of ten marks; this is the only liberty I have taken with the fact, except that of fitting it to the business of the poem, by the last part of Rhys's reply. The ill humor in which the Lord of Dinawer confesses the messenger had surprised him, is mentioned more bluntly by the historian. "Gwagan found him in a furious temper, beating his servants and hanging his dogs." I have not lost the character of the anecdote, by relating the cause of his anger, instead of the effects.

The bay whose reckless waves Roll o'er the plain of Gwealod.— XII. p. 309, col. 2.

A large tract of feney country, called Caentre y Gwealod, the Lowland Cantos, was, about the year 500, inundated by the sea; so Seithynyn, in a fit of drunkenness, let the sea through the damps which secured it. He is therefore distinguished, with Geraint and Gwrtheyrn, under the appellation of the Three unarmed Drunkards. This district, which forms the present Cardigan Bay, contained sixteen principal towns of the Cymry, the inhabitants of which, who survived the inundation, fled into the mountainous parts of Merion and Arvon, which were till then nearly uncultivated. Gwahlen Garth, one of the petty Princes, whose territories were thus destroyed, was a poet. There were lately (and I believe, says Edmund Williams, are still) to be seen in the sands of this bay large stones with inscriptions on them, the characters Roman, but the language unknown. E. WILLIAM S'S Poems.— Cumbrian Biography.

The two other产生 drunkards were both Princes; the one set fire to the standing corn in his country, and so occasioned a famine; Gwrtheyrn, the other, is the Vortigern of Saxon history, thus distinguished for reeding the Isle of Thanet, in his drunkenness, as the price of Rowena. This worthless King is also recorded as one of the Three disgraceful men of the island, and one of the Three treacherous conspirators, whose families were forever divested of privilege,— Cumbrian Biography.

Bardsey.— XII. p. 309, col. 2.

"This little island," says Giraldbus, "is inhabited by certain monks of exceeding piety, whom they call Calidces, (Ca liche vel Coldices). This wonderful property it hath, either from the salubrity of its air, which it partakes with the shores of Ireland, or rather from some miracle by reason of the merits of the Saints, that diseases are rarely known there, and seldom or never does any one die till worn out by age. Infinite numbers of Saints are buried there."

On his back,
Like a broad shield, the coracle was hung.— XII. p. 330, col. 2.

"The coracles are generally five feet and a half long and four bread, their bottom is a little rounded, and their shape nearly oval. These boats are ribbed with light laths, or split twigs, in the manner of basket-work, and are covered with a raw hide or strong canvass, pitched in such a mode as to prevent their leaking; a seat crosses just above the centre, towards the broader end; and they seldom weigh more than between 20 and 30 pounds. The men paddle them with one hand while they fish with the other, and when their work is completed, they throw the coracles over their shoulders, and without difficulty return with them home."

"Riding through Aberwilli we saw several of these phenomena resting with their bottoms upwards against the houses, and resembling the shells of so many enormous turtles; and indeed a traveller, at the first view of a coracle on the shoulders of a fisherman, might fancy he saw a tortoise walking on his hinder legs."— WINDHAM.

Andrew Marvell, in his poem called "Appleton House," describes the coracle as then used in Yorkshire:—

And now the salmon-fishers moist
Their heathen boats begin to hoist;
And, like Antipodes in shoes,
Have shod their heads in their canoes.

How Tortoise-like, but not so slow,
These rational amphibii go! Let's in; for the dark hemisphere
Does now like one of them appear.

The Saxons pirates ventured to sea in vessels of basket-work covered with skins: they were used also by the ancient Spaniards; perhaps the coracles succeeded the canoe, implying more skill than is necessary to scoop out a tree, or hollow it with fire, and less than is required to build a boat. The boats of bark, which the savages of Canada use, are equally ingenious, and possess the same advantages.

Prince Holc's lay of love.— XIV. p. 332, col. 2.

Eight poems by Prince Hoel are preserved; they are here given in Mr. Owen's translation.

1.

My choice is a lady, elegant, slender, and fair, whose lengthened white form is seen through the thin blue veil; and my choicest faculty is to muse on superior female excellence, who she with diffidence utter the becoming sentiment; and my choicest participation is to become united with the maid, and to share mutual confidence as to thoughts and fortune. I choose the bright hue of the spreading wave, thou who art the most discreet in thy country, with thy pure Welsh speech, chosen by me art thou; what am I with thee! love! dost thou refrain from speaking! art thy silence even fair! I have chosen a maid, so that with me there should be no hesitation; it is right to choose the choicest fair one; choose, fair maid!

2.

I love the white glittering walls on the side of the bank, clothed in fresh verdancy, where bashfulness loves to observe the modest seamen's course; it would be my delight, though I have met with no great return of love in my much-desired visit on the shiek white steed, to behold my sister of flippant smile; to talk of love since it has come to my lot; to restore my ease of mind, and to renew her slighted troth with the nymph as fair as the bane of the shore-beating wave.

From her country, who is bright as the coolidly-drifted snow upon the lofty hill, a nosegay has come to us, that I should be so treated with disdain in the Hall of Ogryvan.

Playful, from her premise was new-born expectation; she is gone with my soul away: I am made wretched! Am I not become for love like Garwy Hir to the fair one of whom I am disbarred in the Hall of Ogryvan?

3.

I love the castle of proud workmanship in the Cyrylci, where my own assuming form is wont to intrude: the high of renown, in full haste, seek admission there, and by it speaks the mad reasoning wave.

It is the chosen place of a luminary of splendid qualities and fair; glorious her rising from the verge of the torrent.
and the fair ones upon the now progressive year, in the wild of Arron, in the Snowdonia hills.

The tent does not attract; the glossy silk is not looked on by her love, with passing tenderness: if her conquest could last until the last night, ere the night that comes, she should next to her be found.

4.

I have harnessed thee to-day, my steed of shining gray; I was traverse on thee, the fair region of Cyglas; and I will hold a hard dispute before death shall cut me off in obstructing sleep, and thus obstructing health; and on me it has been a sign, no longer being the honored youth, the complexion is like the pale blue waves.

Oppressed with longing is my memory; in society; regret for her by whom I am hated; whilst I confound the maned the honored eulogy; she, to prosper pain, desirous not to return the consolation of the slightest grace.

Broken is my heart; my portion is regret, caused by the form of a slender lady, with a girdle of rosy gold; my treat is not deserved, she is not this day where my appointed place was fixed. Son of the God of Heaven! if before a promise of furbarance she goes away, woe to me that I am not slain.

5.

When the ravens rejoice, when blood is hastening, when the gore runs bubbling, when the war doth rage, when the houses redden in vulgar, when the red half is burning, when we glow with wrath; the roly dume it blazes up to heaven; our abode affords no shelter; and plainly is the bright confederation seen from the white walls upon the shore of Menai.

They perished on the third day of May, three hundred ships of a fleet roving the ocean; and ten hundred times the number the ward would put to flight, leaving not a single bead upon Menai.

6.

Five evening tides were celebrated when France was saved, when harbing chief were made to fly, when there was pressure round the stoney bodies; should a weapon yet be branded round the head, a public triumph would my wrath procure, securing the bounds of Leegy, and on her habitation hurrying rain; there should be the hand of the hastening host upon the cross, the keen edge slaying, the blade reeking with blood, the blood loose over the object through, a blood veil hiding its place of falling, and a plain of blood, and a cheek suffused with gore.

7.

I love the time of summer; then the glady-exulting steed of the warrior prances before a gallant chief; the wave is crowned with foam; the limb of the active more quickly moves; the apple-tree has arrayed itself in another livery; bordered with white is my shield on my shoulder, prepared for violence. I have loved, with ardeness of desire, the object which I have not obtained.

Cerdwen, fair and tall, of slowly languid gait, her complexion vies with the warm dawn in the evening hour, of a splendid delicate form, beautifully mild and white-hued presence; is stopping over a rush near falling seems the little tiny fair one; gentle in her air, she appears but scarcely older than a tenth year infant. Young, shapely, and full of gracefulness, it were a congenial virtue that she should freely give; but the youthful female does more embarrass good fortune by a smile, than an expression from her lips checks impertinence. A worshipping pilgrim, she will send me to the celestial presence; how long shall I worship thee? stop and think of thine office! If I am unskilful through the doatage of love, Jesus, the well-informed, will not rebuke me.

8.

Fair foam-crowned wave, spraying over the sacred tomb of Ruyon the brave, the chief of princes, behold this day I love the utmost hate of England, a flat and energetic land, with a race involved in every vile. I love the spot that gave me the mule-bestowed, whereby the contrary nature is a thing, a testing of conflict. I love the society and thick inhabitants therein, and which, obedient to its lord, directs its view to peace. I love its sea-coast and its mountains, its city bordering on its forest, its fair landscape, its dales, its water, and its vales, its white sea-news, and its beauteous women. I love its warriors and its well-trained steeds, its woods, its strong-holds, and its social domicil. I love its fields clothed with tender trefol, I were had to love the song of a pleasing bird, which singing in the elevated regions, the prerogative of heroism, and its far-extended wild, and its sports of the chase, which, Son of God, have been great and wonderful: how sleek the melodious deer, and in what plenteous found! I achieved by the push of a spear an excellent deed between the chief of Powys and happy Gwynne, and upon the pale-hued element of ever-struggling motion may I accomplish a liberation from exile. I will not take breath until my party comes; a dream declares it, and God wills it to be so, fair foam-crowned wave spraying over the grave.

Fair foam-crowned wave, impetuous in thy course, like in color to the hoar when it accumulates; I love the sea-coast in Meirony, where I have had a white arm for a pillow. I love the nightingale upon the privet-briar in Cymmer Denur, a celebrated vale. Lord of heaven and earth, the glory of the blest, though so far it is from Ceri to Caerllewy, I mounted the yellow steel, and from Meilenyz reached the land of Reged between the night and day. Before I am in the grave, may I enjoy a new blessing from the land of Tre-gynyl of fairest aspect. Since I am a lover of the tender and I want to wander, may God direct my fate, fair foam-crowned wave of impetuous course!

I will implore the Divine Supreme, the wonderful in subjugating to his will, as king, to create an excelling muse for a song of praise of ancient women, such as has been the shining sword of my hardy lore so long, so are tardy in dispensing grace. The most eminent in all the west I name, from the gates of Chester to the port of Ysgwin: The first is the nymph who will be the subject of universal praise, Gwenliant, whose complexion is like the summer's day. The second, another of high state, far from my embrace, adorned with golden necklace, fair Gweryl, from whom not even confidence have I obtained, nor has any of my race; though I might be slain by two-edged blades, she whose foster brother was a king, should be my theme. And next for the handsome Gwylady, the young and modest virgin, the idol of the multitude, I utter the secret sigh; I will worship her with the yellow blossoms of the furze. Soon may I see my vigor return to combat, and in my hand my blade, bright Leucu, my companion, laughing, and whose husband laughs not from anxiety. Great anxiety oppresses me, makes me sad; and longing, ah! is habitual for fair Nest, for her who is like the apple-tree blossom; and for Perwrecr, the centre of my desire; for Generys the chaste, who grants not a smile for me; may continued love overcome her! for Hunyt, whose fame will last till the day of doom; for Hwals, who claims my choicest eulogy. On a memorable day I had a nymph; I had a second, more be their praise; I had a third and a fourth with prosperity; I had a fifth of those with a skin white and delicate; I had a sixth bright and fair, avoiding not the temptation, above the white walls did she resist me; I had a seventh, and this was satiety of love; I had eight in recom pense for a little of the praise which I sung; but the teeth most opportunely bar the tongue.

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Even as Owen in his deeds
Disowned the Church when living, even so
The Church disowned him dead.— XV. p. 351, col. 2.

Owen Gwyneth was buried at Bangor. When Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, coming to preach the crusade against the Saracens, saw his tomb, he charged the Bishop to remove the body out of the Cathedral, when he could find a fit opportunity so to do; in regard that Archbishop Becket had excommunicated him heretofore, because he had married his first cousin, the daughter of Grono ab Edwyn, and that notwithstanding he had continued to live with her till she died. The Bishop, in obedience to the charge, made a passage from the vault through the south wall of the church, under ground, and so secretly shoved the body into the churchyard.

ROYAL TRIBES. FROM THE HUNGARY MS.

One of the first things we asked to see was the tomb of Potemkin. All Europe has heard that he was buried in Cherson; and a magnificent sepulture might naturally be expected for a person so renowned. The reader will imagine our surprise, when, in answer to our inquiries concerning his remains, we were told that no one knew what was become of them.

Potemkin, the illustrious, the powerful, of all the princes that ever lived the most princely, of all imperial favorites the most favored, had not a spot which might be called his grave. He, who not only governed all Russia, but even made the haughty Catherine his suppliant, had not the distinction possessed by the humblest of the human race. The particulars respecting the ultimate disposal of his body, as they were communicated to me upon the spot, on the most credible testimony, merit curious detail.

The corpse, soon after his death, was brought to Cherson, and placed beneath a dome of the small church belonging to the fortress opposite to the altar. After the usual ceremony of interment, the vault was covered, merely by restoring to their former situation the planks of wood belonging to the floor of the building. Many inhabitants of Cherson, as well as English officers in the Russian service, who resided in the neighborhood, had seen the coffin: this was extremely ordinary; but the practice of showing it to strangers prevailed for some years after Potemkin’s decease. The Empress Catherine either had, or pretended to have, an intention of erecting a superb monument to his memory; whether at Cherson or elsewhere, is unknown. Her sudden death is believed to have prevented the completion of this design.

The most extraordinary part of the story remains now to be related: the coffin itself has disappeared; instead of any answer to the various inquiries we made concerning it, we were cautioned to be silent. No one, said a countryman of ours, living in the place, dares to mention the name of Potemkin. At length we received intelligence that the verger could satisfy our curiosity, if we would venture to ask him.

We soon found the means of encouraging a little communication on his part; and were then told, that the body, by the Emperor Paul’s command, had been taken up, and thrown into the ditch of the fortress. These orders were implicitly obeyed. A hole was dug in the fosse, into which his remains were thrown with as little ceremony as if they were those of a dead dog; but this procedure taking place during the night, very few were informed of the disposal of the body. An eye-witness of the fact assured me that the coffin no longer existed in the vault where it was originally placed; and the Verger was actually proceeding to point out the place where the body was abandoned, when the Bishop himself, happening to arrive, took away my guide, and with menace but too likely to be fulfilled, prevented our being more fully informed concerning the tomb on present involving Potemkin.— CLARENCE’S TRAVELS, vol. i. p. 603.

Wise men slow Flock to their aid.— XVII. p. 357, col. 1.

"I am much affected," says old Fuller, "with the ingenuity of an English noblemman, who, following the camp of King Henry III. in these parts, (Caernarvonshire,) wrote home to his friends, about the end of September, 1243, the naked truth indeed as followeth: 'We lie in our tents, WATCHING, FASTING, PRAYING, AND FREEZING; WE WATCH FOR FEAR OF THE WELSHMEN, who are wont to invade us in the night; WE FAST FOR WANT OF MEAT, FOR THE HALFPENNY LEAF IS WORTH FIVE PENCE; WE PRAY TO GOD TO SEND US HOME SPEEDILY; WE FREEZE FOR WANT OF WINTER GARMENTS, HAVING NOTHING BUT THIN LINEN BETWEEN US AND THE WIND.'"

Be not thou
As is the black and melancholy yew,
That strikes into the grave its baleful roots,
And prosper on the dead.— XVII. p. 357, col. 2.

Like the black and melancholy yew-tree,
Dost think to root thyself in dead men's gravi,
And yet to prosper?

WEBSTER’S White Devil, or Vittoria Corbbona.

Never shall her waking eye
Behold them, till the hour of happiness,
When Death hath made her pure for perfect bliss.

XV. p. 358, col. 2.

The three Restorations in the Circle of Happiness; Restoration of original genius and character; Restoration of all that was beloved; and the Restoration of Remembrance from the origin of all things; without these perfect happiness cannot exist.— Tracts of Barden, 22.

I have thought it unnecessary to give a connected account of the Bardic system in these Notes, as it has been so well done by my friend, Mr. Turner, in his Vindication of the Ancient British Poems.

PART II.

MADOC IN AZTLAN.

I.

THE RETURN TO AZTLAN.

Now go your way, ye gallant company;
God and good Angels guard ye as ye go!
Blow fairly, Winds of Heaven! Ye Ocean Waves,
Swell not in anger to that fated fleet!
For not of conquest greedy nor of gold,
Seek they the distant world.— Blow fairly, Winds! Waft, Waves of Ocean, well your blessed load!

Fair blow the Winds, and safely did the Waves Bear that beloved charge. It were a tale
Would rouse adventurous courage in a boy,
Making him long to be a mariner,
That he might rove 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 Isles,
Which, had he seen ere that appointed storm
Drove southward his slope course, there he had pitch'd
His tent, and blest his lot that it had fallen
In land so fair; and human blood had reck'd
Daily on Aztlan’s devilish altars still.

But other doom was his, more arduous toil
Yet to achieve, worse danger to endure,  
Worse evil to be quelled, and higher good  
Which passeth not away edued from ill;  
Whereof all unforeseeing, yet for all  
Prepared at heart, he over ocean sails,  
Wafted by gentle winds o'er 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 greater rivers bends at last his way?

No watchman had been station'd on the height  
To seek his sails,—for with Cadwallon's hope  
Too much of doubt was blended and of fear:  
Yet thitherward, where'er he walk'd abroad,  
His face, as if instinctively, was turn'd:  
And duly, morn and eve, Lineoya there,  
As though religion led his duteous feet,  
Went up to gaze. He on a staff had scored  
The promised moons and days; and many a time  
Counting again its often-told account,  
So to beguile impatience, day by day  
Smooth'd off with more delight the daily notch.  
But now that the appointed time was nigh,  
Did that perpetual presence of his hope  
Haunt him, and mingle with his sleep, and war  
The natural rest, and trouble him by day,  
That all his pleasure was at earliest light  
To take his station, and at latest eve,  
If he might see the sails where, far away,  
Through wide savannah roll'd the silver stream.  
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 adown the tide the light lance,  
And mounts the vessel-side, and once again  
Fails at the Ocean Lord's beloved feet.

First of the general weal did Madoc ask;  
Cadwallon answer'd, All as yet is well,  
And by this seasonable aid secured,  
Will well remain,—Thy father? quoth the Prince.  
Even so, replied Cadwallon, as that eye  
Of hesitation augurs,—fallen asleep.  
The good old man remember'd thee in death,  
And blest thee ere he died.  

By this the shores  
And heights were throng'd; from hill to hill, from rock  
To rock, the shouts of welcome rung around.  
Forward they press to view the man beloved,  
Britons and Hoamans 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 his general smile,  
Amid the unacknowledged multitude.

Caernmadoc—by that name Cadwallon's love  
Call'd it in memory of the absent Prince—  
Stood in a mountain vale, by rocks and heights,  
A natural bulwark, girt. A rocky stream,  
Which from the falls came down, there spread itself  
Into a quiet lake, to compass which  
Had been a two hours' pleasurable toil;  
And he, who from a well-strung bow could send  
His shaft across, had needs a sinewy arm,  
And might from many an archer, far and near  
Have borne away the bell. Here had the Chief  
Chosen his abiding-place, for strength preferr'd,  
Where vainly might a host in equal arms  
Attempt the difficult entrance; and for all  
That could delight the eye and heart of man;  
What'er of beauty or of usefulness  
Heart could desire, or eye behold, being here.  
What he had found an idle wilderness  
Now gave rich increase to the husbandmen,  
For Heaven had blest their labor. Flourishing  
He left the happy vale; and now he saw  
More fields reclaimed, more habitations rear'd,  
More harvests rising round. The reptile race,  
And every beast of rumpine, had retired  
From man's asserted empire; and the sound  
Of axe, and dashing oar, and fisher's net,  
And song-beguiling toil, and pastoral pipe,  
Were heard, where late the solitary hills  
Gave only to the mountain-cataract  
Their wild response.

Here, Urien, cried the Prince,  
These craggy heights and overhanging groves  
Will make thee think of Gwyneth. And this hut,  
Rejoin'd Cadwallon, with its roof of reeds,  
Goeryl, is our palace: it was built  
With lighter labor than Aberfraw's towers;  
Yet, Lady, safer are its wattled sides  
Than Mona's kingly walls.—Like Gwyneth,  
said he?  
Oh no! we neighbor nearer to the Sun,  
And with a more benignant eye the Lord  
Of Light beholds us here.

So thus did they  
Cheerfully welcome to their new abode  
These, who, albeit awearie of their way,  
And glad to reach at length the place of rest,  
Felt their hearts overburden'd, and their eyes  
Ready to overflow. Yet not the less  
The buzz of busy joy was heard around,  
Where every dwelling had its guest, and all  
Gave the long eye to hospitable mirth.

II.

THE TIDINGS.

But when the Lord of Ocean from the stir  
And tumult was retired, Cadwallon then  
Thus render'd his account.  
When we had quell'd  
The strength of Aztlan, we should have thrown  
down  
Her Altars, cast her Idols to the fire,
And on the ruins of her fanes appears'd
Planted the Cross triumphant. Vain it is
To sow the seed where noxious weeds and briars
Must choke it in the growth.
Yet I had hope
The purer influence of exempl'd good
Might to the saving knowledge of the truth
Lead this bedarken'd race; and when thy ship
Fell down the stream to distant Britain bound,
All promised well. The stranger's God had proved
Mightier in war; and Aztlan could not choose
But see, nor seeing could she fail to love,
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 rumor ran of evil signs
And tokens; in the temple had been heard
Wailings and loud lament; the eternal fire
Gave dismally a dim and doubtful flame;
And from the censer, which at morn should steam
Sweet odors to the sun, a fetid cloud,
Black and portentous, rose. And now no Priest
Approach'd our dwelling. Even the friendly
Prince
Yuhidtlialon was at Caermadoc now
Rarely a guest; and if that tried good-will
Which once he bore us did at times appear,
A sullen gloom and silence, like remorse,
Followed the imagined crime.
But I the while
Rack'd not the brooding of the storm; for then
My father to the grave was hastening down.
Patiently did the piou man endure,
In faith anticipating blessedness,
Already more than man in these sad hours
When man is meanest. I sat 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 nought,
Nor conscious of the subtle-minded men
I dealt with, her inverteate in revenge,
How patient in deceit. Lincoya first
Forewarn'd me of the danger. He, thou know'st,
Had from the death of sacrifice escaped,
And lived 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 oppress'd,
And free them from their bondage. Didst thou hear
How from thy 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 thy unhappy race,
Tezcalipoca 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 trophied skulls,
Hideous 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 comedy countenance,
And shapely form, and all good natural gifts,
Worthiest to be the victim; and for this
Was young Lincoya chosen, being in truth
The flower of all his nation. For twelve months,
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 antic train
With music and with dance attend his way;
The crowd before him fall and worship him;
And those infernal Priests who guard him then,
To be their victim and their feast at last,
At morning and at evening incense him,
And mock him with knee-reverence. Twenty days
Before the bloody festival arrive,
As 'twere to make the wretch in love with life,
Four maids, the loveliest of the land, are given
In sponsals. With Lincoya all these rites
Duly were kept; and at the stated time,
Four maids, 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 oftentimes have seen her; and in truth,
Compared with Britain's maids, 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 harbor'd evil never breathed
Such winning tones.
Thou know'st how manifestly
These tribes, as if insensible to pain,
Welcome their death in battle, or in bonds
Defy their torturers. To Lincoya'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 woke;—
It h ung,—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,
That thought recurring to her, she would rest
Her cheek on his, and weep.
The day drew nigh; And now the eye of sacrifice was come. — What will not woman, gentle woman, dare, When strong affection stirs her spirit up? — She gather’d herbs, which, like our poppy, bear The seed of sleep, and with the temple-food Mingled their power; herself partook the food, So best to lull suspicion; and the youth, Instructed well, when all were laid asleep, Fleed far away.

After our conquering arms Had freed the Homen from their wretched yoke, Linceya needed but his Coateil 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, Linceya’s wife, When from the Paha’s wiles his watchful mind Forbode’d ill. He laisse make too good head, 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 Yuhidithiton, estranged, a seldom guest, Sullen 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 Steam’d 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 Cynetha’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 King Yielding blind reverence to the Pahas now, Deluded or dismay’d. He sent to say, Some treachery was design’d, and bade me charge His brother with the crime. On that same day, Linceya came from Aztlan; he had found Coateil laboring with a wretchedness She did not seek to hide; and when the youth Reveal’d his fear, he saw her timny cheek Whitten, 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, Coateilcizin at Mexhil’s shrine Had stood with all his nobles; human blood

Had then 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’d, and stove, Beneath dissembleld anger, to conceal Visible grief. She knew not what to fear; But something dreadful surely was at hand, And she was wretched.

When I heard these things, Yuhidithiton and the Priest Helhua Were in our dwellings. Them I call’d apart— 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 for 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 saved, And who will save his people, warns me now. Then on Yuhidithiton I fix’d my eye. Danger is near! I cried; I know it near! It comes from Aztlan.

His disorder’d cheek, And the forced and steady boldness of his eye, Which 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, Yuhidithiton! not so! quoth 1; 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 head 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 Caermadoc 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 Aztlan hath been false, — oh! 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 homeward went their way. Nor knew I then —

For this was but a thing of yesterday — How near the help I boasted. Now I trust Thy coming shall discomfit all their wiles.
III.

NEOLIN.

Nor 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, Goervyl. 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,
Goervyl!

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 he so lightly as he wend'd
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 canvas; 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 Erillyab and her son arrived,
To greet the Chief. She wore no longer now
The lank, loose locks of careless widowhood;
Her braided tresses round her brow were bound,
Bedeck'd with tufts of gray and silvery plumes,
Pluck'd from the eagle's pennons. She, with eye
And countenance which spake no feign'd delight,
Welcome'd her great deliverer. But her son
Had Nature character'd so legibly,
That, when his tongue told fair, his face bewray'd
The lurking falsehood; sullen, slow of speech,
Savage, down-looking, dark, that at his words
Of welcome, Madoc in his heart conceived
Instinctive enmity.

In a happy hour
Did the Great Spirit, said Erillyab,
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 blest
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 athirst,
And threaten vengeance. I have brought the Priest
To whom they spake in darkness — Thou art wise,
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 past 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 writhed within;
And I, too, with the inward agony,
Roll'd like a snake, and writhed. Give! give! he cried:
I thirst! — His voice was in me, and it burn'd
Like fire, and all my flesh and bones were shaken;
Till, with a three which seem'd to rend my joints
Asunder, he past forth, and I was left,
Speechless and motionless, gasping for breath.

Then Madoc, turning to Ayayaca,
Inquired, 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 Belov'd Teacher made us leave
The wicked way.

Hear me! quoth Neolin,
With antic gesture and loud vehemence;
Before this generation, and before
These ancient forests, — yea, before yon lake
Was hollow'd out, or one snow-flather fell
On yonder 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 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,
Forever, overshadow'd by his 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 forelive the race of men,
So that the things that will be, are to me
Past.

Amalalta 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, I 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?—None.
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
Fervides the earth; no harvest groweth 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 vigil, and long abstinence prepared,
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 law, and
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, repress’d
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.

AMALAHTA.

Soon as the coming of the fleet was known,
Hid Queen Erilyrab sent her hunters forth.
They from the forest now arrive, with store
Of venison; fires are built before the tents,
Where Llaiian and Goerylv for their guests
Direct the feast; and now the ready board
With grateful odor steams. But while they sat
At meat, did Amalahta many a time
Lift his slow eye askance, and eagerly
Gaze on Goerylv’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 Erilyrab spake;
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 sat sullenly,
Brooding in silence his imagined woes,
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 ripe methhegin, to Erilyrab 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 intemperate lips
Abuse its potency. She took the horn,
And sipp’d 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 favor’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, Erilyrab past
The horn to Amalahta. Sparingly!
Madoc exclaim’d; but when the savage felt
The luscious flavor, and the poignant life,
He heeded nought beyond the immediate joy.
Deep did he drink, and still with clinching hands
Struggled, when from his lips, unsatisfied,
Erilyrab pluck’d the horn with sharp reproof,
Chiding his stubborn wilfulness. Erelong
The generous liquor flush’d his head: he could feel
His blood play faster, and the joyful dance
Of animal life within him. Bolder grown,
He at Goerylv lift’s no longer now
The secret glance, but gloats with greedy eye;
Till, at the long and loathsome look abash’d,
She rose, and nearer to her brother drew,
On light pretense of speech, being half in fear.
But he, regardless of Erilyrab 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 Amalahta, 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, whereon
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, c’er we enter into life,
Soul hath with soul been mated, 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 confirm’d,
Yet temper’d the denial, for a while
Silenced him, and he sat in moody dreams
Of snares and violence. Soon a drunken thirst,
And longing for the luscious beverage,
Drove those dark thoughts aside. More drink!
quoth he.

Give me the drink!—Madoc again repeats
His warning, and again with look and voice
Erilylab chides; but he of all restraint
Impatient, cries aloud, Am I a child?
Give! give! or I will take!—Percance 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 clinch’d 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 wretch exclaim’d. This land is mine,
Not hers; the kingdom and the power are mine;
I am the master!

Hath it made thee mad?
Erilylab cried. — Ask thou the Snake-God that!
Quoth he; ask Neolin and Aztlan that! [one
Hear me, thou Son of the Waters! wilt thou have
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 grief;
Watching the fiendish workings of his face,
And turning to the Prince at times, as if
She look’d to him for comfort. Give 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,
Evil is brought to light; he hath divulged,
In this mad mood, what else hath been conceal’d
By guilty cunning. Set a watch upon him,
And on Priest Neolin; they plot against us;
Your fall and mine do they alike conspire,
Being leagued 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.

Erilylab cast
A look of anger, made intense by grief,
On Amalahita.—Cursed be the hour
Wherein I gave thee birth! she cried; that pain
Was light to what thy base and brutal nature
Hath sent into my soul. —But take thou 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 wellnigh worn out.

When she had ceased,
Still the deep feeling fill’d her, and her eye
Dwell on him, still in thought. Brother! she cried,
As Madoc would have soothed her, doubt not me!
Mine is no feeble heart. Abundantly
Did the Great Spirit overpay all woes,
And this the heaviest, when he sent thee here,
The friend and the deliverer. Evil tongues
May scatter lies; bad spirits and bad men
May league against thy life; but go thou on,
Brother! He loves thee, and will be thy shield.

V.

WAR DENOUNCED.

This is the day, when, in a foreign grave,
King Owen’s relics shall be laid to rest.
No bright embellishments bedeck’d his bier,
No tapes blazed, no prelate sung the mass,
No choristers the funeral dirge intoned,
No mitred abbots, and no tonsured train,
Lengthen’d the pomp of ceremonious woe.
His decent bier was with white linen spread
And canopied; two elks and bison yoked
Drew on the car; foremost Cadwallon bore
The Crucifix; with single voice distinct,
The good priest Llorien chant’d loud and deep
The solemn service; Madoc next the bier
Follow’d his father’s corpse; bareheaded then
Came all the people, silently and slow.

The burial-place was in a grassy plat,
A little level glade of sunny green,
Between the river and a rocky bank,
Which, like a buttress, from the precipice
Of naked rock sloped out. On either side
’Twas skirted by the woodlands. A stone cross
Stood on Cynetha’s grave, sole monument,
Beneath a single cocoa, whose straight trunk
Rose like an obelisk, and wavered on high
Its palmv plumage, green and never sore.
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 Romish 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,—Yuhithiton,
Chief of the Chiefs, and Helhua the Priest;
With these came Malinal. They met the Prince,
And with a sullen stoniness return'd
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 claim'd
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 Yuhithiton! 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 assent
Ye would belie, by midnight miracles
Scared, and such signs of darkness as beseech
The Demons whom ye dread; or, likest,
Duped by the craft of those accursed men,
Whose trade is blood. Ask thou of thine own heart,
Yuhithiton,—

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!

Malod 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 Malinal, 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 banish'd man;
Here take, in sorrow, my abiding-place,
Cut off from all my kin, from all old ties
Divorced; all dear familiar countenances
No longer to be present to my sight;
The very mother-language which I learn'd,
A lisping 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;
Yuhithiton, 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,—
Bid her remember then, that Malinal
Is in the dwellings of her enemy;
Where all his hope in banishment hath been
To intercede for her, and heal her wounds,
And mitigate her righteous punishment.

Sternly and sullenly his brother heard;
Yet hearken'd he as one whose heart perforce
 Suppress'd its instinct; and there might be seen
A sorrow in his silent stubborness.
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 stoop'd, and lifted up one ample urn,—
Thus let their blood be shed! — and far away
He whirl'd the scattering water. Then again
Raised the full vase,—Thus let their lives be quench'd!
And out he pour'd it on the flaming pile.
The steam-cloud, hissing from the extinguish'rd 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 conic 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 humbler dead
Lie on the floor,—white bones, exposed to view,
On deer, or elk-skin laid, or softer fur,
Or web, the work of many a mournful hour;
The loathlier forms of fresh mortality
Swathed, and in decent tendingness conceal'd.
Beside each body pious gifts are laid,
Mantle, and belt, and featherly coronal,
The bow he used in war, his drinking shell,
His arrows for the chase, the sarsbacan,
Through whose long tube the slender shaft, breath driven,
[wives,
Might pierce the winged game. Husbands and Parents and children, there in death they lie;
The widow,' and the parent, and the child,
Look on in silence. Not a sound is heard
But of the crackling brand, or mouldering fire,
Or when, amid yon pendent string of shells,
The slow wind wakes a shrill and feeble sound,—
A sound 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 we in aught have fail'd, that I, your Priest,
When I shall join ye soon,—as soon I must,—
May unimpeded pass the perilous floods,
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 assent. Against the eastern wall,
Fronting the narrow portal's winding way,
An Image stood: a cloak of fur disguised
The rude proportion of its uncouth limbs;
The skull of some old seer of days of old
Topp'd it, and with a visor this was mask'd,
Honoring 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
Stricken with palsy; and he gazed with eyes
Of asking horror round, as if he look'd
For counsel in that fear. But Neolin
Sprung boldly to the Oracle, and cried,
Speak, Spirit! tell us of our sin, and teach
The atonement! A sepulchral voice replied,
Ye have for other Gods forsaken us,
And we abandon you!—and crash with that,
The Image fell.

A loud and hideous shriek,
As of a demon, Neolin set up;
So wild a yell, that, even in that hour,
It brought fresh terror to the startled ear.
While yet they sat, pale and irresolute,
Helluna the Azteca came in. He bore
A shield and arrow,—symbols of war,
Yet now beheld with hope, so great relief
They felt his human presence.

Hoamen, hear me!
The messenger began; Erillyab, hear,
Priests, Elders, People! but hear chiefly thou,
Prince Amalahta, as of these by birth,
So now of years mature, the rightful Lord!—
Shall it be peace or war?—thus Aztlan saith;
Sие, in her anger, from the land will root
The Children of the Sea; but viewing you
In mercy, to your former vassalage
Invites ye, and remits the tribute lives,
And for rebellion claimeth no revenge.

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 claimed,
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 Elder's privilege?
The Queen exclaim'd; —and thou, Priest Neolin,

Curb thou thy traitorous tongue! The reign is
mine;
I hold it from my father, he from his;
Age before age, beyond the memory
Of man it hath been thus. My father fell
In battle for his people, and his sons
Fell by his side; they perish'd, but their names
Are with the names we love,—their happy souls
Pursue in fields of bliss the shadowy deer;
The spirit of that noble blood which ran
From their death-wounds, is in the roody 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 fit his dark and fiery eye,
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 beheld,
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 widowhood
Have past away; so 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 Amalahta,—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 lamp
To light his conqueror's revels? —Think not, Boy,
To palter with me thus! A fire may tremble
Within the sockets of a skull, and groans
May issue from a dead man's fleshless jaws,
And images may fall, and yet no God
Be there! — If it had walk'd abroad with life,
That had indeed been something!

Then she turn'd
Her voice toward the people. — Ye have heard
This Priest of Aztlan, whose insidious tongue
And glanced his forky tongue. Who then had seen
The man, with what triumphant fearlessness,
Arms, thighs, and neck, and body, wreathed 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 countenance,
Might well have wenu'd that he had summoned up
The dreadful monster from its native Hell,
By devilish power, himself a Fiend in flesh'd.

Blood for the God! he cried; — Lincoya's blood!
Friend of the Serpent's foe. — Lincoya's blood!
Cried Amalahta, and the people turn'd
Their eyes to seek the victim, as if each
Sought his own safety in that sacrifice.

Alone Eriluyab raised her voice, confused,
But not confounded; she alone exclaim'd,
Madoc shall answer this! Unheard her voice
By the bewild'rd people, by the Priest
Unheed'd; 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!
Ayayaca, 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 gray hairs, he dealt them round
Countrymen, kinsmen, 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 threescore years,
Have I been your true servant: fit it is
That I, who witness'd Aztlan's first assault,
Should perish her last victim! — and he moved
Towards the death. But then Eriluyab
Seiz'd him, and by the garment drew him back! —
By the Great Spirit, but he shall not die!
The Queen exclaim'd; nor shall thou triumph thus,
Liar and traitor! Hoomen, to your homes!
Madoc shall answer this!

Irresolute
They heard, and inobedient; 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 hand's, like one possess'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-years' 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 sacrifice.
Amalahta, and what others rooted love
Of evil leagued with him, accompanies
In treason, join'd the death-song and the dance
Some, too, there were, believing what they fear'd,  
Who yielded to their old idolatry,  
And mingled in the worship. Round and round  
The accursed minister of murder whirl'd  
His senseless victim; they, too, round and round  
In maddening motion, and with maddening cries  
Revolving, whirl'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 stopp'd, and once again began  
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.

VII.

THE SNAKE-GOD.

Meantime Erillyab's messenger had girt  
His loins, and, like a roebuck, o'er the hills  
He sped. He met Cadwallon and the Prince  
In arms, so quickly Madoc had obey'd  
Lincona's call; at noon he heard the call;  
And still the sun was riding high in heaven,  
When up the valley where the Hoamen dwelt  
He led his twenty spears. O welcome, friend  
And brother! cried the Queen. Even as thou saidst,  
So hath it proved; and those accursed schemes  
Of treachery, which that wretched boy reveal'd  
Under the influence of thy potent drink,  
Have ripen'd to effect. From what a snare  
The timely warning saved me: for, be sure,  
What I had seen I else should have believed,  
In utter fear confounded. The Great Spirit,  
Who taught thee to foresee the evil thing,  
Will give thee power to quell it.  
On they went  
Toward the dell, where now the Idolaters  
Had built their dedicated fire, and still  
With feasts, and fits of song, and violent dance,  
Pursued their rites. When Neolin perceived  
The Prince approach, fearlessly he came forth,  
And raised his arm, and cried, Strangers, away!  
Away, profane! hence to your mother-land!  
Hence to your waters; for the God is here; —  
He came for blood, and he shall have his fill!  
Impious, away!  
Seize him! exclaimed the Prince;  
Nor had he time for motion nor for flight,  
So instantly was that command obey'd.  
Hoamen, said Madoc, hear me! — I came here  
Stranger alike to Aztlan and to you;  
I found ye an oppress'd and wretched race,  
Groaning beneath your chains; at your request,  
For your deliverance, I unsheathed the sword,  
Redcenn'd ye from your bondage, and preserved  
Your children from the slaughter. With those foes  
Whose burden ye for forty years endured,  
This traitor hath conspired, against yourselves,  
Your Queen, and me, your friend; the solemn faith  
Which in the face of yonder sun we pledged,  
Each to the other, this perfidious man  
Hath broken, and hath stain'd his hands this day  
With innocent blood. Life must atone for life;  
Ere I destroy the Serpent, whom his wiles  
Have train'd so well, last victim, he shall glut  
The monster's maw.  

Strike, man! quothe Neolin.  
This is my consummation! the reward  
Of my true faith! the best that I could ask,  
The best the God could give: — to rest in him,  
Body with body be incorporate,  
Soul into soul absorb'd, and I and He  
One life, inseparable, for evermore.  
Strike; I am weary of this mortal part;  
Unite me to the God!  

Triumphanty  
He spake; the assembled people, at his words,  
With rising awe gazed on the miscreant;  
Madoc himself, when now he would have given  
The sign for death, in admiration paused;  
Such power hath fortitude. And he perceived  
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,  
Darting against, in his sinuous neck,  
With searching eye, and lifted jaw, and tongue  
Quivering, and hiss as of a heavy shower  
Upon the summer woods. The Britons stood  
Astounded 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, highest of the Anakim;  
What then was human strength, if once involved  
Within those dreadful coils? — the multitude  
Fell prone, and worshipp'd; pale Erillyab grew,  
And turn'd upon the Prince a doubtful eye;  
The Britons too were pale, albeit they held  
Their spears pretended; and they also looke'd  
On Madoc, who the white steed silently  
Contemplating how wisiest he might cope  
With that surpassing strength.  

But Neolin,  
Well hoping now success, when he had avow'd  
The general feeling thus, exclaimed aloud —  
Blood for the God! give him the Stranger's blood!  
Avenge him on his foes! And then, perchance,  
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: hack the monster drew  
His head upraised recoiling, and the Prince  
Smote Neolin; all circled as he was,  
And clipp'd in his false Deity's embrace,  
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  
Totter'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 
A rail’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 wrestled, and from his loosening clasp 
Dropp’d 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 Erillypha 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 gush 
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! quoth he; 
By his own element this 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 pierced, 
Three chambers in the rock. Fit vestibule 
The first to that wild temple, long and low, 
Shut out the outward day. The second vault 
Had its own daylight from a central chasm 
High in the hollow; here the Image stood, 
Their rude idolatry, — a sculptured snake, 
If term of art may such misshapen form 
Become, — around a human figure coiled, 
And all begrimed with blood. The innmost cell 
Dark; and far up within its blackest depth 
They saw the Serpent’s still small eye of fire. 
Not if they thinn’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 chasm, 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 twined, 
In pine-gum dipp’d; he kindled these, and shot 
The fiery shafts. Upon the scaly skin, 
As on a rock, the bone-tipp’d 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 shinking 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 dreaded element 
Did that brute force avail, which could have crush’d 
Milo’s young limbs, or Theban Hercules, 
Or old Manoah’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 chasm they centre him. 
At once the cags 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 lead essay’d 
To drag his mangled folds. One heavier stone 
Fus’ten’d and flatt’n’d him; yet still, with tall 
Ten cubits long, he lash’d the air, and join’d 
From side 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 retort’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 
It piercing, the monster forcing on the wound. 
He closed his teeth for anguish, and bit short 
The ashen hilt. But not the rage which now 
Clangs all his scales, can from its seat dislodge 
The barbed shaft; nor those convulsive shudderings, nor the throes 
Which shake his innmost entrails, as with the air 
In suffocating gusts the monster now 
Inhales his own life-blood. The Prince descends; 
He lifts another lance; and now the Snake, 
Gasping, as if exhausted, on the ground 
Recumes 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 cag 
Which held him down, pluck out the mortal spear,
Then drag him forth to day; the force conjoin'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, — a knee they fell before the Prince,
And in adoring admiration raised
Their hands with one accord, and all in fear
Worshipped the mighty Deicide. But he,
Recoiling from those sinful honors, 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 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 undistinguishable ashes lay.
Go! cried Prince Madoc, cast them in the stream,
And scatter them upon the winds, that so
No relic of this foul idolatry
Pollute the land. To-morrow meet me here,
Hoamen, and I will purify your 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
offence,
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, thronging the narrow vale,
And what of gradual rise the shelving combe
Displayed, or steeper eminence of wood,
Broken with crags and sunny slope of green,
And grassy platform. With the Elders sat
The Queen and Prince, their rank's prerogative,
Excluded else for sex unfit, and youth
For counsel immature. Before the arch,
To that rude fane, 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 hauberk and the helmet laid aside,
Gorget and gauntlet, greaves and shield, — he
comes
In peaceful tunic clad, and mantle long;
His hyacinthine locks now shadowing
That face, which late, with iron overbrow'd,
Struck from within the aventure 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 bends
In virgin beauty o'er her babe divine, —
A sight which almost to idolatry
Might win the soul by love. But who can gaze
Upon that other form, which on the rood
In agony is stretch'd: — his hands transfixed,
And lacerate with the body's pendent weight;
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 sat
Ranged in half circle, Madoc then advanced,
And raised, as if in act to speak, his hand.
Thereat was every human sound suppress'd;
And every quicken'd ear and eager eye
Were centred 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;
For other sacrifice he claims, — a soul
Resign'd, a will subdued, a heart made clean
From all offence. Not for your lots on earth,
Menial or mighty, slave or highly-born,
For cunning in the chase, or strength in war,
Shall ye be judged hereafter; — as ye keep
The law of love, as ye shall tame your wrath,
Forego revenge, forgive your enemies,
Do good to them that wrong ye, ye will find
Your bliss or bale. This law came down from
Heaven.
Lo, ye behold Him there by whom it came;
The Spirit was in Him, and for the sins
Of man He suffered thus, and by His death
Must all mankind be blest. Not knowing 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;
If ever more ye worship them with feast,
Or sacrifice, or dance; whose offends
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, mean-
time,
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
Her footstool, and a wreath of stars her crown.

Hoaumen, ye deem us children of a race
 Mightier than ye, and wiser, and by Heaven
Beloved and favor'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 our law, and be with us, on earth,
Partakers of these blessings, and in Heaven,
Co-heritors with us of endless joy.

Ere yet one breath or motion had disturb'd
The reverential hush, Eriyllab rose.
My people, said the Queen, their God is best
And mightiest. Him to whom we offered up
Blood of our blood, and of our flesh the flesh,
Vainly we deem'd divine; no spirit he
Of good or evil, by the conquering arm
Of Madoc mortal proved. What then remains
But that the blessing proffer'd thus in love,
In love we take?— Deliverer, Teacher, Friend,
First in the fellowship of faith I claim
The initiatory rite.

I also, cried
The venerable Priest Ayayaca,
Old as I am, I also, like a child,
Would learn this wisdom yet before I die.
The Elders rose and answer'd, We and all!
And from the congregated tribe burst forth
One universal shout,— Great is the God
Of Madoc,— worthy to be served is He!

Then to the mountain rivulet, which roll'd
Like amber over its dark bed of rock,
Did Madoc lead Eriyllab, in the name
Of Jesus, to his Christian family
Accepted now. On her and on her son,
The Elders and the People, Llorien
Sprinkled the sanctifying waters. Day
Was scarcely two hours old when he began
His work, and when he ceased, the sun had past
The heights of noon. Ye saw that blessed work,
Sons of the Cymry, Cadog, Deinid, Padarn, and Teilo! ye whose sanctified
Your monumental temples still record;
Thou, David, still revered, who in the vale,
Where, by old Hatteril's wintry torrents swolllen,
Rude Hodney rolls his raging stream, didst choose
Thy hermit home; and ye who by the sword
Of the fierce Saxon, when the bloodier Monk
Urged on the work of murder, for your faith
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.

IX.

TLALALA.

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,
When, from his lurking-place, the savage hurl'd
A javelin. At the rustle of the reeds,
From whence the blow was aim'd, I turn'd in time,
And heard it whizz beside me. Well it was,
That from the ships they saw and succor'd me;
For, subtle as a serpent in my grasp,
He seemed all joint and flexure; nor had I
Arms to ward, nor weapon to offend,
To battle all unused and unprepared;
But I, too, here upon this barbarous land,
Like Elinur and like Aroman of old,
Must lift the ruddy spear.

This is no day
For vengeance, answered Madoc, else his deed
Had met no mercy. Freely let him go!
Percance 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 Hoaumen have this day been made
Partakers. Say to Aztlan, when she, too,
Will make her temples clean, and put away
Her foul abominations, and accept
The Christian Cross, that Madoc then accords
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 insouciance of strength, she take upon her,
In sorrow, and in suffering, and in shame,
By strong compulsion, pentent too late.
Thou 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 bid thee let
Thy strong right hand hang idle in the fray,
That so his weakness with thy strength might cope
In equal battle!—Not in wrongfull war,
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 terrors forth, and thunder-strike
The guilty?

Silently the Savage heard;
Joy brighten’d in his eyes, as they unloose
His bonds; he stretched his arms atlength, to feel
His liberty, and like a greyhound then
Slipp’d 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 fleet feet and unfatiguable,
In three short hours hath travers’d; in the lake
He plung’d, 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 breasted the water. On the shore
Of Aztlan now he stands, and breathes at will,
And wrings his dripping locks; then through the gate
Pursued his way.

Green garlands deck the gate;
Gay are the temples with green boughs affix’d;
The door-posts and the lintels hung with wreaths;
The fire of sacrifice, with flames bedimmed,
Burns in the sun-light, pale; the victims wait
Around, impatient of their death delay’d.
The Priest, before Tetzalipoca’s shrine,
 Watches the maize-strown threshold, to announce
The footsteps of the God; for this the day,
When to his favor’d city he vouchsafes
His annual presence, and, with unseen feet,
Imprints the maize-strown threshold; follow’d soon
By all whose altars with eternal fires
Aztlan illum’d, and fed with human blood;—Mexitli, woman-born, who from the womb,
Child of no mortal sire, leap’d terrible,
The arm’d avenger of his mother’s fame;
And he whose will the subject winds obey,
Quetzalco’l, and Tlatoc, 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 beam of sacrifice,
To greet their dreadful coming.

With the train
Of warrior Chiefs Coancacoztin stood,
That when the Priest proclaim’d the enter’d God,
His lips before the present Deity
Might pour effectual prayer. The assembled Chiefs
Saw Tialala 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 impety
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 Yuhidithon, 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 founds
No peace in Aztlan, but the peace of death!

’Tis bravely said! Yuhidithon replied,
And fairly mayst thou boast, young Tialala,
For thou art brave in battle. Yet ’twere well
If that same fearless tongue were taught to check
Its boyish license now. No law forbade
Our friendship with the Stranger, when my voice
Pleased 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 manifest’d 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 outdone
Yuhidithon, revile him then for one
Shew to defend his country and his faith;
Till then, with reverence, as becometh thy youth,
Respect thou his full fame!—I wrong it not! I
Wrong it not! cried the young Azteca;
But truly, as I hope to equal it,
Honor thy well-earn’d glory. — But this peace! —
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 answer’d. Never yet
By holier arder were our countrymen
Possess’d; peace-offerings of repentance fill
The temple courts; from every voice ascends
X.

The arrival of the gods.

Now every moment gave their doubts new force,
And every wondering eye disclosed the fear
Which on the tongue was trembling, when to the
Eucate like some bare anatomy, [King,
And deadly pale, Tezozomoc was led,
By two supporting Priests. Ten painful months,
Immured 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 penance due
For public sins; and he had dwelt ten months,
Praying and fasting, and 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 ghostly sight.

In breathless eagerness
The multitude drew round as he began,—
O King, the Gods of Aztlan are not come:
They will not come before the Strangers' blood
Smoke on their altars; but they have beheld
My days of prayer, and nights of watchfulness,
And fasts austere, and bloody disciplines,
And have reveal'd their pleasure. Who is here,
Who to the White King's dwelling-place dare go,
And execute their will?

Scarce had he said,
When Tlalala exclaim'd, I am the man.

Hear then! Tezozomoc replied.—Ye know
That self-denial and long penance purge
The film and foulness of mortality,
For more immediate intercourse with Heaven
Preparing the pure spirit; and all eyes
May witness that with no relaxing zeal
I have perform'd my duty. Much I fear'd
For Aztlan's sins, and oft, in bitterness,
Have groan'd and bled for her iniquity;
But chiefly for this solemn day the fear
Was strong upon me, lest her Deities,
 Estranged, should turn away, and we be left
A spiritless and God-abandoned race,
A warning to the earth. Ten weary months
Have the raw maize and running water been
My only food; but not a grain of maize
Hath stay'd the gnawing appetite, nor drop
Of water cool'd my parch'd and painful tongue,
Since yester-morn arose. Fasting I pray'd,
And, praying, gash'd myself; and all night long,
I watch'd, and wept, and supplicated Heaven,
Till the weak flesh, its life-blood almost drain'd,
Sunk with the long austerity: a dread
Of death came over me; a deathly chill
Ran through my veins, and loosened every limb;
Dim grew mine eyes; and I could feel my heart,
Dying away within me, internit
Its slow and feeble throbs, then suddenly
Start, as it seem'd exerting all its force
In one last effort. On the ground I fell,
I know not if entrance, or dead indeed,
But without motion, hearing, sight, or sense,
Feeling, or breath, or life. From that strange state,
E'en in such blessed freedom from all pain
That sure I thought myself in very Heaven,
I woke, and raised my eyelids, and beheld
A light which seemed to penetrate my bones
With life and health. Before me, visible,
Stood Coatantona; a wreath of flowers
Circled her hair, and from their odorous leaves
Arose a lambent flame; not fitfully,
Nor with faint flash or spark of earthly flowers;
From these, forever 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 banquet. Let their will
Be known to Aztlan, and the brave perform
Their bidding; I, meantime, will seek to soothe,
With all a mother's power, Mexihli's wrath.
So let the maidens daily with fresh flowers
Garland my temple!—Daily with fresh flowers
Garland her temple, Aztlan! and revere
The gentle mother of thy guardian God!
And let the brave, exclaim'd young Thlalal,
Perform her bidding! Servant of the Gods,
Declare their will!—Is it, that I should seek
The strangers, in the first that meets my way
To plunge the holy 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 valor! deed so hazardous
They ask not. Couldst thou from the mountain
Tempt one of these rash fencers to pursue
Thine artful flight, 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,
Well pleased, and Aztlan's sons, inspired,
Behold the omen of assured success.
Thou know'st that Tlaloc's annual festival
Is close at hand. A stranger's child would prove
A victim, whose rare value would deserve
His certain favor. More I need not say.
Choose thou the force for ambush; and thyself
Alone, or with a chosen comrade, seek
The mountain dwellers.

Instant as he ceased,
Ocellopan began: I go with thee,
O Thlalal! My friend!—If one alone
Could have the honor of this enterprise,
My love might yield it thee;—but thou wilt need
A comrade.—Thlalal, I go with thee!
Whom, the Chief answer'd, should my heart select,
Its tried companion else, but thee, so oft
My brother in the battle? We will go,
Shedder of blood! together will we go,
Now, ere the midnight!

Nay! the Priest replied,
A little while delay; and ere ye go,
Devote yourselves to Heaven! Feebly he spake,
Like one exhausted; gathering then new force,
As with laborious effort, he pursued,—
Bedew Mexitli's altar with your blood,
And go beneath his guidance. I have yet
Strength to officiate, and to bless your zeal.

So saying, to the Temple of the God
He led the way. The warriors follow'd him;
And with his chiefs, Coacnocotzin went,
To grace with all solemnity the rite.
They pass the Wall of Serpents, and ascend
The massive fabric; four times they surround
Its ample square; the fifth, they reach the height.
There, on the level top, two temple-towers
Were reared; the one Tezcalipoca's fan,
Supreme of Heaven, where now the wily Priest
Stood, watchful for his presence, and observed
The maize-strown 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 enter'd there.

On a blue throne, with four huge silver snakes,
As if the keepers of the sanctuary,
Circled, with stretching neck and fangs display'd,
Mexitli sat; another graven snake
Belted with scales of gold his monster bulk.
Around the neck a loathsome collar hung,
Of human hearts; the face was mask'd with gold;
His peculiar eyes seem'd fire; one hand uprear'd
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 arboretus,
And herbs, and flowers, giving her endless life,
A Deity among the Deities;
While Conlantoma implores thy love
To thine own people, they in fear approach
Thy awful face, who know no fear beside;
And offer up the worthiest sacrifice,
The blood of heroes!

To the ready Chiefs
He turn'd, and said, Now stretch your arms, and
make
The offering to the God. They their bare arms
Stretched forth, and stabbed them with the abe—
Then in a golden vase Tezozomoc
point.
Received the mingled streams, and held it up
Toward the giant Idol, and exclaim'd,
Terrible God! Protector of our realm!
Receive thine incense! Let the steam of blood
Ascend to thee, delightful! So mayst thou
Still to thy chosen people lend thine aid;
And these blaspheming strangers from the earth
Be swept away; as erst the monster race
Of Mammoth, Heaven's fierce ministers of wrath,
Who drain'd the lakes in thirst, and for their food
Exterminated nations. And as when,
Their dreadful ministry of death fulfill'd,
Ipalnomoani, by whom we live,
Bade thee go forth, and with thy lightnings fill
The vault of Heaven, and with thy thunders rock
The rooted earth, till of the monster race
Only their monumental bones remain'd,—
So arm thy favor'd people with thy might,
Terrible God! and purify the land
From these blaspheming foes!

He said, and gave
Ocellopan the vase. — Chieft, ye have pour'd
Your strength and courage to the Terrible God,
Devoted to his service; take ye now
The beverage he hath hallow'd. In your youth
Ye have quaff'd many blood, that many thoughts
Might ripen in your hearts;—so now with this,
Which mingling from such noble veins hath flowed
Increase of valor drunk, and added force.
Ocellopan received the bloody vase,
And drank, and gave in silence to his friend
The consecrated draught; then Thlalal
Drain'd off the offering. Braver blood than this
My lips can never taste! enough he;—but soon
Grant me, Mexitli, a more grateful cup,—
The Stranger's life!
XI.

The Capture.

Meantime from Aztlán, on their enterprise, Shedder of Blood and Tiger of the War, Ocellopan and Tlahala set forth. With chosen followers, through the silent night, Silent they travell’d. 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 Impended; there they stood, and by the moon, Who yet, with undiminished lustre, hung High in the dark blue firmament, from thence 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 toil and perilous, they past; And now, stretch’d out amid the matted shrubs, Which, at the entrance of the valley, clothed The ragged 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 you 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 pointed him To Tlahala. The Tiger look’d around; None else was nigh. Shall I descend, he said, And strike 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 propitiate them, And own success sure. 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 Of Britain, and the blue-eyed maid he loved. The Azteca stood over him; he knew His victim, and the power of vengeance gave Malignant joy. Once hast thou ‘scape’d my arm: But what shall save thee now? the Tiger thought, Exulting; and he raised his spear to strike. That instant, o’er the Briton’s unseen harp The gale of morning past, and swept its strings Into so sweet a harmony, that sure It, seem’d no earthy tone. The savage man Suspends his stroke; he looks astonish’d round: No human hand is near; — and bark! again, The aerial music swells and dies away. Then first the heart of Tlahala felt fear: He thought that some protecting spirit watch’d Beside the Stranger, and, abash’d, withdraw.

A God protects him! to Ocellopan, Whispering, he said. Didst thou not hear the sound Which enter’d into me, and fix’d my arm Powerless above him?

Was it not a voice From thine own Gods to strengthen thee, replied His sterner comrade, and make evident Their pleasure in the deed?

Nay! Tlahala Rejoin’d; they speak in darkness and in storms. The thunder is their voice, that peals through heaven, 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. Shedder of Blood, I cannot lift my hand against the man. Go, if thy heart be stronger!

But meantime Young Caradoc arose, of his escape Unconscious; and by this the strongest 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-laid

MADOC IN AZTLAN.

Are all the rites perform’d? Ocellopan inquired. Yea, all is done, Answer’d the Priest. Go! and the guardian God Of Aztlán be your guide! They left the fane.

Lo! as Tezozomoc was passing by The eternal fire, the eternal fire shot up A long blue flame. He started; he exclaim’d, The God! the God! Tezcalipoca’s Priest Echo’d the welcome cry, The God! the God! For lo! his footsteps mark the maize-strown floor. A mighty shout from all the multitudes Of Aztlán rose; they cast into the fire The victims, whose last shrieks of agony Mingled unheeded with the cries of joy. Then louder from the spiral sea-shell’s depth Swell’d the full rear, 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 lifted the feathery shield, And shakes a rattling ball to measured sounds. With quicker steps, the inferior chiefs without, 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 Past on in Aztlán, and all hearts rejoiced.

The owls have ceased their night-song. On the top Of you 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 pointed him To Tlahala. The Tiger look’d around; None else was nigh. Shall I descend, he said, And strike 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 propitiate them, And own success sure. I will go down And kill!

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MADOC IN AZTLAN.
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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 pikes,
Or, interknitting them with osiers, weave
The wicker wall; others along the lake,
From its sholo waters, gather reeds and canes,—
Light roofing, suited to the genial sky.
The woodman’s measured stroke, the regular saw,
The wain slow-breaking, and the voice of man
Answering his fellow, or in single toil,
Cheering his labor with a cheerful song,
Strange concert made to those fierce Aztecas,
Who, beast-like, in their silent lurking-place
Couch’d close and still, observant for their prey.

All overseeing, and directing all,
From place to place moved Madoc, and bened
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 the last.
The little boy, in boyish wantonness,
Would quit his Uncle’s hold, and haste away,
With childhood’s frolic speed, then laugh aloud,
To tempt pursuit; now running to the huts,
Now toward the entrance of the valley straits.
But whereas he’er he turned, Ocellopan,
With hunter’s eye, pursued his heedless course,
In breath-suspending vigilance: Ah me!
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 leap’d 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 encumber’d ravisier, 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
Leap’d 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 avail’d it now, that they, by whom
Madoc was standing to survey their toil,
Have miss’d their Chief, and spread the quick alarm?
What now avail’d it, that, with distant aid,
His gallant men come down? Regarding nought
But Hoel, but the wretched Llaiom’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 thy 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 lusty hand
Can seize, they rush to battle. Gallant men,
Your valor boots not! It avails 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 bear
The captive Prince. In vain his noble heart
Swells now with wild and suffocating rage;
In vain he struggles:—they have bound his limbs
With the tough osier, and his struggles now
But bind more close and cuttingly the band.
They hasten on; and while they bear the prize,
Leaving their ill-doomed fellows in the fight
To check pursuit, foremost afar all,
With unabating strength, by joy inspired,
Ocellopan to Aztlan bears the child.

XII.

HOEL.

Good tidings travel fast. — The chief is seen;
He hastens on; he holds the child on high;
He shouts aloud. Through Aztlan spreads the news;
Each to his neighbor tells the happy tale,—
Joy,—joy to Aztlan! the Blood-shedder comes!
Tlaloc has given his victim.

Ah, poor child! They from the gate swarm out to welcome thee;
Warriors, and men grown gray, and youths, and maidens,
Exulting, forth they crowd. The mothers throng
To view thee, and, while thinking of thy doom,
They chasp 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 gazes 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,
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 harshest characters
Had featured, art made worse. His cowl was white;
His untrimm’d hair, a long and leathose mass,
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 solemnness  
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 Liaian, heeding not  
His cries, and screams, and arms in supplicant guise  
Stretch'd out to all around, and strugglings 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 rites  
By pious parents vow'd. Gladly to them  
The little Hoel leap'd; their gentle looks  
No fear exci'd; and he gazed around,  
Pleased and surprised, unconscious to what end  
These things were tending. O'er the rush-strown 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 life of earth;  
At whose command they swell, and o'er their banks  
Burst with 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 mayst thou  
Restrain the peaceful streams within their banks,  
And bless the labors 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 blast the works of man;—oh, behold this child!  
O strong to bless, and mighty to destroy,  
Tlaloc! behold thy victim! so mayst 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,—  
Aiauh, O green-robed Goddess, see this child!  
Behold thy victim! so mayst thou appease  
The sterne mind of Tlaloc when he frowns,  
And Aztlan flourish in thy fostering smile.  
Young Spirits! ye whom Aztlan's piety  
Hath given to Tlaloc, to enjoy with him,  
For aye, 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 cave of death must pass,  
Like you, to join you in eternal joy.

Now from the rush-strown temple they 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,  
All gay with gold, and garnished with flowers:  
The virgins with the joyous boy embark;  
Ten boatmen urge them on; the Friests behind  
Follow, and all the long solemnity.  
The lake is overspread with boats; the sun  
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 thinks  
Upon his mother now, 'tis but to think  
How beautiful a tale for her glad ear  
He hath when he returns. Meantime the maids  
Weave garlands for his head, and raise the song.

Oh! happy thou, whom early from the world  
The Gods require! not by the wasting storm  
Of sorrow cancel'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 thine,  
Amid the central darkness of the earth,  
To endure the eternal void;—not thine to live,  
Dead to all objects of eye, ear, or sense,  
In the long horrors of one endless night,  
With endless being curs'd. For thee the bowers  
Of Tlalocan have blossom'd with new sweets;  
For thee have its immortal trees matured  
The fruits of Heaven; thy comrades even now  
Wait thee, impatient, in their fields of bliss;  
The God will welcome thee, his chosen child,  
And Aiauh love thee with a mother's love.  
Child of the Stranger, deary 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'erhung,  
And rocks, or peering through the forest shade,  
Or rising from the lake, and with their bulk  
Glossing 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 Thaloc 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 sculptured,
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!
To urge him on! — Where is Cadwollen’s aid?
Where is the sword of Rird? 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 Llsian. 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 spreads
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 Coatlantox;
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 now 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 sofrén’d harmony,
Had reach’d her where she stay’d; 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 Ocellopán had sought
The dwellings of the Cynury. — Now the boats
Drew nearer, and she knew the Stranger’s child.
She watch’d them land 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 augment, and how worse than all
Which even a mother’s maddening fear could feign,
His actual fate. She thought of this, and bow’d
Her face upon her knees, and closed her eyes,
Shuddering. Suddenly in the brake beside,
A rustling startled 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 carrier bird had fled.
The bushes overhung a narrow chasm
Which pierced the hill: upon its mossy sides
Shade-loving herbs and flowers luxuriant grew,
And jutting crags made easy the descent.
A little way descending, Coatel [heard,
Stoop’d for the flowers, and heard, or thought she
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 breathed a groan
Of unavailing 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 past,
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 grew lofter, and the increasing gloom
Fill’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
Fail’d, and she back had hasten’d; but the cry
Reach’d her again, the near and certain cry
Of that most pitiable innocent.
Again adown the dark descent she look’d,
Straining her eyes; by this the strengthen’d sight
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, ere 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, Oh, take me from this dismal place!
She answer’d not; she understood him not;
But elapse’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 clamors, 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 learn'd
From her Lineoya, in those happy days
Of peace, when Aztlan was the Stranger's friend:
Aply she learnt, what willingly he taught,
Terms of endearment, and the parting words
Which promised quick return. To the child
These precious words address'd; and if enhanced
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
Fast held her, and his tears interpreted
The prayer to leave him not. Again she kiss'd
His tears away; again of soon return
Assured and soothed him; till reluctantly
And weeping, but in silence, he unloosed
His grasp; and up the difficult ascent
Coastel climb'd, and to the light of day
Returning, with her flowers she hasten'd 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
Cacnocotzin and his Chiefs go forth
To greet the youth triumphant, and receive
The victim, whom the gracious gods have given,
Sure omen and first fruits of victory.
A woman leads the train, young, beautiful,—
More beautiful for that translucent joy
Flushing 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 garnished 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 Thalala, who, with his child, goes forth
To meet her hero husband.

And behold,
The Tiger cometh; and ere the shouts and sounds
Of gratulation cease, his followers bear
The captive Prince. At that so welcome sight,
Loud rose the glad acclain; nor knew they yet
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 Thalala,
As, limb by limb, his eye survey'd the Prince,
With a calm firmness. 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
Vied 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 Mexithl's name, upon the Prince
He laid his murderous hand. But, as he spake,
Up darted Thalala 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
Denial thence; but on the multitude
Aloud he call'd: — When first our fathers seized
This land, there was a savage chief who stopp'd
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 in his nakedness
Infix'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 pierc'd,
And breathed the suffocating smoke which fill'd
His lungs with fire, without a groan, a breath,
A look betokening sense; so gallantly
Had he subdued his nature. This brave man
Mett Aztlan in the war, and put her Chiefs
To shame. Our Elders have not yet forgot
How from the slaughtered brother of their King
He strip'd the skin, and formed 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 here 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,
His red hands reeking with the hot heart’s blood,
How in his arms he took me, and besought
The God whom he had served, to bless his boy,
And make me like my father. Men of Aztlan,
Mexihtli heard his prayer; — here I have brought
The Stranger-Chief, the noblest sacrifice
That ever grace’d the altar of the God;
Let then his death be noble! so my boy
Shall, in the day of battle, think of me;
And as I follow’d my brave father’s steps,
Pursue my path of glory.

Ere the Priest
Could frame denial, had the Monarch’s look
Given his assent. — Refuse not this, he said,
O servant of the Gods! He hath not here
His arms to save him; and the Tiger’s strength
Yields to no mortal might. Then for his sword
He call’d, and bade Yuhidltlton address
The Stranger-Chief.

Yuhidltlton began,—

The Gods of Aztlan triumph, and thy blood
Must wet their altars. Prince, thou shalt die
The coward’s death; but, sworded, and in fight,
Fall as becomes the valiant. Should thine arm
Subdue in battle six successive foes,
Life, liberty, and glory, will repay
The noble conquest. Madoc, hope not this!
Strong are the brave of Aztlan!

Then they loosed
The Ocean Chieflain’s bonds; they rent away
His garments; and with songs and shouts of joy,
They led him to the Stone of Sacrifice.
Round was that Stone of blood; the half-raised arm
Of one of many growth, who stood below,
Might rest upon its height; the circle small,
An active boy might almost bound across.
Nor needed for the combat ampler 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’erlaid with beaten gold; his sword, the King,
Honoring 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 he felt
The weapon, Madoc call’d to mind his deeds
Done on the Saxon in his father’s land,
And hope arose within him. Nor, though now
Naked he stood, did fear for that assail
His steady heart; for often had he seen
His gallant countrymen, with naked breasts,
Rush on their iron-coated enemy,
And win the conquest.

Now hath Thalala
Array’d himself for battle. First he donn’d
A gipion, quilted close of gossampine;
O’er 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 enshies had he none,
Nor gauntlets, nor foot-armour. On his helm
There yawn’d the semblance of a tiger’s head,
The long, white teeth extended, as for prey;
Proud crest, to blazon his proud title forth.
And now toward the fatal stage equipp’d
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,
Ocellopam rush’d on, and cried aloud,
And for himself the holy combat claim’d.
The Tiger, heedless of his danger, sprang
Upon the stone, and turn’d him to the war.
Fierce leaping forward came Ocellopam,
And bounded up the ascent, and seized his arm: —
Why wouldst thou rob me of a deed like this?
Equal our peril in the enterprise,
Equal our merit; — thou wouldst reap alone
The guerdon! Never shall my children lift
Their little hands at thee, and say, Lo! there
The Chief who slew the White King! — Thalala,
Trust to the lot, or turn on me, and prove,
By the best chance to which the brave appeal,
Who best deserves this glory!

Stung to wrath,
The Tiger answer’d not; he raised his sword,
And they had rushed 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 Mexihtli 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 Thalala
Drew forth the broken stave. A bitter smile
Darken’d his cheek, as angrily he cast
To earth the hostile lot. — Shedder of Blood,
Thine is the first adventure! he exclami’d;
But thou mayst perish here: — and in his heart
The Tiger hoped Ocellopam might fall,
As sullenly retiring from the stage,
He 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 threaten’d blow,
Wielding his wondrous sword; the other, stripp’d,
Save of that fragile shield, of all defence;
His weapon strange and cumbrous; and pinn’d
down,
Disabled from all onset, all retreat.

With locks of greedy joy, Ocellopam
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,
Dwelt on his foe; his countenance was calm,
Something more pale than wondert; like a man
Prepared to meet his death. The Aztica
Fiercely began the fight; now here, now there,
Aright, aleft, above, below, he wheel’d
The rapid sword; still 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,
Familiar with its weight and shape uncoined,
Might yield it well to vengeance. Thus he stood,
Batting the impotent enemy, who now
Wax'd wrathful, thus to waste, in idle strokes,
Reiterate 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, beseare,
The Gods had tasted of their sacrifice,
Now all too long delayed. Then fiercestier,
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 blow;
And now retiring, and advancing now,
As one free foot permitted, still provoked,
And baffled still the savage; and sometimes
With cautious strength did Madoc aim attack,
Mastering each moment now with abler away
The acquainted sword. But, though as yet
unhar'm
In life or limb, more perilous the strife
Grew momentarily; for with repeated strokes,
Battered and broken now, the shield hung loose;
And shouts of triumph from the multitude
Arose, as piecemeal they beheld it fall,
And saw the Prince exposed.

That welcome sight;
Those welcome sounds, inspired Ocellopan;
He felt each limb new-strung. Impatient now
Of conquest long delay'd, with wilder rage
He drives the weapon; Madoc's lifted sword
Received its edge, and shiver'd with the blow.
A shriek of transport burst from all around;
For lo! the White King, shieldless, weaponless,
Naked before his foe! That savage foe,
Dallying with the delight of victory,
Drew back a moment to enjoy the sight,
Then yeild'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 splintered truncion of his broken sword
Full in the enemy's face. Beneath his eye
It broke its way, and where the nasal nerves
Branch in fine fibris o'er their mazeoy seat,
Burst 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 thoughts
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 fixed his eyes,
Contemplating the dead, as though thereby
To kindle in his heart a fiercer thirst
For vengeance. Nor to Madoc was the sting
Of anger wanting, when in Thalala
He knew the captive whom his mercy freed,
The man whose ambush had that day destroyed
Young Hoel and himself;—for sure he decre'd
Young Hoel was with God, and he himself
At his death day arrived. And now he grasp'd
A second sword, and held another shield;
And from the Stone of Blood Ocellopan
Was borne away; and, fresh in arms, and fierce
With all that makes a savage thirst for war,—
Hope, vengeance, courage, superstitious hate,—
A second foe came on. By this the Prince
Could wield his weapon well; and dreading now
Lest, in protracted combat, he might stand
Again defenseless, he put forth his strength,
As oft assailing as assailed, 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 prevailed. Hanquel grew
Pale at her husband's danger; and she clasp'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 insrawn breath of terror; and the Priests
Angrily muturred, that in evil hour,
Cozacotzin had indulged the pride
Of vaunting valor, and from certain death
Reprieved the foe.

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 ween'd Cadwallon was at hand,
Leading his gallant friends. Aright he ween'd;
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
Resign'd itself to death, and Madoc thought
Of Llaian and Goeryl; and he felt
That death was dreadful. But not so the King
Permitted; but not so had Heaven decreed;
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 irrevocable word. There Madoc lay
In solitude; the distant battle reach'd
His ear; inactive and in bonds he lay,
Expecting the dread issue, and almost
Wish'd for the perils of the fight again.
MADOC IN AZTLAN.

XV.

THE BATTLE.

Nor unprepared Cadwallon found the sons
Of Aztlan, nor defenceless were their walls;
But when the Britons' distant march was seen,
A ready army issued from their gates,
And digbt themselves to battle: these the King
Connecticut had, with timely care,
And provident for danger, thus arrayed.
Forth issuing from the gates, they met the foe,
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 Deheubarth sent, that day,
Their iron bolts abroad; those volant deaths
Descended on the naked multitude,
And through the chief'sn's quilted gossampine,
Through featherly breastplate and effulgent gold,
They reached the life.

But soon no interval
For archers' art was left, nor scope for flight
Of stone from whirling sling: both hosts, alike
Impatient for the proof of war, press on;
The Aztecas, to shun the arrowy storm,
The Cynry, 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 weakest arm'd, of near retreat assured
And succor close at hand, in tenfold troops
Their foemen outnumbering. And of all
That mighty multitude, did every man
Of either host, alike inspired by all
That stings to will and strengthens 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 hurtling javelins whir'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,
Baffled and blunted, fell; nor more avail'd
The stony 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 wounded strength,
The men of Gwyneth through their fenceless foes
Those lances thrust, whose terror's had so oft
Affrayed the Saxons, and whose home-driven points
So oft had pierced the Normen's knightly arms.
Little did then his pomp of plumes bestead
The Azteca, or glittering pride of gold,
Against the tempered sword; little his casque,
Gay with its featherly coronal, or dress'd
In graven terrors, when the Britons' hand
Drove in through helm and head the short-piked mace;
Or swung its iron weights with shattering sway,
Which, where they struck, destroyed. Beneath those arms
The men of Aztlan fell; and whose dropp'd
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
Succeeding to the death. Nor in the town
Did now the sight of their slain countrymen,
Momently 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, Paynton'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, Mexiti 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 Palms stood
Within the temple-court, and dealt around
The ablation of the Stone of Sacrifice,
Bidding them, with the holy beverage,
Imbibe diviner 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 joined 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
You 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!
Them will their country consecrate with praise!
Them will the Gods reward! — They heard the Priests
Intoxicate, and from the gate swarmed 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,  
Likeliest the gates of Aztlán 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 con-  
densed,  
Against whose iron sides the stream of war  
Roll’d unavailing, as the ocean waves  
Which idly round some insulated rock  
Foam furiously, 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, swolv’n  
By inland fresh, vainly the careen there  
With all their weight and strength essay to drive  
Their galleys through the pass, the stress and strain  
Availing scare to stem the impetuous stream.

And hark! above the deafening din of fight  
Another shout, heard like the thunder-peeal,  
Amid the war of winds! Lineoyn comes,  
Leading the mountain-dwellers. From the shock  
Aztlán recoil’d. And now a second troop  
Of Britons to the town advanced, for war  
Impatient and revenge. Cadwallon these,  
With tidings of their gallant Prince enthral’d,  
Had summoned from the ships. That dreadful tale  
Roused them to fury. Not a man was left  
To guard the fleet; for who could have endured  
That idle duty? who could have endured  
The long, inactive, miserable hours,  
And hope, and expectation, and the rage  
Of maddening anguish? Rigid led them on;  
In whom a brother’s love had call’d not up  
More spirit-stirring pain, than troubled now  
In every British heart; so dear to all  
Was Madoc. On they came; and Aztlán 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 mightier efforts, had Mextli, clad  
In all his imaged terrors, gone before  
Their way, and driven upon his enemies  
His giant club destroying. Then more fierce  
The conflict grew; the din of arms, the yell  
Of savage rage, the shriek of agony,  
The groan of death, commingled in one sound  
Of undistinguished horrors: while the Sun,  
Retiring slow beneath the plain’s far verge,  
Shed o’er the quiet hills his fading light.

XVI.

THE WOMEN.

Silent and solitary is thy vale,  
Caermadoc, and how melancholy now  
That solitude and silence!—Broad noon-day,  
And not a sound of human life is there!  
The fisher’s net, abandoned in his haste,  
Sways idly in the waters; in the tree,  
Where its last stroke had pierced, the hatchet  
hangs:  
The birds, beside the mattock and the spade,  
Hunt in the new-turn’d mould, and fearlessly  
Fly through the cage-work of the imperfect wall;  
Or through the vacant dwelling’s open door,  
Pass and repass secure.

In Madoc’s house,  
And on his bed of reeds, Goervyl lies,  
Her face toward the ground. She neither weeps,  
Nor sighs, nor groans; too strong her agony  
For outward sign of anguish, and for prayer  
Too hopeless was the ill; and though, at times,  
The pious exclamation past her lips,  
Thy will be done! yet was that utterance  
Rather the breathing of a broken heart,  
Than of a soul resigned. Mervyn, beside,  
Hangs over his dear mistress silently,  
Having no hope or comfort to bestow,  
Nor anguish but sobs and unavailing tears.  
The women of Caermadoc, like a flock  
Collected in their panic, stand around  
The house of their lost leader; and they too  
Are mute in their despair. Llaian alone  
Is absent; wildly hath she wander’d forth  
To seek her child; and such the general woe,  
That none hath mark’d her absence. Yet have  
they,  
Though unprotected thus, no selfish fear;  
The sudden evil had destroyed all thought,  
All sense, of present danger to themselves,  
All foresight.

Yet new terrors! Malinal,  
Panting with speed, bursts in, and takes the arms  
Of Madoc down. Goervyl, at that sound,  
Started in sudden hope; but when she saw  
The Azteca, she uttered a faint scream  
Of wrongful fear, remembering not the proofs  
Of his tried truth, nor recognizing aught  
In those known features, save their hostile hue.  
But he, by worser fear abating soon  
Her vain alarm, exclaim’d, I saw a band  
Of Hoamen coming up the straits, for ill,  
Besure, for Amalahita leads them on.  
Buckle this harness on, that, being arm’d,  
I may defend the entrance.

Scarce had she  
Fastened the breastplate with her trembling hands,  
When, flying from the sight of men in arms,  
The women crowded in. Hastily he seized  
The shield and spear, and on the threshold took  
His stand; but, waken’d now to provident thought,  
Goervyl, following, held him. There was now
No time to gird the baudric on; she held
Her brother's sword, and bade him look to her
For prompt supply of weapons; in herself
Being resolved not idly to abide,
Nor unprepared of hand or heart to meet
The issue of the danger, nor to die
Reluctant now.

Rightly had they divined
The Hoaman's felon purpose. When he heard
The fate of Madoc, from his mother's eye
He mask'd his secret joy, and took his arms,
And to the rescue, with the foremost band,
Set forth. But soon upon the way, he told
The associates of his crime, that now their hour
Of triumph was arrived; Caernmadoc, left
Defenceless, would become, with all its wealth,
The spoiler's easy prey — raiment, and arms,
And iron; skins of that sweet beverage,
Which to a sense of its own life could stir
The joyful blood; the women, above all,
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,
Long leagued with him in guilt, who turn'd aside:
And they have reach'd Caernmadoc now, and now
Rush onward where they see the women fly;
When, on the threshold, clad in Cimbric 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 waking; but crebeng,
Gathering a boastful courage, as they saw
No other guard, press'd forward, and essay'd
To turn his spear aside. In 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
Deboguer'd in half-rising the door, where he,
The sole defender stood. From side to side
So well and swiftly did he vexe 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 off the root
Of many an evil, certain else to spring
From that accursed stock. On him his eye
Turn'd with more eager wilfulness, and dwelt
With keener ken; and now, with sudden step
Bending his body on, at him he drives
The meditated blow; but that ill Prince,
As chiefly sought, so chiefly fearing, swerved
Timely aside; and ere the Azteca
Recovered from the frustrate aim, the spear
Was seized, and from his hold by stress and weight
Of numbers wrench'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 on.
It entered at the mouth of one who stood
With face aslant, and glanced along the teeth
Through to the ear, then, slivering downward, left
The check-flap dangling. He, in that same point
Of time, as if a single impulse gave
Birth to the double action, dash'd his shield
Against another's head, with so fierce swing
And sway of strength, that his third enemy
Fell at his feet. Astonished by such proof
Of prowess, and by unexpected loss
Dismayed, the foe gave back, beyond the reach
Of his strong arm; and there awhile they stood,
Beholding him at bay, and counselling
How best to work their vengeance upon him,
Their sole opponent. Soon did they behold
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 ten 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
Groan'd, 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 unhar'm'd
Upon the shield, now ample for defence,
Their second shower, and still defied the foe.
But they, now sure of conquest, hasten'd on
To thrust him down; and he too felt his strength
Ebbing away. Goervyl, in that hour
Of horror and despair, collected still,
Caught him, and by the shoulders drew him in;
And, calling on her comrades, with their help
Shut to the door in time, and with their weight
Secured it, not their strength; for she alone,
Found worthy of her noble ancestry,
In this emergence felt her faculties
All present, and heroic strength of heart,
To come with danger and contempt of death.
Shame on ye, British women! shame! exclaim'd
The daughter of King Owen, as she saw
The trembling hands and bloodless countenance
Pale as sepulchral marble; silent scone;
Others with womanish cries lamenting now
That ever, in unhappy hour, they left
Their native land; — a pardonable fear;
For bark, the war-whoop! sound, whereto the
Of tigers or hyenas, heard at night [howl
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 succor chance, or timely thought
Of our own friends may send, or Providence,
Who slumbereth not? — While thus she spake, a
In at the window came, o. 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 deeds 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 main'd for further war.
Nay! leave that entrance open! she exclaimed;
To one who would have closed it,—who comes
next
Sisal 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
And excellent courage? for the savage foe,
With mattock and with spade, for other use
Design'd, hew now upon the door, and rend
The wattled sides; and they within shrink back,
For now it splinters through,—and lo, 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 explained valor, and with will
To achieve one service yet before he died,—
If death indeed, as sure he thought, were nigh,—
Malinal gathered up his fainting powers;
And reaching forward, with a blow that threw
His body on, upon the knee she smote
One Hoicana more, and brought him to the ground.
The foe fell over him; but he, prepared,
Threw him with sudden jerk aside, and rose
Upon one hand, and with the other plunged
Between his ribs the mortal blade. Meantime
Anahtla, rushing in blind eagerness
To seize Goervyl, set at nought the power
Of female hands, and stooping as he came,
Beneath her spear-point, thought with lifted arm
To turn the thrust aside. But she drew back,
And lowered at once the spear, with aim so sure,
That on the front it met him, and plunged up
The whole scalp-length. He, blinded by the blood,
Staggered aside, escaping by that chance
A second touch, else mortal. And by this,
The women, learning courage from despair,
And by Goervyl's bold example fired,
Took heart, and rushing on with one accord,
Drove out the foe. Then took they hope; for then
They saw but seven remain in flight for war;
And, knowing their own number, in the pride
Of strength, caught up stones, staves, or axe, or
spear,
To hostile use converting whatsoe'er
The hasty hand could seize. Such fierce attack
Confused the ruffian band; nor had they room
To aim the arrow, nor to speed the spear,
Each now beset by many. But their Prince,
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 clasped
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 couragers 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. Anahtla fell;
The Maid fell with him: and she first hath risen,
While, grovelling on the earth, he grash'd his teeth
For agony. Yet, even in those pangs,
Remembering still revenge, he turn'd and seized
Goervyl's skirt, and pluck'd her to the ground,
And roll'd himself upon her, and essayed
To kneel upon her breast; but she clinch'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
Seized him, with throttling grasp, and held him
down,—
Strange strife and horrible,—till Malinal
Crawl'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,
Themselves proved weak before them, as, of late,
Their God, by Madoc crush'd.
Away they fled
Toward the valley straits; but in the gorge
Erilliyab met their flight: and then her heart,
Boding the evil, smote her, and she bade
Her people seize, and bring them on in bonds,
For judgment. She herself, with quicken'd pace,
Advanced, to know the worst; and o'er the dead
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, besmeared
And black with gore, and stiffened in its pangs,
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 exclaimed:
And root them from the earth. Then she ap-
proach'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
Deceitful hope,—but in His Hand, even yet,
The issue hangs, and He is merciful.

Yea, daughter of Aberfraw, 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 desert part, were heard.

At length one light and solitary step
Approach’d the place; a woman cross’d the door;
From Madoc’s busy mind her image pass’d
Quick as the form that caused it; but not so
Did the remembrance fly from Coatel,
That Madoc lay in bonds. That thought possess’d
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 delay’d 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 the chasm.
She beckon’d, and descended, and drew out
From underneath her vest, a cage, or net
It rather might be called, so fine the twigs
Which knit it, where, confined, two fire-flies gave
Their lustre. By that light did Madoc first
Behold the features of his lovely guide;
And through the entrance of the cavern gloom,
He followed in full trust.

Now have they reach’d
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 Heaven,
She show’d where little Hoel slept below.
Poor child! he lay upon that very spot,
The last whereto his feet had follow’d her;
And, as he slept, his hand was on the bones
Of one who years ago had perish’d 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 waken’d him,—
His Uncle’s voice,—he started, with a scream
Which echoed thro’ the cavern’s winding length,
And stretch’d his arms to reach him. Madoc
Insh’d
The dangerous transport, raised him up the ascent,
And followed Coatel again, whose face,
Though tears of pleasure still were coursing down,
Betokened fear and haste. Adown the wood
They went; and, coasting now the lake, her eye
First what they sought beheld, a light canoe,
Moor’d 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 Linceya rose to mind.
Almost she had resolved; but then she 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 the weight
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,
With looks whose painful seriousness forbade
All further effort. Yet unwillingly,
And boding evil, Madoc from the shore
Push’d off his little boat. She on its way
Stood gazing for a moment, lost in thought,
Then struck into the woods.

Swift through the lake
Madoc’s strong arm impell’d the light canoe.
Fainter and fainter 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
Lliax 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 seemed 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 sank.

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 convulsed
Her swelling breast. She look’d, and look’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 heave us not! she cried; least haply ill
Should have befallen; for I remember, now,
How in the woods I spied a savage band
Making towards Cacuandoc. God forebode
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 one
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 Goervyl 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
Bade 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 worst 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,
Comforted him; and, drawing nearer now,
He saw his sister on her knees, beside
The rushes, ministering to a wounded man.
Safe that the dear one lived, then back he sped
With joyful haste, and summoned Lliaan on,
And in loud talk advanced. Erilylv 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 lingered not; his eager soul
Was in the war; in haste he donn'd his arms;
And as he felt his own good sword again,
Exulting played his heart. — Boy, he exclaim'd
To Mervyn, arm thyself, and follow me!
For in this battle we shall break the power
Of our blood-thirsty foe: and, in thine age,
Wouldst thou not wish, when young men crow around,
To hear thee chronicle their fathers' deeds,
Wouldst thou not wish to aid,— 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 judgment, in that fear-flush'd cheek
Beheld the glow of enterprising hope,
And youthful courage. I was such a boy,
Sister! he cried, at Connsyll; and that day,
In my first field, with stripping arm, smote down
Many a tall Saxon. Saidst thou not but now,
How bravely, in the fight of yesterday,
He flash'd his sword,— and wouldest thou keep him here,
And rob him of his glory? See his cheek!
How it hath crimson'd at the unworthy thought!
Arm! arm! and to the battle!

How her heart
Then panted! how, with late regret, and vain,
Seneca 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 forbad her, and she felt
It were an easier thing to die than speak.
Avail'd not now regret or female fear!
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,
Though 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 damsels 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, with angry eye
Glow'd on the seemingly boy of feeble heart.
But, in Goervyl, joy had overpow'r'd
The wonder; joy, to find 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 whence
Displeasure did not wholly pass away.
Nor 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
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 thy people 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 then shouldst meet
Yuhidhtiton in battle, think of me.
XVIII.

THE VICTORY.

Merciful God! how horrible is night
Upon the plain of Aztlan! there the shout
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,
Regardless of the stir of this low world,
Holds on her heavenly way. Still unallay'd
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,
Scene more accurst and hideous than the war,
Displays to all the vale; for whose'er
That night the Azteca could bear away,
Hoaman 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
Louder as the thunder-peal, and heard as far,
Proclaim the act of death, more visible
Than in broad day-light, by those midnight fires
Distinctlier seen. Sight that with horror fill'd
The Cymry, and to mightier efforts roused
Howbeit, this abhorred idolatry
Work'd for their safety; the deluded foes,
Obstinate in their faith, forbearing still
The mortal stroke, that they might to the God
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 shouted, Madoc! Madoc! They who heard
The cry, astonish'd, turn'd; and when they saw
The countenance his own helm disclosed,
They echoed, Madoc! Madoc! Through the host
Spread the miraculous joy — He lives! he lives!
He comes himself in arms! — Linceya heard,
As he had raised 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! Astonishment
Seized on the Azteca; on all who heard,
Amazement and dismay; and Madoc now
Stood in the foremost battle, and his sword —
His own good sword — flash'd like the sudden death
Of lightning in their eyes.

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,
Encountered Madoc. A strong-statured man
Coanocotzin stood, one all who knew
The ways of war, and never yet in fight
Had found an equal foe. Adown his back
Hung the long robe of feathered royalty;
Gold fenced his arms and legs; upon his helm
A sculptured snake pretends 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
Shouts o'er the moving, many-colored sea —
Such their surpassing beauty; bells of gold
Emboss'd his glittering helmet, and where'er
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 falchion's baffled 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.

Opposed, in mail complete,
Stood Madoc in his strength. The flexible chains
Gave play to his full muscles, and displayed
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 widly in his grasp.
It bore those blazoned eaglets, at whose sight,
Along the Marches, or where holy Dec
Through Cestrian pastures rolls his tamer stream,
So oft the yeoman had, in days of yore,
Cursing his perilous tenure, wound the horn,
And warden from the castle-tower rung out
The loud alarum-bell, heard far and wide.
Upon his helm no sculptured dragon sat,
Sat no fantastic terrors; a white plume
Nodded above, far-seen, floating like foam
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 Azteca's stone falchion. Who hath watch'd
The midnight lightnings of the summer storm,
That with their awful blaze irradiate heaven,
Then leave 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 falchion's brittle edge,
And in the golden buckler, Madoc's sword
Bit deep. Coanocotzin saw, and dropp'd
The unprofitable weapon, and received [force,
His ponderous club; — that club, beneath whose
Driven by his father's arm, Tepolloni
Had fallen subdu'd, — 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.

That danger to himself
Recall'd the Lord of Ocean. On he sprung,
Within the falling weapon's curve of death,
Shunning its frustrate aim, and breast to breast
He grappled with the King. The plant mail
Bent to his straining limbs, while plates of gold,
The feathery robe, the buckler's amplitude,
Cumbered the Azteca, and from his arm,
Clinch'd in the Briton's mighty grasp, at once
He dropp'd the impeding buckler, and let fall
The unfastened 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 quilt
Of plumes the iron glides; and lo! the King —
So well his soldiers watch their monarch'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 convey'd,
A captive, to his death. Grief, then, and shame,
And rage, inspired him. With a mighty blow
He cleat Canoecotzin's helm; exposed
The monarch stood; —again the thunder-stroke
Came on him, and he fell.—The multitude,
Forgetful of their country and themselves,
Crowd round their dying King. Madoc, whose eye
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. Ririd 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 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.
Hark! that infernal tambour! o'er the lake
Its long, loud thunders roll, and through the hills,
Awakening all their echoes. Ye accurs'd,
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 unexpected 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 earth he fell,
Bleeding, and all astound. A man of proof
Was Urien in his day, thought worthiest,
In martial thewes and manly discipline,
To train the sons of Owen. He had lost
Youth's supple sléight; yet still the skill remain'd,
And in his stiffer limbs a strength, which yet
Might put the young to shame. And now he set
His back against the altar, resolute
Not as a victim by the knife to die,
But in the act of battle, as became
A man grown gray in arms; and in his heart
There was a living hope; for now he knew
That Madoc lived, nor could the struggle long
Endure against that arm.

Soon was the way
Laid open by the sword; far side by side
The brethren of Aberfraw mow'd their path;
And, following close, the Cymry drive along.
Till on the summit of the mound their cry
Of victory rings aloud. The temple floor,
So often which had rock'd with innocent blood,
Reeks now with righteous slaughter. Frantically,
In the wild fury of their desperate zeal,
The Priests crowd round the God, and with their
knives
Hack at the foe, and call on him to save; —
At the Altar, at the Idol's feet they fall.
Nor with less frenzy did the multitude
Flock to defend their God. Fast as they fell,
New victims rush'd upon the British sword;
And sure that day had rooted from the earth
The Aztecas, and on their conquerors drawn
Promiscuous rain, had not Madoc now
Beheld from whence the fearless arder sprang; —
They saw Mexitli; momentarily they hoped
That he would rise in vengeance. Madoc seized
A masses club, and from his azure throne
Shattered the giant idol.

At that sight
The men of Aztlan pause; so was their pause
Dreadful, as when a multitude expect
The Earthquake's second shock. But when they
Earth did not open, nor the temple fall,
To crush their impious enemies, dismay'd,
They felt themselves forsaken by their Gods;
Then from their temples and their homes they fled,
And, leaving Aztlan to the conqueror,
Sought the near city, whither they had sent
Their women, timely saved.

But Tlahtla,
With growing fury as the danger grew,
Raged in the battle; but Yuhidhtil
Still with calm courage, till no hope remain'd,
Fronted the rushing foe. When all was vain,
When back within the gate Cadwallon's force
Resistless had compell'd them, then the Chief
Call'd on the Tiger — Let us hear from hence
The dead Ocellopian, the slaughter'd King;
Not to the Strangers should their bones be left,
O Tlahtla! — The Tiger wept with rage,
With generous anger. To the place of death,
Where, side by side, the noble dead were stretch'd,
They fought their way. Eight warriors join'd their
shields;
On these — a bier which well beseeem'd the dead —
The lifeless Chiefs were laid. Yuhidhtil
Call'd on the people — Men of Aztlan! yet
One effort more! Bear hence Ocellopian;
Bear hence the body of your noble King!
Not to the Strangers should their bones be left!
That whose heard, with wailing and loud cries,
Press'd round the body-bearers; few indeed,
For few were they who in that fearful hour
Had ears to hear, — but with a holy zeal,
Careless of death, around the bier they ranged
Their bulvark breasts. So toward the farther gate
They held their steady way, while outermost,
In unabated valor, Tlahtla
Faced, with Yuhidhtil, the foe's pursuit.
Vain valor then, and fatal pitty.
As the fierce conquerors bore on their retreat,
If Madoc had not seen their perilous strife:
Remembering Malinal, and in his heart
Honoring a gallant foe, he call’d aloud,
And bade his people cease the hot pursuit.
So, through the city gate, they bore away
The dead; and, last of all their countrymen,
Leaving their homes and temples to the foe,
Yuhidthon and Tlalala retired.

XIX.

THE FUNERAL.

Southward of Aztlan stood, beside the Lake,
A city of the Aztecas, by name
Patamani. Thither, from the first alarm,
The women and infant old men were sent,
And children: thither they who from the fight,
And from the fall of Aztlan, had escaped,
In scattered bands, repair’d. Their City lost,
Their Monarch slain, their Idols overthrown,—
These tidings spread dismay; but to dismay
Succeeded horror soon, and kindling rage;
Horror, by each new circumstance increased,
By numbers, rage imbolden’d. Lo! to the town,
Lamenting loud, a numerous train approach,
Like mountain torrents, swelling as they go.
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 favored Priest,
The voice by whom they speak; young Tlalala,
Whom even defeat with fresher glory crowns;
And full of fame, their country’s rock of strength,
Yuhidthon: him to their sovereign slain
Allied in blood, mature in wisdom him,
Of valor unsurpassable, by all
Beloved and honor’d, him the general voice
Acclaims their King; him they demand, to lead
Their gathered force to battle, to revenge
Their Lord, their Gods, their kinsmen, to redeem
Their altars and their country.

But the dead
First from the nation’s gratitude require
The rites of death. On mats of mountain palm,
Wrought of rare texture and of richest hues,
The slaughter’d warriors, side by side, were laid;
Their bodies wrapp’d in many-color’d robes
Of gossampine, bedeck’d with gems and gold.
The livid paleness of the countenance,
A mask conceal’d, and hid their ghastly wounds.
The Pabas stood around, and one by one,
Placed in their hands the sacred aloe leaves,
With mystic forms and characters inscribed;
And as each leaf was given, Tezozomic
Address’d the dead—So may ye safely pass
Between the mountains, which in endless war
Hurtle, with horrible uproar, and fresh
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 uprooted 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 ties
Attach’d more closely, brethren, kinsmen, wives.
The Peers of Aztlan, all who from the sword
Of Britain had escaped, honoring the rites,
Came chad in rich array, and bore the arms
And ensigns of the dead. The slaves went last,
And dwarfs, the pastime of the living chiefs,
In life their sport and mockery, and in death
Their victims. Wailing and with funeral hymns,
The long procession moved. Mexitli’s Priest,
With all his servants, from the temple-gate
Advanc’d to meet the train. Two piles were built
Within the sacred court, of oodorous wood,
And rich with gum; on these, with all their robes,
Their ensigns, and their arms, they laid the dead,
Then lit the pile. The rapid light ran up;
Up flamed the fire; and o’er the darken’d sky
Sweet clouds of incense curl’d.

The Pabas 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,
Stunn’d, senseless. One alone there was, whose
check
Was flash’d, whose eye was animat with fire:
Her most in life Coacnocotzin 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 bared her bosom to the knife,
Call’d on Yuhidthon—Take heed, O King!—
Aloud 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 lore, had willingly
Put down these cursed altars!—As she spake,
They dragg’d her to the stone.—Nay! nay! she
cried,
There needs not force! I go to join my Lord!
His blood and mine be on you!—Ere she ceased,
The knife was in her breast. Tezozomic,
Trembling with rage, held up toward the Sun
Her reeking heart.

The dwarfs and slaves died last
That bloody office done, they gathered up
The ashes of the dead, and coter’d them
Apart; the teeth with them, which unconsumed
Among the ashes lay, a single lock
Shorn from the corpse, and his lip-emerald,
Now held to be the Spirit’s flawless heart,
In better worlds. The Priest then held on high
The little ark which shrank his last remains,
And call’d upon the people;— Aztecas,
This was your King, the bountiful, the brave,
Coa-no-coztzin! Men of Aztlan, hold
His memory holy! learn from him to love
Your country and your Gods; for them to live
Like him, like him to die. So from you Heaven,
Where in the Spring of Light his Spirit bathes,
Often shall he descend; hover above
On evening clouds, or plung’d with rainbow wings,
Sip honey from the flowers, and warble joy.
Honor his memory! emulate his worth!
So saying, in the temple-tower he laid
The relics of the King.

These duties done,
The living claim their care. His birth, his deeds,
The general love, the general voice, have mark’d
Yuhidhtiton for King. Bareheaded, bare
Of foot, of limb, scarr’d only round the loins,
The Chieftain to Mexill’s temple moved,
And knelt before the God. Tezozomoc
King over Aztlan there anointed him,
And over him, from hallowed cedar-branch,
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,
Yuhidhtiton went forth, anointed King.

Who from the ruined city have escap’d,
And all who in her temples have perform’d
The ennobling service of her injured Gods,
Gather together now.

He spake; the train
Assembled, priests and matrons, youths and maids.
Servants of Heaven! aloud the Arch-Priest began,
The Gods had favor’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 Stone
Of Sacrifice, and whom ye held in bonds,
Stood in the foremost fight and slew your Lord.
Not by a God, O Aztecas, enlarged
Broke he his bondage! by a mortal hand,
An impious, sacrilegious, traitorous hand,
Your city was betray’d, your King was slain,
Your shrines polluted. The insulted Power,
He who is terrible, beheld the deed;
And now he calls for vengeance.

Stern he spake,
And from Mexill’s altar bade the Priest
Bring forth the sacred water. In his hand
He took the vase, and held it up, and cried,
Accurs’d be he who did this deed! Accurs’d
The father who begat him, and the breast
At which he f’d! Death be his portion now,
Eternal infamy his lot on earth,
His doom eternal horrors! Let his name,
From sire to son, be in the people’s mouth,
Through every generation! Let a curse
Of deep, and pious, and effectual hate,
Forever follow the detested name;
And every curse inflict upon his soul
A stab of mortal anguish.

Then he gave
The vase. — Drink one by one! the innocent
Bodily; 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.

Coatel!
What were thy horrors when the fatal vase
Pass’d to thy trial, — when Tezozomoc
Fixed his keen eye on thee! A deathliness
Came over her, — her blood ran back, — her joints
Shook like the palsey, and the dreadful cup
Dropp’d from her conscious hold. The Priest ex-
claimed,
The hand of God! the avenger manifest!
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 Stone of Blood,
All senseless as she lay; — in that dread hour
Nature was kind.
Tezozomoc then cried,
Bring forth the kindred of this wretch accursed,
That none pollute the earth! An aged Priest
Came forth, and answered, There is none but I, The father of the dead.

To death with him!
Exclaim'd Tezozomoc; to death with him;
And purify the nation! — But the King
Permitted not that crime. — Chief of the Priests,
If he be guilty, let the guilty bleed,
Said he; but never, while I live and reign,
The innocent shall suffer. Hear him speak!

Hear me! the old man replied. That fatal day
I never saw my child. At morn she left
The city, seeking flowers to dress the shrine
Of Coatlantona; and that at eve
I stood among the Pabas in the gate,
Blessing our soldiers, as they issued out,
Let them who saw bear witness. — Two came forth,
And testified Acuhua spake the words
Of truth.

Full well I know, the old man pursued,
My daughter loved the Strangers, — that her heart
Was not with Aztlan; but not I the cause!
Ye all remember how the Maid was given, —
She being, in truth, of all our Maids the flower,—
In spousals to Lincoya, him who fled
From sacrifice. It was a misery
For me to see my only child condemn'd
In early widowhood to waste her youth,—
My only, and my beautifulst girl!
Chief of the Priests, you order'd; I obey'd.
Not mine the fault, if, when Lincoya fled,
And fought among the enemies, her heart
Was with her husband.

He is innocent!
He shall not die! Yuhidthiton exclam'd.
Nay, King Yuhidthon! Acuhua cried,
I merit death. My country overthrown,
My daughter slain, alike demand on me
That justice. When her years of ministry,
Yow'd to the temple, had expired, my love,
My selfish love, still suffer'd her to give
Her youth to me, by filial pity
In widowhood detain'd. That selfish crime
Heavily, — heavily, — do I expiate!
But I am old; and she was all to me.
O King Yuhidthon, 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.

And in the race contend; with hopes and fears
Which rouse to rage, some urge the mimic 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 bifork'd beam, while on its height a third
To nimble cadence shifts his glancing feet,
And shakes a plume 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 affix'd,
Each holds a colored cord, and as they weave
The complex crossings of the maze dance,
The checker'd network twists around the tree
Its intertexture of harmonious hues.

But now a shout went forth; the Fliers mount,
And from all manner sports the multitude
Flock to their favorite pastime. In the ground,
Branchless and bark'd, the trunk of some tall oine
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 Aztcecas, equip'd with wings, ascend,
And round them bind the ropes; anon they wave
Their pinions, and upborne on spreading plumes,
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 stand,
Till now, with many a round, the wheeling cords
Draw near their utmost length, and toward the ground
The aerial circlers 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 centred in the joy of sight,
The multitude stood gazing, when a man,
Breathless, and with broad eyes, came running on,
His pale lips trembling, and his bloodless cheek
Like one who meets a lion in his path.
The fire! the fire! the temple! he exclam'd;
Mexitli! — They, astonished at his words,
Hasten toward the wonder, — and behold!
The inner face is Sheeted white with fire.
Dumb with affright they stood; the inquiring King
Look'd to Tezozomoc; 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 Mexitli's image; — it is here,
Unbroken, and the same! — Toward the gate
They press; they see the Giant Idol there,
The serpent grinding him, his neck with hearts
Bearded, 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 abandoned to the conqueror.

He motion’d silence, and the crowd were still.
People of Aztlan! he began, when first
Your fathers from their native land went forth,
In search of better seats, this banner came
From Heaven. The Famine and the Pestilence
Had been among them; in their hearts the spring
Of courage was dried up; with midnight fires
Radiate, by midnight thunders heralded,
This banner came from Heaven; and with it came
Health, valor, victory. Aztecas! again
The God restores the blessing. To the God
Move now in solemn dance of grateful joy;
Exalt for him the song.

They form’d the dance, they raised the hymn, and sung Mexitli’s praise.
Glory to thee, the Great, the Terrible,
Mexitli, guardian God! — From whence art thou,
O Son of Mystery? From whence art thou,
Whose sire thy Mother knew not? She at eve
Walk’d in the temple court, and saw from heaven
A plume descend, as bright and beautiful,
As if some spirit had imbodied there
The rainbow hues, or dipp’d it in the light
Of setting suns. To her it floated down;
She placed it in her bosom, to bedeck
The altar of the God; she sought it there;
Amazed she found it not; amazed she felt
Another life infused. — From whence art thou,
O Son of Mystery? From whence art thou,
Whose sire thy Mother knew not?

Grief was hers, Wonder and grief, for life was in her womb,
And her stern children with revengeful eyes
Beheld their mother’s shame. She saw their
Frowns, she knew their plots of blood. Where shall she
Look for succor, 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 aim’d,
When forth Mexitli leapt’d, and in his hand
The angry spear, to punish and to save.
Glory to thee, the Great, the Terrible,
Mexitli, guardian God!

Arise and save,
Mexitli, save thy people! Dreadful one,
Arise, redeem thy city, and revenge!
An impious, an impenetrable foe,
Hath blacken’d thine own altars with the blood
Of thine own priests; hath dash’d thine image
down.
In vain did valor’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.
Arise, 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 heap’d in
hills;
The victors, stretch’d in every little shade,
With unhel’d heads, reclining on their shields,
Slept the deep sleep of weariness. Erelong,
To needful labor 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 level’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 scaled 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 centred numbers urge, the war.
For this was Ririd missioned to the ships;
For this Lincoya from the hills invites
Erillyab 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 repose.

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 savior of the Prince, whom well
He knew his own dear love, and for the deed
Still dearer loved the dearest. Round the youth,
Women and children, the infant and old,
Gather to hear his tale; and as they stood
With eyes of steady wonder, outstretch’d necks,
And open lips of listening eagerness,
Fast play’d the tide of triumph in his veins,
Flush’d his brown cheek, and kindled his dark eye.

And now, reproving from his toil awhile,
Lincoya, on a crag above the straits,
Sat underneath a tree, whose twinkling leaves
Sung to the gale at noon. Ayayaca
Sat by him in the shade; the old man had loved
The youth beside him from his boyhood up.
And still would call him boy. They sat and watch’d
The laden bisons winding down the way,  
The multitude who now with joy forsook  
Their desolated 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 eb’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’erhasty boy,  
Quoth he, regain her yet, if she was dear!  
Seek thy beloved in the Land of Souls,  
And beg her from the Gods. The Gods will hear,  
And, in just recompense of love so true,  
Restore their charge.

The miserable youth  
Turned at his words a hesitating eye.  
I knew a prisoner,—so the old man pursued,  
Or hoping to beguile the youth’s despair  
With tales that suited the despair of youth,  
Or credulous himself of what he told,—  
I knew a prisoner once who welcomed death  
With merriment, and songs, and joy of heart,  
Because, he said, the friends whom he loved best  
Were gone before him to the Land of Souls;  
Nor would they, to resume their mortal state,  
Even when the Keeper of the Land allowed,  
Forsake its pleasures; therefore he rejoiced  
To die and join them there. I question’d him  
How of these hidden things unknowable  
So certainly he spake. The man replied,  
One of our nation lost the maid he loved,  
Nor would he bear his sorrow,—being one  
Into whose heart fear never found a way,—  
But to the Country of the Dead pursued  
Her spirit. Many toils he underwent,  
And many dangers gallantly surpass’d,  
Till to the Country of the Dead he came.  
Gently the Guardian of the Land received  
The living suppliant; listen’d to his prayer,  
And gave him back the Spirit of the Maid.  
But from that happy country, from the songs  
Of joyance, from the splendor-sparkling dance,  
Unwillingly compell’d, the Maiden’s Soul  
Leathed to return; and he was warn’d to guard  
The subtle captive well and warily,  
Till, in her mortal tenement reloged,  
Earthly delights might win her to remain  
A sojourner on earth. Such lessoning  
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 fam’d away 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 answered, Is the journey long?  
The old man replied, A way of many moons.  
I know a shorter path! exclaimed the youth;  
And up he sprang, 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 locks, far other lot  
May gentle Heaven assign thy happier love,  
Blue-eyed Senena!—She, though not as yet  
Had she put off her boy-habitations,  
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 maintaine’d.  
With her dear Lady now, at this still hour  
Of evening is the seeming page gone forth,  
Beside Caernadoc mere. They loitered 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 knoweth 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 beat, or breath. It was the evening gale,  
Which, passing o’er the harp of Caradoc,  
Swept all its chords at once, and blended all  
Their music into one continuos flow.  
The solitary Bard, beside his harp,  
Lean’d underneath a tree, whose spreading boughs,  
With broken shade that shifted to the breeze,  
Play’d on the waving waters. Overhead  
There was the leafy 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 drew nigh,  
Their steps unheard upon the elastic moss,  
Till playfully Goervyl, with quick touch,  
Ran o’er the harp-strings. At the sudden sound  
He rose.—Hath, then, thy hand, quoth she, O  
Bard,
But she died while did off her bridal robes, and clipp'd her golden locks. And put on boy's attire, through wood and wild to seek her own true love.
Forgot its cunning, that the wind should be
Thine harper? — Come! one stram for Britain’s sake;
And let the theme be Woman! — He replied,
But if the strain offend, O Lady fair,
Blame thou 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 steep-lea-point
Steady from morn till eve; and I have seen
The bees go forth upon an April morn,
Secure the sunshine will not end in showers;
But when was Woman true?
False Bard! thereat.
With smile of playful anger, she exclaim’d,
False Bard! and slanderous song! Were such thy thoughts
Of woman, when thy youthful laces were heard
In Heljyn’s hall? — But at that name his heart
Leap’d, and his cheek with sudden flush was fired;
In Heljyn’s hall, quoth he, I learn’d the song
There was a Maid, who dwelt among the hills
Of Arvon, and to one of humber 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? Goeryyv 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 bruft 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 dress’d, the bridemaids met,
The father, and the bridegroom, and the priest,
Wait for the bride But she the while did off
Her bridal robe, and clipp’d her golden locks,
And put on boy’s attire, through wood and wild
To seek her own true love; and over sea,
Forsaking 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 learn’d 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.

XXIV.

THE EMBASSY.

Hark! from the towers of Aztlan how the shouts
Of clamorous joy re-echo? 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;
Melodies 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 Cynric Prince!
Long mayst thou flourish in thy beauty, long
Prosper beneath the righteous conqueror,
Who conquers to redeem! Long years of peace
And happiness await thy Lord and thee,
Queen of the Valley!

Hither joyfully
The Hoamen came to repossess the land
Of their forefathers. Joyfully the youth
Come shouting, with acclamations of 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 changeful and how brief. Prince Madoc met
Erillyab at the gate. — Sister and Queen,
Said he, here let us hold united reign,
O’er our united people; by one faith,
One interest bound, and closer to be link’d
By laws, and language, and domestic ties,
Till both become one race, for evermore
Indissolubly knit.

O friend, she cried,
The last of all my family am I;
Yet sure, though last, the happiest, and by Heaven
Favored abundantly above them all.
Dear Friend, and Brother dear! enough for me
Beneath the shadow of thy shield to dwell,
And see my people, by thy fostering care,
Made worthy of their fortune. Graciously
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,
Hon’d and loved by all.

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 despatch’d,
Drew nigh the town. The Hoamen, as they came,
Knew the green mantle of their privilege,
The symbols which they bore, an arrow-point
Depress’d, a shield, a net, which, from the arm
Suspended, held their food. They through the gate Pass with permitted entrance, and demand To see the Ocean Prince. The Conqueror Received them, and the elder thus began: Thus to the White King, King Yuhidithton His bidding sends; such greeting as from foe Foe may receive, where individual hate Is none, but honor and assured esteem, And what were friendship, did the Gods permit, The King of Aztlán sends. Oh, dream not thou That Aztlán is subdued; nor in the pride Of conquest tempt thy fortune! Unprepared For battle, at an hour of the festival, Her children were surprised; and thou canst tell How perilously they maintain’d the long And doubtful strife. From yonder temple-mount Look round the plain, and count her towns, and mark Her countless villages, whose habitants All are in arms against thee! Thinkest thou To root them from the land? Or wouldst thou live, Harass’d by night and day with endless war, War at thy gates; and to thy children leave That curse for their inheritance? —The land Is all before thee: Go in peace, and choose Thy dwelling-place, North, South, or East, or West; Or mount again thy houses of the sea, And search the waters. Whatso’er thy wants Demand, will Aztlán willingly supply, Prepared with friendly succor, to assist Thy soon departure. Thus Yuhidithton, Remembering his old friendship, counsels thee; Thus, as the King of Aztlán, for himself And people, he commands. If obstinate, If blind to your own welfare, ye persist, Woe to ye, wretches! to the armed man, Who in the fight must perish; to the wife, Who vainly on her husband’s aid will call; Woe to the babe that hangs upon the breast; For Aztlán comes in anger, and her Gods Spare none.

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 goodly land Your fathers came for an abiding-place, Strangers, like us, but not, like us, in peace. They conquer’d 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 we come, 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 Patamaba soon Shall fall like Aztlán; and what other towns They seek in flight, shall like Patamaba fall; Fill, 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 Aztlán’s name, Mortal defiance. In the field of blood, Before our multitude shall trample down Thy mad and miserable countrymen, Yuhidithton invites thee to the strife Of equal danger. So may he avenge Coaenotezint, or like him in death Discharge his duty.

Tell Yuhidithton, 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 land which hath been join’d with his In peace. — With that the Heralds went their way; Nor to the right nor to the left they turn, But to Patamaba straight they journey back.

THE LAKE FIGHT.

The mariners, meantime, at Bird’s will, Unreeve the rigging, and the masts they strike; And now ashere they haul the lighten’d hulls, Tear up the deck, the severed planks bear off, Disjoin the well-scarfed timbers, and the keel Loosen asunder; 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 guna Beneath the close-calk’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 harks Lie on the lake.

It chanced the Heamen found A spy of Aztlán, 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 aught 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

Hew 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 doom; That fear may half subdue ye to the sword Of vengeance. — Can ye count the stars of Heaven? 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 formed The mountain-mass? — So numberless they come, Whoe’er can wield the sword, or hurl the lance,
Or aim 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 shool of their canoes
Darken the waters. Strangers! when our Gods
Have conquered, when ye lie upon the Stone
Of Sacrifice, extended one by one,
Half of our armies cannot taste your flesh,
Though given in equal shares, and every slave
Minced like a nesting food!

Madoc replied,
Azteca, 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 Aztecas embark,
At day-break from Patamba they set forth,
From every creek and inlet of the lake,
All moving towards Aztlán; safely thus
Weening to reach the plain before her walls,
And fresh for battle. Shone thou forth, O Sun!
Shine fairly forth upon a scene so fair!
Their thousand boats, and the ten thousand oars
From whose broad bowls the waters fall and flash,
And twice ten thousand feathered 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, reechoing rolls,
In indistinguishable peals of sound
And endless echo. On the other side
Advance the British barsks; the freshening breeze
Fills the broad sail; around the rushing keel
The waters sing; while proudly they sail on,
Lords of the water. Shone thou forth, O Sun!
Shine forth upon their hour of victory!

Onward the Cymry speed. The Aztecas,
Though wondering at that unexpected sight,
Bravely made on to meet them, seized their bows,
And showered, like rain, upon the pavaised barsks
The rattling shafts. Strong blows the auspicious gale;
Madoc, the Lord of Ocean, leads the way;
He holds the helm; the galley where he guides
Plies on, and full upon the first canoe
Drives shattering; midway its long length it struck,
And o'er the wave with unimpeded force
Dashes among the fleet. The astonished men
Gaze in inact error. 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 barsks!—the favoring 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 unbeclouded oar,
Sink's senseless to the depths. Lo! yonder boat
Grasp'd by the thronging struggling; its light length
Yields to the overbearing weight, and all
Share the same ruin. Here another shows
Cruc'er contest, where the crew back off
The hands that hang for life upon its side,
Lest all together perish; then in vain
The voice of friend or kinsman prays for mercy:
Imperious self controls all other thoughts:
And still they deal around unnatural wounds,
When the strong bark of Britain over all
Sails in the path of death. — God of the Lake,
Thaloc! and thou, O Aiath, 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
Weltered; 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.

XXVI.

THE CLOSE OF THE CENTURY.

There was mourning in Patamba; the north wind
Blew o'er the lake, and drifted to the shore
The floating wreck and bodiies 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 unhappie weight,
Bearing the blotted body of his son;
The wife, who, in expectant agony,
Watch’d the black carcase on the coming wave.

On every brow terror was legible,
Anguish 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
Dimly 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,
Unconquered and unconquerable, rose
Superior to its fortune. When the Chiefs
Hung their dejected heads, as men subdued
In spirit, then didst thou, Yuhíthitlon,
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 hope of vengeance, a furious joy
Flash’d in the eyes which glitten’d still with tears
Of tender memory. To the brave they spake
Of Aztlán’s strength,—for Aztlán still was strong:—
The late defeat,—not there by manly might,
By honorable valor, by the force
Of arms subdued, shame aggravated loss;
The White Men from the waters came, perseverance
Sons of the Ocean, by their parent Gods
Aided, and conquerors not by human skill.
When man met man, when in the field of fight
The soldier on firm earth should plant his foot,
Then would the trial be, the struggle then,
The glory, the revenge.

Tezozomoc,
Alike unbroken by defeat, endured
The evil day; but in his sullen mind [King
Work’d thoughts of other vengeance. He the
Summon’d apart from all, with Tlalala,
And thus advised them: We have vainly tried
The war; these mighty Strangers will not yield
To mortal strength; yet shall they be cut off,
So ye will heed my counsel, and to force
Add wisdom’s aid. Put on a friendly front;
Send to their Prince the messenger of peace;
He will believe our words; he will forgive
The past;—the offender may. So days and months,
Yea, years, if needful, will we wear a face
Of friendliness, till some some fit hour arrive,
When we may fire their dwellings in the night,
Or mingle poison in their cups of mirth.
The warrior, from whose force the Lion flies,
Falls by the Serpent’s tooth.

Thou speakest well,
Tlalala answer’d; but my spirit ill
Can brook revenge delay’d.

The Priest then turn’d
His small and glittering eye toward the King;
But on the Monarch’s mild and manly brow
A meaning sat, which made that crafty eye
Bend, quickly abash’d. While yet I was a child,
Reply’d the King of Aztlán, on my heart
My father laid two precepts. Boy, be brave!
So, in the midnight battle, shalt thou meet,
Fearless, the sudden foe. Boy, let thy lips
Be clean from falsehood! In the mid-day sun,
So never shalt thou need from mortal man
To turn thy guilty face. Tezozomoc,
Holy I keep the lessons of my sire.

But if the enemy, with their dreadful arms,
Again, said Tlalala,—If again the Gods
Will our defeat, Yuhíthitlon replied,
Vain is it for the feeble power of man
To strive against their will. I angur not
Of ill, young Tiger! but if ill betide,
The land is all before us. Let me hear
Of peridy and serpent-wiles no more!
In the noon-day war, and in the face of Heaven,
I meet my foes. Let Aztlán follow me;
And if one man of all her multitudes
Shall better play the warrior in that hour,
Be his the sceptre! But if the people fear
The perilous strife, and own themselves subdued,
Let us depart! The universal Sun
Confines not to one land his partial beams;
Nor is man rooted, like a tree, whose seed
The winds on some ungenial soil have cast,
There where he cannot prosper.

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 thy care,
Priest of the Gods, to see the needful rites
Duly perform’d, Yuhíthitlon replied.
On the third day, if yonder Lord of Light
Begin the Circle of the Years anew,
Again we march to war.

One day is past;
Another day comes on. At earliest dawn
Then was there heard through all Patumba’s streets
The warning voice,—Woe! woe! the Sun hath reach’d
The limits of his course; he hath fulfill’d
The appointed cycle!—Fast, and weep, and pray;
Four Suns have perish’d,—fast, and weep, and
Lest the fifth perish also. On the first [pray,—
The floods arose; the waters of the heavens,
Bursting 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
Scattered 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 aughted heart,
Earnestly offered up with tears and groans.
So past the forenoon; and when now the Sun
Sloped from his southern height the downward way
Of Heaven, again the ominous Warner 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 Ezapan,
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 sinuous trail, or crawl on reptile feet.
These, in one caldron, o'er the sacred fire
They scourch, till of the loathsome 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
Anoint 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!
Let every man in darkness veil his wife;
Veil every maiden's face; let every child
Be hid in darkness, there to weep and pray,
That they may see again the birth of light!
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
Wake to their portion of the circling hours;
The water-fowl, retiring to the shore,
Swim alongfiles the surface of the lake.
Then from Patamba to 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 roard its head;
Above the neighboring heights, its lofty peak
Was visible far off. In the vale below,
Along the level borders of the lake,
The assembled Aztecas, with wistful eye,
Gaze on the sacred summit, hoping there
Soon to behold the fire of sacrifice
Arise, sure omen of continued light.
The Pabas to the sacred peak begin
Their way, and, as they go, with ancient songs
Hymn the departed Sun.

The fourth Sun
Had perish'd; for the mighty Whirlwinds rose,
And swept it, with the dust of the shattered world,
Into the great abyss. The eternal Gods
Built a new World, and to a Hero race
Assign'd it for their godly dwelling-place;
And shedding on the bones of the destroy'd
A quickening dew, from them, as from a seed,
Made a new race of human-kind spring up,
The menials of the Heroes born of Heaven.
But in the firmament no orb of day
Perform'd its course; Nature was blind; the fount
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 plung'd amidst 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 shrank.
Thou, Nahuztin, thou, O mortal born,
Hearest! 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 once, 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 thine impious enemies,
O Lord of Day! But to the race devout,
Who offer up their morning sacrifices
Honoring 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 splendor flow,
Still smile on them propitious, 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 lastening 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 fasten'd; still the clouds of night
Roll on, and close in darkness the whole heaven.
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,
Felt yet severer awe,—so solemnly still
The thronging thousands stand. 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 stretch'd their victim on the mountain-top;
A miserable man, his breast is bare,
Bare for the death that waits him; but no hand
May there inflict the blow of mercy. Piled
On his bare breast, the cedar boughs are laid;
On his bare breast, dry sedge and odorous gums
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 accurs'd
Stand, and expect the signal when to strike
The seed 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.

The multitude await the happy sign.
Long hath the midnight pass'd, and every hour,
Yeas, 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 labor and a pain to breathe

The close, hot, heavy air. — Hark! from the woods
The howl of their wild tenants! and the birds, —
The day-birds, in blind darkness fluttering,
Fearful to rest, uttering portentous cries!
Anon, the sound of distant thunders came;
They peal beneath their feet. Earth shakes and yawns,—
And lo! upon the sacred mountain's top,
The light — the mighty flame! A catacata
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 judgment: wretched, — wretched man,
On the upmost pinnacle he stands, and sees
The lava floods beneath him: and his hour
Is come. The fiery shower, descending, heaps
Red ashes round; they fall like drifted snows,
And bury and consumne 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 Pataniba? where the multitudes
Who throng'd her level shores? The mighty Lake
Hath burst its bounds, and yon 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 lake they roll, and yet roll on,
All burning, through the waters. Heaven above
Gloows 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 barks
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,
Looks vainly for his people. He beholds
The barks of Madoc plying to preserve
The strugglers; — but how few! upon the crags
Which verge the northern shore, upon the heights
Eastward, how few have refuge! Then the King
Almost repented him of life 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 how, 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 ceased, 
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 impress'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 Coanocotzin's soul, 
Descending from his blissful halls in the hour 
Of evil, thus to comfort and advise, 
Hover'd above him. 

Lo! toward the rock, 
Oaring with feeble arms his difficult way, 
A warrior struggles: he hath reach'd the rock, 
Hath grasp'd it, but his strength, exhausted, fails 
To lift him 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 forehead wiped 
The blinding drops; on his preserver's face 
Then look'd, and knew the King. Then Thalala 
Fell on his neck, and groan'd. They laid them down 
In silence, for their hearts were full of woe. 

The sun came forth; it shone upon the rock; 
They felt the kindly beams; their strength's 

blood 
Flow'd with a fierer action. They arose, 
And look'd around, if aught of hope might meet 
Their prospect. On the lake the galleys pled 
Their toil successfully, ever to the shore 
Bearing their rescued charge: the eastern heights, 
Rightward and leftward of the fiery mount, 
Were throng'd with fugitives, whose growing 
crowds 
Speckled the ascent. Then Thalala took hope, 
And his young heart, reviving, reassumed 
Its wonted vigor. Let us to the heights, 
He cried;— all is not lost, Yuhidhiton! 
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 
Yuhidhiton 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 
hosts? 
Her marshall'd myrids where, whom 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.

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 ceased, 
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But where the strength of Aztlan? where her 
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Her marshall'd myrids where, whom 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.
Then spake the King, and called a messenger,  
And bade him speed to Aztlán.—Seek the Lord  
Of Ocean; tell him that Yuhidhiton  
Yields to the will of Heaven, and leaves the land  
His fathers won in war. Only one boon,  
In memory of our former friendship, ask —  
The Ashes of my Fathers,—if indeed  
The conquerors have not cast them to the winds.

The herald went his way circuitous,  
Along the mountains,—for the flooded vale  
Barr'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, wherein  
They had their stand, draw nigh. The doubtful  
sight  
Disturb'd them, lest perchance with hostile strength  
They came upon their weakness. Wrongful  
fear,—  
For now Cadwallon, from his bare urn'd,  
Set foot ashore, and for Yuhidhiton  
Inquired, if yet he lived. The King receives  
His former friend.—From Madoc come I here,  
The Briton said: Raincoat and food he sends,  
And peace; so shall this visitation prove  
A blessing, if it knit the bonds of peace,  
And make us as one people!  

'Tlahlah!  
Hearest thou him? Yuhidhiton exclaim'd.  
Do thou thy pleasure, King! the Tiger cried:  
My path is plain.—Theretof Ye  
Answering, replied, Thus humbled, as thou seest,  
Beneath the visitation of the Gods,  
We bow before their will! To them we yield;  
To you, their favorites, 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 forth  
Throughout the land: north, south, and cast, and west,  
Proclaim the ruin. Say to all who hear  
The name of Azteca, Heaven hath destroy'd  
Our nation: say, the voice of Heaven was heard, —  
Heard ye it not?—bidding 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 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 tree  
To all the winds of Heaven; Yuhidhiton  
Alone approach'd it, and applied the torch.  
The day was calm, and o'er the flaming pile  
The wavy smoke hung lingering, like a mist  
That in the morning tracks the valley-stream.  
Swell over swell it rose, erect above,  
On all sides spreading like a stately palm.  
So moveless were the winds. Upward it roll'd,  
Still upward, when a stream of upper air  
Cross'd it, and bent its top, and drove it on,  
Straight over Aztlán. An acclamation shout  
Welcome'd the will of Heaven; for lo, the smoke  
Fast travelling on, while not a breath of air  
Is felt below. Ye see the appointed course,  
Exclaim'd the King. Proclaim it where ye go!  
On the third morning we begin our march.

Soon o'er the lake a winged galley sped,  
Waiting the Ocean Prince. He bore, preserved  
When Aztlán's bloody temples were cast down,  
The Ashes of the Dead. The King received  
The relics, and his heart was full; his eye  
Dwelt on his father's urn. At length he said,  
One more request, O Madoc!—If the lake  
Should ever to its ancient bounds return,  
Shrined in the highest of Patamba's towers  
Coanocotzin rests. —But wherefore this?  
Thou wilt respect the ashes of the King.

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!  
Yuhidhiton 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 those  
Whom wisely fear and feebleness deter  
To tempt strange paths, through swamp, and wildness,  
And hostile tribes, for these Yuhidhiton  
Entreats thy favor. Underneath thy sway,  
They may remember me without regret,  
Yet not without affection. —They shall be  
My people, Madoc answer'd. —And the rising  
Of holiness transmitted from their sires, —  
Pursued the King, will these be suffered 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,  
Yuhidhiton replied: I ask no more.  
It is not for the conquered 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  
Withhold 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 spake,  
Tears flow'd, 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
Yuhidhiton, their own beloved King.

So two days long, with unremitting toil,
The barks of Britain to the adventurers
Bore due supply; and to new habitants
The city of the Cymry spread her gates;
And in the vale around, and on the heights,
Their numerous tents were pitch'd. Meantime
The tale
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 gentler nature had disposed to peace,
Beneath the Strangers' easy rule remain'd.
Now the third morning came. At break of day
The mountain echoes to the busy sound
Of multitudes. Before the moving tribe
The Pabas bear, enclosed from public sight,
Mexiti; and the ashes of the Kings
Follow the Chair of God. Yuhidhiton
Then leads the marshall'd ranks, and by his side,
Slient and thoughtfully, went Tlalala.

At the north gate of Aztlan, Malinal,
Borne in a litter, waited their approach;
And now alighting, as the train drew nigh,
Propp'd by a friendly arm, with feeble step
Advanced to meet the King. Yuhidhiton,
With eye severe and darkening countenance,
Met his advance. I did not think, quoth he,
Thou wouldst have ventured this! and lieber far
Should I have borne away with me the thought
That Malinal had shunn'd his brother's sight,
Because their common blood yet raised in him
A sense of his own shame! — Comest thou to show
Those wounds, the marks of thine unnatural war
Against thy country? Or to boast the need
Of thy dishonor, that thou hastest 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 goest forth to seek
His fortune!

Calm and low the youth replied,
Ill dost thou judge of me, Yuhidhiton!
And rashly doth my brother wrong the heart
He better should have known! Howbeit, I come
Prepared for grief. These honorable wounds
Were gain'd when, singly, at Caermadoe, I
Opposed the ruffian Hoamen; and even now,
Thus feeble as thou seest me, come I thence,
For this farewell. Brother, — Yuhidhiton, —
By the true love which thou didst bear my youth,
Which ever, with a live 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
My plighted faith; alone I prophesied
The judgment of just Heaven: for this I bore
Reproach, and shame, and wrongful banishment,
In the action self-approved, and justified
By this unhappy issue.

As he spake,
Did natural feeling strive within the King,
And thoughts of other days, and brotherly love,
And inward consciousness that had he too
Stood forth, obedient to his better mind,
Nor weakly yielded to the wily priests,
Wilfully blind, perchance even now in peace
The kingdom of his fathers had preserved
Her name and empire. — Malinal, he cried,
Thy brother's heart is sore; in better times
I may with kindlier thoughts remember thee,
And honor thy true virtue. Now farewell!

So saying, to his heart he held the youth,
Then turn'd away. But then cried Tlalala,
Farewell, Yuhidhiton! the Tiger cried;
For I too will not leave my native land,—
Thou who wert King of Aztlan! Go thy way;
And be it prosperous! Through the gate thou seest
Yon tree that overhangs thy father's house;
My father lies beneath it. Call to mind
Sometimes that tree; for at its foot in peace
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. Yuhidhiton
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 clung around his knees with joyful cries,
And called him father. At the joyful sound
Out ran Hanquel; and the astonish'd man
Beheld his wife and boy, whom sure he deem'd
Whelm'd in the flood; but them the British barks,
Returning homeward from their merciful quest,
Found floating on the waters. — For a while,
Abandoned 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,
Fighting with ceaseless zeal his country's cause,
Respect them! — Nay, Hanquel! 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 Hanquet's face; —
Woman, thou mayst not look upon the Sun,
Whose 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.
NOTES TO MADOC IN AZTLAN.

We neighbor nearer to the Sun!—I. p. 375, col. 2.

Columbus inferred this from the elevation of the Pole at Paris. "How it cometh to pass," says Pietro Martyre, "that at the beginning of the evening twilight it is elevated in that region only five degrees in the month of June, and in the morning twilight to be elevated fifteen degrees by the same quadrant, I do not understand, nor yet do the reasons which he bringeth in any point satisfy me. For he saith that he hereby conjectured that the Earth is not perfectly round, but that, when that it was created, there was a certain heap raised thereon, much higher than the other parts of the same. So that, as he saith, it is not round after the form of an apple or a ball, as others think, but rather like a pear as it hangeth on the tree, and that Paris is the region which possesseth the supereminent or highest part thereof, nearest unto heaven. In so much, that he earnestly counteneth the earthly Paradise to be situate in the tops of those three hills which the Watchmen saw out of the top castle of the ship; and that the outrageous streams of the fresh waters which so violently issue out of the said gulfs, and strive so with the salt water, fall headlong from the tops of the said mountains."—Pietro Martyre, Dec. 1, Book 6.

Tezulcopec.—II. p. 376, col. 2.

A devout worshipper of this Deity once set out to see if he could find him; he reached the sea-coast, and there the God appeared to him, and made him call the Whale, and the Mermaid, and the Tortoise, to make a bridge for him, over which he might pass to the house of the Sun, and look back from thence instruments of music and singers to celebrate his festivals. The Whale, the Mermaid, and the Tortoise accordingly made the bridge, and the man went over it, singing, as he went, a song which the God taught him. As soon as the Sun heard him, he cautioned all his servants and people not to answer to the song, for they who answered would be obliged to abandon his House and follow the Singer. Some there were, however, who could not resist the voice of the charmer, and these he brought back with him to earth, together with the drum called Huckashack and the Tepumul.—Toquima, N. Y., 6, c. 43.

The particular sacrifice related in the poem is described by this author, l. 10, c. 14. It is sufficient merely to refer to my authorities in such instances as these, where no other liberty has been taken than that of omission.

She gathered herbs, which, like our poppy, bear
The seed of sleep.—II. p. 377, col. 1.

The expression is Gower's:

Poppys, which beareth the sole of sleep.

The Spanish name for the poppy is adormidera.

The Field of the Spirit.—III. p. 378, col. 2.

Every Spring the Aztecs go in a body to some retired place, and there turn up a large space of land, which they do with the drums beating all the while. After this they take care to call the Devil, or the Field of the Spirit. And thither they go in good earnest when they are not in any hussiess-stits, and there wait for inspiration from their pretended Deity. In the mean while, as they do this every year, it proves of no small advantage to them, for by these means they turn up all their small land insensibly, and it becomes abacatas y de buen mortal.

Before these things I was.—III. p. 378, col. 2.

"The manner in which, he says, he obtained the spirit of divination was this: He was admitted into the presence of a Great Man, who informed him that he loved, pitied, and desired to do him good. It was not in this world that he saw the Great Man, but in a world above, at a vast distance from this. The Great Man, he says, was clothed with the Day, yea with the brightest Day; he ever saw; in Day of many years, yea of everlasting continuance! This whole world, he says, was drawn upon him, so that in him the Earth and all things in it might be seen. I asked him if rocks, mountains, and seas were drawn upon or appeared to him? he replied, that every thing that was beautiful and lovely in the earth was upon him, and might be seen by looking on him, as well as if one was on the earth to take a view of them there. By the side of the Great Man, he says, stood his Shadow or Spirit, for he used chakung, the word they commonly make use of to express that of the man which is the image of the body, which we commonly signify by shadow. This shadow, he says, was as lovely as the Man himself, and filled all places, and was most agreeable as well as wonderful to him. Here, he says, he tarried some time, and was unexceptionably entertained and delighted with a view of the Great Man, of his Shadow, and of all things in him. And what is most of all astonishing, he imagines this all to have passed before he was born; he never had been, he says, in this world at that time, and what confirms him in the belief of this, is, that the Great Man told him, that he must come down to earth, he be born of such a woman, meet with such and such things, and in particular that he should once in his life be guilty of murder; at this he was displeased, and told the Great Man he would never murder. But the Great Man replied, I have said it, and it shall be so; which has accordingly happened. At this time, he says, the Great Man asked him what he would choose in life; he replied, first to be a Hunter, and afterwards to be a Poet, or Divine; whereupon the Great Man told him, he should have what he desired, and that his Shadow should go along with him down to earth, and be with him for ever. There was, he says, all this time no word spoken between them, but all that was said was given him by some invisible spirit, by any human language, but they had a kind of mental intelligence of each other's thoughts, dispositions, and proposals. After this, he says, he saw the Great Man no more, but supposes he now came down to earth to be born; but the Shadow of the Great Man, with all that was told him, was with him forever, and continued to appear to him in dreams and other ways. This Shadow used sometimes to direct him in dreams to go to such a place and hunt, assuring him he should there meet with success, which accordingly proved so; and when he had been there some time, the Spirit would order him to another place, so that he had success in hunting, according to the Great Man's promise, made to him at the time of his choosing this employment.

These were some times when this Spirit came upon him as a spiritual body, and he was full of what he saw in the Great Man, and then, he says, he was all light, and not only light himself, but it was light all around him, so that he could see through men, and knew the thoughts of their hearts. These deeps of Satan I leave to others to fathom or to dive into as they please, and do not pretend, for my own part, to know what ideas to ascribe to such terms, and cannot well guess what conceptions of things these creatures have at these times when they call themselves all light.*—David Brainerd's Journal.

Had Brainerd been a Jesuit, his superiors would certainly have thought him a fit candidate for the crown of martyrdom, and worthy to be made a Saint. He found one of the Indian conjurers who seemed to have something like grace in him, only he would not believe in the Devil. "Of all the sights," says he, "I ever saw among
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them, or indeed any where else, none appeared so frightful, or so near skin to what is usually imagined of infernal powers! none ever excited such images of terror in my mind as the appearance of one, who was a devout and zealous reformer, or rather re- storer, of what he supposed was the ancient religion of the Indians. He ende his appearance in his mortificd crank which was a coat of bear-skin, dressed with the hair on, and hanging down to his toes, a pair of bear-skin stockings, and a great wooden face, painted the one half black, and the other tawny, about the color of an Indian's skin, with an extra- vagant moustach, and with much too little of the other skin-cap, which was drawn over his head. He advanced towards me with the instrument in his hand that he used for music in his idolatrous worship, which was a dry tortoise- shell, with some corn in it, and the neck of it drawn on to a piece of wood, which made a very convenient handle. As he came forward, he beat his tune with the rattle, and danced with all his might, but did not suffer any part of his body, not so much as his fingers, to be seen; and no man would have guessed, by his appearance and actions, that he could have been a human creature, if they had not had some intimation of it otherwise. When he came near me, I could not but shrink away from him, although it was then noon-day, and I knew who it was, his appearance and gestures were so prodigiously frightful. He had a house consecrated to religious uses, with divers images cut out upon the several parts of it. In the doors, and forsooth, what a stone stands as hard as a rock, with their frequent dancing on it. I disagreed with him about Christianity, and some of my discourse he seemed to like, but some of it he disliked entirely. He told me that God had taught him his religion, and that he never would turn from it, but wanted to find some that would join heartily with him in it; for the Indians, he said, were grown very degenerate and corrupt. He had thought, he said, of leaving all his friends, and travelling abroad, in order to find some that would join with him; for he believed God had some good people somewhere, that felt as he did. He had not always, he said, felt as he now did, but had formerly been like the rest of the Indians, until about four or five years before that time; then, he said, his heart was very much distressed, so that he could not live among the Indians, but got away into the woods, and lived alone for some months. At length, he said, God comforted his heart, and showed him what he should do, and since that time he had known God, and tried to serve him; and loved all men, be they who they would, so as he never did before. He treated me with uncommon courtesy, and seemed to be hearty in it; and I was told by the Indians that he opposed their drinking strong liquor with all his power; and if, at any time, he could not dissuade them from it by all he could say, he would leave them, and go crying into the woods. It was manifest he had a set of religious notions that he had looked into for himself, and not taken for granted from his own distance. It is quite true, that whatever was spoken of a religious nature, according to as it either agreed or disagreed with his standard. And while I was discoursing, he would sometimes say, "Now, I like so God has taught me;" and some of his sentiments seemed very just. Yet he utterly denied the being of a Devil, and declared there was no such creature known among the Indians of old times, whose religion, he supposes, he was attempting to revive. He likewise told me, that departed souls all went southward, and that the difference between the good and bad was this, that the former were admitted into a beautiful town with spiritual walls, or walls agreeable to the nature of souls; and that the latter would for ever hover round those walls, and in vain attempt to get in. He seemed to be sincere, honest, and conscientious in his own way, and according to his own religious notions, which was more than I ever saw in any other Pagan; and I perceived he was looked upon and desired by most of the Indians as a precise zealot, who made a needless noise about religious matters. But I must say, there was something in his temper and disposition, that looked more like religious than anything I ever observed amongst other heathens."—Brainerd.

Why should we forsake
The worship of our fathers?—III. p. 379, col. 1.

Olearius mentions a very disinterested instance of that hated of innovation which is to be found in all ignorant persons, and in some wise ones.

"An old country fellow in Livonia being condemned, for faults enormous enough, to lie along upon the ground to receive his punishment, and Madam de la Barre, pitying his almost decrepit age, having so far interested for him, as that his corporeal punishment should be changed into a penitential martial of about fifteen or sixteen pence! he thanked her for her kindness, and said, that, for his part, being an old man, he would not introduce any novelty, nor suffer the customs of the country to be changed; and that much as he beheld it, as a bear-skin cap, which was drawn over his head. He advanced towards me with the instrument in his hand that he used for music in his idolatrous worship, which was a dry tortoise-shell, with some corn in it, and the neck of it drawn on to a piece of wood, which made a very convenient handle. As he came forward, he beat his tune with the rattle, and danced with all his might, but did not suffer any part of his body, not so much as his fingers, to be seen; and no man would have guessed, by his appearance and actions, that he could have been a human creature, if they had not had some intimation of it otherwise. When he came near me, I could not but shrink away from him, although it was then noon-day, and I knew who it was, his appearance and gestures were so prodigiously frightful. He had a house consecrated to religious uses, with divers images cut out upon the several parts of it. In the doors, and forsooth, what a stone stands as hard as a rock, with their frequent dancing on it. I disagreed with him about Christianity, and some of my discourse he seemed to like, but some of it he disliked entirely. He told me that God had taught him his religion, and that he never would turn from it, but wanted to find some that would join heartily with him in it; for the Indians, he said, were grown very degenerate and corrupt. He had thought, he said, of leaving all his friends, and travelling abroad, in order to find some that would join with him; for he believed God had some good people somewhere, that felt as he did. He had not always, he said, felt as he now did, but had formerly been like the rest of the Indians, until about four or five years before that time; then, he said, his heart was very much distressed, so that he could not live among the Indians, but got away into the woods, and lived alone for some months. At length, he said, God comforted his heart, and showed him what he should do, and since that time he had known God, and tried to serve him; and loved all men, be they who they would, so as he never did before. He treated me with uncommon courtesy, and seemed to be hearty in it; and I was told by the Indians that he opposed their drinking strong liquor with all his power; and if, at any time, he could not dissuade them from it by all he could say, he would leave them, and go crying into the woods. It was manifest he had a set of religious notions that he had looked into for himself, and not taken for granted from his own distance. It is quite true, that whatever was spoken of a religious nature, according to as it either agreed or disagreed with his standard. And while I was discoursing, he would sometimes say, "Now, I like so God has taught me;" and some of his sentiments seemed very just. Yet he utterly denied the being of a Devil, and declared there was no such creature known among the Indians of old times, whose religion, he supposes, he was attempting to revive. He likewise told me, that departed souls all went southward, and that the difference between the good and bad was this, that the former were admitted into a beautiful town with spiritual walls, or walls agreeable to the nature of souls; and that the latter would for ever hover round those walls, and in vain attempt to get in. He seemed to be sincere, honest, and conscientious in his own way, and according to his own religious notions, which was more than I ever saw in any other Pagan; and I perceived he was looked upon and desired by most of the Indians as a precise zealot, who made a needless noise about religious matters. But I must say, there was something in his temper and disposition, that looked more like religious than anything I ever observed amongst other heathens."—Brainerd.

Thus let their blood be shed.—V. p. 381, col. 2.

This ceremony of declaring war with fire and water is represented by De Bry, in the eleventh print of the description of Florida, by Le Moyne de Morgues.

The Council Hall.—VI. p. 381, col. 2.

"The town-house, in which are transacted all public business and diversions, is raised with wood and covered over with earth, and has all the appearance of a small mount, at a little distance, to the effect, that anyone in the form of a sugar-loaf, and large enough to contain 500 persons, but extremely dark, having (besides the door which is so narrow that but one at a time can pass, and that, after much winding and turning) but one small aperture to let the smoke out, which is so ill-contrived, that most of it settles in the roof of the house. Within, it has the appearance of an ancient amphitheatre, the seats being raised one above another, leaving an area in the middle, in the centre of which stands the fire; the seats of the head warriors are nearest it."—Memoirs of Lieutenant Henry Timberlake, who accompanied the Cherokee Indians to England, in 1762.

The Feast of Souls.—VI. p. 381, col. 1.

Lafitau. Charlevoix. It is a custom among the Greeks at this time, some twelve months or more, after the death of a friend, to open the grave, collect the bones, have prayers read over them, and then re-inter them.

The Sarbacan.—VI. p. 381, col. 2.

"The children, at eight or ten years old, are very expert at killing birds and smaller game with a sarbacan, or hollow cane, through which they blow a small dart, whose weakness obliges them to shoot at the eye of the larger sort of prey, which they seldom miss."—Timberlake.
The prudent string of shales. — VI. p. 381, col. 2.

"The dores of their houses and chambers were full of diverse kindes of shales, hanging loose by small cords, that being shaken by the wind they make a certain ratteling, and also a whistling noise, by gathering their wind in their hollow places; for therein they have great delight, and impute this for a goodly ornament." — Pietro Martire.

Still do your shadows roome dissatisfied, And to the crics of wailing tree return A voice of lamentation. — VI. p. 381, col. 2.

"They firmly believe that the Spirits of those who are killed by the enemy, without equal revenge of blood, and no rest, and at night haunt the houses of the tribe to which they belonged; but that when kindred duty of retaliation is justly executed, they immediately get ease and power to fly away." — Again.

"The answering voices heard from caves and hollow holes, which the Latines call Echo, they suppose to be the Souls wandering through these places." — Pietro Martire. This superstition prevailed in Cumana, where they believed the Echo to be the voice of the Soul, thus answering when it was called. — Herrera, 3, 4, 11.

The word by which they express the funeral wailing in one of the Indian languages is very characteristic: Meshe: which bewailing, says Roger Williams, is very solemn amongst them morning and evening, and sometimes in the night, they bewail their lost husbands, wives, children, &c.; sometimes a quarter, half, yea, a whole year and longer, if it be for a great Prince.


On the coast of Paria oracles were thus delivered. — Tomoquama, 1, 6, c. 55.

Their happy souls Pursue, in fields of bliss, the shadowy deer. — VI. p. 382, col. 2.

This opinion of the American Indians may be illustrated by a very beautiful story from Carver's Travels:

"Whilst I remained among them, a couple, whose tent was adjacent to mine, lost a son of about four years of age. The parents were so much affected at the death of their favorite child, that they pursued the usual testimonies of grief with such uncommon rigor, as through the weight of sorrow and loss of blood to occasion the death of the father. The woman, who had hitherto been inconsolable, no sooner saw her husband expire than she dried up her tears and appeared cheerful and resigned. As I know not how to account for so extraordinary a transition, I took an opportunity to ask her the reason of it; telling her, at the same time, that I should have imagined the loss of her husband would rather have occasioned an increase of grief than such a sudden diminution of it.

"She informed me, that as the child was so young when it died, and unable to support itself in the country of spirits, both she and her husband had been apprehensive that its situation would be far from being happy; but no sooner did she behold its father depart for the same place, where not only loved the child with the tenderest affection, but was a good hunter, and would be able to provide plentifully for its support, than she ceased to mourn. She added, that she now saw no reason to continue her grief, as the child, on whom she doted, was under the care and protection of a fond father, and she had only one wish that remained ungratified, which was that of being herself with them."

"Expression so replete with unaffected tenderness, and sentiments that would have done honor to a Roman matron, made an impression on my mind greatly in favor of the people to whom she belonged, and tended not a little to counteract the prejudices I had hitherto entertained, in common with every other traveller, of Indian insensibility and want of parental tenderness. Her subsequent conduct confirmed the favorable opinion I had just imbued, and convinced me that, notwithstanding the apparent suspension of her grief, some particles of that reluctance to be separated from a beloved relation, which is implanted by nature or custom in every human heart, still lurked in hers. I observed that she went almost every evening to the site of the tree, on a branch of which the bodies of her husband and child were laid, and after cutting off a lock of her hair, and throwing it on the ground, in a piteous melancholy song bemoaned its fate. A recapitulation of the actions he might have performed, had his life been spared, appeared to be her favorite theme; and whilst she recited the time that would have attended an im-

The spirit of that noble blood which ran From their death-wounds, is in the reddy clouds Which go before the Sun, when he comes forth In glory. — VI. p. 382, col. 2.

Among the last comers, one Avila, a cacique, had great authority, who understanding that Vahilius affirmed the God of the Christians was the only Creator of all things, in a great rage cried out, he would never allow Pilhan, the God of the Chileniens, to be denied the power of creating. Vahilius inquired of him concerning this imaginary deity. Avila told him that his God did, after death, translate the chief men of the nation and soldiers of known bravery to places where there was dancing and drinking, there to live happy forever; that the blood of noble men slain in battle was placed about the Sun, and changed into red clouds, which sometimes adorn his rising. — Hist. de Paraguy, &c. by F. A. del Tesco.

O my people, I, too, could tell ye of the former days. — VI. p. 383, col. 1.

The mode of sowing is from the 21st plate of De Bry to J. Le Moyne; and the little house or houses are mentioned by the same author; and the ceremony of the widows strewing their hair upon their husbands' graves is represented in the 19th plate.


Snake-worship was common in America. Bernall Diaz, p. 3, 7, 125. The idol described VIII. p. 266, somewhat resembles what the Spaniards found at Campeche, which is thus described by the oldest historian of the Discoveries. "Our men were conducted to a bronce cross-way, standing on the side of the town. Here they show them a square stage or pulpit four steps high, partly of clumsy bitumen, and partly of small stones, where on the image of a man cut in marble was joyned two four-footed unknown beasts fastening upon him, which, like maddie dogges, seemed they would tear the marble man's guts out of his belly. And by the Image stood a Serpent, heemseared all with gore blood, devorung a marble man, which Serpent, composed of bitumen and small stones incorpore together, was seven and forty feet in length, and as thick as a great oxe. Next unto it were three rafters or stakes fastened to the grounde, which three others crossed undercropped with stones; in which place they punish malific.
I have often received of the docility of those creatures, I see no reason to doubt its veracity."

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TO

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lones of the dead cast into an inclosed courte meere unto it."—PIERRE MARTHE.

It can scarcely be necessary to say, that I have attributed to the Spaniard such manners and superstitions as, really existing in the different tribes of America, were first suited to the plan of the poem.

piously a portion take

Of that cold earth, to which forever now Censor'd, they love their fathers, death to dust.

VI. p. 383, col. 1.

Charlevoix assigns an unworthy motive for this remarkable custom, which is surely more naturally explained: he says they fancy it procures luck at play.

... from his head

Plucking the thin grey hair, he dealt them round.

VI. p. 388, col. 2.

Some passages in Mr. Mackenzie's Travels suggested this to me.

"Our guide called aloud to the fugitives, and entreated them to stay, but without effect; the old man, however, did not hesitate to approach us, and represented himself as too far advanced in years to understand the short time he had to remain in the world, to be very anxious about escaping from any danger that threatened him; at the same time he pulled the grey hairs from his head by handfuls to distribute among us, and implored our favor for himself and his relations.

"As we were ready to embark, our new recruit was desired to prepare himself for his departure, which he would have declined; but as none of his friends would take his place, we may be sure, after the delay of an hour, to have compelled him to embark. Previous to his departure, a ceremony took place, of which I could not learn the meaning; he cut off a lock of his hair, and having divided it into three parts, he fastened one of them to the hair on the upper parts of his wife's head, hanging on it three times with all the violence in his power, and uttering certain words. The other two he fastened with the same formalities on the heads of his two children."—MACKENZIE.


Of the wonderful docility of the Snake one instance may suffice.

"An Indian belonging to the Mesocomi, having taken a rattlesnake, found means to tame it; a series of entanglements done this, treated it as a Deity; calling it his great Father, and taking care to carry it with him in a box wherever he went. He had done for several summers, when Monsieur Pinnancin accidentally met with him at this carrying-place, just as he was setting off for a winter's hunt. The French gentleman was surprised one day to see the Indian place the box which contained his God on the ground, and opening the door, give him his liberty; telling him, whilst he did it, to be sure and return by the time he himself should come back, which was to be in the month of May following. As this was but October, Monsieur told the Indian, whose simplicity astonished him, that he fancied he might wait long enough, when May arrived, for the arrival of his great Father. The Indian was so confident of his creature's obedience, that he offered to try the Frenchman a wager of two gallons of rum, that at the time appointed he would come and crawl into his box. This was agreed on, and the second week in May following fixed for the determination of the wager. At that period they both met there again; when the Indian set down his box, and called for his great Father. The Snake heard him not; and the time being now expired, he acknowledged that he had lost. However, without seeming to be discouraged, he offered to double the bet if his father came not within two days more. This was further agreed on; when, behold, on the second day, about one o'clock, the snake arrived, and of his own accord crawled into the box, which was placed ready for him. The French gentleman vouched for the truth of this story, and, from the accounts I have often received of the docility of those creatures, I see no reason to doubt its veracity."—CARTER'S TRAVELS.

We have not taken animals enough into alliance with us. In one of the most interesting families which it was ever my fortune to see, a child suckled by a great. The gut should be taught to catch fish for us in the sea, the plain in fresh water. The more spiders there were in the stable, the less would the horses suffer from the flies. The great American fire-fly should be imported into Spain to catch Lustiozes. Sunk this would make good mowers; but one favorite mouse should be kept to rid the barns of rats. Garagantua is a remarkable bird, and in hot countries a reward should be offered to the man who could discover what insect feeds upon it; for, say the Spaniards, no ay escritura tea li br, a queen false an. Alguacil.

... that huge King

Of Basan, huge he the Aslan. — VII. p. 386, col. 2.

Og, the King of Basan, was the largest man that ever lived: all Giants, Titans, and Ogers are but dwarfs to him; Garagantius himself is no more compared to Og, than Tom Thumb is to Garagantius. For thus say the Rabbits; Moses chose out twelve Chiefs, and advanced with them till they approached the land of Canaan, where Jericho was, and there he sent those chiefs to see that they might see what manner of land it was. One of the Giants met them; he was called Og the son of Anak, and the height of his stature was twenty-three thousand and thirty-three cubits. Now Og used to catch the clouds and draw them towards him and drink their water; and he used to take the fishes out of the depths of the sea, and toast them against the orb of the Sun and eat them. It is related of him by tradition, that in the time of the deluge he went to Noah and said to him, Take me with thee in the Ark; but Noah made answer, Depart from me, O thou enemy of God! And when the water covered the highest mountains of the earth, it did not go to Og's knees. Og lived three thousand years, and then God destroyed him by the hand of Moses. For when the army of Moses covered a space of nine miles, Og came and looked at it, and reached out his hand to a mountain, and cut from it a stone as wide that it could have covered the whole army, and he put it upon his head, and he might throw it upon them. But God sent a haying, who made a hole through the stone with his bill so that it slip over his head, and hung round his neck like a necklace, and he was borne down to the ground by its weight. Then Moses ran to him and they made it himself but which he, and he took a bear ten cubits long, and threw it up ten cubits high, and yet it only reached the heel of Og, who was lying prostrate, and thus he slew him. And then came a great multitude with scythes, and cut off his head, and when he was dead his body was not taken away for one year, remaining as far as the river Nile in Egypt. His mother's name was Eune, one of the daughters of Adam, and she was the first harlot; her fingers were two cubits long, and upon every finger she had two sharp nails, like two sickles. But because she was a harlot, God sent against her none as big as elephants, and wolves as big as camels, and eagles as big as arrows, and they killed her and eat her.

When Og met the spies who were sent by Moses, he took them all twelve in his hand and put them in his wallet; and carried them to his wife and said to her, Look, I will give you, at these men who want to fight with us! and he emptied them out before her, and asked her if he should trust upon them; but she said, Let them go and tell their people what they have seen. When they were got out they said to each other, If we should tell these things to the children of Israel, they would forsake Moses; let us therefore relate what we have seen only to Moses and Aaron. And they took with them one grape stone from the grapes of that country, and it was as much as a camel could carry. And they began to advise the people that they should not go to war, saying what they had seen; but two of them, namely, Caleb the son of Jephunneh, and Joshua the son of Nun, concealed it.—MAACCI.

Even if the grapes had not been proportioned to Og's capacious mouth, the Rabbits would not have let him starve. There were Bercomotis for him to rest whole; and Bar-CEA.
The Thracians believed that the souls of Chiefs and Princes became clouds, or beautiful birds, or precious stones whereas those of the common people would pass into beetles, rats, mice, weasels, and all vile and stinking animals. — Torquemada, L. 6, c. 47.

Codex, Deiniol, Padarn, and Teilo. — VIII. p. 387, col. 1.

The two first of these Saints with Madog Morwog, are called the three holy bachelors of the Isle of Britain. Cadog the Wise was a Bard who flourished in the sixth century. He is one of the three protectors of innocence; his protection was through the church law: Blas’s by the common law; and Pelagoyll’s by the law of arms; these three were also called the just Knights of the Court of Arthur. Cadog was the first of whom there is any account, who collected the British Proverbs. There is a church dedicated to him in Cemmarthshire, and two in Monmouthshire. Deiniol has churches dedicated to him in Monmouth, Cardigan, and Pembroke-shires. In the year 525 he founded a college at Bangor, where he was Abbot, and when it was raised to the dignity of Bishopric he was the first Bishop. Padarn and Teilo rank with Dewi or David, as the three blessed Visitors, for they went about preaching the faith to all degrees of people, not only without themselves but also they persuaded their eloquent discourses of the poor as far as their means extended. Padarn found a congregation at a place called from him Llandudno Yst, where he had the title of Archbishop. Teilo established the college at Llandaff; the many places called Llanddeo were so named in honour of him. He and Cadog and David were the three canonical Saints of Britain. — Cambria Riaygographia.

Teilo, or Tolkien, as he is called by David Williams, took an active part against the heresy of Pelagius, the great Welshman. "Such was the lustre of his zeal, that by something like a pan on his name, he was compared to the sun and called Iasus; and when he, like the sun, did not depart from the altar, devotees contended with so much virulence for the reputation of possessing his body, that the Priests, to avoid scandalous divisions, found three miraculous bodies of the Saint, as similar, according to the phrase used on the occasion, as one egg to another; and miracles were equally performed at the tombs of all the three." D. Williams’s Hist. of Monmouthshire.

This miracle is claimed by some Asiologists for St. Bal- dred, Confessor; "whose memory in ancient times hath been very famous in the kingdom of Scotland. For that he having by the virtu of one of his miracles delivered two villages were adjoining one to the other in Scotland, called Ablharn, Tinningham, and Preston, was so holy a man of life, that when he was dead, the people of each village contended one with another which of them should have his body; in so much, that at last, they sold themselves and their properties, and divided the body into two parts, each of them bought by force to enjoy the same. And when the matter came to issue, the said sacred body was found all whole in three distinct places of the house where he died; so as the people of each village coming thither, and carrying the same away, placed it in their churches, and kept it with great honor and veneration for the miracles that at such place it pleased God to work." — English Martyrology.

The story may be no true of the one Saint as of the other, a solution in which Romanists and Protestants will agree. Gahan in Cotal. (L. Lan-d.) says that the Churches which were contended for the Welsh Saint, were Penalmum, the burial-place of his family, Llandeilo Ysawr, where he died, and Llandaff, where he had been Bishop; and he adds, in honor of his own church, that by frequent miracles at his tomb it was certain Llandaff possessed the true body. Yet in such a case as this the fact simile might have been not unreasonably deemed more curious than the original.

The poulpa’s power of producing as many heads, legs, and arms as were wanted, has been possessed by all the great Saints. St. Teilo left his own country for a time because it was infested by an infectious disorder, called the Yellow Plague, which attacked both men and beasts. — Congregate, quoted in Crespey’s Church History of Brittany.
Doré.—VII. p. 387, col. 1.

'Mongst Hatterlill's lofty hills, that with the clouds are crow'd,
The valley Esias lies, immer'd so deep and round,
As they before saw the mountains rise so high,
Might the struggling heeds were grazing in the sky:
Which in it such a shape of solitude doth bear,
As Nature at the first appointed it for prayer.
Where in an aged cell, with moss and ivy grown,
In which not to this day the Sun hath ever shone,
That reverend British Saint, in zonabes ages past,
To contemplation liv'd; and did so truly fast,
As he did only drink what crystal Hoodley yields,
And fed upon the leeks he gathered in the fields;
In memory of whom, in each revolving year,
The Welshmen on his day that sacred hero do wear.

Of all the holy men whose fame so fresh remains,
To whom the Britons built so many sumptuous seats,
This saint before the rest whose patron still they hold,
Whose birth their ancient bard to Cambria long foretold;
And seated here a see, his bishopric of yore,
Upon the farthest point of this unfruitful shore,
Selected by himself, that far from all resort
With contemplation seemed most fitly to comport,
That void of all delight, cold, barren, bleak, and dry,
No pleasure might allure, nor steal the wandering eye.

Drayton.

"A.D. 462. It happened on a day, as Gibbons was in a sermon, (Reader, whether smiling or frowning, forgive the digression,) a Numae big with child came into the congregation, whereat the preacher presently was struck dumb, (would not a maid's child amaze any man?) and could proceed no further. Afterwards he gave this reason for his silence, because that Virgin bore in her body an infant of such signal sanctity as far transcended him. Thus, as lesser load stones are reported to lose their virtue in the presence of those that are bigger, so Gibbons was silenced at the approach of the Welsh St. David, (being then but Haos in Kehele,) though afterwards, like Zachary, he recovered his speech again." — FULLER's Church History of Great Britain.

"David one day was preaching in an open field to the multitude, and could not be well seen because of the concourse, (though they make him four cubits high, a man and a half in stature,) when he told the Earth whereon he stood, officiously heaving itself up, mounted him up to a competent visibility above all his audience. Whereas our Savior himself, when he taught the people, was pleased to choose a mountain, making use of the advantage of Nature without improving his miraculous power;" — FULLER.

David is indebted to the Romancers for his fame as a Champion of Christendom; how he came by his leek is a question which the Antiquarians have not determined. I am bound to make grateful mention of St. David, having in my younger days been benefited by his merits at Westminster, where the first of March is an early play.

But I, too, here upon this barbarous land,
Like Elumur and like Aromen of old,
Must lift the ruddy spear.—IX. p. 387, col. 2.

Elumur, Cynhvard, and Aveno the son of Taliwinn, all deserted the Bardic principles to bear arms, and were called the three Chiefs like Bullie in conflict. Aromen, Aromon, and Dygronel are the three Bards of the ruddy spear.

Torquemada, l. x. c. 94.

Tezcalipoca was believed to arrive first, because he was the youngest of the Gods, and never waxed old; Telpueti, the Youth, was one of his titles. On the night of his arrival a general census took place, in which it was the custom, particularly for old people, men and women alike, to drink immoderately; for they said the liquor which they drank would go to wash the feet of the God, after his journey. And I say, the Franciscan provincial, who, if he had been a philosopher, would perhaps have not written a book at all, or certainly not so interesting a one, — I say, that this is a great mistake, and the truth is, that they washed their own stripes and filled them with liquor, which made them merry, and the fumes got up into their heads and overset them; with which fall it is not to be wondered at that they fell into such errors and foolishness.

In the reign of Rajah Chundrwardun, a Brahmin woman came to sue for justice, against the unknown murderer of her husband. The Rajah demurred, whether she had reason to expect any one of the deed. She replied, that her husband was a man of a very fair reputation, and that he had never known any one so near him ill-will, excepting one man, with whom he was continually disputing upon points of philosophy. This person being brought before the Rajah, denied the charge; and the wife was not satisfied with the cause being determined by the oral trial, from the dread that he might escape by means of witchcraft. The Rajah set out with the apprehension how to decide upon the case, that he could neither eat nor sleep. At length he saw in a dream a sage, who taught him an incantation, which he should utter over a heap of rice flour, and then scatter the meal upon the ground, and direct the suspected person to walk over it; if there appeared upon the meal the impression of the feet of two persons, then the accused was certainly the murderer. When the Rajah awoke, he did as the vision had commanded him, and the Brahmin was proved guilty. — Agren-Akber.

It was thought that the Persia often visited the Mexicans, but except on this occasion, he always came incognito. A stone seat was placed at every crossing, or division, of a street, called Jussehli or Ichalaca, where he is expected; and this was continually hung with fresh garlands and green bouquets, that he might rest there. — Torquemada, l. 6, c. 21.


The history of Mexico is briefly related in the Pass. Part II. Poet. XXI. Though the Mexicans took their name from him, he is more usually called Huiztilpochtli, or correctly Huitzilopochtli. In consequence of the reverence, which he excelled as soon as born, he was styled Tetzahuitl Terror, and Tetzahuitzo, the Terrible God. — Clavigero. Torquemada, d. 1, l. 6, c. 21.
NOTES TO MADOC IN AZTLAN.

Quetzalcóatl. — IX. p. 388, col. 1.

God of the Winds: his temple was circular, "for even as the nyo goth round about the heavens, even for that consideration they made his temple round. The entrance of that temple had a door made lyke unto the mouth of a serpent, and was painted with foule and devillish gestures, with great teeth and garments wrought, which was a thing to frighte those that should enter therein, and especially the Christians, unto whom it represented very Hell with that ougly face and monstrous teeth." — GOMARA.

Some history is blended with fable in the legend of Quetzalcóatl, for such is the geography of his name. He was chief of a people who lived in Quate, coming from the North: their dress was black, long, and loose, like the Turkish dress, or the Cassack, says Torquemada, open before, without hood or cape, the sleeves full, but not reaching quite to the elbow; such dresses were, even in his time, used by the natives in some of their dances, in memory of this event. Their leader was a white man, florid, and having a large beard. At first he settled in Tula, but left that province in consequence of the vices of its Lords Huomec and Tezcalipoca, and removed to Cholulcan. He taught the natives to cut the pumice-stones, called chacs, even, which were so highly valued, and to work silver and gold. Every thing flourished in his reign; the head of maize was a man's load, and the cotton grew of all colors; he had one palace of emeralds, another of silver, another of shells, one of all kinds of wood, one of turquoise-stones, and one of feathers; his commands were proclaimed by a cryer from the Sierra de Tlatlepex, near the city of Tula, and were heard as far as the sea coast, and for more than a hundred leagues round. Fr. Bernardino de Sahagun heard such a voice once in the dead of the night, far exceeding the power of any human voice: he was told that it was to summon the laborer to the maize fields; but both he and Torquemada believed it was the Devil's doing. Notwithstanding his power, Quetzalcóatl was driven out by Tezcalipoca and Huomec: before he departed he burnt or buried all his treasures, converted the cocoa-trees into others of less worth, and declared to all his people who had labored abounded, to go before him to Tlapalain, the land of the Sun, whither he himself had been summoned. The Indians always thought he would return, and when first they saw the Spanish ships, thought he was come in these moving temples. They worshipped him, for the useful arts which he had taught, for the tranquility they had enjoyed under his government, and because he never suffered blood to be shed in sacrifice, but ordered bread and flowers, and incense to be offered up instead. — TORQUEMADA, 1. 3, c. 7; 1. 6, c. 24.

Some authors have supposed that these strangers came from Ireland, because they scoured their faces and cut human flesh: this is no compliment to the Irish, and certainly does not accord with the legend. Others that they were Carthaginians, because New Spain was called Aznauco, and the Thoricians were children of Anah. That the Carthaginians people America, is the more likely, say they, because they bored their ears, and did so the Incas of Peru. One of these princes, in process of time, says Garcia Lasso, being willing to enlarge the privileges of his people, gave them permission to bore their ears also, — but not so wide as the Incas. This much may legitimately be deduced from the legend, that New Spain, as well as Peru, was civilized by a foreign adventurer, who, it seems, attempted to destroy the sanguinary superstition of the country, but was himself driven out by the priests.


God of the Waters: he is mentioned more particularly in Section XII. Tlalocacahcatli, the Lord of Paradise, as he is also called, was the oldest of the country Gods. His Image was that of a man standing on a square seat, with a vessel before him, in which a specimen of all the different grains and fruit seeds in the country was to be offered; it was a sort of pumice stone, and, according to tradition, had been found upon the mountains. One of the Kings of Teperico ordered a better idol to be made, which was destroyed by lightning, and the original one in consequence replaced with fear and trembling. As one of the arms had been broken in removing, it was fastened with three large golden nails; but in the time of the first Bishop Zumarraga, the golden nails were taken away and the idol destroyed.

Tlaloc dwelt among the mountains, where he collected the vapors and dispensed them in rain and dew. A number of inferior Deities were under his command.

Tibalo. — IX. p. 388, col. 2.

Some of my readers will stumble at this name; but to those who would accuse me of designing to heterodoxify the language by introducing one of the humbler cheeks, I must reply, that the sound is Greek. The writers who have supposed that America was peopled from Plato's Island, observe that the ti, a combination so remarkably frequent in the Mexican tongue, has probably a reference to Atlantis and the Atlantic, All being the Mexican word for water, and Tibalo the God of the waters — an argument quite worthy of the hypothesis. — FR. GREGORIO GARCIA. ORIGEN DE LOS INDIOS, Lib. 4, c. 8, § 2.

The quaintest opinion ever started upon this obscure subject is that of Fr. Pedro Simon, who argued that the Indians were the progeny of the tribe of Cain, that they were driven into a pleasant land, who bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute. If the Hebrew word, which is rendered tribute, may mean taxes as well, I humbly submit it to consideration, whether Issachar doth not typify John Bull.

Tiger of the War. — IX. p. 388, col. 2.

This was one of the four most honorable titles among the Mexicans; the others were Shooler of Blood, Destroyer of Men, and Lord of the Dark House. Great Shyer of Men was also a title among the Natches; but to obtain this it was necessary that the warrior should have made ten prisoners, or brought home twenty scalps.

The Chinese have certain soldiers whom they call Tigers of War. On their large round shields of basket-work are painted monstrous faces of some imaginary animal, intended to frighten the enemy. — BROWNE'S TRAVELS IN CHINA.

Whose conquered Gods lie idle in their chains, And with tame weakness brook captivity. — IX. p. 388, col. 2.

The Gods of the conquered nations were kept fastened and caged in the Mexican temples. They who argued for the African origin of the Indians, might have compared this with the treatment of the Philistines over the Ark, when they placed it in the temple of Dagon.

. . . . . peace-offerings of repentance fill The temple courts. — IX. p. 388, col. 2.

Before the Mexican temples were large courts, kept well cleansed, and planted with the trees which they call Abnuerl, which are green throughout the year, and give a pleasant shade, wherefore they are much esteemed by the Indians; they are our shinjirs, (sabinas de españa.) In the com fort of their shade the priests sit, and await those who come to make offerings or sacrifice to the idol. — HISTORIA DE LA FUNDACION Y DISCURSO DE LA PROVINCIA DE SANTIAGO DE MEXICO DE LA orden de Predicadores; por el señor fray Augustin DAVILA PADILLA. Bruxelles, 1625.

Ten painful months, I humored until the forest, had he done, In abstemious and solitary prayer. Pasing his nights and days. — IX. p. 389, col. 1.

Torquemada, L. 9, c. 55. Clavigero.

The most painful penance to which any of these Priests were subjected, was that which the Cholulaque performed every four years, in honor of Quetzalcóatl. All the Priests sat round the walls in the temple, holding a censer in their hands:
from this posture they were not permitted to move, except when they went out for the necessary calls of nature; two hours they slept at the beginning of the night, and one after sunrise; at midnight, they bathed, smeared themselves with a black unguent, and pricked their ears to offer the blood: the twenty-one remaining hours they spent in the same posture under the broading sky. After the little sleep permitted them; this continued sixty days; if any one slept out of his time, his companions pricked him: the ceremony continued twenty days longer, but they were then permitted more rest. — Torquemada, l. 10, c. 52.

For many nations have made their maces and knives as knavery in priestcraft. The knives, in general, have made the tools their instruments, but they not infrequently have suffered in their turn.


The mother of Moxilii, who, being a mortal woman, was made immortal for her son's sake, and appounced Goddess of all herbs, flowers, and trees. — Clavigero.

Manuwa. — X. p. 390, col. 2.

Mr. Jefferson informs us, that a late governor of Virginia, having asked some delegates of the Delawares what they knew or had heard respecting this animal, the chief speaker immediately put himself into an oratorical attitude, and, with a pomp suited to the elevation of his subject, informed him, that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times, a herd of them came to the Big-bone-licks, and began a universal destruction of the bears, deer, elk, buffaloes, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians; that the Great Man above, looking down, and seeing this, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended to the earth, and seated himself upon a neighboring mountain on a rock, on which his seat and the print of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them, till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell; but at length missing one, it wounded him on the side, whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, the Wabash, the Illinois, and, finally, over the great lakes, where he is living at this day.

Colonel G. Morgan, in a note to Mr. Morse, says, "These bones are found only at the Salt Licks, on the Ohio; some few scattered grinders have, indeed, been found in other places: but it has been supposed these have been brought from the above-mentioned deposit by Indian warriors and others, who have observed it, as we know many have been spread in this manner. When I first visited the Salt Licks," says the Colonel, "in 1760, I met here a large party of the Iroquois and Wyandot Indians, who were then on a war expedition against the Chienas tribe. The head chief was a very old man to be engaged in war; he told me he was eighty-four years old; he was probably as much as eighty. I fixed on this venerable chief, as a person from whom some knowledge might be obtained. After making him some acceptable presents of tobacco, paint, ammunition, &c., and complimenting him with the wisdom of his nation, their prowess in war, and rudeness in peace, I intimated my ignorance respecting the great bones before us, which nothing but his superior knowledge could remove, and accordingly requested him to inform me what he knew concerning them. Agreeably to the customs of his nation, he informed me in substance as follows:

"Whilst I was yet a boy, I passed this road several times to war against the Catawbas; and the wise old chief, among whom was my grandfather, then gave me the tradition, handed down to us, respecting these bones, the like to which are found in no other part of the country; it is as follows: After the Great Spirit first formed the world, he made the various birds and beasts which now inhabit it. He also made man; but having formed him white, and very imperfect and ill-tempered, he placed him on one side of it where he now inhabits, and from whence he has lately found a passage across the great water, to be a plague to us. As the Great Spirit was not pleased with this he wrought, he took of black clay, and made what you call a negro, with a woolly head. This black man was much better than the white man: but still he did not answer the wish of the Great Spirit; that is, he was imperfect. At last the Great Spirit, having procured a piece of pure, fine red clay, formed from it the red man, perfectly to his mind; and he was so well satisfied with him, that he placed him on this great island, separato from the white and black men, and gave him rules for his conduct, promising happiness in proportion as they should be observed. He increased exceedingly, and was perfectly happy for ages; but the foolish young people, at length forgetting his rules, became exceedingly ill-tempered and wicked. In consequence of this the Great Spirit created the Great Buffalo, the bones of which you now see before us; these made war upon the human species alone, and destroyed all but a few, who repeated and promised the Great Spirit to live according to his laws, if he would restrain the devouring enemy: whereupon he sent lightning and thunder, and destroyed the whole race, in this spot, two excepted, a male and a female, which he shut up in yonder mountain, ready to let loose again, should occasion require."

The following tradition, existing among the natives, we give in the very terms of a Shawanee Indian, to show that the impression made on their minds by it must have been forcible.

"Ten thousand moons ago, when nought but glossy forests covered this land of the sleeping sun, long before the pale men, with thunder and lightning and their command, rushed with the wings of the wind to ruin this garden of nature; when nought but the untamed wanderers of the woods, and men as unrestrained as they were the lords of the soil: a race of animals were in being, huge, as the frowning precipice, cruel as the bloody parrakeet, swift as the descending eagle, and terrible as the ugnes of night. The pines crashed beneath their feet, and the bale struck when they slaked their thirst; the forcible javelin in vain was hurled, and the barbed arrow fell harmless from their side. Forests were laid waste at a meal; the black grouse of expiring animals were everywhere found; and whole villages inhabited by men were destroyed in a moment. The cry of universal distress extended even to the region of peace in the west, and the Great Spirit interposed to save the unhappy. The forked lightnings gleamed all round, and lowest thunder roared the globe. The bolts of heaven were hurled upon the cruel destroyers alone, and the mountains echoed with the howlings of death. All were killed except one male, the ficiest of the race, and him even the artillery of the skies assailed in vain. He ascended the bluest summit which shades the center of the Montagnas of living and burning, hid defiance to every vengeance. The red lightning scorchd the lofty firs, and rived the knotty oaks, but only glanced upon the enraged monster. At length, maddened with fury, he leaped over the waves of the west at a bound, and this moment reigns the uncontrolled monarch of the wilderness, in despite of even Omniscience itself." — Wisenheimer.

The tradition probably is Indian, but certainly not the bombast.

In your youth
Ye have quaff'd mainly blood, that mainly thought
Might riuen in your hearts. — X. p. 391, col. 2.

In Florida, when a sick man was bled, women who were suckling a man-child drank the blood, if the patient was a brave or strong man, that it might strengthen their milk and make the boys braver. Pregnant women also drank it. — De MORGUES.

There is a remarkable tale of kindness sacrified in Irish history. The royal family had been all cut off except one girl, and the wise men of the country fed her upon children's flesh to make her the sooner marriagable. I have not the book to refer to, and cannot therefore give the names; but the story is in Kcnting's history.


This device is described by Clavigero; from whom also the account of their musical instruments is taken.
On the top
Of you magnolia the loud turkey's voice
Is heralding the dawn.— XI. p. 391, col. 2.

"I was awakened in the morning early, by the cheering
converse of the wild turkey-cock (Meiopterus occidentalis) saluting
each other, and singing the songs of the lovely
Corylus cornuta and Magnolia grandiflora. They begin at
early dawn, and continue till sunrise, from March to the last
of April. The highest trees ring with the noise, like the
 crowing of the domestic cock, from these social sentiments, the
watch-word being caught and repeated, from one to another,
for hundreds of miles around; insomuch, that the whole
country is, for an hour or more, in an universal slumber. A little
after sunrise, their crowing gradually ceases, they quit their
high lodging places, and alight on the earth, where, expanding
their silver-bordered train, they strut and dance round about
the coy female, while the deep forests seem to tremble with
their shrill noise."— **BARTHAM.**

His cock was white.— XII. p. 392, col. 2.

"They were large garments like surplices, which were
white, and had hoods such as the Canons wear; their hair
long and matted, so that it could not be parted, and now full of
fresh reeds, which their women who had that day
sacrificed; and their nails very long."— B. **DIAZ.** Such is the
description of the Mexican priests by one who had seen them.

**Tlahocan.**— XII. p. 393, col. 1.
The Paradise of Tlahoc.

"They distinguished three places for the souls when sepa-
rated from the body: Those of soldiers who died in battle or
in captivity among their enemies, and those of women
who died in labor, went to the Host of the Sun, whom they
considered as the Prince of Glory, where they led a life of
endless delight; where, every day, at the first appearance of the
sun's rays, they hailed his birth with rejoicing; and with
dancing, and the music of instruments and of voices, attended
him to his meridian; there they met the souls of the women,
and with the same festivity accompanied him to his setting;
they next supposed, that these spirits, after four years of that
glorious life, went to animate clouds, and birds of beautiful
feathers and of sweet song, but always at liberty to rise again
to heaven, or to descend upon the earth, to warn and suck
the flowerers.— The souls of those that were drowned or struck
by lightning, of those who died of dropsy, tumours, worms, and other
sicknesses, went along with the souls of children, at least of those which were
sacrificed to Tlahoc, the God of Water, to a cool and delightful place called
Tlahocan, where that God resided, and where they were to
enjoy the most delicious repasts, with every other kind of
pleasure.— Lastly, the third place allotted to the souls of
those who suffered any other kind of death was Mictlan, or
Hell, which they conceived to be a place of utter darkness, in
which reigned a God, called Mictlantecuhtli, Lord of Hell, and
a Goddess, named Micmochcitl; I am of opinion that they
believed Hell to be a place in the centre of the earth, but
they did not imagine that the souls underwent any other
punishment there than what they suffered by the darkness of
their abode. Sagiuwuz thought the Mexicans placed Hell in
the northern part of the earth, as the word Mictlampa signified
towards north."— CLAVIGERIO.

When any person whose manner of death entitled him to a
place in Tlahocan was buried, (for they were never burned), a
red or brown bush was laid in the grave with him, that it might
bloom out again and flourish in that Paradise.— **TOQUEREMADA,**
I. 13, c. 48.
The souls of all the children who had been offered to
Tlahocan, were believed to be present at all after sacrifices,
under the care of a large and beautiful serpent, called Xiuh-
coatl.— **TOQUEREMADA,** I. 8, c. 14.

Green lilies float along.— XII. p. 393, col. 2.

"The Chinese fishermen, having no houses on shore, nor
stationary abode, but moving about in their vessels upon the
extensive lakes and rivers, have no judgement to cultivate
patches of ground, which the pursuits of their profession might
require them to leave for the profit of another; they prefer,
therefore, to plant their onions on rafts of bamboo, well inter-
woven with reeds and long grass, and covered with earth; and
these floating gardens are towed after their boats."— **BAR-
ROW'S China.**

To Tlahoc it was hallowed; and the state,
Which closed its entrance, never was removed,
Since when the yearly festival returned,
And in its womb a child was sepulchred,
The living victim.— XII. p. 394, col. 1.

There were three yearly sacrifices to Tlahoc. At the first, two
children were drowned in the Lake of Mexico; but in all
the provinces they were sacrificed on the mountains; they
were a boy and girl, from three to four years old: in this last
case the bodies were preserved in a stone chest, as relics, I
suppose, says Torquemada, of persons whose hands were
free from actual sin; though their souls were foul with the
original stain, of which they were neither cleansed nor purified,
and therefore they went to the place appointed for all like
them who perish unrepentent.— At the second, four children
from six to seven years of age, who were brought for the
purpose, the price being contributed by the children, were shot
up in a cavern, and left to die with hunger: the cavern was not
opened again till the next year's sacrifice.— The third con-
tinued during the three rainy months, during all which time
children were offered up on the mountains; those also who
were bought; the heart and blood were given in sacrifice, the bodies
were feasted upon by the chiefs and priests.— **TORQUEMS,
A,** i. 7, c. 91.

"In the country of the Mixtecan was a cave sacred to the
Water God. Its entrance was concealed, for though this
Idol was generally reverenced, this his temple was known to
few; it was necessary to crawl the length of a musket-shot,
and then the way, sometimes open and sometimes narrow,
extended for a mile, before it reached the great dome, a place
70 feet long, and 80 wide, where were the idol and the altar;
the Idol was a rude column of stalactites, or incrustations,
formed by a spring of petrifying water, and other fantastic
figures had thus grown around it. The ways of the cave were
so intricate, that sometimes those who had unwarily bowled
themselves there perished. The Friar who discovered this
Idol destroyed it, and filled up the entrance."— **Padilla,**
p. 643.

**The Temple Serpents.**— XIV. p. 395, col. 2.

"The head of a sacrificed person was struck up; the limbs
eaten at the feast; the body given to the wild beasts which
were kept within the temple circuits; moreover, in that ac-
coloured house they kept vipers and venemous snakes, who had
somewhere at their tails which sounded like moris-hells, and
they are the worst of all vipers; these were kept in cupolas,
and barrels, and earthen vessels, upon feathers, and there they
laid their eggs, and nursed up their snakekings, and they were fed
with the bodies of the sacrificed and with dog's flesh. We
learned for certain, that, after they had driven us from Mexico,
and slain axes and rivers and of the men of Narves, these
beasts and snakes, who had been offered to the cruel idol
that we discovered, were supported upon their flesh for
many days. When these lions and tigers roared, and the
jackals and foxes howled, and the snakes hissed, it was a
terrible thing to hear them, and it seemed like hell."— **DIAZ.
DIAL.**

**He had been confined**

Where myriad insects on his nakedness
Infested their venomous anger, and no start,
No shudder, shook his frame.— XIV. p. 395, col. 2.

Some of the Oriouo tribes required severe proba-
tions, which are described by Gumilla, c. 35; the principle
upon which they acted is strikingly stated by the Abbé Ma-
riguy in an Arabian anecdote.
Aztlán, jerk.

Y desde la niñez al ejercicio
las aprenzias por fuerza y los incitan,
y en el bello estudio y duro afio
entrando en sus edades los egremias:
si alguno de las generaciones
al uno militar la inhabilitan,
y el que sale en las armas señalado
conforme a su valor le dán el grado.

Los cargos de la guerra y premiosmeos
no son por fines medios previdios,
mi razon por calidad, ni por herencia
ni por haciendas, ser mejor nucleos:
mas la virtud del bravo y la exequencia,
testa hueca los hombres preferidos,
esta liestra, habiles, peculiares,
y guitala el valor de la persona.

Araucana, p. 5.

... from the slaughtered brother of their king
He stripped the skin, and formed of it a drum,
Whose sound allrightened armies.
— XIV. p. 366, col. 2.

In some provinces they flayed the captives taken in war,
and with their skins covered their drums, thinking with the sound
of them to allrighten their enemies; for their opinion was, that
when the kindred of the slain heard the sound of these drums,
they would immediately be seized with fear and put to flight.
— Garcilaso de La Vega.

... in the Palazzo Caprea at Bologna are several Turkish
bucklers lined with human skin, dressed like leather; they told us
that it was the backs of Christian prisoners taken in battle;
and the Turks esteem a buckler lined with it to be a
particular security against the impression of an arrow, or the
stroke of a saber.
— Lady Miller's Letters from Italy.

Should thin arm
Sublum in battle six successire fatas,
Life, liberty, and glory well repay
The noble conquest.
— XIV. p. 366, col. 1.

Clavigero.

One instance occurred, in which, after the
capture had been victorious in all the actions,
he was put to death,
because they durst not venture to set at liberty so brave an
enemy. But this is mentioned as a very dishonourable thing,
I cannot turn to the authority, but can trust my memory for the
fact.

Oftens had he seen
His gallant countrymen, with naked breasts,
Rush on their iron-coated enemy.
— XIV. p. 366, col. 1.

Schyr Maurice also the Berlaye
Fro the great battall to hys way,
With a great rout off Wales men:
Quabrawir yeid men mycht them ken,
For that wele ner all nakty war,
Or lyunny chayts had but mot.

The Bruce, b. 13, p. 147.

And with the sound of numerous instruments;
And with their shouts, and screams, and yells, drew back
The Bravous' foister war-cry. — XV. p. 298, col. 1.

Music seemes to have been as soon applied to military as to
religious uses.

Con fiantas, cuervos, rances instrumentes,
alto estrando, abriados deshonrosos,
salen los fieros barbaros quegrante,
contra las Españoles valientes.

— America, p. 73.

"James Reid, who had acted as piper to a rebel regiment
in the Rebellion, suffered death at York, on Nov. 15, 1746, as
a rebel. On his trial it was alleged in his defence, that he
had not carried arms. But the court observed that a Highland
regiment never marched without a piper, and therefore his
guipup, in the eye of the law, was an instrument of war." —
Walker's Irish Bards.

The construction was too much in the spirit of military law.
Jeffy's trumpeter should not have served as a precedent.
Crovall's fiddles have been made of much practical conse-
quence: this poor piper was hung for not remembering one,
and Gilbert Wakefield imprisoned for quoting another

A line of simple measure still retained
The missile shafts. — XV. p. 298, col. 1.

The Romans had a weapon of this kind which they called
Aricus, having a thong fixed to it by which it might be drawn
back: it was full of spikes, so as to injure both when it struck
and when it was withdrawn. — Rees's Cyclo.

A retractile weapon of tremendous effect was used by the
Gothic tribes. Its use is thus described in a very interesting
poem of the sixth century.

At nouis pagina Helminon successit, et iger
Iocentar triumphi gestabat face tridentum,
Quem post turgit quebrum statues seclil temporum;
Construitque fust, dum capres missa secluder
In elygo, exuncti purissir tristtus studenter,
Ut velit sequentem deprecans fratrum,
Abique sub hac certum sibi empe poscente triumphant
Nec more: Dae, tanta furandia in tribus,
Mutilum in adversum magnam cum vince tridectum,
Et discant, fainis formi obi, calce, sub inta,
Qui, centos protres, jurarumor celer humo:
Quod genus aspis, ex alta areae arbore,
Tunto Turbines serla, quo caeto ubruition vincati.
Quod morter? Strumorum seculi, politic anuelat.
Clamarem penei talland, subaqueus rrealbat;
Oblivioz tradunt redzr simul aumc viaeiciaz.
Nec dabitur princeps tali ut aprare labori,
Manuantur caeteris aurei lemmae memora,
Sed tumen hic intrat vetus cumas astet brevis,
Qui non plus petit autra emata, quam tardo fibras,
Continent omnes ventorum, imam, fragum,

Et prima Expeditionis Attila, Regis Hunorum,
"Culligan, or de Rebus Gestis Wallitbri Aqui-
noarm Principis. Carmen Epicum.

This weapon, s rich is described by Suidas, Fastiatis, and
Agathias, was called Aegus, and was a barbed trident; if it
entered the body, it could not be extracted without certain
doints, and if it only pierced the shield, the shield became
unmanageable, and the enemy was left exposed.

The Catena, which Virgil mentions as a Teutonic
weapon, was also retractile. This was a club of about a yard
long, with a heavy end worked into four sharp points; to the
thin end, or handle, a cord was fixed, which enabled a person,
well trained, to throw it with great force and exactness, and then
by a jerk to bring it back to his hand, either to renew his
throw, or to use it in close combat. This weapon was called
Cat and Catula. — Cambrians Register.

The Irish heremans were attended by servants on foot,
commonly called D-hiri, armed only with darts or javelins,
whilst their bows of steel were fastened therewith to draw

NOTES TO MADOC IN AZTLAN.

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When this name was pronounced, it was equivalent to a proclamation for rising in mass. — TURQUEMADA, l. 6, c. 23.


The name of this arsenal is a tolerable specimen of Mexican vocablesmaliz; Hlacechakumiyacapan. — TURQUEMADA, l. 8, c. 13.

Cortes consumed all the weapons of this arsenal in the infamous execution of Quapapoca, and his companions. — HERRERA, b. 8, s. 9.

The ablation of the Stone of Sacrifice. — XV. p. 298, col. 2.

An old priest of the Tlaltetucas, when they were at war with the Mexicans, advised them to drink the holy beverage before they went to battle; this was made by washing the Sassafras, the king drunk first, and then all his chiefs and soldiers in order; it made them eager and impatient for the fight. — TURQUEMADA, l. 2, c. 58.

To physic soldiers before a campaign seems an odd way of raising their courage, yet this was done by one of the fiercest American tribes.

"When the warriors among the Natchez had assembled in sufficient numbers for their expedition, the Medecine of War was prepared in the chief's cabin. This was an enetic, composed of a root boiled in water. The warriors, sometimes to the number of three hundred, seated themselves round the kettles or caldrons; about a gallon was served to each; the ceremony was to swallow it at once, and then charge it again with such loud eruptions and efforts as might be heard at a great distance." — HERIOT'S History of Canada.

Odd as this method of administering medicine may appear, some tribes have a still more extraordinary mode of dispensing it.

"As I was informed there was to be a physic dance at night, curiosity led me to the town-house to see the preparation. A vessel of their own make, that might contain twenty gallons, (there being a great many to take the medicine,) was set on the fire, round which stood several groups filled with river water, which was poured into the pot. This done, there arose one of the beloved women, who, opening a deer-skin filled with various roots and herbs, took out a small handful of something like fine salt, part of which she threw on the head man's seat, and part on the fire close to the pot; then she took out the wing of a swan, and, after-flooring it over the pot, stood fixed for near a minute, muttering something to herself; then taking a shrub like laurel, which I supposed was the physic, she threw it into the pot, and returned to her seat. As no more ceremony seemed to be going on, I took a walk till the Indians assembled to take it. At my return I found the house quite full; they danced near an hour round the pot, till one of them, with a small gourd that might hold about a gill, took some of the physic, and drank it, after which the rest took in turn. One of their head men presented me with some, and in a manner compelled me to drink, though I would willingly have declined. It was, however, much more palatable than I expected, having a strong taste of sassafras; the Indian who presented it told me it was taken to wash away their sins, so that this is a spiritual medicine, and might be ranked among their religious ceremonies. They are very solicitous about its success; the conjurer, for several mornings before it is drank, makes a dreadful howling, yelling, and howling from the top of the town-house, to frighten away apparitions and evil spirits." — TIMBERLAKE.

... two fire-flies gave Their lustre. — XVIII. p. 402, col. 1.

It is well known that Madame Merian painted one of these insects by its own light.

"In Hispaniola and the rest of the Ocean Islands, these are pleshy and marshy places, very fit for the feeding of headless cattle. Gnats of divers kinds, ingendiary of that mostyhe beast, grievously afflict the inhabitants seated on the brine thereof, and that not only in the isle, but in other countries; therefore the inhabitants build low houses, and make little doores therein, scarce able to receive the master, and without holes, that the gnats may have no entrance. And for that cause also, they forebear to light torches or candels, for that the gnats by natural instinct follow the light; yet nevertheless they often find a way in. Nature hath given that pestilent mischief, and hath also given a remedy; as she hath given us cuttes to destroy the filthy progeny of mice, so hath she given them pretty and commodious hunters, which they call Pythas. These be hand-drawn, and do at least somewhat less than batten or recce mouse, I should rather call them a kind of beetles, because they have other wings after the same order under their hard-winged sheath, which they close within the sheath when they leave flying. To this little creature (as we see Ryes shine by night, and certaine sing-


glish worms lying in thick hedges) provident nature hath given some very cleere looking-glasses; two in the seate of the eyes, and two lying hid in the flank, under the sheath, which he then sheweth, when, after the manner of the beetle, he endeavoureth to draw his wings, he taketh his flight into the air; whereupon every Cucuia\r\n\r
brings forth four light or candels with him. But how are they a remedy for so great a mischief, as is the stinging of these gnats, which in some places are little less than bees, it is a pleasant thing to hear. Hee who understandeth this troublesome insect, understands, that when hee is in his home, or feareth lest they may get in, diligently buntereth the Cucuij, which he deceived by this means and industry, which necessity (effecting wonders) hath sought out: whose wanteth Cucuij, goeth out of the house in the first twilight of the night, crying and making a bramble on his hand, and ascendeth the next hilllock, that the Cucuij may see it, and hee swingeth the fire bramble about calling Cucuij aloud, and beseth the ayre withall, often calling and crying out, Cucui, Cucui. Many simple people suppose that the Cucuij, delighted with that noise, come flying and flocking together to see the bewailing sound of him that calleth them, for they come with a speedy and headlong course: but I rather think the Cucuij make haste to the brightness of the fire-brande, because swarmeres of gnats fly unto every light, which the Cucuij cate in the very ayre, as the marilies and swallowes doe. Behold the desired number of Cucuij, at what time the hunter casteth the fire-brande out of his hand. Some Cucuij sometimes followeth the fire-brande, and lighteth on the ground; then is he easily taken, as travellers may take a beetle if they have need thereof, walking with his wings short. Others desire that the Cucuij not be taken away, but let it be left, they say, that the hunters especially have bought full of leaves ready prepared, or broad linnen cloths, wherewith they smite the Cucuij flying about on high, and strike him to the ground, where he lyeth as it were astonished, and suffereth himself to bee taken; as they say, full of gnats, when they take the prey, by casting the same bushie bough or linen cloath upon him: howsoever it bee, the hunter havinge the hunting Cucuij, returneth home, and shutting the doore of the house, letteth the prey goe. The Cucuij housed, swiftly flyeth about the whole house seeking gnats, under their hanging cloaths, and about the faces of them that sleep, whicke the gnats used to assaile: they seem to execute the office of watchmen, that such as are shut in may quietly rest. Another pleasant and profitable commodity proceedeth from the Cucuij. As many eyes as every Cucuius openeth, the beast enjoyeth in both his light of so many corner; but the in-

habitants spinne, sewe, sawe, and dance by the light of the flying Cucuij. The inhabitants thinkke that the Cucuius is de-

lighted with the harmony and melody of their singing, and that hee also exerciseth his motion in the ayre according to the action of the other wings, but hee, by reason of the last circle of the gnats, of necessity swiftly flyeth about divers ways to seek his food. Our men also rende and write by that light, which always continueth until he have gotten enough whereby he may be well fed. The gnats being chased, or driven out of doors for terms, begin to famish the light beginneth to faile: therefore when they see his light to waxe dim, opening the little doore, they set him at liberty, that he may seake his foods.
God as the first cause of all good things, and the King as the second.

Let the guilty tremble! it shall flow
A draught of agon and death to him,

I have no other authority for attributing this artifice to Tezozomoc, than that it has been practised very often and very successfully.

A Chief of Dejedah," says Niebuhr, "informed me that two hundred duents had been stolen from him, and wanted me to discover the thief. I excused myself, saying, that I left that sublime science to the Muhammadan sages; and very soon afterwards a celebrated Scheleh showed, indeed, that he knew more than I did. He placed all the servants in a row, made a long prayer, then put into the mouth of each a bit of paper, and ordered them all to swallow it, after having assured them that it would not harm the innocent, but that the punishment of Heaven would fall on the guilty; after which he examined the mouth of every one, and of one, who had not swallowed the paper, confessed that he had stolen the money." A similar anecdote occurs in the old Legend of Pierre Faufin.

Cowant la Dame de une grosse Maison ou il hante, perdut ung Dyuant en sa maish, qu'il lais subtillement recoycer. — Chap. 22, p. 58.

"Ung certain jour, la Dame de l'hotel, Est ung enuy, leuell,pour frauz fut tril, Car elle avoit eu un main gaucher ou destre Ung Dyuant, que l'un ronnoyant de entre De la valeur de bien cinq coues devosts;
Or, pour saubain vou ancier du cas,
On en dormant, en faisant la veille,
Du day loy chant, deuant tres fort s'enperonner,
Qu'il se le treuyrant est son euer tres marry;
Et n'ose aussi le dire a son mari;
Mais a Enfeu allee est en complaider,
Qui respondict, sans grandement la plaisoir,
Que bien failloit que le Sieurgeur le resceuit;
Et qu'elle ley dix ainsi qu'il est appegreant.
En ce faisant le vaillant Pierre Meistre
La recouvrer ley est alle proromtre,
Ce moyennant qu'il eust cinquante esois,
Qu'elle ley promist, sans en faire refus,
Pareillement qu'aucuns de la maison
L'eust point trouvy, il en rendoit raisun;
Leurs propys tons, d'en aille seve et ferme
La dite Dame, et un Seigneur affirme
Du Dyuant le boitvet etovert,
Dom il ne faiz pas grand compte au arrester;
Ce naubantant que faut le du nopeus,
Qu'avant done 'par sur autres negocioes;
Cor courrousser un femme auro en est
L'ecvier perde, mais grand duel en avoit;
Or toutefois a Faufin il ordonne
Pour auy son veuv, et puisaison il ley donne
A son plaistre faire ainsi qu'il estent.
Incontinent Faufin fit tout content.
Tout assembler aerezleurs et servantes,
Grosse et petites, et les portes fermantes,
Les fist ouyez en une chambre a part.
On de grant pour chacun d'eus avoir part.
Quant il eust fait, appella Sieur et Dame,
Desquets ault estant de corps et de ame,
Et desquy ault au servaux fist arnem.
Du Dyuant, leur devant; nous chernon,
Et aucuns bien par l'art de micromanie
Celuy qui le a; et tout en evidence
Prisant chomer le chambre en tous endroit;
Se pourromant devant bozquez ou droit,
Il apperceug parmy parmy une verrere,
Emmy la court, ung garouet arriere,
Qui n'estait point a les autres verrn,
Dont vont arreter qu'il en est advenu.
Ce nonstant qu'il en est grant nombre.
Cinquant de au plus, souhaiton fortroit sous nombre
De delinuer, que tout n'y estoit point.

**NOTES TO MADOC IN AZTLAN.**
One of our nation lost the maid he loved. — XXII. p. 410, col. 1.

There was a young man in despair for the death of his sister, whom he loved with extreme affection. The idea of the departed recurred to him incessantly. He resolved to seek her in the Land of Souls, and flattered himself with the hope of bringing her back with him. His voyage was long and laborious, but he surmounted all the obstacles, and overcame every difficulty. At length he found a solitary old man, or rather genius, who, having questioned him concerning his enterprise, encouraged him to pursue it, and taught him the means of success. He gave him a little empty calabash to contain the soul of his sister, and promised on his return to give him the brain, which he had in his possession, being placed there, by virtue of his office, to keep the brains of the dead. The young man profited by his instructions, finished his course successfully, and arrived in the Land of Souls, the inhabitants of which were much astonished to see him, and fed at his presence. Tharonhiaogan received him well, and protected him by his counsel from the old woman his grandmother, who, under the appearance of a feigned regard, wished to destroy him by making him eat the flesh of serpents and vipers, which were to her delicacies. The souls being assembled as dance, as was their custom, he recognized that of his sister; Tharonhiaogan assisted him to take it by surprise, without which he never would have succeeded, for when he advanced to seize it, it vanished like a dream of the night, and left him as confounded as was Alcines when he attempted to embrace the soul of his father Anchises. Nevertheless, he took it, confined it, and in spite of the attempts and stratagems of this captive soul, which sought but to deliver itself from its prison, he brought it back the same road by which he came to his own village. I know not if he recollected to take the brain, or judged the requisite; but the sooner he returned, before whose coming he came to life again. In this time he says he went to the place where the sun rises, (imagining the earth to be a sphere,) and directly over that place, at a great height in the air, he was admitted, he says, into a great house, which he supposed was several miles in length, and saw many wondrous things, too tedious as well as ridiculous to mention. Another person, a woman, whom I have not seen, but been credibly informed of by the Indians, declares she was dead several days; that her soul went southward, and feasted and danced with the happy spirits; and that she found all things exactly agreeable to the Indian notions of a future state." — Brainerd.

One, I remember, affirmed to me that himself had been dead four days; that most of his friends in that time were gathered together to his funeral; and that he should have been buried, but that some of his relations at a great distance, who were sent for on that occasion, were not arrived, before whose coming he came to life again. In this time he says he went to the place where the sun rises, (imagining the earth to be a sphere,) and directly over that place, at a great height in the air, he was admitted, he says, into a great house, which he supposed was several miles in length, and saw many wondrous things, too tedious as well as ridiculous to mention. Another person, a woman, whom I have not seen, but been credibly informed of by the Indians, declares she was dead several days; that her soul went southward, and feasted and danced with the happy spirits; and that she found all things exactly agreeable to the Indian notions of a future state." — Brainerd.

"That cheerful one, who knewest all The songs of all the winged charioteers." — XXIII. p. 410, col. 2.

The Mocking Bird is often mentioned, and with much feeling, in Mr. Davis's Travels in America, a very singular and interesting volume. He describes himself in one place as listening by moonlight to one that usually perched within a few yards of his log hut. A negress was sitting on the threshold of the next door, smoking the stump of an old pipe. "Please God Almighty, exclaimed the old woman, how sweet that Mocking Bird sings! he never tires. By day and by night it sings alike; when weary of mocking others, the bird takes up its own natural strain, and so joyous a creature is it, that it will jump and dance to its own music. The bird is perfectly domestic, for the Americans hold it sacred. Would that we had more of these humane prejudices in England!" — If that
word may be applied to a feeling so good in itself and in its tendency.

A good old Protestant missionary mentions another of the American singing birds very technically.

"Of black birds there be millions, which are great devourers of the Indian corn as soon as it appears out of the ground: unto this sort of birds, especially, may the mystical fowls, the Divells, be well resembled, (and so it pleaseth the Lord Jesus himself to observe, Matt. 13,) which mystical fowl follow the sowing of the word, pick it up from loose and careless hearers, as these black birds follow the material seed: against these they are very careful, both to set their corn deep enough, that it may have a strong root, not so apt to be plucked up, as those that put up little water-houses in the middle of their fields, in which they or their biggest children lodge."

— ROGER WILLIAMS.

The caryon Crowe, that liothsome beast,
Which cries against the rayne,
Both for her hue and for the rest
The Devill resembleth player:
And as with gnomes we kill the crowe
For spoiling our reliefs,
The Devill so must we overthrouse
With gunshot of beleefe.

GALISSINE'S GOOD MOWW.

But of all the songsters in America who warble their wood-notes wild, the frogs are the most extraordinary.

"Prepared as I was," says a traveller, "to hear something extraordinary from these animals, I confess the first frog concert I heard in America was so much beyond any thing I could conceive from the sounders of these musical animals, that I was truly astonished. This performance was at froes, and took place on the 18th, (April instant,) in a large swamp, where there were at least ten thousand performers, and, I really believe, not two exactly in the same pitch, if the octave can possibly admit of so many divisions, or slacks of semitones. An Hibernian musician, who, like myself, was present for the first time at this concert of antumine, exclaimed, 'By Jove, but they stop out of tune to a nicety.'"

"I have been since informed by an amanuensis who resided many years in this country, and made this species of music his peculiar study, that on these occasions the tune is performed by the Tree Frogs, the smallest and most beautiful species; they are always of the same color as the bark of the tree they inhabit, and their note is not unlike the chirp of a cricket: the next in size are our counter-tenors; they have a note resembling the setting of a snake. A still larger species sings tenor, and the under part is supported by the Bull Frogs, which are as large as a man's foot, and hallow out the bass in a tone as loud and somberous as that of the animal from which they take their name." — Travels in America by W. PRIET, Mexican.

"I have often thought," says this lively traveller, "if an enthusiastic cockney of weak nerves, who had never been out of the sound of Bow-bell, could suddenly be conveyed from his bed in the middle of the night, and laid fast asleep in an American swamp, he would, on waking, fancy himself in the infernal regions: his first sensations would be from the stings of a myriad of musquitoes; waking with the smart, his ears would be assailed with the horrid noises of the frogs: on lifting up his eyes, he would have a faint view of the night-hawks, flapping their ominous wings over his devoted head, visible only from the glimmering of the fire-flies, which he would naturally conclude were sparks from the bottomless pit. Nothing would be wanting at this moment to complete the illusion, but one of those dreadful explosions of thunder and lightning, so extravagantly described by Lee in Olimus."

"Call you these peals of thunder but the yawns of hallowing clouds? By Jove, they seem to me the world's last groans, and those large sheets of flame its last blaze!"

In sight and smell
More exquisitely sweet than ever art
Of men enraged from instrument of touch,
Or beat, or breath. — XXIII. p. 410, col. 2.

The expression is from an old Spanish writer; "Tausón instrumentos de diversas maneras de la música, de pulso, de flauto, e teto, e voc." — Cronica de Pero Nino.

...... the old, in talk
Of other days, which mingled with their joy
Memory of many a hard calamity. — XXIV. p. 411, col. 2.

"And when the builders laid the foundation of the Temple of the Lord, they set the Priests in their apparel with trumpets, and the Levites the sons of Asaph with cymbals, to praise the Lord, after the ordinance of David, King of Israel."

"And they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord, because he is good, for his mercy endureth forever toward Israel. And all the people shouted with a great shout when they praised the Lord, because of the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid."

"But many of the Priests and Levites and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept, with a loud voice; and many shouted aloud with joy:

'Because that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people; for the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off.' — Ezra, iii. 10-13.

For Aztlan comes in anger, and her Gods
Spars name. — XXIV. p. 412, col. 1.

Kill all that you can, said the Tiscualans to Cortes; the young that they may not bear arms, the old that they may not give counsel. — BERNAL DIAS, p. 56.

The Circle of the Years is full. — XXVI. p. 414, col. 2.

Torquemada, I, 10, c. 33. The tradition of the Five Suns is related by Clavigero: the origin of the present by the same author and by Torquemada, l, 6, c. 42; the whole of the ceremonies is accurately stated.

Depart! depart! for so the note,
Articularly in his native tongue,
Spoke to the Aztecs. — XXVII. p. 417, col. 1.

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 Aztecs were induced to quit their country, after a series of calamities. The leader who had address enough to influence them was Huiztiloztli, a name which I have altered to Yuhiditlan for the sake of euphony; the note of this image is expressed in Spanish and Italian thus, tiwu; the cry of the periste cannot be better expressed.

TORQUEMADA, I, 2, c. 1. CLAVIGERO.

The Chair of God. — XXVII. p. 419, col. 1.

Mexitli, they said, appeared to them during their emigration, and ordered them to carry him before them in a chair; Teoyepulli it was called. — TORQUEMADA, I, 3, c. 1.

The hideous figures of their idols are easily accounted for by the Historian of the Dominicans in Mexico.

"As often as the Devil appeared to the Mexicans, they made immediately an idol of the figure in which they had seen him; sometimes as a lion, other times as a dog, other times as a serpent; and as the ambitious Devil took advantage of this weakness, he assumed a new form every time to gain a new image in which he might be worshipped. The natural timidity of the Indians aided the design of the Devil, and he appeared to them in horrible and affrighting figures, that he might have them the more submissive to his will; for this reason it is that the idols which we still see in Mexico, placed in the corners of the streets as spoils of the Gospel, are so deformed and ugly. — Fr. AUGUSTIN DAVILA PADILLA.

To spread in other lands Mexitli's name. — XXVII. p. 420, col. 1.

It will scarcely be believed that the resemblance between Mexico and Messiah should have been adduced as a proof that America was peopled by the ten tribes. Fr. ESTEVAN de SALAS discovered this wise argument, which is noticed in Gregorio Garcia's very curiosel and very learned work on the Origin of the Indians, l, 3, c. 7, 5-9.
Ballads and Metrical Tales.

PREFACE.

Most of the pieces in this volume were written in early life, a few are comparatively of recent date, and there are some of them which lay unfinished for nearly thirty years.

Upon reading, on their first appearance, certain of these Ballads, and of the lighter pieces now comprised in the third volume of this collective edition, Mr. Edgeworth said to me, "Take my word for it, Sir, the bent of your genius is for comedy." I was as little displeased with the intended compliment as one of the most distinguished poets of this age was with Mr. Sheridan, who, upon returning a play which he had offered for acceptance at Drury Lane, told him it was a comical tragedy.

My late friend, Mr. William Taylor of Norwich, whom none who knew him intimately can ever call to mind without affection and regret, has this passage in his Life of Dr. Sayers:—"Not long after this, (the year 1780,) Mr. Robert Southey visited Norwich, was introduced to Dr. Sayers, and partook those feelings of complacent admiration which his presence was adapted to inspire.—Dr. Sayers pointed out to us in conversation, as adapted for the theme of a ballad, a story related by Olaus Magnus of a witch, whose coffin was confined by three chains, sprinkled with holy water; but who was, nevertheless, carried off by demons. Already, I believe, Dr. Sayers had made a ballad on the subject; so did I, and so did Mr. Southey; but after seeing the Old Woman of Berkeley, we agreed in awarding to it the preference. Still, the very different manner in which each had employed the same basis of narration might render welcome the opportunity of comparison; but I have not found among the papers of Dr. Sayers a copy of his poem."

There is a mistake here as to the date. This, my first visit to Norwich, was in the spring of 1798; and I had so much to interest me there in the society of my kind host and friend Mr. William Taylor, that the mention at Dr. Sayers's table of the story in Olaus Magnus made no impression on me at the time, and was presently forgotten. Indeed, if I had known that either he or his friend had written or intended to write a ballad upon the subject, that knowledge, however much the story might have pleased me, would have withheld me from all thought of versifying it. In the autumn of the same year, I passed some days at Hereford with Mr. William Bowyer Thomas, one of the friends with whom, in 1796, I had visited the Arrabida Convent near Setubal. By his means I obtained permission to make use of the books in the Cathedral Library; and accordingly I was locked up for several mornings in that part of the Cathedral where the books were kept in chains. So little were these books used at that time, that, in placing them upon the shelves, no regard had been had to the length of the chains; and when the volume which I wished to consult was fastened to one of the upper shelves by a short chain, the only means by which it was possible to make use of it was, by piling upon the reading desk as many volumes with longer chains as would reach up to the length of its tether; then, by standing on a chair, I was able to effect my purpose. There, and thus, I first read the story of the Old Woman of Berkeley, in Matthew of Westminster, and transcribed it into a pocket-book. I had no recollection of what had passed at Dr. Sayers's; but the circumstantial details in the monkish Chronicle impressed me so strongly, that I began to versify them that very evening. It was the 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. Whale, 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 fine sample of a wooden cut in the Nuremburg 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 so 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 legend, or portion of 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.

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

The discovery is thus stated in that gentleman's Poetical Decameron, (vol. i. p. 323.) 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. 438, 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?

"Bourne. 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."

"Bourne. Perhaps so; Heywood quotes Guilleminus 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, 8th March, 1838.

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

The circumstances related in the following Ballad were told me, when a school-boy, 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.

"Amongst the unusual accidents," says this amusing author, "that have attended the female sex in the course of their lives, I think I may also reckon the narrow escapes they have made from death. Whereof I met with one mentioned with admiration by every body at Leek, that happened not far off at the Black Moor of Morridge, which, though famous for nothing for which it is commonly reputed so, (as that it is bottomless, no cattle will drink of it, or birds fly over or settle upon it, all which I found false,) yet is so, for the signal deliverance of a poor woman enticed thither in a dismal, stormy night, by a bloody ruffian, who had first gotten her with child, and intended, in this remote ininhabitable place, to have despatched her by drownings. The same night (Providence so ordering it) there were several persons of inferior rank drinking in an ale-house at Leek, whereas one having been out, and observing the darkness and other ill circumstances of the weather, coming in again, said to the rest of his companions, that he were a stout man indeed that would venture to go to the Black Moor of Morridge in such a night as that; to which one of them replying, that, for a crown, or some such sum, he would undertake it, the rest, joining their purses, said he should have his demand. The bargain being struck away, he went on his journey with a stick in his hand, which he was to leave there as a testimony of his performance. At length, coming near the Moor, he heard the lamentable cries of this distressed woman, begging for mercy, which at first put him to a stand; but being a man of great resolution and some policy, he went boldly on, however, counterfeiting the presence of divers other persons, calling Jack, Dick, and Tom, and crying, Here are the rogues we look'd for, &c.; which being heard by the murderer, he left the woman and fled; whom the other man found by the Moor side, almost stripped of her clothes, and brought her with him to Leek as an ample testimony of his having been at the Moor, and of God's providence too."—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
Scorn a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
She never complaints, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

2.
No pity she looks for, no alms doth she seek;
Nor for rainment nor food doth she care;
Through the tatters the winds of the winter blow bleak
On that wither'd breast, and her weather-worn cheek
Hath the line 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 affect
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night
When the wind whistled down the dark 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.
MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

7.
"'Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fireside,
To hear the wind whittle 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.

8.
"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!"

9.
"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."

10.
"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."

11.
With fearless good-humor 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.

12.
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.

13.
All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howl'd dismally 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.

14.
Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gather'd the bough;
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 pant'd painfully now.

15.
The wind blew; the hoarse ivy shook over her head;
She listen'd — nought else could 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.

16.
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.

17.
Then Mary could feel her heart's churlie cold;
Again the rough wind hurried by;
It blew off the hat of the one, and, behold,
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd;
She felt, and expected to die.

18.
"Curse the hat!" he exclaims. "Nay, come on till we hide
The dead body," his comrade replies.
She beholds them in safety pass on by her side;
She seizes the hat,— fear her courage supplied,—
And fast through the Abbey she flies.

19.
She ran with wild speed; she rush'd in at the door;
She gaz'd in her terror around;
Then her limbs could support their faint burden no more,
And exhausted and breathless she sank on the
Unable to utter a sound.

20.
Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;—
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For — what a cold horror then thrilled through her heart
When the name of her Richard she knew!

21.
Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
His irons you still from the road may esp'y;
The traveller beholds them, and thinks with a sigh
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Bristol, 1795.

DONICA.

"In Finland there is a Castle which is called the New Rock,
moated about with a river of unmoved depth, the water black, and the fish therein very distasteful to the palate. In this are spectres often seen, which forebode either the death of the Governor, or of some prime officer belonging to the place; and most commonly it appeareth in the shape
of a harper, sweetly singing and dallying and playing under
the water."

"It is reported of one Donica, that after she was dead, the
Devil walked in her body for the space of two years, so that
none suspected but she was still alive; for she did both
speak and eat, though very sparingly; only she had a deep
paleness on her countenance, which was the only sign of
death. At length, a Magician coming by where she was
then in the company of many other virgins, as soon as he
beheld her, he said, 'Fair Maids, why keep you company
with this dead Virgin, whom you suppose to be alive?'
when, taking away the magic charm which was tied under
her arm, the body fell down lifeless and without motion."
The following Ballad is founded on these stories. They are
to be found in the notes to the Hierarchies of the Blessed
Angels; a Poem by Thomas Heywood, printed in folio by
Adam Islip, 1635.

Hie on a rock whose castled shade
Darken'd the lake below,
In ancient strength majestic stood
The towers of Arlinkow.

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; —

For sometimes, when no passing breeze
The long, lank sedges waved,
All white with foam, and heaving high,
Its deepening billows raved; —

And when the tempest from its base
The rooted pine would shake,
The powerless storm unruffling swept
Across the calm dead lake; —

And ever, then, when death drew near
The house of Arlinkow,
Its dark, unfathom'd waters sent
Strange music from below.

The Lord of Arlinkow was old;
One only child had he;
Donica was the Maiden's name,
As fair as air might be.

A bloom as bright as opening morn
Suffused her clear, white cheek;
The music of her voice was mild;
Her full, dark eyes were meek.

Far was her beauty known, for none
So fair could Finland boast;
Her parents loved the Maiden much,
Young Eberhard loved her most.

Together did they hope to tread
The pleasant path of life;
For now the day drew near to make
Donica Eberhard's wife.

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,
In many 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
Dimples the water's edge; —

When suddenly the lake sent forth
Its music from beneath,
And slowly o'er the waters sail'd
The solemn sounds of death.

As those deep sounds of death arose,
Donica's cheek grew pale,
And in the arms of Eberhard
The lifeless Maiden fell.

Loudly the Youth in terror shriek'd,
And loud he call'd for aid,
And with a wild and eager look
Gazed on the lifeless Maid.

But soon again did better thoughts
In Eberhard arise;
And he with trembling hope beheld
The Maiden raise her eyes.

And, on his arm reclined, she moved
With feeble pace and slow,
And soon, with strength recover'd, reach'd
The towers of Arlinkow.

Yet never to Donica's cheeks
Return'd their lively hue;
Her cheeks were deathly white and wan,
Her lips a livid blue.

Her eyes, so bright and black of yore,
Were now more black and bright,
And beam'd strange lustre in her face,
So deadly wan and white.

The dog that gambol'd by her side,
And loved with her to stray,
Now at his alter'd mistress howl'd,
And fled in fear away.

Yet did the faithful Eberhard
Not love the Maid the less;
He gazed with sorrow, but he gazed
With deeper tenderness.
And when he found her health unharm'd,  
He would not brook delay,  
But press'd the not unwilling Maid  
To fix the bridal day.

And when at length it came, with joy  
He hail'd the bridal day,  
And onward to the house of God  
They went their willing way.

But when they at the altar stood,  
And heard the sacred rite,  
The hallow'd tapers dimly stream'd  
A pale, sulphureous light.

And when the Youth, with holy warmth,  
Her hand in his did hold,  
Sudden he felt Donica's hand  
Grow deadly clam and cold.

But loudly then he shriek'd, for lo!  
A spirit met his view,  
And Eberhard in the angel form  
His own Donica knew.

That instant from her earthly frame  
A Demon howling fled,  
And at the side of Eberhard  
The livid corpse fell dead.

Bristol, 1766.

RUDIGER.

"Divers Princes and Noblemen being assembled in a beautiful and fair Palace, which was situate upon the river Rhine, they beheld a boat or smallarge make toward the shore, drawn by a Swan in a silver chain, the one end fastened about her neck, the other to the vessel; and in it an unknown soldier, a man of a comely personage and graceful presence, who stepped upon the shore; which done, the boat guided by the Swan, left him, and floated down the river. This man fell afterward in league with a fair gentle-woman, married her, and by her had many children. After some years, the same Swan came with the same barge unto the same place; the soldier, entering into it, was carried thence the way he came, left wife, children, and family, and was never seen amongst them after."

"Now who can judge this to be other than one of those spirits that are named lecubi?" says Thomas Heywood. I have adopted his story, but not his solution, making the unknown soldier not an evil spirit, but one who had purchased prosperity from a malevolent being, by the promised sacrifice of his first-born child.

BRIGHT on the mountain's heathy slope  
The day's last splendors shine,  
And rich, with many a radiant hue,  
Gleam gayly on the Rhine.

And many a one from Waldhur's walls  
Along the river stroll'd,  
As ruffling o'er the pleasant stream  
The evening gales came cold.
But silently did Rudiger
   The little infant see;
And darkly on the babe he gazed,—
   A gloomy man was he.

And when to bless the little babe
   The holy Father came,
To cleanse the stains of sin away
   In Christ's redeeming name,—

Then did the check of Rudiger
   Assume a death-pale hue,
And on his clammy forehead stood
   The cold, convulsive dew;—

And faltering in his speech, he bade
   The Priest the rites delay,
Till he could, to right health restored,
   Enjoy the festive day.

When o'er the many-tinted sky
   He saw the day decline,
He called 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 so together forth they went;
   The evening breeze was mild;
And Rudiger upon his arm
   Pillow'd the little child.

Many gay companies that eve
   Along the river roam;
But when the mist began to rise,
   They all betook them home.

Yet Rudiger continued still
   Along the banks to roam;
Nor aught could Margaret prevail
   To turn his footsteps home.

"Oh, turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger;
   The rising mists behold;
The evening wind is damp and chill;
   The little babe is cold!"

"Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret,
   The mists will do no harm;
And from the wind the little babe
   Is shelter'd on my arm."

"Oh, turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger;
   Why onward wilt thou roam?
The moon is up; the night is cold;
   And we are far from home."

He answer'd not; for now he saw
   A Swan come sailing strong;
And by a silver chain he drew
   A little boat along.

To shore they came, and to the boat
   Fast leapt he with the child;
And in leap'd Margaret, breathless now,
   And pale with fear, and wild.

With arching crest and swelling breast
   On sail'd the stately Swan,
And lightly down the rapid tide
   The little boat went on.

The full-orb'd moon, that beam'd around
   Pale splendor through the night,
Cast through the crimson canopy
   A dim, discolor'd light.

And swiftly down the hurrying stream
   In silence still they sail,
And the long streamer, fluttering fast,
   Flapp'd to the heavy gale.

And he was mute in sullen thought,
   And she was mute with fear;
Nor sound but of the parting tide
   Broke on the listening ear.

The little babe began to cry;
   Then Margaret raised her head,
And with a quick and hollow voice,
   "Give me the child!" she said.

"Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret,
   Nor my poor heart distress;
I do but pay perforce the price
   Of former happiness.

"And hush thee too, my little babe,
   Thy cries so feeble cease;
Lie still, lie still; —a little while,
   And thou shalt be at peace."

So, as he spake, to land they drew,
   And swift he stepp'd on shore;
And him behind did Margaret
   Close follow evermore.

It was a place all desolate;
   Nor house nor tree was there,
But there a rocky mountain rose,
   Barren, and bleak, and bare;—

And at its base a cavern yawn'd;
   No eye its depth might view;
For in the moonbeam shining round
   That darkness darker grew.

Cold horror crept through Margaret's blood;
   Her heart it paused with fear.
When Rudiger approach'd the cave,
   And cried, "Lo, I am here!"

A deep, sepulchral sound the cave
Return'd — "Lo, I am here!" And black from out the cavern gloom
   Two giant arms appear.
And Rudiger approach’d, and held
The little infant nigh;
Then Margaret shriek’d, and gather’d then
New powers from agony.

And round the baby fast and close
Her trembling arms she folds,
And with a strong, convulsive grasp
The little infant holds.

"Now help me, Jesus!" loud she cries,
And loud on God she calls;
Then from the grasp of Rudiger
The little infant falls.

The mother holds her precious babe;
But the black arms clasped him round,
And dragg’d the wretched Rudiger
Adown the dark profound.

Bristol, 1796.

JASPAR.

JASPAR was poor, and vice and want
Had made his heart like stone;
And JASPAR look’d with envious eyes
On riches not his own.

On plunder bent, abroad he went
Toward the close of day,
And loiter’d on the lonely road
Impatient for his prey.

No traveller came — he loiter’d long,
And often look’d around,
And paused and listen’d eagerly
To catch some coming sound.

He sat him down beside the stream
That cross’d the lonely way;
So fair a scene might well have charm’d
All evil thoughts away.

He sat beneath a willow-tree,
Which cast a trembling shade;
The gentle river, full in front,
A little island made,—

Where pleasantly the moonbeam 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 murmur quietly.

He listen’d for the traveller’s tread;
The nightingale sung sweet;—

He started up, for now he heard
The sound of coming feet;—
He started up, and grasp’d a stake,
And waited for his prey;
There came a lonely traveller,
And JASPAR cross’d his way.

But JASPAR’s threats and curses fail’d
The traveller to appall;
He would not lightly yield the purse
Which held his little all.

Awhile he struggled; but he strove
With JASPAR’s strength in vain;
Beneath his blows he fell, and groan’d,
And never spake again.

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;
The willow waved, the stream flow’d on,
And murmured 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.

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.

One eve, beside the alehouse fire
He sat, as it befell,
When in there came a laboring man
Whom JASPAR knew full well.

He sat him down by JASPAR’s side,
A melancholy man;
For, spite of honest toil, the world
Went hard with Jonathan.

His toil a little earn’d, and he
With little was content;
But sickness on his wife had fallen,
And all was wellnigh spent.

Long with his wife and little ones
He shared the scanty meal,
And saw their looks of wretchedness,
And felt what wretches feel.

Their Landlord, a hard man, that day
Had seized the little left;
And now the sufferer found himself
Of every thing bereft.

He lean’d his head upon his hand,
His elbow on his knee;
And so by Jaspar's side he sat,
And not a word said he.

"Nay, — why so downcast?" Jaspar cried,
"Come — cheer up, Jonathan!
Drink, neighbor, drink! 'twill warm thy heart;
Come! come! take courage, man!"

He took the cup that Jaspar gave,
And down he drain'd it quick;
"I have a wife," said Jonathan,
"And she is deadly sick.

"She has no bed to lie upon;
I saw them take her bed —
And I have children — would to God
That they and I were dead!

"Our Landlord he goes home to-night,
And he will sleep in peace —
I would that I were in my grave,
For there all troubles cease.

"In vain I pray'd him to forbear,
Though wealth enough has he!
God be to him as merciless
As he has been to me!"

When Jaspar saw the poor man's soul
On all his ills intent,
He plied him with the heartening cup,
And with him forth he went.

"This Landlord on his homeward road
'Twere easy now to meet.
The road is lonesome, Jonathan! —
And vengeance, man! is sweet."

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.

Along the lonely road they went,
And waited for their prey;
They sat them down beside the stream
That cross'd the lonely way.

They sat them down beside the stream,
And never a word they said;
They sat and listen'd silently
To hear the traveller's tread.

The night was calm; the night was dark;
No star was in the sky;
The wind it wave'd the willow boughs;
The stream flow'd quietly.

The night was calm; the air was still;
Sweet sung the nightingale;
The soul of Jonathan was soothed;
His heart began to fail.

"'Tis weary waiting here," he cried,
"And now the hour is late;
Methinks he will not come to-night;
No longer let us wait."

"Have patience, man!" the ruffian said;
"A little we may wait;
But longer shall his wife expect
Her husband at the gate."

Then Jonathan grew sick at heart;
"My conscience yet is clear;
Jaspar — it is not yet too late —
I will not linger here."

"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?"

"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 spake,
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 surely hath espied
A madman who has made his home
Upon the river's side.

His cheek is pale; his eye is wild;
His looks bespeak despair;
For Jaspar, since that hour, has made
His home, unshelter'd, there.

And fearful are his dreams at night,
And dread to him the day;
He thinks upon his untold crime,
And never dares to pray.

The summer suns, the winter storms,
O'er him unheeded roll;
For heavy is the weight of blood
Upon the maniac's soul.

Bath, 1798.
No eye beheld when William plunged
Young Edmund in the stream;
No human ear but William's heard
Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive all the vassals own'd
The murderer for their Lord;
And he as rightful heir possess'd
The house of Erlingford.

The ancient house of Erlingford
Stood in a fair domain,
And Severn's ample waters near
Roll'd through the fertile plain.

And oft 'n the wayfaring 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 appeared 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 calendar'd
Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that; the rains
Fell fast, with tempest roar,
And the swollen 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 nirth to drown
The anguish of his soul.

The tempest, as its sudden swell
In gusty howlings came,
With cold and deathlike feeling seem'd
To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on,
His lonely couch he press'd;
And, wearied out, he sunk to sleep,—
To sleep,—but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,
Lord Edmund, seem'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 care, 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 convuls'd
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 appalls;
"What ho! Lord William, rise in haste!
The water saps thy walls!"

He rose in haste; beneath the walls
He saw the flood appear;
It hemm'd him round; 'twas midnight now;
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.

But William leap'd into the boat,
His terror was so sore;
"Thou shalt have half my gold," he cried;
Haste — haste to yonder shore."
The boatman pld the oar; the boat Went light along the stream; Sudden Lord William heard 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!"

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 pld the oar; the boat Approach’d his resting-place; The moonbeam shone upon the child, And showed how pale his face.

"Now reach thine hand!" the boatman cried, "Lord William, reach and save!"
The child stretch’d forth his little hands To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shriek’d; the hands he felt Were cold, and damp, and dead! He held young Edmund in his arms, A heavier weight than lead.

The boat sunk down; the murderer sunk Beneath the avenging stream: He rose; he shriek’d; no human ear Heard William’s drowning scream.

Westbury, 1793.

ST. PATRICK’S PURGATORY.

This Ballad was published (1801) in the Tales of Wonder, by Mr. Lewis, who found it among the works and strayings of the Press. He never knew that it was mine; but after his death, I bestowed some pains in recomposing it, because he had thought it worth preserving.

It is founded upon the abridged extract which M. Le Grand has given in his Fabliau de a Metrical legend, by Marie de France.

1. "Enter, Sir Knight," the Warden cried, "And trust in Heaven, what’er betide, Since you have reach’d this bourn; But first receive refreshment due; ’Twill then be time to welcome you If ever you return."

2. Three sops were brought of bread and wine; Well might 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.

3. Sir Owen pass’d the convent gate; The warden him conducted straight To where a coffin lay; The Monks around in silence stand, Each with a funeral torch in hand, Whose light bedim’d the day.

4. "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.

5. "Lie there, while we, with pious breath, Raise over you the dirge of death; This comfort we can give; Belike no living hands may pay This office to your lifeless clay; Receive it while you live!"

6. Sir Owen in a shroud was dress’d, 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.

7. Then to the entrance of the Cave They led the Christian warrior brave;
Some fear he well might feel,  
For none of all the Monks could tell  
The terrors of that mystic cell,  
Its secrets none reveal.

8.  
"Now enter here," the Warden cried,  
"And God, Sir Owen, be your guide!  
Your name shall live in story:  
For of the few who reach this shore,  
Still fewer venture to explore  
St. Patrick's Purgatory!"

9.  
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.

10.  
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.

11.  
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.

12.  
But colder now he felt the cell;  
Those heavy drops no longer fell;  
Thin grew the piercing air;  
And now upon his aching sight  
There dawn'd, far off, a feeble light;  
In hope he hasten'd there.

13.  
Emerging now once more to day,  
A frozen waste before him lay,  
A desert wild and wide,  
Where ice-rocks, in a sunless sky,  
On ice-rocks piled, and mountains high,  
Were heap'd on every side.

14.  
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?

15.  
He saw, as on in faith he past,  
Where many a frozen wretch was fast  
Within the ice-clefts pent,  
Yet living still, and doom'd to bear,  
In absolute and dumb despair,  
Their endless punishment.

16.  
A voice then spake within his ear,  
And fill'd his inmost 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.

17.  
"O mortal Man," the Voice pursued,  
"Be wise in time! for thine own good  
Alone I counsel thee;  
Take pity on thyself; retrace  
Thy steps, and fly this dolorous place,  
While yet thy feet are free.

18.  
"I warn thee once! I warn thee twice  
Behold! that mass of mountain-ice  
Is trembling o'er thy head!  
One warning is allow'd thee more;  
O mortal Man, that warning o'er,  
And thou art worse than dead!"

19.  
Not without fear, Sir Owen still  
Held on with strength of righteous will,  
In faith and fervent prayer;  
When at the word, "I warn thee thrice!"  
Down came the mass of mountain ice,  
And overwhelm'd him there.

20.  
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.

21.  
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.

22.  
Like dust before the storm-wind's sway  
The shivered fragments roll'd away,  
And left the passage free;  
New strength he feels; all pain is gone;  
New life Sir Owen breathes; and on  
He goes rejoicingly.

23.  
Yet other trials he must meet;  
For soon a close and piercing heat
24.
Along the wide and wasted land
A stream of fire, through banks of sand,
Its molten billows spread;
Thin vapors, tremulously light,
Hung quivering o'er the glowing white;
The air he breathed was red.

25.
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.

26.
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,
Stretch'd forth a mighty arm, and caught
And cast him in the stream.

27.
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.

28.
Yet, giving way to no despair,
But mindful of the aid of prayer,
"Lord, Thou canst save!" he said;
And then a breath from Eden came
With life and healing through his frame
The blissful influence spread.

29.
No Fiends may now his way oppose;
The gates of Paradise unclose;
Free entrance there is given;
And songs of triumph meet his ear,
Enrapt, Sir Owen seems to hear
The harmonies of Heaven.

30.
"Come, Pilgrim! take thy foretaste meet,
Thou who hast trod with fearless feet
St. Patrick's Purgatory;
For after death these seats divine,
Reward eternal, shall be thine,
And thine eternal glory."

31.
Inebriate with the deep delight,
Dim grew the Pilgrim's swimming sight;
His senses died away;
And when to life he woke, before
The Cavern-mouth he saw once more
The light of earthly day.

Westbury, 1793.

THE CROSS ROADS.

The tragedy related in this Ballad happened about the year 1760, in the parish of Bedminster, near Bristol. One who was present at the funeral told me the story and the circumstances of the interment, as I have versified them.

1.
There was an old man breaking stones
To mend the turnpike way;
He sat him down beside a brook,
And out his bread and cheese he took;
For now it was mid-day.

2.
He lean'd his back against a post;
His feet the brook ran by;
And there were water-cresses growing,
And pleasant was the water's flowing,
For he was hot and dry.

3.
A soldier, with his knapsack on,
Came travelling o'er the down;
The sun was strong, and he was tired;
And he of the old man inquired
"How far to Bristol town?"

4.
"Half an hour's walk for a young man,
By lanes, and fields, and stiles;
But you the foot-path do not know;
And if along the road you go,
Why, then 'tis three good miles."

5.
The soldier took his knapsack off,
For he was hot and dry;
And out his bread and cheese he took,
And he sat down beside the brook
To dine in company.

6.
"Old friend! in faith," the soldier says,
"I envy you, almost;
My shoulders have been sorely press'd,
And I should like to sit, and rest
My back against that post.

7.
"In such a sultry day as this,
A knapsack is the devil;
And if on't other side I sat,
It would not only spoil our chat,
But make me seem uncivil."
8. The old man laugh'd and moved. — "I wish
it were a great-arm'd chair!
But this may help a man at need; —
And yet it was a cursed deed
That ever brought it there.

9. "There's a poor girl lies buried here,
Beneath this very place;
The earth upon her corpse is press'd,
This post was driven into her breast,
And a stone is on her face."

10. The soldier had but just lean'd back,
And now he half rose up.
"There's sure no harm in dining here,
My friend? and yet, to be sincere,
I should not like to sup."

11. "God rest her! she is still enough
Who sleeps beneath my feet!"
The old man cried. "No harm I trow,
She ever did herself, though now
She lies where four roads meet.

12. "I have past by about that hour
When men are not most brave;
It did not make my courage fail,
And I have heard the nightingale
Sing sweetly on her grave.

13. "I have past by about that hour
When ghosts their freedom have:
But here I saw no ghasty 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. "Dost 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 a 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 into rest.

18. "A man of a bad name was he;
An evil life he led;
Passion made his dark face turn white,
And his gray eyes were large and light,
And in anger they grew red.

19. "The man was bad, the mother worse,
Bad fruit of evil stem;
'Twould make your hair to stand on end
If I should tell to you, my friend,
The things that were told of them!

20. "Didst see an out-house standing by?
The walls alone remain;
It was a stable then, but now
Its mossy roof has fallen through,
All rotted by the rain.

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,
I saw the cap blown off her head;
Her face was of a dark, dark red;
Her eyes were starting wide:
26. "I think they could not have been closed, So widely did they strain. O Lord, it was a ghastly sight, And it often made me wake at night, When I saw it in dreams again.

27. "They laid her where these four roads meet, Here in this very place. The earth upon her corpse was press'd, This post was driven into her breast, And a stone is on her face.'

Westbury, 1793.

GOD'S JUDGMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP.

Here followeth the History of HATTO, Archbishop of Mentz.

It hapned in the year 214, 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 Crescens and Crescensius the two and thirtieth, of the Archbishops after St. Boniface the thirteenth. This Hatto in the time of this great famine afore-mentioned, 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 merciless caltifi, burnt up those poor innocent souls, that were so far from doubting any such matter, that they rather hoped to receive some comfort and relief at his hands. The reason that moved the Prelate to commit that execrable impity was, because he thought the famine would the sooner cease, if those unprofitable beggars that consumed more bread than they were worthy to eat, were displaced out of the world. For he said that those poor folk were more like to Mice, that were good for nothing but to devour coree. But God Almighty, the just avenger of the poor folks' quarrel, did not long suffer this licencious tyranny, this most detestable fact, unpunished. For he mustered up an army of Mice against the Archbishop, and sent them to persecute him as his furious Attakors, so that they afflictèd him both day and night, and would not suffer him to take his rest in any place. Whereupon the Prelate, thinking that he should be secure from the injury of Mice if he were in a certain tower, that standeth in the Rhine near to the town, betook himself unto the said tower as to a safe refuge and sanctuary from his enemies, and locked himself in. But the innumerable omnipotence of Mice chased him continually very eagerly, and swarmed unto him upon the top of the water to execute the just judgment of God, and so at last he was most miserably devoured by these sifting creatures; who pursued him with such bitter hostility, that it is recorded they scraped and knewed out his very name from the walls and tapistry wherein it was written, after they had so cruelly devoured his body. Wherefore the tower wherein he was eaten up by the Mice is shewn to this day, for a perpetual monument to all succeeding ages of the barbarous and inhuman tyranny of this impious Prelate, being situate in a little green island in the mid-l of the Rhine near to the town of Bingen, and is commonly called in the German Tongue the MONE-TOXEN.

COWPER'S CRADLES, pp. 571, 572.

Other authors who recite this tale say that the Bishop was eaten by Rats.

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.

Every day the starving poor Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door, For he had a plentiful last-year's store, And all the neighborhood could tell His granaries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day To quiet the poor without delay; He bade them to his great Barn repair, And they should have food for the winter there Rejoiced such tidings good to hear, The poor folk flock'd from far and near; The great Barn was full as it could hold Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more, Bishop Hatto he made fast the door, And while for mercy on Christ they call, He set fire to the Barn and burnt them all.

"I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he, And the country is greatly obliged to me, For ridding it in these times forlorn Of Rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he, And he sat down to supper merrily, And he slept that night like an innocent man; But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning, as he enter'd the hall Where his picture hung against the wall, A sweat like death all over him came, For the Rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd, there came a man from his farm; He had a countenance white with alarm; "My Lord, I open'd your granaries this morn, And the Rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently, And he was pale as pale could be, — "Fly! my Lord Bishop, fly," quoth he, "Ten thousand Rats are coming this way, — The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he, "'Tis the safest place in Germany; The walls are high, and the shores are steep, And the stream is strong, and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away, And he cross'd the Rhine without delay, And reach'd his tower, and bar'd with care All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes; — But soon a scream made him arise; He started, and saw two eyes of flame On li's pillow, from whence the screaming came.
The Pious Painter.

He listen'd and look'd;—it was only the Cat; But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that; For she sat screaming, made with fear At the Army of Rats that were drawing near.

For they have swam over the river so deep, And they have climb'd the shores so steep, And up the Tower their way is bent, To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score; By thousands they come, and by myriads and more. Such numbers had never been heard of before; Such a judgment had never been witness'd of yore.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell, And faster and faster his head did he tell, As louder and louder drawing near The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door, And through the walls, helter-skelter they pour, And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor, From the right and the left, from behind and before, From within and without, from above and below, And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones; And now they pick the Bishop's bones; They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb, For they were sent to do judgment on him!

Westbury, 1799.

THE PIOUS PAINTER.

The legend of the Pious Painter is related in the Pia Hilaria of Gazzeus; 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 Fabliau de La Grant.

THE FIRST PART.

1. There once was a painter, in Catholic days, Like Joe, who eschewed all evil; Still on his Madonnas the curious may gaze With applause 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 besieg'd poor St. Anthony's cell; Such burning hot eyes, such a furnace-like hue! And round them a sulphurous coloring 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, embracing her Son; Many Devils already the artist had done, But this must outdo all before.

4. The Old Dragon's imps, as they fled through the air, At seeing it, paused on the wing; For he had the likeness so just to a hair, That they came as Apollon himself had been there, To pay their respects to their King.

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, Dropp'd a head, made a cross on her wrinkles, and said, Lord, keep me from ugly Old Nick!

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, Make me handsomer now in the multitude's eyes, Or see if I threaten in vain!"

8. Now the Painter was bold, and religious beside, And on faith he had certain reliance; So carefully he the grim countenance eyed, And thank'd him for sitting, with Catholic pride, And sturdily bade him defiance.

9. Betimes in the morning the Painter arose; He is ready as soon as 'tis light. Every look, every line, every feature he knows; 'Tis fresh in his eye; to his labor he goes, And he has the old Wicked One quite.

10. Happy man! he is sure the resemblance can't fail; The tip of the nose is like fire; [mail, There's his grin and his fangs, and his dragon-like And the very identical curl of his tail,— So that nothing is left to desire.

11. He looks and retouches again with delight, 'Tis a portrait complete to his mind; And exulting again and again at the sight, He looks round for applause, and he sees with affright. The Original standing behind.

12. "Fool! Idiot!" old Beelzebub grinn'd as he spoke, And stamp'd on the scaffold in ire;
THE PIOUS PAINTER.

The Painter grew pale, for he knew it no joke
'Twas a terrible height, and the scaffolding broke,
The Devil could wish it no higher.

13.  
"'He'l—help! Blessed Mary!" he cried in alarm,
As the scaffold sunk under his feet.
From the canvass the Virgin extended her arm;
She caught the good Painter; she saved him from harm;
There were hundreds who saw in the street.

14.  
The Old Dragon fled when the wonder he spied,
And cursed his own fruitless endeavor;
While the Painter call'd after his rage to deride,
Shook his pallet and brushes in triumph, and cried,
"I'll paint thee more ugly than ever!"

—

THE SECOND PART.

1.  
The Painter so pious all praise had acquired
For denying the malice of Hell;
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.  
O Painter, avoid her! O Painter, take care,
For Satan is watchful for you!
Take heed lest you fall in the Wicked One's snare;
The net is made ready; O Painter, beware
Of Satan and Marguerite too.

4.  
She seats herself now; now she lifts up her head;
On the artist she fixes her eyes;
The colors are ready, the canvass 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 colors are dull to their quick-sparkling hue;
More and more on the lady he fixes his view;
On the canvass he looks less and less.

6.  
In vain he retouches; her eyes sparkle more,
And that look which fair Marguerite gave!

Many Devils the Artist had painted of yore,
But he never had tried a live Angel before,—
St. Anthony, help him and save!

7.  
He yielded, alas! — for the truth must be told,—
To the Woman, the Tempter, and Fate.
It was settled the Lady, so fair to behold,
Should elope from her Husband, so ugly and old,
With the Painter, so pious of late.

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 rise,
"Now, you villainous dauber!" Sir Beelzebub cries,
"You are paid for your insults to me!"

10.  
"But my tender heart you may easily move
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.
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 beheld him, the culprit they took;
They thought that the Painter his prison had broke,
And to prison they led him once more.

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 before,
And I must give the Devil his due."

Westbury, 1798.
ST. MICHAEL’S CHAIR.

"Know all men that the most Holy Father Gregory, in the year from the incarnation of our Lord 709, bearing an affection of extraordinary devoutness to the Church of St. Michael’s Mount, has piously granted to all the faithful who shall reach or visit it, with their obligations and alms, a remission of a third part of their penances." — At the beginning of the 15th century, "Because, it was said, this privilege is still unknown to many, therefore we the servants of God, and the ministers of this church in Christ, do require and request of all of you who possess the care of souls, for the sake of mutual accommodation, to publish these words in your respective churches; that your parishioners and subjects may be more carefully animated to a greater exhortation of devoutness, and may more gloriously in pilgrinages frequent this place, for the gracious attainment of the gifts and indulgencies aforesaid." From this publication of the privilege it undoubtedly commences that numerous resort of pilgrims to the church which Carew intimates; and of which Norden gives a general idea. It conforms to the more copious description of Carew, yet is not the enlarger of him, says, "The Mount hath been much resorted unto by pilgrims in devotion to St. Michael." Then too was framed assuredly that seat on the tower, which is so ridiculously described by Carew, as "little without the castle, somewhat in a craggy place — somewhat dangerous for access;" when it is a chair composed of stones projecting from the two sides of the tower battlements, and uniting into a kind of basin for a seat just at the south-western angle, but elevated above the battlements on each side, leaving its back just within, and hanging high over the rocky precipice below. It thus "appears somewhat dangerous," indeed, but not merely "for access," though the climber to it must actually turn his whole body at that altitude to take his seat in it, but from the altitude itself, and from its projection over the precipice. It also appears an evident addition to the building. And it was assuredly made at this period, not for the ridiculous purpose to which alone it professedly ministers at present; — that of enabling women who sit in it to govern their husbands afterwards; but for such of the pilgrims as had stronger heads, and bolder spirits, to complete their devotions at the Mount, by sitting in this St. Michael’s Chair, as denominated, and these showing themselves as pilgrims, to the country round. Hence, in an author who lends us information without knowing it, as he alludes to customs without feeling the force of them, we read this transient information:

Who knows not Michael’s Mount and Chair,
The pilgrim’s holy mount?

Norden also reëchoes Carew, in saying, "St. Michael’s chair is failed to be in the Mount." We thus find a reason for the construction of the chair, that comports with all the uses of the church on which it is constructed, and that ministered equally with this to the purposes of religion then predominant; a religion, dealing more in exteriors than our own, operating more than our own, through the body, upon the soul; and so leaving, perhaps, a more sensible impression upon the spirits. To sit in the chair then, was not merely, as Carew represents the act, "somewhat dangerous in the attempt, and therefore holy in the adventure," but also holy in itself, as on the church tower; more holy in its purposes, as the seat of the pilgrims; and most holy as the seat of a few in accomplishment of all their vows; as the chair of a few, in invitation of all the country. — Whitaker’s Supplement to the First and Second Book of Polwhele’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 patience avail’d no longer;
Then Richard Penlake his crab-stick would take,
And show her that he was the stronger.

Rebecca his wife 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 chanced 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.

"Now hear my prayer, St. Michael! and spare
My husband’s life," quoth she;
"And to thine altar we will go
Six marks to give to thee."

Richard Penlake repeated the vow,
For wondrously sick was he;
"Save me, St. Michael, and we will go
Six marks to give to thee."

When Richard grew well, Rebecca his wife
Teased him by night and by day:
"O mine own dear! for you I fear,
If we the vow delay."

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.

Six marks they on the altar laid,
And Richard knelt in prayer:
She left him to pray, and stole away
To sit in St. Michael’s chair.

Up the tower Rebecca ran,
Round, and round, and round;
"Twas a giddy sight to stand a-top,
And look upon the ground.

"A curse on the ringers for rocking
The tower!" Rebecca cried,
As over the church battlements
She strode with a long stride.

"A blessing on St. Michael’s chair!"
She said, as she sat down:
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.
"Toll at her burying," quoth Richard Penlake,  
"Toll at her burying," quoth he;  
"But don't disturb the ringers now  
In compliment to me."  

Westbury, 1793.

KING HENRY V. AND THE HERMIT OF DREUX.

While Henry V. lay at the siege of Dreux, an honest Hermit,  
unknown to him, came and told him the great evils he  
brought on Christendom by his unjust ambition, who  
usurped the kingdom of France, against all manner of right,  
and contrary to the will of God; wherefore, in his holy  
name, he threatened him with a severe and sudden punish-  
ment if he desisted not from his enterprise. Henry took  
this exhortation either as an idle whipping, or a suggestion  
of the dauphin's, and was but the more confirmed in his  
design. But the blow soon followed the threatening; for,  
within some few months after, he was smitten with a strange  
and incurable disease. — MESSY.

He pass'd unquestion'd through the camp;  
Their heads the soldiers bent  
In silent reverence, or begg'd  
A blessing as he went;  
And so the Hermit pass'd along,  
And reached the royal tent.

King Henry sat in his tent alone;  
The map before him lay;  
Fresh conquests he was planning there  
To grace the future day.

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.

"Repent thee, Henry, of the wrongs  
Which thou hast done this land!  
O King, repent in time, for know  
The judgment is at hand.

"I have pass'd forty years of peace  
Beside the river Blaise;  
But what a weight of woe hast thou  
Laid on my latter days!

"I used to see along the stream  
The white sail gliding down,  
That wafted food, in better times,  
To yonder peaceful town.

"Henry! I never now behold  
The white sail gliding down;  
Famine, Disease, and Death, and Thou  
Destroy that wretched town.

"I used to hear the traveller's voice  
As here he pass'd along,  
Or maiden, as she by her'd home  
Singing her even-song.

"No traveller's voice may now be heard;  
In fear he hastens by;  
But I have heard the village maid  
In vain for succor cry.

"I used to see the youths row down,  
And watch the dripping oar,  
As pleasantly their viol's tones  
Came soft'en'd to the shore.

"King Henry, many a blacken'd corpse  
I now see floating down!  
Thou man of blood! repent in time,  
And leave this leaguer'd town."

"I shall go on," King Henry cried,  
"And conquer this good land;  
Seest thou not, Hermit, that the Lord  
Hath given it to my hand?"

The Hermit heard King Henry speak,  
And angrily 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?"

"Thou conqueror King, repent in time,  
Or dread the coming woe!  
For, Henry, thou hast heard the threat,  
And soon shall feel the blow!"

King Henry forced a careless smile,  
As the hermit went his way;  
But Henry soon remember'd him  
Upon his dying day.

Westbury, 1798.

OLD CHRISTOVAL'S ADVICE,  
AND THE REASON WHY HE GAVE IT.

...
Old Christoval's Advice.

If thy debtor be poor," old Christoval said, 
"Exact not too hardly thy due; 
For he who preserves a poor man from want 
May preserve him from wickedness too.

"If thy neighbor should sin," old Christoval said, 
"O never unmerciful be; 
But remember it is through the mercy of God 
That thou art not as sinfull as he.

"At sixty-and-seven, the hope of Heaven 
Is my comfort, through God's good grace; 
My summons, in truth, had I perished in youth, 
Must have been to a different place."

"You shall have the farm, young Christoval," 
My master Henrique said; 
"But a surety provide, in whom I can confide, 
That duly the rent shall be paid."

I was poor, and I had not a friend upon earth, 
And I knew not what to say; 
We stood in the porch of St. Andrew's Church, 
And it was St. Isidro's day.

"Take St. Isidro for my pledge," 
I ventured to make reply; 
"The Saint in Heaven may be my friend, 
But friendless on earth am I."

We enter'd the Church, and went to his shrine, 
And I fell on my bended knee — 
I am friendless, holy Isidro, 
And therefore I call upon thee!

"I call upon thee my surety to be; 
My purpose is honest and true; 
And if ever I break my plighted word, 
O Saint, mayst thou make me rue!"

I was idle, and quarter-day came on, 
And I had not the rent in store; 
I fear'd St. Isidro's anger, 
But I dreaded my landlord more.

So, on a dark night, I took my flight, 
And stole like a thief away; 
It happen'd that by St. Andrew's Church 
The road I had chosen lay.

As I past the Church door, I thought how I swore 
Upon St. Isidro's day; 
That the Saint was so near increased my fear, 
And faster I hasten'd away.

So all night long I hurried on, 
Pacing full many a mile, 
And knew not his avenging hand 
Was on me all the while.

Weary I was, yet safe, I thought; 
But when it was day-light, 
I had, I found, been running round 
And round the Church all night.

I shook like a palsy, and fell on my knees, 
And for pardon devoutly I pray'd; 
When my master came up — "What, Christoval! 
You are here betimes!" he said.

"I have been idle, good Master," said I, 
"Good Master, and I have done wrong; 
And I have been running round the Church 
In penance all night long."

"If thou hast been idle," Henrique replied, 
"Henceforth thy fault amend! 
I will not oppress thee, Christoval, 
And the Saint may thy labor befriend."

Homeward I went a penitent, 
And from that day I idled no more; 
St. Isidro bless'd my industry, 
As he punish'd my sloth before.

"When my debtor was poor," old Christoval said, 
"I have never exacted my due; 
But remembering my master was good to me, 
I copied his goodness too.

"When my neighbor hath sinn'd," old Christoval said, 
"I judged not too hardly his sin, 
But thought of the night by St. Andrew's Church, 
And consider'd what I might have been."

Westbury, 1798.

CorNELIUS AGrippa;
A BALLaD,
OF A YOUNG MAN THAT WOULD READ UNLAWLful BOOKS, AND HOW HE WAS PUNISHED.

Very pithy and profitable.

CorNELIUS Agrippa went out one day; 
His Study he lock'd ere he went away, 
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,  
Till the foolish woman gave him the key.

On the Study-table a book there lay,  
Which Agrippa himself had been reading that day;  
The letters were written with blood therein,  
And the leaves were made of dead men's skin:—  
And these horrible leaves of magic between  
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?" cried the Author of ill;  
But the wretched young man was silent still;  
Not a word had his lips the power to say,  
And his narrow seem'd 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 gninn'd a horrible grin at his prey;  
And in a clap of thunder vanish'd away.

THE MORAL  
Henceforth let all young men take heed  
How in a Conjurer's books they read.  

Wealbury, 1728.

KING CHARLEMAIN.

François Petrarch, fort renommé entre les Poëtes Italiens,  
discouvrant en un epître son voyage de France et de l'Alsace,  
ne nous rassure que passant par la ville d'Air, il apprit de quelques  
Pretsres une histoire prodigieuse qu'ils tenoient de main en main pour tre veritable. Qui estoit que Charles le Grand,  
apres avoir avoic besoigné plusieurs pays, s'apprêtait de telle façon  
en l'amour d'une simple femme, que mettant tout honneur et  
reputation en seurice, il abolit non seulement les affaires de  
sa royance, mais aussi le song of sa propre personne,  
au grand desavantage de chacun: cetait seulement extraordi d'court-  
tuer cette dame; laquelle por bonheur commençoit a s'alterer  
d'une grave maladie, qui lui apparti la mort. Donc les Princes  
royal et grands Siecours furent fort rejueus, esperans que par cette  
mort, Charles reprendroit sainne devant et ses espais et les  
affaires du royance en main; toutsains se furent tellement  
infatué de cette amon, qu'eucoirs cherissant-il ce caualier,  
de l'embrassant, basain, acceulant de la mesure façon que devant,  
et au lieu de preter l'oreille aux legations qui luy servoient, il  
estretenant de mille hayer, comme selle enco état pleine de vie.  
Ce corps commença do je no seulement à mal sentir, mais aussi  
tournoyant en paterfutation, et avancaino n'ayant aucou de ses  
favoris qui fuyoit en coust parler; dont admis que l'Archeveche  
Torpyn miso aduot que les autres, poursoins que telle chose  
ne pouvoit cue devenir sans quelque secrélle. Au moyen  
depuis envoyant un jour l'huerre que le Roy s'etoit absenti de la  
chambre, commençoit de fouillier le corps de toutes parts, finalement  
trouva dans au boucher des desvins un cancre que luy estoit.  
Le jour mesnme Charlemain retournoit sur ses premiers affaires, se trouva fort incommode de voir une  
course aussi puissante. Pourquo, comme dill se fust recueilli  
d'un profond souffic, commando que l'Ennencellest prestamente.  
Ce qui fut fait; mais en contre exchague de cette foile, il tourno  
tous ses penseans vers l'Archeveche pourtre de cet ennu,  
ne pouvant entre de là en avant sans la, et le voirent  
tous en tous les endroits. Quoy coyant ce sige Prélato, et criantque  
dest l'ennui ne tembroit en mains de quelque autre, le jetto  
dans un lac prochaine de la ville. Depuis lequel temps on dit  
de ce Roy se trouvoit si lepens de l'amour du lieu, qu'il ne se  
desvigno du de la ville d'Air, où il instalo un Palace, et un Mo  
nasteiro, en luy despelloit il porfit le reste de ses jours, et en  
l'autre couval estre envoyé, ordonna que sur testament que  
tous les Empereurs de Rome euvanto se faire arcer premiers  
ment en ce lieu. — PASQUIER. Recherches de la France.  
L. 6, C. 33.

This very learned author has strangely mistaken Aix in Sa-  
voy, the real scene of the legend, for Aix-la-Chapelle. The  
rules of a buliding said to have been Charlemain's palace  
are still to be seen on the Lake of Bouget.

1.  
Ir was strange that he loved her, for youth was gone  
And the bloom of her beauty was fled: by,  
'Twas the glance of the harlot that gleam'd in her eye,  
And all but the Monarch could plainly desery  
From whence came her white and her red.

2.  
Yet he thought with Agatha none might compare,  
And he gladdened in hearing her chun;  
The court was a desert if she were not there;  
To him she alone among women seem'd fair,  
Such dotage possess'd Charlemain.

3.  
The soldier, the statesman, the curier, the maid,  
Alike the proud leman detest;  
And the good old Archbishop, who ceased to up-  
braid,  
Shook his gray head in sorrow, and silently pray'd  
That he soon might consign her to rest.

4.  
A joy ill-dissembled soon gladdens them all,  
For Agatha sickens and dies.
And now they are ready with bier and with pall;
The tapers gleam gloomy amid the high hall,
And the strains of the requiem arise.

5.
But Charlemain sent them in anger away,
For she should not be buried, he said;
And despite of all counsel, for many a day,
Where array'd in her costly apparel she lay,
The Monarch would sit by the dead.

6.
The cares of the kingdom demand him in vain,
And the array cry out for their lord;
The Lombards, the fierce misbelievers of Spain,
Now ravage the realms of the proud Charlemain,
And still he unsheaths not the sword.

7.
The soldiers they clamor, the Monks bend in prayer
In the quiet retreats of the cell;
The physicians to counsel together repair,
And with common consent, one and all they declare
That his senses are bound by a spell.

8.
Then, with relics protected, and confident grown,
And telling devoutly his beads,
The good old Archbishop, when this was made known,
Steals in when he hears that the corpse is alone,
And to look for the spell he proceeds.

9.
He searches with care, though with tremulous haste,
For the spell that bewitches the king;
And under her tongue, for security placed,
Its margin with mystical characters traced,
At length he discovers a ring.

10.
Rejoicing he seized it, and hasten'd away;
The Monarch reenter'd the room;
The enchantment was ended, and, suddenly gay,
He bade the attendants no longer delay,
But bear her with speed to the tomb.

11.
Now merriment, joyance, and feasting again
Enliven'd the palace of Aix;
And now by his heralds did King Charlemain
Invite to his palace the courtier train
To hold a high festival day.

12.
And anxiously now for the festival day
The highly-born Maidens prepare;
And now, all apparel'd in costly array,
Exulting they come to the palace of Aix,
Young and aged, the brave and the fair.

13.
Oh! happy the Damsel who, 'mid her compeers,
For a moment engaged the King's eye!

Now glowing with hopes, and now fever'd with fears,
Each maid or triumphant or jealous appears,
As noticed by him, or pass'd by.

14.
And now, as the evening approach'd, to the ball
In anxious suspense they advance,
Hoping each on herself that the King's choice
might fall,
When, lo! to the utter confusion of all,
He ask'd the Archbishop to dance.

15.
The damsels they laugh, and the barons they stare;
'Twas mirth and astonishment all;
And the Archbishop started, and mutter'd a prayer,
And, wroth at receiving such mockery there,
In haste he withdrew from the hall.

16.
The moon dimpled over the water with light
As he wander'd along the lake side;
But the King had pursued, and, o'erjoyed at his sight,
"Oh turn thee, Archbishop, my joy and delight,
Oh turn thee, my charmer," he cried.

17.
"Oh come where the feast, and the dance, and the song,
Invite thee to mirth and to love;
Or at this happy moment, away from the throng,
To the shade of yon wood let us hasten along,—
The moon never pierces that grove."

18.
As thus by new madness the King seem'd possess'd,
In new wonder the Archbishop heard;
Then Charlemain warmly and eagerly press'd
The good old man's poor, wither'd hand to his breast,
And kiss'd his long, gray, grizzle beard.

19.
"Let us well, then, these fortunate moments employ!"
Cried the Monarch with passionate tone;
"Come away then, dear charmer,— my angel,—
my joy,—
Nay, struggle not now,— tis in vain to be coy,—
And remember that we are alone."

20.
"Blessed Mary, protect me!" the Archbishop cried;
"What madness has come to the King!"
In vain to escape from the monarch he tried,
When luckily he on his finger copied
The glitter of Agatha's ring.

21.
Overjoy'd, the good prelate remember'd the spell,
And far in the lake flung the ring;
The waters closed round it, and wondrous to tell, Released from the cursed enchantment of hell, His reason return'd to the King.

22.
But he built him a palace there close by the bay, And there did he love to remain; And the traveller who will, may behold at this day A monument still in the ruins at Aix Of the spell that possesse'd Charlemain.

Bath, 1797.

ST. ROMUALD.

Les Catalans ayant appris que S. Romuald vouloit quitter leurs
pages, en firent très-affligés; ils délibérèrent sur les moyens de l'en empêcher, et le seul qu'ils imaginèrent comme le plus sûr, fut de le tuer, afin de prévenir le mal de ses relèves et des
guerriers et autres malheurs qu'elles opprêtaient après sa mort.
La détermination que les Catalans arrêtèrent, ne fut point du
tout à S. Romuald: il usou de stratagèmes et leur répondit.—
St. Forx, Essais Historiques sur Paris.—T. 5, p. 163.

St. Fox, who is often more amusing than trustworthy, has
fathered this story upon the Spaniards, though it belongs to
his own countrymen, the circumstances having happened
when Romuald was a monk of the Convent of St. Michael's, in
Aquitaine. It is thus related by Yepes. En esta ocasión
medió una cosa bien extraordinaria, porque los naturales de
la tierra donde estaba el monasterio de San Miguel, estuvieron
en tanto a San Romuald, que fallando las peticiones de que
sequiesen ya, dijeron en un terrible despotismo, a quiere llama
mayor que San Pedro Domínguez. Pues si, piedad cruel:
porque queriéndolo se San Romuald, determinaron de matarlo,
porque no que el dios en su tierra viera, almenas
posesión de sus religiosos y cuerpo santo. Según San Romuald
la determinación burló y inducto de aquella gente; y tomó
una prudente resolución, porque imitando a David, que fagio
que estuviera, por no mor en manos de sus enemigos, así San
Romuald se hizo nacer la cabeza, y con algunas adivinanzas, y
palabras muy atentadas que decía, le tuvieron por hombre que
tenía en falso el falso, con que se aseguraron los naturales
de la tierra que ya perpetuamente se traducían en ella: y con
semejante estratagema y trago el suyo lugar San Romuald de
husturar, y a conciencia topados (como dicen) luego de aquella
tierra, y llegar a Italia a la ciudad de Rávena.

Coronary General de la Orden de San
Bento.—T. 5, ff. 374.

Villejas in his Elia Sanctorum, (February 7th,) records some of
St. Romuald's achievements against the Devil and his
imps. He records also the other virtues of the Saint, as
specified in the poem. They are more fully stated by Yepes.
Teina tres civilías, les avance madera de tronco en tronco
días; los labore, sino pimientos al agrav, y á la que llaman, con que se sostuvieron algunos inaudacios, que se criaron en
ellos.—ff. 395. Quando algunos ves era tentado de la guía,
y decía cosa de algun manjar, tomarle en las manos, mui
cerave, alace, y después que estuvo despistado el agrav, desen,
O guía, guía, quien dule y suene te parece esta manjor; pero
no te ha de entrar en provecho; y entonces se mortificara, y le
deren, y le embriaga enter, o al allígera, o a los pobres.
There is a free translation of this poem, by Biddlebirk, in the
second volume of his Kurztragen, p. 115.

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.

"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,"
The Landlord answer'd, and he shook his head.

"Ah, sir, we knew his worth! If ever there did live a Saint on earth!—
Why, Sir, he always used to wear a shirt For thirty days, all seasons, day and night; Good man, he knew it was not right For Dust and Ashes to fall out with Dirt;
And then he only hung it out in the rain, And put it on again.

"There has been perilous work With him and the Devil there in yonder cell;
For Satan used to mail him like a Turk.
There they would sometimes fight All through a winter's night,
He with a cross, the Devil with his horn;
The Devil spitting fire, with might and main, Enough to make St. Michael half afraid;
He splashing holy water till he made
His red hide hiss again,
And the hot vapor fill'd the smoking cell.
This was so common that his face became
All black and yellow with the brimstone flame,
And then he smelt,—O Lord! how he did smell!

"Then, Sir! to see how he would mortify
The flesh! If any one had dainty fare,
Good man, he would come there,
And look at all the delicate things, and cry
'O Belly, Belly,
You would be gormandizing now, I know;
But it shall not be so!—
Home to your bread and water—home, I tell ye!'

"But," quoth the Traveller, "wherefore did he leave
A flock that knew his saintly worth so well?"
"Why," said the Landlord, "Sir, it so befall
He heard unluckily of our intent
To do him a great honor; and, you know,
He was not covetous of fame below,
And so stealthily one night away he went."

"What might this honor 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 KING OF THE CROCODILES.

The people at Isna, in Upper Egypt, have a superstition concerning Crocodiles similar to that entertained in the West Indies; they say there is a King of them who resides near Isna, and who has ears, but no tail; and he possesses an uncommon regal quality, that of doing no harm. Some are bold enough to assert that they have seen him.—Brown's Travels.

If the Crocodile Dynasty in Egypt had been described as distinguished by a long neck, as well as the want of a tail, it might be supposed that some tradition of the Ichthyosaurus, or other variety of the Plesiosaurus, was preserved in those countries.

No one who has perused Mr. Waterton's Wanderings will think there is anything more extraordinary in the woman's attack upon her intended devourer, than in what that enterprising and most observant naturalist has himself performed. He has ridden a Crocodile, twisting the huge reptile's fore legs on his back by main force, and using them as a bridge.

"Should it be asked," he says, "how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer, I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's fox-hounds."

There is a translation of this ballad by Bilderdijk, published in his Krefbataengen, 1825, vol. ii. p. 109, before the second part was written.

PART I.

"Now, Woman, why without your veil? And wherefore do you look so pale? And, Woman, why do you groan so sadly, And wherefore beat your bosom madly?"

"Oh! I have lost my darling boy, In whom my soul had all its joy; And I for sorrow have torn my veil, And sorrow hath made my very heart pale.

"Oh, I have lost my darling child, And that's the loss that makes me wild; He stoop'd to the river down to drink, And there was a Crocodile by the brink.

"He did not venture in to swim; He only stoop'd to drink at the brim; But under the reeds the Crocodile lay, And struck with his tail, and swept him away.

"Now take me in your boat, I pray, For down the river lies my way, And me to the Reed Island bring, For I will go to the Crocodile King.

"He reigns not now in Crocodilople, Proud as the Turk at Constantinople; No ruins of his great City remain, The Island of Reeds is his whole domain.

"Like a Dervise there he passes his days, Turns up his eyes, and fasts and prays; And being grown pious, and meek, and mild, He now never eats man, woman, or child.

"The King of the Crocodiles never does wrong: He has no tail, so stiff and strong; He has no tail to strike and slay, But he has ears to hear what I say.

"And to the King I will complain How my poor child was wickedly slain; The King of the Crocodiles he is good, And I shall have the murderer's blood."

The man replied, "No, Woman, no, To the Island of Reeds I will not go; I would not for any worldly thing See the face of the Crocodile King."

"Then lend me now your little boat, And I will down the river float. I tell thee that no worldly thing Shall keep me from the Crocodile King.

"The King of the Crocodiles he is good, And therefore will give me blood for food; Being so mighty and so just, He can revenge me; he will, and he must."

The Woman she leap'd into the boat, And down the river alone did she float; And fast with the stream the boat proceeds; And now she is come to the Island of Reeds.

The King of the Crocodiles there was seen; He sat upon the eggs of the Queen; And all around, a numerous rout, The young Prince Crocodiles crawl'd about.

The Woman shook every limb with fear, As she to the Crocodile King came near; For never man without fear and awe The face of his Crocodile Majesty saw.

She fell upon her bended knee, And said, "O King, have pity on me, For I have lost my darling child, And that's the loss that makes me wild.

"A Crocodile ate him for his food; Now let me have the murderer's blood; Let me have vengeance for my boy, The only thing that can give me joy.

"I know that you, Sire! never do wrong; You have no tail, so stiff and strong, You have no tail to strike and slay, But you have ears to hear what I say."

"You have done well," the King replies, And fixed on her his little eyes; "Good Woman, yes, you have done right, But you have not described me quite.

"I have no tail to strike and slay, And I have ears to hear what you say; I have teeth, moreover, as you may see, And I will make a meal of thee."

Bristol, 1799.
PART II.

Wicked the word, and bootless the boast,
As cruel King Crocodile found to his cost;
And proper reward of tyrannical might,
He show’d his teeth, but he mis’d his bite.

"A meal of me!" the Woman cried,
Taking wit in her anger, and courage beside;
She took him his forelegs and hind between,
And trundled him off the eggs of the Queen.

To revenge herself then she did not fail;
He was slow in his motions for want of a tail;
But well for the Woman was it, the while,
That the Queen was gadding abroad in the Nile.

Two Crocodile Princes, as they play’d on the sand,
She caught, and grasping them one in each hand,
Thrust the head of one into the throat of the other,
And made each Prince Crocodile choke his brother.

And when she had truss’d three couple this way,
She carried them off, and hasten’d away,
And plying her ears with might and main,
Cross’d the river, and got to the shore again.

When the Crocodile Queen came home, she found
That her eggs were broken and scattered around,
And that six young Princes, darlings all,
Were missing, for none of them answer’d her call.

Then many a not very pleasant thing
Pass’d between her and the Crocodile King:
"Is this your care of the nest?" cried she.
"It comes of your gadding abroad," said he.

The Queen had the better in this dispute,
And the Crocodile King found it best to be mute,
While a terrible peal in his ears she rung,
For the Queen had a tail as well as a tongue.

In woful patience he let her rail,
Standing less in fear of her tongue than her tail,
And knowing that all the words which were spoken
Could not mend one of the eggs that were broken.

The Woman, meantime, was very well pleased;
She had saved her life, and her heart was ease;
The justice she ask’d in vain for her son,
She had taken herself, and six for one.

"Mash-Allah!" her neighbors exclaim’d in delight.
She gave them a funeral supper that night,
Where they all agreed that revenge was sweet,
And young Prince Crocodiles delicate meat.

THE ROSE.

Betwixt the Cypess and the Chiche of Bethlem, is the
felds Floridus, that is to sayne, the felds Borsched. For as
mooche as a fye Mayden was blamed with wrong and
scheul’d, that scho hold don furnacions, for whiche
cause scho was dened to the strike, and to be bent in that
place, to the whiche she was ladd. And as the fye began
to brenne about hire, she made her prayere to oure Lord,
that a she wisely as sche was not gyftly of that syne, that
he wold help hire, and make it to be known to alle men of his
mercyeful grace: and whomme sche had thus seyd, she en-
tered into the fayer, and aton was the fayer quenched and
out, and the brodenes that weren brongynge became white
Roseres, fulle of roses, and theire weren the first Roseres
and rosees, both white and rede, that every one man sauge.
And thus was this Maiden saved by the grace of God.—
The Voiage and Travaille of Sir John Maunderell.

Nay, Edith! spare the Rose;—perhaps it lives,
And feels the noontide sun, and drinks refresh’d
The dews of night; let not thy gentle hand
Tear its life-strings asunder, and destroy
The sense of being!—Why that infidel smile?
Come, I will brie thee to be merciful;
And thou shalt have a tale of other days,—
For I am skill’d in legendary lore,—
So thou wilt let it live. There was a time
Ere this, the freshest, sweetest flower that blooms,
Bedeck’d the bowers 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
That all Judea spake the virgin’s praise.
He who had seen her eye’s dark radiance
How it reveal’d her soul, and what a soul
Beam’d in the mild effulgence, woe to him!
For not in solitude, for not in crowds,
Might he escape remembrance, nor avoid
Her imaged form, which followed every where,
And filled the heart, and fix’d the absent eye.
Alas for him! her bosom own’d no love
Save the strong arduous of religious zeal,
For Zillah on her God had centred all
Her spirit’s deep affections. So for her
Her tribes-men sigh’d in vain, yet reverenced
The obdurate virtue that destroy’d their hopes.

One man there was, a vain and wretched man,
Who saw, desired, despair’d, and hated her.
His sensual eye had glowed on her cheek
Even till the flush of angry modesty
Gave it new charms, and made him gloat the more.
She loathed the man; for Hamuel’s eye was bold,
And the strong workings of brute selfishness
Had moulded his broad features; and she fear’d
The bitterness of wounded vanity
That with a fiendish hue would overcast
His faint and lying smile. Nor vain her fear;
For Hamuel vow’d revenge, and laid a plot
Against her virgin fame. He spread abroad
Whispers that travel fast, and ill reports
That soon obtain belief; how Zillah’s eye,
When in the temple heaven-ward it was raised,
Did swim with rapturous zeal, but there were those
Who had beheld the enthusiast’s melting glance
With other feelings fill’d;—that’t was a task
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 fame! The ill report
Was heard, repeated, and believed, and soon,—
For Hamuel, by his well-schooled 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 wrecked 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 seem'd,
By God and Man. The assembled Bethlehmites
Beheld the scene, and when they saw the Maid
Bound to the stake, with what calm holiness
She lift 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 pangs
Of wakening 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 that did 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 infancy and death
For sake the virtuous! They draw near the stake,—
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 breath 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
Poured forth!—and yet more miracles! the stake
Branches and buds, and, spreading, its green leaves,
Emborders 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 their rich variety of hues;
And fragrance such as our first parents breathed
In Eden she inhales, vouchsafed to her
A presage sure of Paradise regain'd.

Westbury, 1738.

THE LOVER'S ROCK.

De la Peña de los Enamorados.

Un moço Christiana estuvo cansado en Granada, sus partes y
diligencia eran tales, en buen termino y cortesia, que su amo
havia mucha confianza del dentro y fuera de su casa. Una
hija suya al tanto se le ofreció y puso en el apos. Pero
como quería que ella fuera casadera, y el moço encerro, no po-
día persuadir adelante como deseaban; en el amor mal se puede
cubrir, y tienen si el padre dílo, y uno dílo, la suya, pagan-
ían con las cabezas. Acordaron de huir a tierra de Christia-
nos, resolución que al moço veía mejor, por haberle a las suyas,
que a ella por desvanecerse de su patria: si ya no la movía el
deseo de huirse Christians, la que ya no creo. Tuvieron su
camino con ardor secreto, hasta llegar al peñasco ya dicho, en que
la moço causada se puso a reposar. En esto vieron asomar a
su padre con gema de avaricia, que veían su seguimiento.

¿Qué podían hacer, a qué quería bañarse? lo cual empezaron a
manifestar las esperanzas de los hombres y miserables sus inten-
tos. Acordaron a lo que ellos querían de encubrir aquel
peligro, trependo por aquellas risas, que era reaparecer aquello
falso. El padre con un semblante sinuado los buscaba; amen-
azar los sin obedecerlos de escoger en ellos una muerte muy cru-
el. Los que acompañaban al padre las mostraron lo mismo,
pues solo las restaba aquella esperanza de alcanzar perdas de la
misericordia de su padre, con hacer lo que les mandaba, y
rebarbarlos a los peines. No quisieron venir en esta. Los Moros
puestos a pie acompañaron a su padre: pero el moço les
defendió la suya con galgos, piedras y palos, y toda la dema
que le venía a la mano, y sello de armas en aquella desepe-
ación. El padre visto esto, hizo erizar de un pueble alto cerca
vallerreros para que de los los sollechasen. Ellos vistos su
perdición, acordaron con su muerte hermano de los desnudos
y tormentados mayores que tenían. Los palabras que en este trance
se disieron, no ay poco que relatrías. Finalmente abrazados
entre sí, se hizieron después de el padre absos, por aquella
parte en que los miraba su crudo y asimismo padre. Desde esta
parte esperaron antes de llegar a lo barco, con lastima de los presentes,
y aun con lágrimas de algunos que se morían con aquel trieste
expectancia de aquella mazga desgraciada, y a pesar del padre,
cuando eran, los estuvieron en aquel mismo lugar; constancia
que se empleara mejor en otra hechiza, y los fuera bien contada
la muerte, si la protejiero por su virtud y en defensa de la ver-
dadera religión, y no por satisfacer a sus apetitos desenfrenados

MARINA

The Maiden, through the favoring night,
From Granada took her flight;
She bade her Father's house farewell,
And fled away with Manuel.

No Moorish maid might hope to vie
With Laila's cheek or Laila's eye;
No maiden loved with purer truth,
Or ever loved a lovelier youth.

In fear they fled, across the plain,
The father's wrath, the captive's chain;
In hope to Seville on they flee,
To peace, and love, and liberty.

Chiuma they have left, and now,
Beneath a precipice's brow,
Where Guadalhorce winds its way,
There in the shade awhile they lay;—

For now the sun was near its height,
And she was weary with her flight;
She laid her head on Mannel's breast,
And pleasant was the maiden's rest.

While thus the lovely Laila slept,
A fearful watch young Manuel kept.
Alas! her Father and his train
He sees come speeding o'er the plain.
The Maiden started from her sleep;  
They sought for refuge up the steep;  
To scale the precipice’s brow  
Their only hope of safety now.

But them the angry Father sees;  
With voice and arm he menaces;  
And now the Moors approach the steep;  
Loud are his curses, loud and deep.

Then Manuel’s heart grew wild with woe;  
He loosen’d stones and roll’d below;  
He loosen’d crags; for Manuel strove  
For life, and liberty, and love.

The ascent was perilous and high;  
The Moors they durst not venture nigh;  
The fugitives stood safely there;  
They stood in safety and despair.

The Moorish chief unmoved could see  
His daughter bend her suppliant knee;  
He heard his child for pardon plead,  
And swore the offenders 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, 1739.

**GARCI FERRANDEZ.**

This story, which later historians have taken some pains to disprove, may be found in the Cronica General de España.

**PART I.**

1.  
Is 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,  
Ahs! for what beliel!  
The Lady Argentine hath fled;  
In an evil day and an hour of woe  
She hath left the husband who loved her well,  
To go to Count Aymeric’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 Aymeric 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 false, his bale and bane.

There was feasting and joy in Count Aymeric’s bower,  
When he, with triumph, and pomp, and pride,  
Brought home the adulteress like a bride:  
His daughter only sat in her tower;  
She sat in her lonely tower alone,  
And for her dead mother she made her moan;  
“Methinks,” said she, “my father for me  
Might have brought a bridegroom home.  
A stepmother he brings hither instead;  
Count Aymeric will not his daughter should 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 sat 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,” thought she,  
“Disguised in pilgrim-weeds for me!  
For Aymeric’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 though he had something in his will,  
Some secret which he fain would say;
And close to the portal she sees him go;  
He talks with her handmaid in accents low;  
Oh then she thought that time went slow,  
And long were the minutes that she must wait  
Till her handmaid came from the castle-gate.

From the castle-gate her handmaid came,  
And told her that a Knight was there,  
Who sought to speak with Abba the fair,  
Count Aymerique's beautiful daughter and heir.  
She bade the stranger to her bower;  
His stature was tall, his features bold;  
A goodlier form might never maid  
At tilt or tourney hope to see;  
And though in pilgrim-weeds arrayed,  
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.

PART II.

1.  
'Tis the hour of noon;  
The bell of the convent hath done,  
And the Sexts are begun;  
The Count and his leman are gone to their meat.  
They look to their pages, and lo they see  
Where Abba, a stranger so long before,  
The ewer, and basin, and napkin bore;  
She came and knelt on her bended knee,  
And first to her father minister'd she:  
Count Aymerique look'd on his daughter down;  
He look'd on her then without a frown.

2.  
And next to the Lady Argentine  
Humbly she went and knelt;  
The Lady Argentine the while  
A haughty wonder felt;  
Her face put on an evil smile;  
"I little thought that I should see  
The Lady Abba kneel to me  
In service of love and courtesy!  
Count Aymerique," the leman cried,  "Is she weary of her solitude,  
Or hath she quell'd her pride?"  
Abba no angry word replied;  
She only raised her eyes, and cried,  
"Let not the Lady Argentine  
Be wroth at ministry of mine!"  
She look'd at Aymerique, and sigh'd;  
"My father will not frown, I ween,  
That Abba again at his board should be seen!"  
Then Aymerique raised her from her knee,  
And kiss'd her eyes, and bade her be  
The daughter she was wont to be.

3.  
The wine hath warm'd Count Aymerique;  
That mood his crafty daughter knew;  
She came and kiss'd her father's cheek,  
And stroked his beard with gentle hand,  
And winning eye and action bland,  
As she in childhood used to do.  
"A boon! Count Aymerique," quoth she;  
"If I have found favor in thy sight,  
Let me sleep at my father's feet to-night.  
Grant this," quoth she, "so I shall see  
That you will let your Abba be  
The daughter she was wont to be."  
With asking eye did Abba speak;  
Her voice was soft and sweet;  
The wine had warm'd Count Aymerique,  
And when the hour of rest was come,  
She lay at her father's feet.

4.  
In Aymerique's arms the adulteress lay;  
Their talk was of the distant day,  
How they from Garci fled away  
In the silent hour of night;  
And then amid their wanton play  
They mock'd the beautiful Knight  
Far, far away his castle lay,  
The weary road of many a day;  
"And travel long," they said, "to him,  
It seem'd, was small delight;  
And he belike was loath with blood  
To stain his hands so white."  
They little thought that Garci then  
Heard every scornful word!  
They little thought the avenging hand  
Was on the avenging sword!  
Fearless, unpenitent, unblest,  
Without a prayer they sunk to rest,  
The adulterer on the leman's breast.

5.  
Then Abba, listening still in fear,  
To hear the breathing long and slow,  
At length the appointed signal gave,  
And Garci rose and struck the blow.  
One blow sufficed for Aymerique,—  
He made no moan, he utter'd no groan;  
But his death-start waken'd Argentine,  
And by the chamber lamp she saw  
The bloody falchion shine!  
She raised for help her in-drawn breath;  
But her shriek of fear was her shriek of death.

6.  
In an evil day and an hour of woe  
Did Garci Fernandez wed!
El Rey D. Ramiro o segundo de Leon, ouve falar da ferusurra e bondade do huma Moura; e como era de elle o mesmo irmão de Alboazar, Albozadum, filhão de D. Zanedo Zaia, donzeto do Rey Albaill; o que conquesso a terra no tempo do Rey Rodrigo. Este Alboazar era Sehor de toda a terra desde Gaya até Santarem; e ouve suxtes batalhas com Christianos, extremamente com este Rey Ramiro; e o Rey Ramiro ficam com elle grandes amizades por cober aquelle Moura, que ela muito amava; e faz entoda que o amame magos; e mandoule dizer que o perna ver, por se querer de conhecer com elle por elas amizades serem mais firmes; e Alboazar mandoule dizer que lhe prezava muito; e que o Fazia a Gaya, e hid se xuera com el. E o Rey Ramiro fuge lá entre seus galeões com julgad, e pediu que aquelle Moura que lhes desse, e julgou Christianos. O que cober com elles e Alboazar lhes responde, tua mãe, e filhos dela, e vassalos; e como teu dou do coronel. Este Rey D. Ramiro trazia huma grande Astroglo que era nome Idou; e por suas artes tirava huma nova do dito, e levava do galeão que o Faziam prezar, e estou Rey Ramiro com a Moura em huma galha está. E como fizeram o Alboazar, e alli foy contempor- tendo grande entre elles; e despertam lhes dos de Rey Ramiro vinté do os bons que lhe lera, e da outra companhia suxte; e o levou do Moura a Minho; e estou deo a Leon, e bastou, e posse nome Ortiga, que queria tanto teresse em aquele tempo, como castigavel e enxameada, e comprou de todos os bens. Alboazar fez por elles vivido dentro, para aquele poderia virgâr tanbalel, e muitas felizes como o Castello de Gaya, que era em o quelle tempo de grandes edificios e nobres pósaps. E o Rey Ramiro contornam este feito, e Foy ou cavam todos tres teases que foy lueu visto desse que; e como fobam seu estendendo mandam por seu filho D. Infante D. Ordonho, e por alguns seus vasallos que estavam que erão para agradar por, e metesem com elles em cinco galeões, e nom pode mais leer, e que seix levar galeotes se nom aquelles que entenderam que poderiam reger as galeães, e mandou as falsilhão que ressecasse em lugar de galeã- e; e neste ficam elle porque as galeães erão poucas, e por tem mais falsilhão, e as galeães eram mais apuradas para aquell poder para que to; e o cubrino das galeões por povo verde, e entrava com ellas por San João de Paredo, que agora chamão San Jonte de Foz. Aquel lugar de burra parte e outra era a ribeira culpa- beria de arbustas, e as galeões sustavam as suas armas dellas; e porque erão cobertas de pano avermelh, nom prece. E o levar de noite a terra com todos os seus, e foi ao Infante, que se deitavão as so arbores o mais encatado que fizer possedere, e por nenhumu guio nem se abalças, até que ouviam a voz de sue corno, e acontecendo que lhes assassinó o galeo pres. E como o fizeram, e destruíram e quebraram a taverna sobre o corno so; e foi degrer a huma fonte que estava so o castel- lo de Gaya. E este fazia Rey Ramiro por ver a Alboazar, para ater conselhão com elles, como poderiam mais cuidadadamente avenir de direito de Alboazar, e de todos seus filhos, e de todos os companhões; e que tinha pello conselho da soberania toda, e coa rechente se foi em outro mesmo tempo, que poderia esca- par Alboazar e seus filhos; e porque er o de gora coraço, punha em questa suas feito em grao vesttra; mas as cousas que sao ordenado de Deus, vem a aquello que a elle aprês, e nom assim como ne havia pensado.

Anote-se aqui, que o Alboazar havia mencionado fora a correr mante conse- tro Alboazar, e huma sergente que avia nome Ferrante, natural do Pragão, que avia livado com a Rainha servia ante ella: elle levantouse pela manhã, como avia de costume de lhe ir por aquella para as mao a aquella fonte, e achou hia jazer Rey Ramiro, e non o conhecia. Elle prohibiu na Aravisa da agua por Deus, ca se non lhe dera d' elle terrenitor, e elle achou a que lhe era acer; e o meteo hum camacho na boa, e aquel camacho avia partido com sua mulher a Rainha por a metade; e elle a ter, e degrava o camacho no acer. E a sergente foy, e dito ao Rio, e elle vai o camacho, e respondeu logo, e a Rainha perguntou, quem achava no camacho? E elles respondo, que non achava ninguém; e elle lhe de dire que mentes, e que non negasse, e que lhe faria bem e merece; e a sergente hic deles, que achava hia huma Moura doutez e lazado, e elle pedira agua que bebesse por Deus, e que hia dera; e elle Rainha dize que lhe fosse por elle, e de tirou dera d' elle. E o sergente ficou lá, e dizelle, homem pobre, a Rainha minha sunhara voa mandar chamarr, e este he por voss, ben, ella mandara pensar de tos. E o Rey Ramiro respondeu so si, assim o mande Deus. Foy com elles, e entraram pello porto da camara, e conhece a Rainha, e dixe que, e elle lhe respondeu, e o sergente ficou lá. E a camara era de abobad, e como Rey Ramiro foy dentro, fechou ella a porta com grande cadado. E elle jactado na camara, chegou Alboazar, e foyse para sua camara; e a Rainha lhe dize, se ta aqui tichees Rey Ramiro, que lhe farios? O Moura respondelo, e o que faria a mim; eu tinha com grandes tornudos. E o Rey Ramiro de Albaçar. E nomeio, e fez dire. Pei serhor, aprestes os teus; e aqui esta fechado em triste marra, ca era a te pos ditas viajar a tua vontade.
KING RAMIRO.

From the castle of Gaya the Warden sees The water and the Alder-trees; And only these the Warden sees; No danger near doth Gaya fear; No danger nigh doth the Warden spy; He sees not where the gallows lie Under the Alders silently; For the gallows with green cover d’o’er, They have crept by night along the shore; And they lie at anchor, now it is morn, Awaiting the sound of Ramiro’s horn.

2. In traveller’s weeds Ramiro sate By the fountain at the castle-gate; But under the weeds was his breastplate, And the sword he had tried in so many fights, And the horn whose sound would ring around, And be known so well by his knights.

3. From the gate Alondza’s dismal came To fill her pitcher at the spring, And she saw, but she knew not, her master the King.

In the Moorish tongue Ramiro spake, And begged a draught for mercy’s sake, That he his burning thirst might slake; For, worn by a long madly, Not strong enough, he said, had he To lift it from the spring.

4. She gave her pitcher to the King, And from his mouth he dropp’d a ring Which he had with Alondza broken; So in the water from the spring Queen Alondza found the token.

With that she bade her damsel bring Secretly the stranger in.

5. “What brings thee hither, Ramiro?” she cried; “The love of you,” the King replied. “Nay! nay! it is not so!” quoth she; “Ramiro, say not this to me!” I know your Moorish concubine Hath now the love which once was mine. If you had loved me as you say, You would never have stolen Ortiga away; If you had never loved another, I had not been here in Gaya to-day The wife of Ortiga’s brother! But hide thee here,—a step I hear, King Alboazar draweth near.”

6. In her aloof she bade him hide: “King Alboazar, my lord,” she cried, “What wouldst thou do, if at this hour King Ramiro were in thy power?” “This I would do,” the Moor replied; “I would hew him limb from limb; As he, I know, would deal by me, So I would deal by him.”
"Alboazar!" Queen Aldonza said,  
"Lo! here I give him to thy will;  
If you above thou hast thy foe.  
Now thy vengeance then fulfil!"

With that up spake the Christian king:  
"O Alboazar, deal by me  
As I would surely deal with thee,  
If I were you, and you were me!  
Like a friend you gusted me many a day;  
Like a foe I stole your sister away;  
The sin was great, and I felt its weight,  
All joy by day the thought oppressed;  
And all night long it troubled my rest;  
Till I could not bear the burden of care,  
But told my Confessor in despair.  
And he, my sinful soul to save,  
This penance for atonement gave:  
That I before you should appear,  
And yield myself your prisoner here,  
If my repentance was sincere,  
That I might by a public death  
Breathe shamefully out my latest breath.

"King Alboazar, this I would do,  
If you were I, and I were you;  
That no one should say you were meanly fed,  
I would give you a roasted capon first,  
And a good ring leaf of wheaten bread,  
And a skinful of wine to quench your thirst;  
And after that I would grant you the thing  
Which you came to me petitioning.  
Now this, O King, is what I crave,  
That I my sinful soul may save:  
Let me be led to your bull-ring,  
And call your sons and daughters all,  
And assemble the people, both great and small,  
And let me be set upon a stone,  
That by all the multitude I may be known,  
And bid me then this horn to blow,  
And I will blow a blast so strong,  
And wind the horn so loud and long,  
That the breath in my body at last shall be gone,  
And I shall drop dead in sight of the throng.  
Thus your revenge, O King, will be brave,  
Granting the boon which I come to crave,  
And the people a holyday will have,  
And I my precious soul shall save;  
For this is the penance my Confessor gave.  
King Alboazar, this I would do,  
If you were I, and I were you."

"This man repents his sin, be sure!"  
To Queen Aldonza said the Moor;  
"He hath stolen my sister away from me;  
I have taken from him his wife;  
Shame then would it be, when he comes to me,  
And I my true repentance see,  
If I for vengeance should take his life."

"O Alboazar!" then quoth she,  
"Weak of heart as weak can be!  
Full of revenge and wiles is he.  
Look at those eyes beneath that brow;  
I know Ramiro better than thou!  
Kill him, for thou hast him now;  
He must die, he sure, or thou.  
Hast thou not heard the history  
How, to the throne that he might rise,  
He pluck'd out his brother Ordoño's eyes?  
And dost not remember his prowess in fight,  
How often he met thee and put thee to flight,  
And plunder'd thy country for many a day?  
And how many Moors he has slain in the strife,  
And how many more carried captives away?  
How he came to show friendship—and thou didst believe him?  
How he ravish'd thy sister—and wouldst thou forgive him?  
And hast thou forgotten that I am his wife,  
And that now by thy side I he like a bride,  
The worst shame that can ever a Christian betide?  
And cruel it were, when you see his despair,  
If vainly thou thought in compassion to spare,  
And refused him the boon he comes hither to crave,  
For no other way his poor soul can he save,  
Than by doing the penance his Confessor gave."
14.  
Then his good sword Ramiro drew,  
Upon the Moorish King he flew,  
And he gave him one blow, for there needed not two;  
They killed his sons and his daughters too;  
Every Moorish soul they slew;  
Not one escaped of the infidel crew;  
Neither old nor young, nor babe nor mother;  
And they left not one stone upon another.

15.  
They carried the wicked Queen aboard,  
And they took counsel what to do to her;  
They tied a millstone round her neck,  
And overboard in the sea they threw her.  
But a heavier weight than that millstone lay  
On Ramiro's soul at his dying day.

Bristol, 1802.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

An old writer mentions a curious tradition which may be worth quoting. "By east the Isle of May," says he, "twelve miles from all land in the German seas, lies a great hidden rock, called Inchcape, very dangerous for navigators, because it is overflowed over tide. It is reported, in old times, upon the side rock there was a bell, fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being moved by the sea, giving notice to the sailors of the danger. This bell or clocke was put there and maintained by the Abbot of Aberbrothok, and being taken down by a sea pirate, a year or thereafter he perished upon the same rocks, with ship and goodes, in the righteous judgement of God." — Stoddard's Remarks on Scotland.

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;  
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,  
The waves flow'd 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 rang.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,  
The mariners heard the warning Bell;  
And then they knew the perilous Rock,  
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The Sun in heaven was shining gay;  
All things were joyful on that day;

The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,  
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen  
A darker speck on the ocean green;  
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,  
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring;  
It made him whistle, it made him sing;  
His heart was mirthful to excess,  
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;  
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,  
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,  
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatsmen row;  
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;  
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,  
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling sound;  
The bubbles rose and burst around;  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock  
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away;  
He scour'd the seas for many a day;  
And now, grown rich with plunder'd store,  
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze overspreads 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 are we 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 curs'd 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.

Bristol, 1802.
THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

"I know not whether it be worth the reporting, that there is in Cornwall, near the parish of St. Keyne, a Well, called over with the rocks of four kinds of trees, withy, oak, elm, and ash, dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported virtue of the water is this, that, whether husband or wife come first to drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby." — Fuller.

This passage in one of the folios of the Worthly old Father, who, as he says, knew not whether it were worth the reporting, suggested the following Ballad; and the Ballad had produced so many imitations, that it may be prudent here thus to assert its originality, lest I should be accused hereafter of having committed the plagiarism which has been practised upon it.

"Next," says Carew, in his Survey of Cornwall, p. 150, "I will relate you another of the Cornish natural wonders, viz., St. Keyne's Well; but lest you make a wonder first at the Saint, before you take notice of the Well, you must understand, that this was not Keyne the nunimpeller, but one of a gentler spirit and milder sex, to wit, a woman. He caused the spring to be pictured, added this rhym for an exposition:—

'In name, in shape, in quality,
This Well is veryquent;
The name that of Keyne befell,
No other holy saint.
The shape, four trees of divers kinds,
Withy, Oak, Elm, and Ash,
Make with their roots an arched roof.
Whose door this spring doth wash.
The quality, that man or wife,
Whose chance or choice attains
First of this sacred stream to drink,
Thereby the mastery gains."

Carew's Survey of Cornwall, p. 130.

Of St. Keyne, whose death is placed in the year 490, and whose Festival used to be celebrated in Brecknockshire, on October 5, there is a brief allusion in the English Martyrology. Father Cressy, the Benedictine, gives her history more fully. "Illustrious," says he, "she was for her birth, being the daughter of Braganus, prince of that province in Wales, which, from him, was afterwards called Brecknockshire; but more illustrious for her zeal to preserve her chastity, for which reason she was called in the British language Kenewyarn, that is, Keyne the Virgin."

2. This Prince Braganus, or Brachanus, the father of St. Keyne, is said to have had twelve and twelve daughters by his holy body, called Marcella, daughter of Theodoric son of Tethphalt, Prince of Garthmatriin, the same region called afterward Brecknock. Their first born son was St. Canoe: and their eldest daughter was Gudlas, who was mother of Cadocus by St. Gunily, a holy king of the southern Britons. The second daughter was Medearis, the mother of the holy Archbishop St. David. Thus writes Carew, and I cannot mention any other of their children besides St. Keyna.

3. But in Gildas Cambrensis another daughter is commemorated, called St. Almoda. And David Powel makes mention of a fifth named Tyvrael, who was the wife of Congen the son of Cadfel, Prince of Powishaw; and mother of Brechnel, surnamed Scithrose, who slew Ethelred King of the Northumbers.

4. Concerning the Holy Virgin St. Keyna, we find this narration in the author of her life, extant in Capgrave; § "She was of royal blood, being no other than the daughter of a prince of Brecknockshire. When she came to ripe years many noble persons sought her in marriage; but she utterly refused that state, having consecrated her virginity to our Lord by a perpetual vow. For which cause she was afterward by the Britons called in the following manner in the name of Keyna the Virgin."

5. At length she determined to forsake her custody and find out some desert place, where she might attend to contemplation. Therein directing her soul to a holy place beyond Severn, and there meeting with certain woody places, she made her request to the prince of that country that she might be permitted to serve God in that solitude. His answer was, that he was very willing to grant her request, but that that place did harbor with serpents that neither man nor beast could inhabit it. But she constantly supplicated him, that her firm trust was in the name and assistance of Almighty God, to drive all that poisonous brood out of that region.

6. Hereupon the place was granted to the Holy Virgin; who presently purifying herself in fervent prayer to God, obtained of him to expel all the serpents and vipers there into stores. And to this day the stones in that region do resemble the windings of serpents through all the fields and villages, as if they had been framed so by the hand of the engraver.

7. Our learned Camden, in his diligent search after antiquities, seems to have visited this country, being a part of Somersetshire, though he is willing to dispassionate the miracle. His words are, "On the western bank of Avon is seen the town of Cainsburn. Some are of opinion that it was named so from Keyna, a most holy British Virgin, who, according to the credulous persuasion of former ages, is believed to have turned serpents into stones; because such like miracles of sporting nature are there sometimes found in the quarries. I myself saw a stone brought from thence representing a serpent uncoiled in a spire; the head of it stuck out in the outward surface, and the end of the tail terminated in the centre."

8. But let us prosecute the life of this holy Virgin. Many years being spent by her in this solitary place, and the fame of her sanctity every where divulged, and many oratories built by her, her nephew St. Cadoc performing a pilgrimage to the Mount of St. Michael, met there with his blessed aunt, St. Keyna, at whose sight he was replenished with great joy. And being desirous to bring her back to her own country, the inhabitants of that region would not permit him. But afterward, by the dispensation of an angel, the holy Maid returned to the place of her nativity, where, on the top of a hillock seated at the foot of a high mountain, she made a little habitation for herself; and by her prayers to God obtained a spring there to flow out of the earth, which, by the merits of the Holy Virgin, afforded health to divers infirmities.

9. But when the time of her consummation approached, one night she, by the revelation of the Holy Ghost, saw in a vision, as it were, a fiery pillar, the base whereof was fixed on her bed; and the angel of her father was the messenger以其 to her with a message of a spring to flow over with a few branches of trees. And in this vision two angels appeared to her; one of which approaching respectfully to her, seemed to take off the sackcloth with which she was covered, and instead thereof to put on her a smock of fine linen, and over that a mantle of purple, and about all a mantle all woven with gold. Which having done, he thus said to her, "Prepare yourself to come with us, that we may lead you into your heavenly Father's kingdom."

Hereupon she wept with excess of joy, and endeavoring to follow the angel she awakened, and found her body inflamed with a fever, so that she perceived her end was near.

10. Therefore, sending for her nephew Cadocus, she said to him, "This is the place above all others beloved by me; here my memory shall be perpetuated. This place I will often visit in spirit if it may be permitted me. And I am assured it shall be permitted me, because our Lord has granted me this place as a certain inheritance. The time will come when this place shall be inhabited by a sinful people, which notwithstanding I will violently root out of this spot. My tomb shall be a long while unknown, till the coming of other people, who shall so reverence your St. Keyna, I shall bring them; they will protect and defend; and in this place shall the name of our Lord be blessed for ever."
was all of a rowy color; and so sweet a fragrance proceeded
from her sacred virgin body, that those who were present
thought themselves in the joy of Paradise. St. Cadocus
bore her in her own oratory, where for many years she
had led a most holy, mortified life, very acceptable to God.

Church History of Brittany, Book X., Ch. 14.

Such is the history of St. Keyne, as related by P. Serennus
Creasy, permisiu superiurum, et approbatione Doctorum.

There was evidently a scheme of setting up a shrine con-
ected with the legend. In one part it was well conceived,
for the Cornu Ammonis is no where so frequently found as
near Keynsham; five specimens are to be seen over the
doors of many of the houses there, and I have often ob-
served fragments among the stones which were broken up
to mend the road. The Welsh seem nearly to have forgot-
ten this saint. Mr. Owen, in his Cambrian Biography,
enumerates two daughters of Drychau, Ceindrach, and Cein-
wen, both ranked among saints, and the latter having two
dedications dedicated to her in Mona. One of these is proba-
bly St. Keyne.

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.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
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 hath 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
Drank of this crystal Well;
And before the Angel summon'd her,
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the Husband of this gifted Well
Shall drink before his Wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be Master for life.

"But if the Wife should drink of it first,—
God help the Husband then!"
The Stranger stoop'd to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the Well, I warrant, betimes?"
He to the Cornish-man said:
But the Cornish-man smiled as the Stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my Wife in the porch;
But I suppos'd she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church."

Westbury, 1798.

BISHOP BRUNO.

"Bruno, the Bishop of Herdipolitanum, sailing in the river of
Danubius, with Henry the Thiel, then Emperor, being
not far from a place which the Germans call Ben Strudel,
or the devouring guife, which is neere unto Grinen, a castle
in Austria, a spirit was heard calling aloud, 'Ho, ho,
Bishop Bruno, whither art thou travelling? but dispose of
thyself how thou pleuest, thou shalt be my prey and spoil.'
At the hearing of these words they were all stupefied, and the
Bishop with the rest crossed and blessed themselves.
The issue was, that within a short time after, the Bishop,
feasting with the Emperor in a castle belonging to the
Countesse of Eschiro, a rafter fell from the roof of the
chamber wherein they sat, and strucke him dead at the
table." — Heywood's Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels.

Bishop Bruno awaked in the dead midnight,
And he heard his heart beat loud with affright:
He dreamt he had rung the palace bell,
And the sound it gave was his passing knell.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain;
He turned to sleep, and he dreamt again;
He rang at the palace gate once more,
And Death was the Porter that open'd the door.

He start'd up at the fearful dream, [scream;
And he heard at his window the screech-owl
Bishop Bruno slept no more that night,—
Oh! glad was he when he saw the day-light!

Now he goes forth in proud array,
For he with the Emperor dines to-day;
There was not a Baron in Germany
That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride;
The people throng'd to see their pride,
They bow'd the head, and the knee they bent,
But nobody bless'd him as he went.

So he went on stately and proud,
When he heard a voice that cried aloud,
The bell of Materna

Hasten to see her relatives who

Will meet her. Then she

Had both the church and

Hastening at once.
THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

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;
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 stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory."

4.
"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

5.
"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

6.
"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."

7.
"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.

8.
"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

9.
"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here

Westbury, 1798.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

1.
"Ho! ho! Bishop Bruno! you travel with glee;
But I would have you know, you travel to me!"

Behind, and before, and on either side,
He look'd, but nobody he espied;
And the Bishop at that grew cold with fear,
For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rang at the palace bell,
He almost expected to hear his knell;
And when the Porter turn'd the key,
He almost expected Death to see.

But soon the Bishop recover'd his glee,
For the Emperor welcomed him royally;
And now the tables were spread, and there
Were choicest wines and dainty fare.

And now the Bishop had bless'd the meat,
When a voice was heard as he sat in his seat,—
"With the Emperor now you are dining with glee,
But know, Bishop Bruno, you sup with me!"

The Bishop then grew pale with affright,
And suddenly lost his appetite;
All the wine and dainty cheer
Could not comfort his heart, that was sick with fear.

But by little and little recovered he,
For the wine went flowing merrily,
 Till at length he forgot his former dread,
And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare,
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there;
But when the masquers enter'd the hall,
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the masquers' crowd
There went a voice hollow and loud,—
"You have past the day, Bishop Bruno, in glee;
But you must pass the night with me!"

His cheek grows pale, and his eyeballs glare,
And stiff round his tunsire bristled his hair;
With that there came one from the masquers' band,
And took the Bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath;
His marrow grew cold at the touch of Death;
On saints in vain he attempted to call;
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall.
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

10. "Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."

"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"

Said little Williclimie.

"Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he;

"It was a famous victory.

11. "And every body praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win."

"But what good came of it at last?"

Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;

"But 'twas a famous victory."

Weatherby, 1728.

A TRUE BALLAD
OF
ST. ANTIUS, THE POPE, AND THE DEVIL.

Desta Atendio cuentan las estorias que le avia, que el martes despen de Roma, pasaro por la parte de un rio que ha nombre Durias; y en un campo gran compayia de diablos que este
tenien contenedo sus principios los malos que fisieron por las tier-
ras; y entre todos los otros estava un negro a menorca de Espa-
nia: y sabian que un siete año que andaba ludicando con el Papa por le fazer pecao; y nunca muriera y non en-
tonces que le fisieron fazer ya que pecado muy grande: y esto prevenio lo por la mendicid de aquel apatogue que troya. E Sant Atendio que visto aquellos como aquel diablo, e conguio por la virtud de Dios e por la Santa Cruz que lo llevase a Roma; e cavigio en el; e llevo a Roma, el jueves de la cena a hora de misas, el Papa que quererse recuyere para fazer misas; decia sant Atendio el diablo a la puerta e dixo aquel que lo atreudese: e el entrado dentro a uno el Papa aparee, e dixo que fisiero preu-
tencia de aquel pecado; e el quiso no morar, mas grato el sobre-
gar el santo obispo con saudanias que le dixo. E fico el Papa: peruitencia; e dixo sant Atendio la misas en su lugar, e con-
grego en crimina; e toma una partida de la para ay; e desco-
doas es el Papa, e anto fuera, e caybligo en el diablo, e llevo lo a su argobonidad el sobelio de pascua a hora de misas. — Cordu-
lica de Espana.

This Saint Atendio, according to the Chronicle General, was Bishop of Valencia in Gaul, and martyred by the Vandals in the year 411. The Spaniards have a tradition that he was Bishop of Jaen: they say, "that the Devil was crossing the sea with this unwelcome load upon his back, he arti-
fully endeavored to make Atendio pronounce the name of Jesus, which, to us breaks all spells, would have enabled him to throw him off into the water; but that the Bishop, understanding his intent, calmly replied, Aver Diabolo, 'Get-
up Devil!' and they add, "that when he arrived at Rome, his last was still covered with the snow which had fallen upon it while he was passing the Alps, and that the hat is still shown at Rome in confirmation of the story and the miracle." Feyjoo lays two letters upon this whimsical le-
gend among his Cartas Eruditas. In the first (T. 1, Carta 21) he replies to a correspondent who had gravely inquired his opinion upon the story, "De bona honor," says he, "esecsa massa, quando le uenerbo inquiiri mi distinzione, sobre

In Historia de el Obispo de Jaen, de quien se cuenta, que fue a Roma en una noche, entubando sobre la espalda de un Diablo a alijador: Trato de un asunto curioso e hechos con-
tagiosos, y digo muchos en el ejemplo de V. yu, consul-
tandome sobre cosas de mis vasenos." Nevertheless, though he thus treats the story of an old wife's tale, he shows some reasoning upon it. "As he heard it," he says, "it did not appear whether the use which the Bishop made of the Devil were lie or fictitious; that is, whether he made use of him as a wizard, by virtue of a compact, or by virtue of authority, having the power of the Most Holy Soul. In either case there is a great incongruity. In the first, inasmuch as it is not credible that the Devil should voluntarily serve the Bishop for the purpose of preventing a great evil in the church: — I say voluntarily, because the notion that a comp-
act is so humbug is that the Devil that he has in no ways resist the pleasure of the person with whom he has contrat
ed es cosa de Theologos de Vida la cinta. In the second, because the journey being designed for a holy pur-
pose, it is more conformable to reason that it should have been executed by the ministry of a good angel than of a bad one; as, for instance, Habakkuk was transported by the ministry of a good angel from Judea to Babylon, that he might carry food to the imprisoned Daniel. If you should oppose to me the example of Christ, who was carried by the Devil to the pinnacle of the temple, I reply, that there are two manifest discrepancies. The first, that Christ conducted himself in this case passively and permissively; the second, that the Devil placed him upon the pinnacle of the temple, not for any good end, but with a most wicked intention. 10 But," pursues the good Benedictin, "why should I fatigue myself with arguing? I hold the story unworthy of being critically examined till it be shown me written in some history, either ecclesiastical or profane, which is enti-
tided to some credit."

Soon after this letter was published, another correspondent in-
formed Feyjoo, that the story in question was written in the General Chronicle of King D. Alphonso the Wise. This incited him to further inquiry. He found the same legend in the Speculum Historiale of Vincentius Belocavensis, and there discovered that the saint was called Antius, not Athedius, and that the scene lay upon the river Dniusians instead of the river Diviusians. Here too he found a reference to Sisbertus Gemblacensis; and in that author, the account which the Chronicler had followed and the explana-
tion of his errors in the topography: his Vespianum prov-
ring to be Besancon, and the river the Doubs, which the Romans called Dniusians, Dubis, and Aquisabu. But he found also to his comfort, that though Jean Jacques Chloet, a physician of Besancon, had endeavored to prove the truth of the story for the honor of his nation or city, in a book entitled Vosamia Civitas Sapientia Liberum Sequarum, and had cited certain Acts and Books of the Old Testament, to support it, the veracious Bullandists had decided that these Acts were apocryphal, the Breviaries not to be believed in this point, and the whole story a fable which had been equally related of St. Maximus Taurinensis and Pope Leo the Great. These Bullandists strain at a gnat, and swallow an Aaslby with equal gravity. Fortified by their authority, Feyjoo, who was worthy to have belonged to a more en-
lightened church, triumphantly dismissed the legend, and, observed, "that the contriver was a clumsy Fidele to make the Devil speak upon the journey by the Bishop, say that," he says, "is slow travelling for an infernal position." (Cartas Eruditas, T. 9, C. 21.) The discussion, however, reminded him of a curious story, which he thus relates: — "There is in this city of Oviedo a poor Porter, called by name Pedro Moreno, of whom it is told kindly in the chronicles of the Bishop of Jaen. The circumstance is related in this manner. Some letters had been delivered to him which he was to carry to Madrid with more than ordinary diligence, because expedition was of importance. At a little distance from his city, he met with a friar, who was walking with a friar, who was walking with a friar, who was walking with a friar. They began to travel together, and that so well, that Valladolid being forty
leagues (150 miles) from Oviedo, they got beyond that city on the first day to dinner. The rest of the journey was performed with the same celerity. This story spread through the whole place, and was believed by all the vulgar (and by some also who were not of the vulgar) when it came to my ears: the authority referred to was the man himself, who had related it to an infinite number of persons. I sent for him to my cell to examine him. He affirmed that the story was true, but by questioning and cross-questioning him concerning the particulars, I made him fall into many contradictions. Moreover, I found that he had told the story with many variations to different persons. What I clearly ascertained was, that he had heard the legend of the Bishop of Jaen, and thought to become a famous man, by making a like fable believed of himself. I believe that many persons were undeceived when my inquiry was known. But before this examination was made, to how many places had the report of this miraculous journey extended, where the exposure of the falsehood will never reach? Perhaps, if this writing should not prevent it, the journey of Pedro Moreno, the Porter, will one day be little less famous in Spain than that of the Bishop of Jaen?—Cartes Erudites, T. 1, C. 24.

According to Marullus, as quoted by Zaiser in his great Theatrum Humanae Vitae, i. 417, Antidius was Bishop of Tours, and Josimius was the Pope whom he served so essentially by riding post to his aid.

A very incorrect copy of this Ballad was printed and sold by J. Bailey, 116 Chancery Lane, price 6d., with a print from a juvenile design by G. Cruickshank. I think my--If fortunate in having accidentally obtained this broadside, which, for its rarity, will one day be deemed valuable in a collection of the works of a truly original and inimitable artist.

It is Antidius the Bishop, Who now at even tide, Taking the air and saying a prayer, Walks by the river side.

The Devil had business that evening, And he upon earth would go; For it was in the month of August, And the weather was close below.

He had his books to settle; And up to earth he hied, To do it there in the evening air, All by the river side.

His imps came flying around him, Of his affairs to tell; From the north, and the south, and the cast, and the west, They brought him the news that he liked best, Of things they had done, And the souls they had won, And how they sped well In the service of Hell.

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 labor'd 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 Belzebub, 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 leap'd 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 clear moonlight; I warrant who saw them on their way He did not sleep that night.

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.

He ran against a shooting star, So fast for fear did he sail, And he singed the beard of the Bishop Against a comet's tail; And he pass'd between the horns of the moon, With Antidius on his back; And there was an eclipse that night Which was not in the almanac.

The Bishop, just as they set out, To tell his beads began; And he was by the bed of the Pope Before the string was done.

The Pope fall'd down upon his knees, In terror and confusion, And he confess'd the deadly sin, And he had absolution.

And all the Popes in bliss that be, Sung, O be joyful! then; And all the Popes in bale that be, They howl'd for envy then; For they before kept jubilee, Expecting his good company, Down in the Devil's den.

But what was this the Pope had done To bind his soul to Hell?
GONZALO HERMIGUEZ.

This story is related at length by Bernardo de Brito, in his Cronica de Coato, I. v. c. 1, where he has preserved, also part of a poem by Gonzalo Hermiguez. The verses are said to be the oldest in the Portuguese language; and Brito says there were more of them, but he thought it sufficient to cite these for his purpose. If they had been correctly printed, it might have been difficult to make out their meaning; but from a text so corrupted, it is impossible.

1. 
In arms and in anger, in struggle and strife,
Gonzalo Hermiguez won his bride;
He slew the Moor who from the fray
Was rescuing Fatima that day;
In vain she shriek’d: Gonzalo press’d
The Moorish prisoner to his breast;
That breast in iron was array’d;
The gauntlet was bloody that grasp’d the Maid;
Through the beaver-sight his eye
Glared fiercely, and red, and wrathfully;
And while he bore the captive away,
His heart rejoiced, and he blest the day.

2. 
Under the lemon walk’s odorous shade
Gonzalo Hermiguez woo’d the Maid;
The ringlets of his raven hair
Waved upon the evening air,
And gentle thoughts, that raise a sigh,
Soften’d the warrior’s dark-brown eye,
When he with passion and sweet song
Woo’d her to forgive the wrong.
Till she no more could say him nay;
And the Moorish Maiden blest the day
When Gonzalo bore her a captive away.

3. 
To the holy Church, with pomp and pride,
Gonzalo Hermiguez led his bride.
In the sacred font that happy day
Her stain of sin was wash’d away;
There did the Moorish Maiden claim
Another faith, another name;

There, as a Christian convert, plight
Her faith unto the Christian Knight;
And Oriana blest the day
When Gonzalo bore her a captive away.

4. 
Of Affonso Henriques’ court the pride
Were Gonzalo Hermiguez and his bride;
In battle strongest of the strong,
In peace the master of the song,
Gonzalo of all was first in fame,
The loveliest she and the happiest dame.
But ready for her heavenly birth,
She was not left to fade on earth;
In that dread hour, with Heaven in view,
The comfort of her faith she knew,
And blest on her death-bed the day
When Gonzalo bore her a captive away.

5. 
Through a long and holy life,
Gonzalo Hermiguez mourn’d his wife.
The arms wherewith he won his bride,
Sword, shield, and lance, were laid aside.
That head which the high-plumed helm had worn
Was now of its tresses shaven and shorn,
A Monk of Alcobaca he
Eminent for sanctity.
Contented in his humble cell
The meekest of the meek to dwell,
His business was, by night and day,
For Oriana’s soul to pray.
Never day did he let pass
But scored to her account a mass;
Devoutly for the dear one dead
With self-inflicted stripes he bled;
This was Gonzalo’s sole employ,
This was Gonzalo’s only joy;
Till love, thus purified, became
A holy, yea, a heavenly flame;
And now in heaven doth bless the day
When he bore the Moorish captive away.

Bristol, 1301.

QUEEN ORRACA

AND

THE FIVE MARTYRS OF MOROCCO.

This legend is related in the Chronicle of Affonso II., and in the Historia Serafica of Fr. Manoel da Esperanza.

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
Knelt to the holy men.

"Three things, Queen Orraca,
We prophesy to you:
Hear us, in the name of God!
For time will prove them true

"In Morocco we must martyr'd be;
Christ hath vouchsafed it thus:
We shall shed our blood for Him
Who shed his blood for us.

"To Coimbra shall our bodies be brought,
Such being the will divine;
That Christians may behold and feel
Blessings at our shrine.

"And when unto that place of rest
Our bodies shall draw nigh,
Who sees us first, the King or you,
That one that night must die.

"Fare thee well, Queen Orraca!
For thy soul a mass we will say,
Every day as long as we live,
And on thy dying day."

The Friars they blesst 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 Affonso,
What news of the Friars five?
Have they preach'd to the Miramolin;
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."

3.
"What news, O King Affonso,
Of the Martyrs five what news?
Doth the bloody Miramolin
Their lustral still refuse?"

"That on a dunghill they should rot,
The bloody Moor decreed;
That their dishonor'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."

4.
Every altar in Coimbra
Is dress'd for the festival day;
All the people in Coimbra
Are dight in their richest array; —

Every bell in Coimbra
Doth merrily, merrily ring;
The Clergy and the Knights await
To go forth with the Queen and the King.

"Come forth, come forth, Queen Orraca;
We make the procession stay."

"I beseech thee, King Affonso,
Go you alone to-day.

"I have pain in my head this morning;
I am ill at heart also:
Go without me, King Affonso,
For I am too faint to go."

"The relics of the Martyrs five
All maladies can cure;
They will requite the charity
You show'd them once, be sure:

"Come forth then, Queen Orraca;
You make the procession stay:
It were a scandal and a sin
To abide at home to-day."

Upon her palfrey she is set,
And forward then they go;
And over the long bridge they pass,
And up the long hill wind slow.

"Prick forward, King Affonso,
And do not wait for me;
To meet them close by Coimbra,
It were discourtesy; —

"A little while I needs must wait,
Till this sore pain be gone; —
I will proceed the best I can;
But do you and your Knights prick on.

The King and his Knights prick'd up the hill
Faster than before;
The King and his Knights have topp'd the hill,
And now they are seen no more.

As the King and his Knights went down the hill,
A wild boar cross'd the way;
"Follow him! follow him!" cried the King;
"We have time by the Queen's delay."

A-hunting of the boar astray
Is King Affonso gone;
Slowly, slowly, but straight the while,
Queen Orraca is coming on.
And winding now the train appears
Between the olive-trees:
Queen Orraca alighted then,
And fell upon her knees.

The Friars of Alancer came first,
And next the relics past;—
Queen Orraca look'd to see
The King and his Knights come last.

She heard the horses tramp behind;
At that she turn'd her face:
King Affonzo and his Knights came up
All panting from the chase.

"Have pity upon my poor soul,
Holy Martyrs five!" cried she:
"Holy Mary, Mother of God,
Virgin, pray for me!"

That day in Coimbra
Many a heart was gay;
But the heaviest heart in Coimbra
Was that poor Queen's that day.

The festival is over,
The sun hath sunk in the west;
All the people in Coimbra
Have betaken themselves to rest.

Queen Orraca's Father Confessor
At midnight is awake,
Kneeling at the Martyrs' shrine,
And praying for her sake.

Just at the midnight hour, when all
Was still as still could be,
Into the Church of Santa Cruz
Came a saintly company.

All in robes of russet gray,
Poorly were they dight;
Each one girdled with a cord,
Like a Friar Minorite.

But from those robes of russet gray,
There flow'd a heavenly light;
For each one was the blessed soul
Of a Friar Minorite.

Brighter than their brethren,
Among the beautiful band,
Five were there who each did bear
A palm-branch in his hand.

He who led the brethren,
A living man was he;
And yet he shone the brightest
Of all the company.

Before the steps of the altar,
Each one bow'd his head;
And then with solemn voice they sung
The Service of the Dead.

"And 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 Affonzo,
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, 1803._

**THE OLD WOMAN OF BERKELEY, A BALLAD,**

**SHOWING HOW AN OLD WOMAN RODE DOUBLE, AND WHO RODE BEFORE HER.**

_A.D. 859._ _Circum dies istos, mulier quemdam moloches, in villâ qua Berkeleia dicturus degens, gube amatire ac petulantia, flagitus modum uoque in senium et agerius nec non nomen, uique ad mortem impulit per se nomen. Hoc die quondam cum sedent ad podiumum, crescens quam pro dolore posset, musice quid garrire cepit; quod audito, mulieris collutelas de manu excitat, simul et fociis pallescere capitis, et emissum visuget, hodie, acceptam grande inconsumum, hoedique ad aulum ultimum uocem præsentat aratum. Quo die, nuncius doloris intravit; muliere vero pressumata ad quid veniret, offerre, inquit, tibi filii tuo absent et totius familia ejus ex subbito renascent tertium. Hoc quoque dolore mulieris perempta, lecto protinus demisit graviter inforamin; sentientesque morum subserere ad vitas, liberos quos habuit superstites, monachum exibit et mensum, per epistolam inuentum: ut inveniret autem eoque singulatim alligaret. Ego, inquit, a puero, nec miserabilis fato damnatus semper aeternus in tormentis, ego illecebrarum omnium sui magistris. Etenim tamen mihi inter hae male specus religiosis, quae semper solliciti suam desolationem ; nos expectantur propagatorum contra damnos, tutore contra serviamus hostem. Nunc ita quosdam ad faciem vine percrevit, rogo vos per materiam uerba, ut mortem alii fieri terribilitatem tormenta. Insiulte me defunctum in cœlo custodii, ae die in seraphis lapidei supponunt, operculaque ferro et phambo constrangite, ac demum lapidem tribus cathenis ferre et foris quasi eis circumambiant, eligens quantumque palmarum contortes, et tot per tera despectores miserrum celebritates applicantes, qui ferone longint adversariorum incursus. Ita si tribus noctibus secures facies, quartâ die me inquitatem habeas._

_Factum est ut prosperaper illis. Sed, pro dolori! nil precas, nil laeques, nil damnum volueris cathenis. Primis enim duabus noctibus, eas chori presbyteri corporis assistebant, adventientes Deamonos ostium ecclesiae confregunt ingenti obice clausum, estremisque cathenam negatio levit disrupit; media autem qua fortior fuit, illibatus manebat. Posth autem nocte, circa galliænum, atque his qui adiutanti adventiis, quam aestuanda visum est a fundamento moveri. Usus ergo daemonum, et valut catecis terribilis et statutur omnium, jamn Ecclesiæ impetu violento concussus in fragmento degerit._

_Doverunt_
The Raven croak'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 sicken'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 Monk her son, and her daughter the Nun,
Their way to Berkeley went;
And they have brought, with pious thought,
The holy sacrament.

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!"

Her lip it trembled with agony;
The sweat ran down her brow;
"I have tortures in store for evermore,
But spare me, my children, now!"

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.

"All kind of sin I have rioted in,
And the judgment now must be;
But I secured my children's souls;
Oh, pray, my children, for me!"

"I have 'pointed myself' with infants' 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.

Bless, I entreat, my winding sheet,
My children, I beg of you,
And with holy water sprinkle my shroud,
And sprinkle my coffin too.

And let me be chain'd in my coffin of stone,
And fasten it strong, I implore,
With iron bars, and with three chains
Chain it to the church floor.

And bless the chains, and sprinkle them;
And let fifty Priests stand round,
Who night and day the mass may say
Where I lie on the ground.

And see that fifty Choristers
Beside the bier attend me,
And day and night, by the taper's light,
With holy hymns defend me.

Let the church bells all, both great and small,
Be toll'd by night and day,
To drive from thence the fiends who come To bear my body away.

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 this be three days and nights,
My wretched corpse to save;
Till the fourth morning keep me safe,
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.

They bless'd the old woman's winding sheet
With rites and prayers due;
With holy water they sprinkled her shroud,
And they sprinkled her coffin too.

And they chain'd her in her coffin of stone,
And with iron barr'd it down,
And in the church with three strong chains
They chain'd it to the ground.

And they bless'd the chains, and sprinkled them
And fifty Priests stood round,
By night and day the mass to say
Where she lay on the ground.
And fifty sacred Choristers
Beside the bier attend her,
Who day and night, by the tapers’ light,
Should with holy hymns defend her.

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.

Loud toll’d the bell; the priests pray’d well;
The tapers they burnt bright;
The Monk her son, and her daughter the Nun,
They told their beads all night.

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;
As they had sung and pray’d all night,
They pray’d and sung all day.

The second night the tapers’ light
Burnt dismally and blue,
And every one saw his neighbor’s face
Like a dead man’s face to view.

And yells and cries without arise,
That the stoutest heart might shock,
And a deafening roaring like a catacata pouring
Over a mountain rock.

The Monk and Nun they told their beads
As fast as they could tell,
And aye as louder grew the noise,
The faster went the bell.

Louder and louder the Choristers sung,
As they trembled more and more;
And the Priests as they pray’d to Heaven for aid,
They smote their breasts full sore.

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;
As they had sung and pray’d all night,
They pray’d and sung all day.

The third night came, and the tapers’ flame
A frightful stench did make;
And they burnt as though they had been dipp’d
In the burning brimstone lake.

And the loud commotion, like the rushing of ocean,
Grew momentarily more and more;
And strokes as of a battering-ram
Did shake the strong church door.

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.

The Monk and Nun forgot their beads;
They fell on the ground in dismay;
There was not a single Saint in heaven
To whom they did not pray.

And the Choristers’ song, which late was so strong,
Falter’d with consternation;
For the church did rock as an earthquake shock
Uplifted its foundation.

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 bolts and the bars they fled; —

And the tapers’ light was extinguish’d 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 chains,
And like flax they moulder’d asunder,
And the coffin lid, which was barr’d so firm,
He burst with his voice of thunder.

And he bade the Old Woman of Berkeley rise,
And come with her master away;
A cold sweat started on that cold corpse,
At the voice she was forced to obey.

She rose on her feet in her winding-sheet;
Her dead flesh quiver’d with fear;
And a groan like that which the Old Woman gave
Never did mortal hear.

She follow’d her Master to the church door;
There stood a black horse there;
His breath was red like furnace smoke,
His eyes like a meteor’s glare.

The Devil he flung her on the horse,
And he leap’d up before,
The Surgeon's Warning.

The subject of this parody was suggested by a friend, to whom also I am indebted for some of the stanzas.

Respecting the patent coffins herein mentioned, after the manner of Catholic Poets, who confound the actions they attribute to their Saints and Deity to be but fiction, I hereby declare that it is by no means my design to depreciate that useful invention; and all persons to whom this Ballad shall come are requested to take notice, that nothing herein asserted concerning the aforesaid coffins is true, except that the maker and patentee lives by St. Martin's Lane.

The Doctor whisper'd to the Nurse, And the Surgeon knew what he said; And he grew pale at the Doctor's tale, And trembled in his sick bed.

"Now fetch me my brethren, and fetch them with speed,"
The Surgeon affrighted said; "The Parson and the Undertaker, Let them hasten, or I shall be dead."

The Parson and the Undertaker They hastily came complying, And the Surgeon's Prentices ran up stairs When they heard that their Master was dying.

The Prentices all they enter'd the room, By one, by two, by three; With a sly grin came Joseph in, First of the company.

The Surgeon swore, as they enter'd his door,— "I was fearful his oaths to hear,— "Now send these scoundrels out of my sight, I beseech ye, my brethren dear!"

He foam'd at the mouth with the rage he felt, And he wrinkled his black eyebrow: "That rascal Joe would be at me, I know, But, zounds, let him spare me now!"

Then out they sent the Prentices; The fit it left him weak; He look'd at his brothers with ghastly eyes, And faintly struggled to speak.

"All kinds of carcases I have cut up, And now my turn will be;"

But, brothers, I took care of you; So pray take care of me.

"I have made candles of dead men's fat; The Sextons have been my slaves; I have bottled babes unborn, and dried Hearts and livers from rifled graves.

"And my Prentices now will surely come And carve me bone from bone; And I, who have rifled the dead man's grave, Shall never have rest in my own.

"Bury me in lead when I am dead, My brethren, I entreat, And see the coffin weigh'd, I beg, Lest the plumber should be a cheat.

"And let it be solder'd closely down, Strong as strong can be, I implore; And put it in a patent coffin, That I may rise no more.

"If they carry me off in the patent coffin, Their labor will be in vain; Let the Undertaker see it bought of the maker, Who lives by St. Martin's Lane.

"And bury me in my brother's church, For that will safer be; And, I implore, lock the church door, And pray take care of the key.

"And all night long let three stout men The vestry watch within; To each man give a gallon of beer, And a keg of Holland's gin;—

"Powder and ball, and blunderbuss, To save me if he can, And eke five guineas if he shoot A Resurrection Man.

"And let them watch me for three weeks, My wretched corpse to save; For then I think that I may stink Enough to rest in my grave."

The Surgeon laid him down in his bed; His eyes grew deadly dim; Short came his breath, and the struggle of death Did loosen every limb.

They put him in lead when he was dead, And, with precaution meet, First they the leaden coffin weigh, Lest the plumber should be a cheat.

They had it solder'd closely down, And examin'd it o'er and o'er; And they put it in a patent coffin, That he might rise no more.

For to carry him off in a patent coffin, Would, they thought, be but labor in vain,

Hereford, 1798.
So the Undertaker saw it bought of the maker,  
Who lives by St. Martin's Lane.

In his brother's church they buried him,  
That safer he might be;  
They lock'd the door, and would not trust  
The Sexton with the key.

And three men in the vestry watch,  
To save him if they can;  
And, should he come there, to shoot they swear  
A Resurrection Man.

And the first night, by lantern light,  
Through the church-yard as they went,  
A guinea of gold the Sexton show'd  
That Mister Joseph sent.

But conscience was tough; it was not enough;  
And their honesty never swerved;  
And they bade him go, with Mister Joe,  
To the devil, as he deserved.

So all night long, by the vestry fire,  
They quaff'd their gin and ale;  
And they did drink, as you may think,  
And told full many a tale.

The Cock he crew, Cock-a-doodle-doo!  
Past five! the watchmen said;  
And they went away, for while it was day  
They might safely leave the dead.

The second night, by lantern light,  
Through the church-yard as they went,  
He whisper'd sneer, and show'd them two  
That Mister Joseph sent.

The guineas were bright, and attracted their sight,  
They look'd so heavy and new;  
And their fingers itch'd as they were bewitch'd,  
And they knew not what to do.

But they waver'd not long, for conscience was strong,  
And they thought they might get more;  
And they refused the gold, but not so rudely as before.

So all night long, by the vestry fire,  
They quaff'd their gin and ale;  
And they did drink, as you may think,  
And told full many a tale.

The third night, as, by lantern light,  
Through the church-yard they went,  
He bade them see, and show'd them three  
That Mister Joseph sent.

They look'd askance with greedy glance;  
The guineas they shone bright;  
For the Sexton on the yellow gold  
Let fall his lantern light.

And they could not stand the sound in his hand,  
For he made the guineas chink.

And conscience, late that had such weight,  
All in a moment fails;  
For well they knew that it was true  
A dead man tells no tales.

And they gave all their powder and ball,  
And took the gold so bright;  
And they drank their beer, and made good cheer,  
Till now it was midnight.

Then, though the key of the church-door  
Was left with the Parson, his brother,  
It open'd at the Sexton's touch, —  
Because he had another.

And in they go, with that villain Joe,  
To fetch the body by night;  
And all the church look'd dismay'd  
By his dark-lantern light.

They laid the pick-axe to the stones,  
And they moved them soon asunder;  
They shovell'd away the hard-press'd clay.  
And came to the coffin under.

They burst the patent coffin first,  
And they cut through the lead;  
And they laugh'd aloud when they saw the shroud,  
Because they had got at the dead.

And they allow'd the Sexton the shroud,  
And they put the coffin back;  
And nose and knees they then did squeeze  
The Surgeon in a sack.

The watchmen, as they pass'd along,  
Full four yards off could smell,  
And a curse bestow'd upon the load  
So disagreeable.

So they carried the sack a-pick-a-back,  
And they carved him bone from bone;  
But what became of the Surgeon's soul  
Was never to mortal known.

Westbury, 1796.

HENRY THE HERMIT.

It was a little island where he dwelt,  
A solitary islet, bleak and bare;  
Short, scanty herbage spotting with dark spots  
Its gray stone surface.  Never mariner  
Approach'd that rude and unwelcoming coast,  
Nor ever fisherman his lonely bark  
Anchor'd beside its shore.  It was a place  
Befitting well a rigid anchoret,  
Dead to the hopes, and vanities, and joys,  
And purposes of life; and he had dwelt
Many long years upon that lonely isle;
For in ripe manhood he abandon’d arms,
Honors, and friends, and country, and the world,
And had grown old in solitude. That isle
Some solitary man, in other times,
Had made his dwelling-place; and Henry
The little chapel which his toil had built
Now by the storms unroof’d, his bed of leaves
Wind-scatter’d; and his grave o’ergrown with grass,
And thistles, whose white seeds there wing’d in vain,
Wither’d on rocks, or in the waves were lost.
So he repair’d the chapel’s ruin’d roof,
Clear’d the gray lichens from the altar-stone,
And underneath a rock that shelter’d him
From the sea-blast, he built his hermitage.

The peasants from the shore would bring him
And beg his prayers; but human converse else
He knew not in that utter solitude;
Nor ever visited the haunts of men,
Save when some sinful wretch on a sick bed
Implored his blessing and his aid in death.
That summons he delay’d not to obey,
Though the night-tempest or autumnal wind
Madden’d the waves; and though the mariner,
Albeit relying on his saintly load,
Grew pale to see the peril. Thus he lived
A most austere and self-denying man,
Till abstinence, and age, and watchfulness,
Had worn him down, and it was pain at last
To rise at midnight from his bed of leaves,
And bend his knees in prayer. Yet not the less,
Though with reluctance of infirmity,
Rose he at midnight from his bed of leaves,
And bent his knees in prayer; but with more zeal,
More self-condemning fervor, raised his voice,
Imploring pardon for the natural sin
Of that reluctance, till the atoning prayer
Had satisfied his heart, and given it peace,
And the repented fault became a joy.

One night, upon the shore his chapel-bell
Was heard; the air was calm, and its far sounds
Over the water came, distinct and loud.
Alarm’d, at that unusual hour, to hear
Its toll irregular, a monk arose,
And cross’d to the island-chapel. On a stone
Henry was sitting there, dead, cold, and stiff,
The bell-ropc in his hand, and at his feet
The lamp* that stream’d a long, unsteady light.

Westbury, 1799.

ST. GUALBERTO.

ADRESSED TO GEORGE BURNETT.

Milton has made the name of Vallumbrosa familiar to English readers; few of whom, unless they have visited the spot,

* This story is related in the English Martyrology, 1689.
It is Gualberto! and mine aged eyes
Did not deceive me: yet full many a year
Hath slipp’d 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 unsound;
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 earthly kings in seats of grandeur dwell,
Where art exhausted decks the sumptuous hall,
Can poor and sordid huts becom 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 suceeds the distress'd,
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 bless'd 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. With that Gualberto cried in fervent tone,
"O Father, hear me! If this costly pile
Was for thine honor 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.

16. "But, Lord, if vain and worldly-minded men
Have wasted here the wealth which thou hast lent,
To pamper worldly pride; fraught 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'd waters came, and, with a sound
Like thunder, overthrown the fabric falls;
Swept far and wide, its fragments strow the ground,
Prone lie 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 ground;
For had he turn'd the stream on England too,
The Vandal monk had spoil'd 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 bestow'd
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,
Which when thou seest far o'er the sanny 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
Had Niagara o'er the quadrangle;
But, as 'twas beauty that deserved the flood,
I ween, dear George, thy 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
These 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 mix'd with dreams appear,
And blind and honest zeal, and holy faith sincere.

26.
All is not truth; and yet, methinks, 'twere hard
Of wilful fraud such falblers to accuse;
What if a Monk, from better themes debarr'd, Should for an edifying story choose
How some great Saint the Flesh and Fiend o'ercame;
His taste I trow, and not his conscience, were to blame.

27.
No fault of his, if what he thus design'd,
Like pious novels for the use of youth, Obtain'd such hold upon the simple mind
That was received at length for gospel-truth.
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.
Fernan Antolinez, a Spanish knight, Knelt at the mass, when, lo! the troops hard by
Before the expected hour began the fight.

Though courage, duty, honor, summon'd there,
He chose to forfeit all, not leave the unfinish'd prayer.

29.
But while devoutly thus the unarmed 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'd,
Heaven had his Guardian Angel deign'd to send;
And thus the tale is handed down to fame.
Now, if our good Sir Fernan 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,
If of Gualberto yet again I write,
How first impell'd he sought the convent cell;
A simple tale it is, but one that please me well.

32.
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 repay'd a father's anxious pains.
In many a field that father had been tried,
Well for his valor known, and not less known for pride.

33.
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 vow'd that blood for blood should flow;
And from his youth Gualberto had been taught
That with unceasing hate should just revenge be sought.

34.
Long did they wait; at length the tidings came
That, through a lone and unfrequented way,
Soon would Anselmo — such the murderer's name —
Pass on his journey home, an easy prey.
"Go," said the father, "meet him in the wood!"
And young Gualberto went, and laid in wait for blood.

35.
When now the youth was at the forest shade
Arrived, it drew toward the close of day;
Anselmo haply might be long delay'd,
And he, already wearied with his way,
Beneath an ancient oak his limbs reclined,  
And thoughts of near revenge alone possess’d his mind.

36.  
Slow sunk the glorious sun; a rosyate light  
Spread o’er the forest from his lingering rays;  
The glowing clouds upon Gualberto’s sight  
Soften’d in shade,—he could not choose but gaze;  
And now a placid grayness clad the heaven,  
Save where the west retain’d the last green light of even.

37.  
Cool breathed the grateful air, and fresher now  
The fragrance of the autumnal leaves arose;  
The passing gale scarce moved the o’erhanging bough,  
And not a sound disturb’d the deep repose,  
Save when a falling leaf came fluttering by,  
Save the near brooklet’s stream that murmur’d quietly.

38.  
Is there who has not felt the deep delight,  
The hush of soul, that seems like these impart?  
The heart they will not soften is not right;  
And young Gualberto was not hard of heart.  
Yet sure he thinks revenge becomes him well,  
When from a neighboring church he heard the vesper-bell.

39.  
The Romanist who hears that vesper-bell,  
Howe’er employ’d, 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 accord’d; and weft thou journeying there,  
It would not hurt thee, George, to join that vesper-prayer.

40.  
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 miss’d his vesper-prayer.  
But strange misgivings now his heart invade;  
And when the vesper-bell had ceased, he had not pray’d.

41.  
And wherefore was it that he had not pray’d?  
The sudden doubt arose within his mind,  
And many a former precept then he weigh’d,  
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.

42.  
Troubled at heart, almost he felt a hope,  
That yet some chance his victim might delay.

So as he mused adown the neighboring 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 murder-ous sword.

43.  
"The house of Valdespesa gives the blow!  
Go, and our vengeance to our kinsman tell!"  
Despair and terror seized the unarm’d foe,  
And prostrate at the young man’s knees he fell,  
And stopp’d his hand and cried, "Oh, do not take  
A wretched sinner’s life! mercy for Jesus’ sake!"

44.  
At that most blessed name, as at a spell,  
Conscience, the power within him, smote his heart.  
His hand, for murder raised, unharmed fell;  
He felt cold sweat-drops on his forehead start;  
A moment mute in holy horror stood,  
Then cried, "Joy, joy, my God! I have not shed his blood!"

45.  
He raised Anselmo up, and bade him live,  
And bless, for both preserved, that holy name;  
And pray’d the astonish’d foeman to forgive  
The bloody purpose led by which he came.  
Then to the neighboring church he sped away,  
His overburden’d soul before his God to lay.

46.  
He ran with breathless speed,—he reach’d the door,—  
With rapid throbs 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 smile favoring on his prayer.

47.  
A blest illusion! from that very night  
The Monk’s most ardent life devout he led;  
And still he felt the enthusiast’s deep delight;  
Seraphic visions floated round his head;  
The joys of heaven forcasted fill’d his soul;  
And still the good man’s name adorns the sainted roll.

Westbury, 1799.

NOTES.

Earth shakes beneath the onward-rolling tide,  
That from its base swept down the unholy house of pride.  
Stanza 18, p. 478.

Era amigo de pobres, en tanto grado, que sentía mucho, que  
los Monasterios se edificassen sumamente: y asi visitando  
et de Moncera y viendo un edificio grande, y elegante, bautic a  
Rodulpho, que era allí. Abierto, con el rostro agraado le dijo: Con  
lo que has gastado, siguiendo tu parecer, en este magnifico edi.
fielo, has quitado el sustento a muchas pobres. Puso los ojos en un pequeño arreo, que corría allí cerca, y dijo, Dios Omnipo-
tente, que sucede hacer grandes cosas de pequeñas criaturas, yo te ruego, que vea por medio de este pequeño arreo venganza de este gran edificio. Dios esto, y fuése de allí como abandonando el lugar; y siendo aíde, el arrebol corrió a crecer, y fue de suerte, que recogiendo un monte de agua, y tomando de atrás la corriente, vino con tan grande impulsa, que llevando piedras y arboles consigo, detrés el edificio.

Flus Sacrorum, per El Monasterio Alonso de Villegas.

Quadam itaque tempore cum monasterio, qua sub uno crete
rigime, solita more invenere, evadet ad carmenium cui vocebullum est Museolum; ubi cum caras carere grandi un paucioresque quam vellet; accedere cum illi eurismo domino Rodulfo, qui eum construerece, et, si bello orditiis furati Abbas, severissima vita dixit: Tu in isto loco habere debebsti palatium? Et con-
versum ad permissum rustici qui initia justa carerebat, dixit: O Regumme, si me duxeris Rodulfo, et istis jussis damibus visicadervia, atrum quum ille Scrorum piumus, uincis tuos suget. Et
hinc diex sine mora discessit. Cujusdumque, ne se rotundam
bile, ruminis ille suscepisse, ille recidire intumescere capitis, et
setio seu largissimam equorum facrum congregavit, relatio pro-
prion alco de monte precipitans utrurs, gravissimam petruram acucre arborem suam trostram, in predictas domos illius terre tena caedeget. Quid utius complures, quod pro mercede, quod prae Abbas ille terratas cum Fratresbe, de loco mutare disponebat canonicum. Quibus ille
hac consociationis verba locutatis est: Nolite, impiet, tenure ne ha-
bilitis quia rurca illa nec quidquam molti rubeis fictum est, nec
ultra ruba uossest. Quod ejus resistentium verum firmamque
sque hoste permansit. Duceaque ille eae dictis virales, quid
luna caesa, inmonis pius impiet Patris accedit, ne ante factet,
ue ulterius fecit.


The destruction of this Monastery is thus related in the
Vita del Glorioso S. Giacomo da Roncato, Ann. nob. Florentinum,
Eponatore della sacra Religione di Vellabronze, a poem in
nine parts or books, by M. Niccolò Lorenzini, Fisico da Monte
Pulciano. — Firenze, 1599.

... .. prende el artiero
Di Moutaco el Cenobio, en cui descuere,
Brache da luage, que opente qu el vero
Segna d'umilis e pure vulture intero:
V'arriva, e trova 'l edifício tutto
Esser con pampa dal Rettor costruito.

Il bisnar, e dice che cotanto argento
Si spese, havria nudrito mile e mille
Medici, la e vita aspro tormento
Di fame accasura, e ch' in etere stille
Si risollevo d piano al gielo, e al vento,
Che in tanto ess era sotto sua tranquille,
Gozando in cosi ricca stanza e bella;
E lui superbo con disegno appolla.

Hor dunque d'umilite quel buen diuo
Ch' esser de verde, e senso? (ahi ciao voglia!)
A che si tasto affendor nell'edilo
Le nostre Leggi, e quella humile spoglia?
O pria che si dimari alcun resto
In ben servirle, sul me se' arricchìa
Ogni angoscia e morte, ne le mio pena
In questa vita, altor che morte ofrine.

Il paterno dolor con tali parole
Sfoga, ed ha tanto l'arrecresse a sohro,
Che quel rettor del Rettor in boastinge;
Onl' habito en Dio lo sparto vivse,
Cui pregia, e possa imprimur, com' ei uole,
Che el cresea un vicino e piccito Rivo
Per le nubi, ch' allor soave e dissvrir,
Che l'edificio e quelle pampelle attirer.

E quasi dimor forse intradritto
Piu in quella chiesa, ritor fuor s' invia,
Comandando al Russel che inni il tetto
Con ruina del loco; ecco si era

Horribil nemo, rase quel Rio del letto
Usato, e per diverso albereta via,
Incontro a quell' albergo prende il corso,
E sul nello parete adorna è scorso.

Si allo gonfa il turbido torrente
E trage si gran pietre e legni al muro,
Che percuotendo 'l su che immanente
Su tal assalto esso strano e scura,
A terra caggin, e di timor la gente
Impressi il caso spaventoso e dura;
Indi sparisce il nemo ed è scena
D'aria gia fosca, e 'l onda il corso affrena.

Non è in memoria che i bel Rio gid mai
Inondasse le rive, o quando il Sole
Stragge le neri, o quando i vaghi rai
Di lui, gran pioggia avvicin' ch' al mondo inveole;
Hor qual torrente aduce affanni e guasti
Al monte superba, e tanta mole
(Purch' al solo whudio) rompe e sfacce,
Per riede come preia tranquillo, e tace.

Parte 7, pp. 293–5.

Fernan Antolínez, a Spanish knight. — Same ibid., p. 479.

Atentio in aquella 8 balallia una cosa digna de memoria.
Fernan Antolínez, hombre noble y muy devoto, oia misa al
tiempo que se dio señal de atemor, costumbre ordinaria suya
antes de la psela; per no dechara caminando, se quedó en
el templo quando se tocó a la aurora. Esta piadad quam agradable
fuese a Dios, se entendía por un milagro. Esteas preso
en la Inglesa, después res Cousido en su casa, tenia no afren-
tasen como a cabaher. En tanto, otro a el rememorar, es a sobre
su Angel bueno, poeta entre las primeras tan valientemente, que la
tormenta que le atormentaba, el se atribuyó en gran parte al valor de
el dicho Antolínez. Confirmanlo el milagro las señales de los golpes,
y las manchas de la sangre que se hallaron frescas en sus armas y caraclo. Así comunicado el caso, y sabido lo que
passado, quedo mas conocida la bondad y esfuerzo de Antolí-
nez — Miriana.

Perhaps this miracle, and its obvious interpretation, may have
suggested to Florián the circumstance by which its
Gonsolvo is prevented from combtling and killing the brother
of his mistress. Florián is fond of Spanish literature.

A simple tale it is, but one that pleased me well.

Same ibid., p. 479.

Llamóse el padre Guallberto, y era señor de Valdesepe,
que está entre Sest, y Florencia; orgúia la milion y como le
metamos un su acento errantes, indignados, aun el
hijo, que era ya hombre, como el padre, con mucho cuidado us-
caban ocasión, como vengar aquella muerte. Sucedido, que
viendo a Florencia el hijo, con un acento suyo, hombre valiente, y
los dos bien armados, a cavalo, vio a su enemigo, y en lugar
que eras imposible tréceles: lo que considerado por el contrario, y
que tenía cierto su muerte, decidióse de un caballo, en que venía,
y puesto de rodillas le pidió, juntas las manos, por Jesu Christo
cruzificado, le perdóname la vida. Enternecióse Juan Guall-
berto, oyendo el nombre de Jesus Christo crucificado e dixole,
que por amor de aquel Señor, que ruego por los, que le pusieron en ella, el le perdóname. Pidiole, que se levantasse,
y perdíeses el temor, que ya no por enemigo, sino por amigo le quería, y que de Dios, por quien habia esta, esperara el premio.
Pasó adiante Guallberto; y viendo una Iglesia en un monte
cerca de Florencia, llamada de San Ministo, que era de Mengoa
negros, entró en ella para dar gracias a Jesu Christo nuestro
Sijor por la merced, que le havia hecho en suceserelle, de que
perdóname, y no tomarase venanza de su enemigo: pese se de
rodillas delante de un Cruceño, el qual, viendolo el, y otros que
estavan presentes, desde la Cruz inclinó la cabeza a Guallberto,
as agradeciendo, y dandole gracias, de que por su amor osuvi-
ase perdóname la vida a su enemigo. Descubrióse el caso, y
fue publico, y muy celebrado, y el Crucifixo fue tenido en grande

* Cens de Sandtilion de Gormar, a la ribera del rio Duero. A. D. 992.
 NOTES TO ST. GUALBERTO.

He saw the imagined Christ smile favoring on his prayer.

Stanza 46, p. 480.

Sir Peter Damian relates a story similar to this of Gualberto in almost all circumstances, that Cuper found it advisable to disprove his authority on this occasion, and quote some of his own declarations, that he was not always satisfied of the truth or accuracy of what he related. Cum in tota alia narratiouibus ut siti circumstet factum Petrus Damianus, idem in hac Crucifazi historiis ipse eccecum omnium suspectus. The Hol- lander then proceeds to declare his own stout belief in the miracle as belonging to St. Gualberto. Ut ut est, ego Crucifazu sede incolumnis miraculam S. Joannis Gualberti accedentes historiarum fide credo, atque iudat in dubium revoare, summe perniciac, ut desum dementes, esse euntes. Quin enim historicum tamden certum est, si omnibus historiciis, atque etiam vettusissimi

mus synchorom a subequibus factam aulignem narratum, se ex dubitare licet? Interóbbilum sane esse ex hoc vestint pertinencia, quam quidam nostris temporis Aristarchi, ac praeventum heterodoxi, prudenteriam aut laudandum esse non erubescat.


Ivi adora di Christo il morte e ancora Sembrante che rassembrul il ver deposto, il ver figura in crece eterno e ancora Re del mondo di sangue impuro e tonto; Ma sover gli altri con dolente ed oco Volto, e con suo muso dal petto, e spiedo; A tanta lunga alhau pien d' alto selo D' Ero s' inchina, e porgo i preghi al cielo.

Signore so ben, che me dall' empio Egitto (Dica) salvasti, e dall' horror d' inferno; Ch'ho oggi in tutto quel mal che s'ha avvolto, E quel pensiero di rivedermi intero Sol tuo merce fu spesso; hor fra ben dritto Ch'io commetta il mio spirto al tuo governo, Ch'io de segua l'opre, s' etto, e liurne, Che sia il mio cor al tuo dees conforme.

* * *

In certo modo humilmente di Dio Sacro Giovanni li suoi pregii ardenti; Poi sorto in piedi in utto adorno e pio, Borgendo gli occhi a quella Imago intenti, Con fronte lista, e puro e del divino Move la lingua in questi novii acconti, Sende la destra al cielo, e al giorno prigione L'altra man sii la testa allarg, e pote.

O mio pietoso Dio quel giu grandi 
Avel coi sacrificii suoi perfetti, D'Abraham Patriarcha i voti uistiti E di sua fede i vari orchent affetti, E da milli altri i beati apristi Della tua grazia dagli emperii tetti, Tal quasi un oceano quel perdono Ch'io diedi a questo, accetto, e prendi in dono.

E d' una stringi il cor con milte nodi, Od la Croce il rite, tenei il concagno, Ini 'i trafeggi cò tuoi sant chiudi, Col sangue il fano, e con le spine il punge; Ne quindi l'alma ungu si torce, e snodi, Ini l'obbligazion, in conforta, et vungi, E con la mirra s' alco del pianto Fa che purghi il tuo vil corpo smuto.

Quanto voto servello, e questa offerta, Quantunque è nulla al tuo gran morto, hor prendi Un raggio di tua grazia in me converti E gl'homme in fato, hor al mio prego intendi; La via ch'el celi conducce è stretta ed erta, Di noi l'opera, la frael ci piano attendi; Diceveci i suoi sospiri e il duolo, S' a me, per essere tuo, me stesso tutelato.

Non proiva formò l'Umili preghiera honesta Il giovin degno, eu uno serme fusti, Che in un momento la dipinta testa Messi quel che rassembla il morto Dio, E la inclusi in lui; vide ognun questa Gran sacratizia, che del Ciclo usciva, Quivi discesi, al tuo dees rannato, Cum' in tu Poldo, us m' il favor sia spento.

Lo al tuo duno, e il tuo dolor gradisce, Ch'er d' ogni affanno, e di timor te spoglia. E quali ogni alme humil prende e tradisce In sacro oblo, e in degni impresa traggli; Tal al tuo cor leggendar retto arborio In cui preso traverlo vero io voglio, Lui d' ogni ubbia e d' ogni error disgiungia, Lui di mio grazia dolcemente ingiogia.

In tal maniera parve dir col segno Del capo, e ne diceva ogni agnito, Si dal Pether del glorioso regno Fu del suo serbo l'humil preghi udito, Es sol moanse dal ciel quel degni, Es vol 'il cui poter sanno innuito, Quest' ampio globo di ricevast adorno Move ad egnor con dolci tempi intorno Pur leggi il simultano santo e puro Vido è dal mondo nel medesimo tempio. Il memorabil del che tristo è serro Si fece il Sol per l'aspri caso et empio Del mio Pether; animo alpestre e duro Non è, ch'ei nel mondo un tanto esemio Di nostro fate, e non suspirò, e gema, Si lega il cor la scrittizia estrema.

Vede, come pur vol à antica istoria In certol giorno la città del Fiore Quel solcito segno, e del Signor la gloria In quella Imago, e il scompimento amore, Si che vino ne serba ancor memoria, Le perge voli, à Dio sacrando il core; Però ch'è scola quel deposto astuto Onde l' buon paggi al vero eterno oggetto.

Anvexo tanto il natural confuso Del vero capo in ogni porte il mato, Si fur sopra natura alte e divine Quelle smanier, e l' atto aperto et nato, Che tante genti ch' iri benvol, e chiere Il volere, e arrecarlo del guardo immoto: Che l' externo stuper stà l' humen conforme A un ambo, o mezzo cha vi voglio, e dorme

Ma quivi, per cui se for l' dinia mistere, Posi che spense dell' ira il foco arcerio, Si di se dona al suo Signor l' impero, Si al gran miraco dentro ha il cor converso, Ch' al adtero non risost umpra el potestore, In questo sol tie l' intellietto immesso Senza parlar s' affiso in tua, è pena L' intorno ardo per bravo specio affnno.

Nicolò Lorenzi, part. i, pp. 95—92.
1.
The Emperor Nap he would set off
On a summer excursion to Moscow;
The fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion 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 are 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 Poniatowski,
Marshal Ney, lack-a-day!
General Rapp, and the Emperor Nap;
Nothing would do,
While the fields were so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Nothing would do
For the whole of this crew,
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!
He’ll make all the Poles come out of their holes,
And beat the Russians, and eat the Prussians;
For the fields are green, and the sky is blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And he’ll certainly march to Moscow!

5.
And Counsellor Brougham was all in a fume
At the thought of the march to Moscow:
The Russians, he said, they were undone,
And the great Fee-Faw-Fum
Would presently come,
With a hop, step, and jump, unto London.
For, as for his conquering Russia,
However some persons might scoff 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 reckon’d:

It was, through thick and thin, to its party true;
Its back was buff, and its sides were blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
It served them for Law and for Gospel too.

6.
But the Russians stoutly they turned to
Upon the road to Moscow.
Nap had to fight his way all through;
They could fight, though they could not parlez-vous;
But the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And so he got to Moscow.

7.
He found the place too warm for him,
For they set fire to Moscow.
To get there he cost him much ado,
And then no better course he knew,
While the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
But to march back again from Moscow.

8.
The Russians they stuck close to him
All on the road from Moscow.
There was Tormazow and Jemalow,
And all the others that end in ow;
Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch,
And Karatschkovitch,
And all the others that end in itch;
Schamscheff, Souchosanoff,
And Schepaloff,
And all the others that end in eff;
Wasiltschikoff, Kostomaroff,
And Tchoglokoff,
And all the others that end in eff;
Rajeffsky, and Novereffsky,
And Rieffsky,
And all the others that end in effsky;
Ocharofisky and Rostoffsky,
And all the others that end in effsky;
And Platoff he play’d them off,
And Shiouvaloff he shovell’d them off,
And Markoff he mark’d them off,
And Krosnoff he cross’d them off,
And Tuchhoff he touch’d them off,
And Boroskoff he bored them off,
And Kutusoff he cut them off,
And Parenzoff he pared them off,
And Worrnzoff he worryed them off,
And Doctoroff he doctor’d them off,
And Rodinoff 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-vous than fight;
But he look’d white, and he look’d blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
When parlez-vous no more would do,
For they remember'd Moscow.

9.
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 crouched under his rod,
Put his trust in his Fortune, and not in his God.
Worse and worse every day the elements grew,
The fields were so white, and the sky so blue,
Sacrebleu! Ventrebleu!
What a horrible journey from Moscow!

10.
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,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
He stole away,—I tell you true,—
Upon the road from Moscow.
'Tis myself, quothe he, I must mind most;
So the Devil may take the hindmost.

11.
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 Moscowy;
And a place there is to be kept in view,
Where the fire is red, and the brimstone blue,
Morbleu! 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 reckon'd too long without him;
If that Host get him in Purgatory,
He won't leave him there alone with his glory;
But there he must stay for a very long day,
For from thence there is no stealing away,
As there was on the road from Moscow.

Kenwick, 1813.

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 Kirby Thore. Concerning these bells at Brough, there is a tradition that they were given by one Branskill, who lived upon Stanemere, 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 cronning, this being the genuine Saxon word to denote that vociferation. Thereupon he said to one of his neighbors, 'Hearest thou how loud this bull craneth? If these cattle shall all cran together, might they not be heard from Brough hither?' He answered, 'Yea.' 'Well then,' says Branskill, 'I'll make them all cran 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 Branskill was the last that was interred."—Nichols and Bryant's History and Antiquities of Westmorland and Cumberland, vol. i. p. 571.

At the further Brough there was a chapel or oratory, founded by John Branskill, (probably the same who gave the bells,) in 1596. Unto whom Thomas Blenkinsop, Esq., of Helbeck, gave the ground called Gilgarth, on condition that he should build a chapel there, and also an hospital, with two beds in it for travellers and other poor people, and maintain for ever, paying to him and his heirs twopenny rent at Pentecost yearly, and an effect of such maintaining and repairing the said chapel, hospital, and beds, the land to revert to the said Thomas and his heirs. In pursuance whereof, he, the said John Branskill, founded an oratory or chapel, dedicated to Our Lady St. Mary, the Mother of Christ, and to St. Gabriel, the Archangel; who, as Roger, Bishop of Carlisle, and Richard, Abbot of Shap, did, by writing, seals, and hands and seals, affirmed, won many fair and divers miracles by the sufferance of our Lord God. Two priests were established to sing and to pray in the said chapel for evermore, for the souls of all the benefactors of the said chapel that were departed from the world, and for the welfare of those that were living. One of the said priests was to teach grammar, the other to instruct children willing to learn singing, freely, without any salary from them. The foundation of this chapel was confirmed both by the Bishop of Carlisle and the Archbishop of York, and yet was afterwards opposed by the Vicar of Brough, who conceived himself much prejudiced thereby, and particularly in regard of the oblations which were given from him to the said chapel. Whereupon he set up the cross, and lighted up candles in the church at mid-time of the day, caused the bells to be rung, and cursed with bell, book, and candle, all those that should receive any oblations of those that were parted to the said chapel, or should give any encouragement unto the same. Branskill, the founder, complained to the Archbishop's Court, at York, against the vicar, Mr. Rasebeck, and obtained a sharp citation against him; ensnaring him in an abandoned wretch, and inflating with diabolical venom for opposing so good a work. Notwithstanding which, Mr. Rasebeck appealed to the Pope, and an agreement was made between the founder and him, by a composition of twenty shillings yearly, to be paid to Mr. Rasebeck, and his successors, vicars of Brough.

Thus the chapel continued till the dissolution of the religious houses. And the priest that taught to sing being removed, the other that taught grammar was thought fit to be continued as master of a free-school; and by the commissioners, Sir Walter Mildmay and Robert Kellison, Esq., order was taken, and a fund settled for this purpose. So that a salary of 7l. 1s. 4d. was to be paid yearly to the master of the school by the king's auditors, they receiving all the rents and revenues which formerly belonged unto it as a chapel, and which were given to it by the founder and other benefactors.

This is all the endowment which it hath at present, (1777,) except a convenient dwelling-house and garden, which were given by one of the schoolmasters, Mr. John Beck. But it was formerly very beautifully endowed by various benefac-
tors; as Henry, Earl of Cumberland, Edward Masgrave, of Hartley, Esq., William Masgrave, son of Richard Masgrave, of Brough, Thomas Blenkinsop, Esq., Hugh Newton, and divers others, who gave lands in Brough, Stanmore, Moreton, Yanesworth, Mekel-Sirickland, Bampton Cleveland, and Meekel-Sirickland, in Westmoreland; and in Stanemere, in Cumberland, and West-Laton, in Yorkshire, and Bernard Castle, in the county of Durham."—Bp. p. 574.
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;  
"Theyxplont 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! art thou critical?" quoth he;  
"Eschew that heart's disease  
That seeketh for displeasure where  
The intent hath been to please."

"By those four bells there hangs a tale,  
Which being told, I guess,  
Will make thee hear their scanty peal  
With proper thankfulness."

"Not by the Cliffords were they given,  
Nor by the Tuftons' line;  
Thou hearest in that peal the crune  
Of old John Brunskill's kine."

"On Stanemore's side, one summer eve,  
John Brunskill sat to see  
His herds in yonder Borrowdale  
Come winding up the lea."

"Behind them, on the lowland's verge,  
In the evening light serene,  
Brough's silent tower, then newly built  
By Blenkinsop, was seen."

"Slowly they came in long array,  
With loitering pace at will;  
At times a low from them was heard,  
Far off, for all was still."

"The hills return'd that lonely sound  
Upon the tranquil air;  
The only sound it was, which then  
Awoke the echoes there."

"Thou hear'st that lordly bull of mine,  
Neighbor,' quoth Brunskill then;  
How loudly to the hills he crunes,  
That crune to him again!"

"'Thinkest 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 ween,  
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 you dumb steeple crune,  
And thou and I, on this hill-side,  
Will listen to their tune."

"'So, while the merry Bells of Brough,  
For many an age ring on,  
John Brunskill will remember'd be,  
When he is dead and gone,—"

"'As one who, in his latter years,  
Contented with enough,  
Gave freely what he well could spare  
To buy the Bells of Brough.'"

"Thus it hath proved: three hundred years  
Since then have past away,  
And Brunskill's is a living name  
Among us to this day.'"

"More pleasure," I replied, "shall I  
From this time forth partake,  
When I remember Helbeck woods,  
For old John Brunskill's sake."

"He knew how wholesome it would be,  
Among these wild, wide fells,  
And upland vales, to catch, at times,  
The sound of Christian bells; —"

"What feelings and what impulses  
Their cadence might convey  
To herdsman 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 valor won,
And 'stablish'd by her strength; —

"When such exultant peals were borne
Upon the morning air,
The sound should stir his blood, and give
An English impulse there."

Such thoughts were in the old man's mind,
When he that look'd down
From Stanmore's side on Borrodale,
And on the distant town.

And had I store of wealth, methinks,
Another herd of mine,
John Brunskill, I would freely give,
That they might crum with thine.

Keswick, 1823.

QUEEN MARY'S CHRISTENING.

The story is told at much greater length in La Historia del muy antiguo e invencible Rey Don Jaime de Aragon, Primero deste nombre, llamado El Conquistador. Compuesta primera en lengua Latina por el Maestro Bernardino Gomes Miedes, Arcediano de Murecia, y Canonigo de Valencia, agora sencillamente traducida por el mismo autor en lengua Castellana. — Valencia, 1584.

There are three chapters relating to the "mystery of this wonderful history," in the first book of this work.

Cap. x. Como salvo el Rey (D. Pedro) de Roma a Zaragoza, y de los modos que la Reyna su madre uso para casarle con la Señora de Mompeller, y como fue alía.

Cap. xi. De la notable invención y arte que la Reyna Doña María usa viéndose tan despreciada del Rey, para consuelo del.

Cap. xiii. Del Nacimiento del Príncipe Don Jaime, y de los estragos y suertes que en su bonitísimo acostumbraron.

Machiel thus gives his reason for taking such pains in compiling a faithful statement of the circumstances: — Confieren todos los historiadores antiguos y modernos en contar la extraña concepción y nacimiento del Infante Don Jaime; puesto que en el modo y discurso de toda cosa, como ella puso, discrepan en algunos; pues las unos lo pusieron breve y sucintamente, por más honestamente, como la propia historia del Rey; otros cuentan muchas y diversas cosas sobre ello, porque con amigos de pasar por todo, y cierto que concurrían todos con el Rey, y como esta dicha, en solo el modo dijeron. Por tanto, tomando de cada uno lo más prueable y menos discrepante, nos resolvemos en lo siguiente. — P. 12.

In justice to the Queen, I am bound to say that Miedes represents her as beautiful and of unblemished reputation, even by those who不信 her; and in justice to the King, professes as what, that there was a very strong suspicion of Doña Maria's being secretly married to another husband, by whom she had two daughters, a story which had reached the King, and which Miedes seems to accord.

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,
Because she thought for a Spanish King
Twas the best of all good names.

To give him this name of her own will
Is what may not be done,
For, having applied to all the Twelve,
She may not prefer the one.

By one of their names she hath vow'd to call
Her son, if son it should be;
But which, is a point wherein 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 further blessings yet.

Alas! It was not her hap to be
As handsome as she was good;
And that her husband King Pedro thought so,
She very well understood.

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 embraces.

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 had her first child's wish —
She hath brought forth a beautiful boy;
And the bells have rung, and masses been sung,
And bonfires have blurred for joy.

And many's the cask of the good red wine,
And many the cask of the white,
Which was broach'd for joy that morning,
And emptied before it was night.

But now for Queen Mary's second heart's wish,
It must be determined now:
And Bishop Boyle, her Confessor,  
Is the person who taught her how.

Twelve waxen tapers he hath had made,  
In size and weight the same;  
And to each of these twelve tapers,  
He hath given an Apostle’s name.

One holy Nun had bleached the wax,  
Another the wicks had spun;  
And the golden candlesticks were bless’d,  
Which they were set upon.

From that which should burn the longest,  
The infant his name must take;  
And the Saint who own’d it was to be  
His Patron for his name’s sake.

A godlier or a goodlier sight  
Was nowhere to be seen,  
Methinks, that day, in Christendom,  
Than in the chamber of that good Queen.

Twelve little altars have been there  
Erected, for the nonce;  
And the twelve tapers are set thereon,  
Which are all to be lit at once.

Altars more gorgeously dress’d  
You nowhere could desire;  
At each there stood a ministering Priest  
In his most rich attire.

A high altar hath there been raised,  
Where the Crucifix you see;  
And the sacred Fix that shines with gold  
And sparkles with jewelry.

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 one 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 Omès, 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.

One fear she had, though still her heart  
The unwelcome thought eschew’d,  
That haply the unlucky lot  
Might fall upon St. Jude.

But the Saints, she trusted, that ill chance  
Would certainly forefend;

And moreover there was a double hope  
Of seeing the wish’d-for end; —

Because there was a double chance  
For the best of all good names;  
If it should not be Santiago himself,  
It might be the lesser St. James.

And now Bishop Boyle hath said the mass;  
And as soon as the mass was done,  
The priests, who by the twelve tapers stood,  
Each instantly lighted one.

The tapers were short and slender too,  
Yet to the expectant throng,  
Before they to the socket burnt,  
The time, I trow, seem’d long.

The first that went out was St. Peter,  
The second was St. John;  
And now St. Matthias is going,  
And now St. Matthew is gone.

Next there went St. Andrew;  
There goes St. Philip too;  
And see! there is an end  
Of St. Bartholomew.

St. Simon is in the snuff;  
But it was a matter of doubt  
Whether he or St. Thomas could be said  
Soonest to have gone out.

There are only three remaining,  
St. Jude, and the two St. James;  
And great was then Queen Mary’s hope  
For the best of all good names.

Great was then Queen Mary’s hope,  
But greater her fear, I guess,  
When one of the three went out,  
And that one was St. James the Less.

They are now within less than quarter-inch,  
The only remaining two!  
When there came a thief in St. James,  
And it made a gutter too!

Up started Queen Mary,  
Up she sat in her bed;  
"I never can call him Judas,"  
She clasp’d her hands and said.

"I never can call him Judas!"  
Again did she exclaim;  
"Holy Mother, preserve us!  
It is not a Christian name!"

She spread her hands, and clasp’d them again,  
And the Infant in the cradle  
Set up a cry, an angry cry,  
As loud as he was able.

"Holy Mother, preserve us!"  
The Queen her prayer renew’d;
When in came a moth at the window,
And flutter'd about St. Jude.

St. James hath fallen in the socket,
But as yet the flame is not out;
And St. Jude hath singed the silly moth
That flutters so blindly about.

And before the flame and the molten wax
That silly moth could kill,
It hath beat out St. Jude with its wings,
And St. James is burning still!

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!

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 Maw-netry!

Valencia shall be subdued;
Majorca shall be won;
The Moors be routed every where;
Joy, joy, for Aragon!

Shine brighter now, ye stars, that crown
Our Lady del Pilar,
And rejoice in thy grave, Cid Campeador,
Ruydiez de Bivar!

Keseick, 1829.

ROPRECHT THE ROBBER.

The story here versified is told by Taylor the Water Poet, in his "Three Weeks, Three Days, and Three Hours' Observations from London to Hamburg, in Germany; amongst Jews and Gentiles, with Descriptions of Towns and Towers, Castles and Citadels, artificial Gallowses and natural Haun-
men; and dedicated for the present to the absent Odon-
bian Knight Errant, Sir Thomas Coryat." It is in the volume of his collected works, p. 82, of the third paging.

Collein, which is the scene of this story, is more probably Cologne than Prussia, or of the same name in Prussia, than Cologne, to which great city the reader will perceive I had good reasons for transferring it.

PART I.

ROPRECHT the Robber taken at last;
In Cologne they have him fast;
Trial is over, and sentence past;
And hopes of escape were vain, he knew,
For the gallows now must have its due.

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.

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.

And also a slander he shall be
In the merits of their community;
All which they promise, he need not fear,
Through Purgatory will carry him clear.

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.

And they will help him to die well,
And he shall be hang’d with book and bell;
And moreover with holy water they
Will sprinkle him, ere they turn away.

For buried Roprecht must not be;
He is to be left on the triple tree;
That they who pass along may spy
Where the famous Robber is hanging on high.

Seen is that gibbet far and wide
From the Rhine and from the Dusseldorff side;
And from all roads which cross the sand,
North, south, and west, in that level land.

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 honor as man could be.

In his suit of irons he was hung:
They sprinkled him then, and their psalm they sung;
And turning away when this duty was paid,
They said, What a goodly end he had made!

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,
Beheld him there in the clear moonlight;
But the first who look'd when the morning shone,
Saw in dismay that Roprecht was gone.

PART II.

The 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,
Were gone, but the rope was left on the tree.

A wonderful thing! for every one said
He had hung till he was dead, dead, dead,
And on the gallows was seen, from noon
Till ten o'clock, in the light of the moon.

Moreover the Hangman was ready to swear
He had done his part with all due care;
And that certainly better hang'd than he
No one ever was, or ever could be.

Neither kith nor kin, to bear him away,
And funeral rites in secret pay,
Had he; and none that pains would take,
With risk of the law, for a stranger's sake.

So 'twas thought, because he had died so well,
He was taken away by miracle.
But would he again alive be found?
Or had he been laid in holy ground?

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 odor 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.

Had the Three Kings this mercy shown,
Who were the pride and honor of Cologne?
Or was it an act of proper grace,
From the Army of Virgins of British race,
Who were also the glory of that place?

Pardon, some said, they might presume,
Being a kingly act, from the Kings must come;
But others maintained 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 favor applied,
Because his birthplace was on that side.

To Dusseldorf then the praise might belong,
And its Army of Martyrs, ten thousand strong;
But he for a Dusseldorf man was known,
And no one would listen to him in Cologne,
Where the people would have the whole wonder their own.

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.

'Twas a whole week's wonder in that great town,
And in all places, up the river and down;
But a greater wonder took place of it then,
For Roprecht was found on the gallows again!

PART III.

With that the whole city flocked out to see;
There Roprecht was on the triple tree,
Dead, past all doubt, as dead could be;
But fresh he was as if spells had charm'd him,
And neither wind nor weather had harm'd him.

While the multitude stood in a muse,
One said, I am sure he was hang'd in shoes!
In this the Hangman and all concurred;
But now, behold, he was booted and spurr'd!

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 happened before.

For not in riding trim was he
When he disappeared from the triple tree;
And his suit of irons he still was in,
With the collar that clipp'd him under the chin.

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!

Roprecht the Robber had long been their curse,
And hanging had only made him worse;
For bad as he was when living, they said
They had rather meet him alive than dead.

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 burying 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;
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,
Pests against whom, it was understood,
Exorcism never had done any good.

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.

Some were for this, and some for that,
And some they could not tell for what;
And never was such commotion known
In that great city of Cologne.

PART IV.

Pieter Snoye was a boor of good renown,
Who dwelt about an hour and a half from the town;
And he, while the people were all in debate,
Went quietly in at the city gate.

For Father Kijf he sought about,
His confessor, till he found him out;
But the Father Confessor wondered to see
The old man, and what his errand might be.

The good Friest did not wonder less
When Pieter said he was come to confess;
"Why, Pieter, how can this be so?
I confessed thee some ten days ago!"

"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 his little slips had summ'd;
But he hesitated now, and he hau'd, and humm'd.

And something so strange the Father saw
In Pieter's looks, and his hum and his haw,
That he began to doubt it was something more
Than a trifle omitted in last week's score.

At length it came out, that in the affair
Of Roprecht the Robber he had some share;
'The Confessor then gave a start in fear—
"God grant there have been no witchcraft here!"

Pieter 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.

"Fifty years I, Pieter Snoye,
Have lived in this country, man and boy,
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,
I'd call him liar, and spit in his face!"

The Father, he saw, cast a gracious eye
When he heard him thus the Devil defy;
The wrath, of which he had eased his mind,
Left a comfortable sort of warmth behind,

Like what a cheerful cup will impart,
In a social hour, to an honest man's heart;
And he added, "For all the witchcraft here,
I shall presently make that matter clear.

"Though I am, as you very well know, 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:
Moreover, if I delayed, I thought
That some might perhaps into trouble be brought

"Under the seal I tell it you,
And you will judge what is best to do,
That no hurt to me and my son may ensue.
No earthly harm have we intended,
And what was ill done has been well mended.

"I and my son, Piet Pieterszoon,
Were returning home by the light of the moon,
From this good city of Cologne,
On the night of the execution day;
And hard by the gibbet was our way.

"About midnight it was we were passing by,
My son, Piet Pieterszoon, and I,
When we heard a moaning as we came near,
Which made us quake at first for fear.

"But the moaning 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.

"Now Roprecht, as long as the people were there,  
Never stirr'd hand or foot in the air;  
But when at last he was left alone,  
By that time so much of his strength was gone,  
That he could do little more than groan.

"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 I was an act of mercy, I cannot but say,  
To get him down, and take him away.

"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.

"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.

"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; —

"Or that St. Ursula, who is in bliss,  
With her Army of Virgins had done this:  
The Three Kings and St. Ursula, too,  
I warrant, had something better to do.

"Piet Pieterszoon, my son, and I,  
We heard them talk as we stood by,  
And Piet look'd at me with a comical eye.  
We thought them fools, but, as you shall see,  
Not over-wise ourselves were we.

"For I must tell you, Father Kijf,  
That when we told this to Alit, my wife,  
She at the notion perk'd up with delight,  
And said she believed the people were right.

"Had not Roprecht put in the Saints his hope,  
And who but they should have loosen'd the rope,  
When they saw that no one could intend  
To make at the gallows a better end?

"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 favor's sake  
To the Three Kings and the Virgins too,  
Since we could not tell to which it was due.

"For greater honor 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;  
When the only mercy the case could admit  
Would have been to make his halter fit!

"That would have made one hanging do,  
In happy season for him too,  
When he was in a proper cue;  
And have saved some work, as you will see,  
To my son, Piet Pieterszoon, and me.

"Well, Father, we kept him at bed and board,  
Till his neck was cured and his strength restored,  
And we should have sent him off this day  
With something to help him on his way.

"But this wicked Roprecht, what did he?  
Though he had been saved thus mercifully,  
Hanging had done him so little good,  
That he took to his old ways as soon as he could.

"Last night, when we were all asleep,  
Out of his bed did this gallows-bird creep;  
Piet Pieterszoon's boots and spurs he put on,  
And stole my best horse, and away he was gone!

"Now Alit, my wife, did not sleep so hard,  
But she heard the horse's feet in the yard;  
And when she jogg'd me, and bade me awake,  
My mind misgave me as soon as she spake.

"To the window my good woman went,  
And watch'd which way his course he bent;  
And in such time as a pipe can be lit,  
Our horses were ready with bridle and bit.

"Away, as fast as we could hie,  
We went, Piet Pieterszoon and I;  
And still on the plain we had him in sight;  
The moon did not shine for nothing that night.

"Knowing the ground, and riding fast,  
We came up with him at last;  
And — would you believe it? Father Kijf,
The ungrateful wretch would have taken my life,  
If he had not miss'd his stroke with a knife!  

"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 Pieterszon, my son, and I."

"When we had got him on the ground,  
We fastened his hands, and his legs we bound;  
And across the horse we laid him then,  
And brought him back to the house again.

"We have robb'd the gallow's, and that was ill  
Said I to Piet Pieterszon, my son; [done!"

"And restitution we must make  
To that same gallow's, for justice' sake."

"In his suit of irons the rogue we array'd,  
And once again in the cart he was laid!  
Night not yet so far was spent,  
But there was time enough for our intent;  
And back to the triple tree we went.

"His own rope was ready there;  
To measure the length we took good care;  
And the job which the bungling Hangman begun,  
This time, I think, was properly done  
By me and Piet Pieterszon, my son."

---

THE YOUNG DRAGON.

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 Ray Gonzales  
de Clavijo, Camarero del muy alto y Poderoso Señor Don  
Enrique. Tercero deste nombre, Rey de Castilla y de Leon;  
con un itinerario de lo sucedido en la Embarcación, que por dicho  
Señor el Rey hizo al dicho Pirata, llamado por otro nombre  
Tamurbo, año del nacimiento de 1405.  
The ambassadors had seen at Constantinople, in the Church  
of St. John of the Stone, the bravo tizniado of Sant Juan  
Baptista; el qual bravo era de so el ambo ayuso fasta en  
la mano. E este bravo fué guarnido, e non tenía salvo el cuello  
e el hueso, y a las congunturas del codo a de la mano estaba  
guarneçida de oro con piedras. They then went to a church  
of our Lady, called Peribaelico, è aqui en esta Ileseza estaba  
el otro bravo del bienaventurado Sant Juan Baptista, el cual  
fué mostrado a las dichas Embajadores: el qual bravo era el  
derecho, y era desde el codo ayuso con su mano; è estaba bien  
fuémostrado a e; e como quiera que diere que todo el cuerpo del  
Bienaventurado Sant Juan fué que mado, salvo eluau dado de  
la mano derecha con que señalado quando díase, Ecce Agnes Dei,  
todo este dicho bravo estaba seno segun allí puseció; estaba  
engastado con unas vergas de oro delegadas, y falsoescle de  
el dedo rouler; y la razón que los Menges decía porque faltase  
quel dedo de allí, era esta: Decían que en la ciudad de Antioch,  
al tiempo que en ella avia idoleas, que anímba en ella  
una figura de Dragon, à que avian por costumbre las de la  
ciudad de dar cada uno a comer à aquel Dragon una persona.  
E qui echaban seno a qual carcer; e que aquel à quien caía  
que non pudiere escasuar que la non comoie aquel Dragon. La  
qual auerse dis que capó en aquel tiempo à una fijá de un uno  
bueno, e que quando vido que non podía escañar de dar su  
fija à aquel Dragon, que une gran euittá en su corazon, e que con  
dolor de la fija, que se fuese à una Ileseza de Menges Christi-  
anos, que entonce en la dicha ciudad avia, è dicho à los Menges.

---

PART I.

PITTHYIAN 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 true,  
The old Religion, or the new,  
And therefore nothing care I;  
I call Diana the Divine;  
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  
For my Marana's sake.  
If I am right, and Dian bend  
Her dreadful bow, or Phoebus send  
His shafts abroad for slaughter,  
Safe from their arrows shall I be,  
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 failer;  
While Dian's temple is so bare,  
That unless her Priestess take good care,  
She will have a grass-green altar.

Perceiving this, the old Dragon  
Inflamed with anger grew;  
Earthquakes and Plagues were common ills,  
There needed something new;  
Some vengeance so severe and strange  
That forepast times, in all their range,  
With no portent could match it;  
So for himself a nest he made,  
And in that nest an egg he laid,  
And down he sat to hatch it.

He built it by the fountain  
Of Phlegothon's red flood,
In the innermost abyss, the place
Of central solitude;
Of adamantine blocks unewn,
With lava scoriar interstrown,
The sole material fittig;
With amianth he lined the nest,
And incombustible asbestos,
To bear the fiery sitting.

There, with malignant patience,
He sat in full despite,
Till this dracontine cockatrice
Should break its way to light.
Meantime his angry heart to cheer,
He thought that all this while no fear
The Antiochans 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 long-look'd-for sight enrap,
For joy the father Dragon clapp'd
His brazen wings like thunder,
So loudly that the mighty sound
Was like an earthquake felt around,
And all above and under.

The diabolic younging
Came out no callow birth,
Puling, defenceless, blind and weak,
Like bird or beast of earth;
Or man, most helpless thing of all
That fly, or swim, or creep, or crawl;
But in his perfect figure;
His horns, his dreadful tail, his sting,
Scales, teeth, and claws, and every thing,
Complete and in their vigor.

The Old Dragon was delighted,
And proud withal to see
In what perfection he had hatch'd
His hellish progeny;
And round and round, with fold on fold,
His tail about the imp he roll'd,
In fond and close enlacement;
And neck round neck, with many a turn,
He coild, which was, you may discern,
Their manner of embracement.

Repeated thrice the dreadful word
By every living soul was heard
Before the hour of morning.

And in the air a rushing
Past over, in the night;
And as it past, there past with it
A meteoric light;
The blind that piercing light intense
Felt in their long-seal'd visual sense,
With sudden, short sensation:
The deaf' that rushing in the sky
Could hear, and that portentous cry
Reach'd them with consternation.

The astonished Antiochans
Impatiently wait
The break of day, not knowing when
Or what might be their fate.
Alas! what then the people hear,
Only with certitude of fear
Their sinking hearts affrighted;
For in the fertile vale below,
Came news that, in that night of woe,
A Dragon had alighted.

It was no earthly monster
In Libyan deserts nurs'd;
Nor had the Lerna lake sent forth
This winged worm accruss'd;
The Old Dragon's own laied egg was this,
The fierce Young Dragon of the abyss,
Who from the fiery fountain,
Through earth's concavities, that night
Had made his way, and taken flight
Out of a burning mountain.

A voice that went before him
The cry of woe preferred;
The motion of his brazen wings
Was what the deaf had heard;
The flashing of his eyes, that light
The which upon their inward sight
The blind had felt astounded;
What wonder then, when from the wall
They saw him in the vale, if all
With terror were confounded?

Compared to that strong armor
Of scales which he was in,
The hide of a rhinoceros
Was like a lady's skin.
A battering-ram might play in vain
Upon his head, with might and main,
Though fifty men had work'd it;
And from his tail they saw him fling
Out, like a rocket, a long sting,
When he for pastime jerk'd it.

To whom of Gods or Heroes
Should they for aid apply?
Where should they look for succor now,
Or whither should they fly?
For now no Demigods were found
Like those whose deathless deeds abound
THE YOUNG DRAGON.

In ancient song and story;
No Hercules was then on earth,
Nor yet of her St. George's birth
Could Cappadocia glory.

And even these against him
Had found their strength but small;
He could have swallowed Hercules,
Club, lion-skin, and all.
Yea, had St. George himself been there
Upon the fiercest steed that e'er
To battle bore bestrider,
This dreadful Dragon, in his might,
One mouthful only, and one bite,
Had made of horse and rider.

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 offered their devotion.

But there the offended Goddess
Beheld them with a frown;
The indignant altar leaved itself,
And shook their offerings down;
The Priestess, with a deathlike hue,
Pale as the marble Image grew;
The marble Image redden'd;
And these poor suppliants, at the sight,
Felt, 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,
A demon voice, by all the crowd
Distinctly heard, nor low, nor loud,
But deep, and clear, and thrilling;
And carrying to the soul such dread
That they perforce must what it said
Obey, however unwilling.

Hear! hear! it said, ye people!
The ancient Gods have sent,
In anger for your long neglect,
This signal punishment.
To mortal Mary vows were paid,
And prayers preferr'd, and offerings made;
Our temples were deserted;
Now when our vengeance makes ye wise,
Unto your proper Deities
In fear ye have reverted!

Hear now the dreadful judgment
For which ye have done:
The infernal Dragon will devour
Your daughters, one by one;
A Christian Virgin, every day,
Ye must present him for his prey,
With garlands deck'd, as meet is:
That with the Christians he begins
Is what, in mercy to your sins,
Ye owe to my entreaties.

Whether, if to my worship
Ye now continue true,
I may, when these are all consumed,
Avert the ill from you,
That on the Ancient Gods depends,
If they be made once more your friends
By your sincere repentance:
But for the present, no delay;
Cast lots among ye, and obey
The inexorable sentence.

PART III.

Though to the Pagan priesthood
A triumph this might seem,
Few families there were who thus
Could in their grief misunderstand;
For, oft in those distracted days,
Parent and child went different ways,
The sister and the brother;
And when, in spirit moved, the wife
Chose one religious course of life,
The husband took the other.

Therefore in every household
Was seen the face of fear;
They who were safe themselves, exposed
In those whom they held dear.
The lists are made, and in the urn
The names are placed to wait their turn
For this far worse than slaughter;
And from that fatal urn, the first
Drawn for this dreadful death accurs'd
Was of Pithyrian's daughter.

With Christian-like composure,
Marana heard her lot;
And though her countenance at first
Grew pale, she trembled not.
Not for herself the Virgin grieved;
She knew in whom she had believed,
Knew that a crown of glory
In Heaven would recompense her worth,
And her good name remain on earth
The theme of sacred story.

Her fears were for her father,
How he should bear this grief,
Poor wretched heathen, if he still
Remain'd in misbelief;
Her looks amid the multitude,
Who struck with deep compassion stood,
Are seeking for Pithyrian:
He cannot bear to meet her eye.
Where goest thou? whither wouldst thou fly,
Thou miserable Syrian?
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 he the sight sustain,
When now the sacrificial train
Inhumanly surround her!
How bear to see her when, with flowers
From roses and from jasmine bowers,
They like a victim crown'd her!

He knew not why nor whither
So fast he hurried thence,
But felt like one possess'd by some
Controlling influence;
Nor turn'd he to Diana's flame,
Inly assured that prayers were vain
If made for such protection;
His pagan faith lie now forget,
And the wild way he took was not
His own, but Heaven's direction.

He who had never enter'd
A Christian church till then,
Except in idle mood profane,
To view the ways of men,
Now to a Christian church made straight,
And hastened through its open gate,
By his good Angel guided,
And thinking, though he knew not why,
That there some blessed Power on high
Had help for him provided.

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 believers might behold
Relics more precious than the gold
And jewels which encased them,
With painful search from far and near
Brought to be venerated here,
Where piety had placed them.

There stood the Virgin Mother,
Crown'd with a starry wreath,
And there the awful Crucifix
Appeared to bleed and breathe;
Martyrs to whom their palm is given,
And sainted Maids who now in Heaven
With glory are invested;
Glancing o'er these, his rapid eye
Toward one image that stood nigh
Was drawn, and there it rested.

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.
Below the real arm was laid
Within a crystal shrine display'd
For public veneration;
Not now of flesh and blood,—but bone,
Sinews, and shrivell'd skin alone,
In ghastly preservation.

Moved by a secret impulse
Which he could not withstand,
Let me, Pithyrian cried, adore
That blessed arm and hand!
This day, this miserable day,
My pagan faith I put away,
Abjure it and abhor it;
And in the Saints I put my trust,
And in the Cross; and, if I must,
Will die a Martyr for it.

This is the arm whose succor
Heaven brings me here to seek!
Oh, let me press it to my lips,
And so its aid bespeak!
A strong faith makes me now presume
That when to this unhappy doom
A hellish power hath brought her,
The heavenly hand, whose mortal mould
I humbly worship, will unfold
Its strength, and save my daughter.

The Sacristan with wonder
And pity heard his prayer,
And placed the relic in his hand,
As he knelt humbly there.
Right thankfully the kneeling man
To that confiding Sacristan
Return'd it, after kissing;
And he within its crystal shrine
Replaced the precious arm divine,
Nor saw that aught was missing.

PART IV.

On piety audacious!
Oh boldness of belief!
Oh sacrilegious force of faith,
That then inspired the thief!
Oh wonderful extent of love,
That Saints enthroned in bliss above
Should bear such profanation,
And not by some immediate act,
Striking the offender in the fact,
Prevent the perpetration!

But sure the Saint that impulse
Himself from Heaven had sent,
In mercy predetermining
The marvellous event;
So inconceivable a thought,
Seeming with such irreverence fraught,
THE YOUNG DRAGON.

Could else have no beginning;      Midway between the Maid is left,
Nor else might such a deed be done, Alone, of human aid bereft:
As then Pithyrian ventured on,    The Dragon now hath spied her;
Yet had no fear of sinning.        But in that moment of most need,

Not as that Church he enter'd    Arriving breathless with his speed,
Did he from it depart,           Her Father stood beside her.
Like one bewildered by his grief,    On came the Dragon rampant,
But confident at heart;           Half running, half on wing,
Triumphantly he went his way,     His tail uplifted o'er his back
And bore the Holy Thumb away,    In many a spiral ring;
Elated with his plunder;         His scales he ruffled in his pride;
That Holy Thumb which well he knew His brazen pennons, waving wide,
Could pierce the Dragon through and through, Were gloriously distended;
Like Jupiter's own thunder.
His nostrils smoked; his eyes flash'd fire;
His lips were drawn; and in his ire
His mighty jaws extended.

Meantime was meek Marana    On came the Dragon rampant,
For sacrifice array'd;           Expecting there no check,
And now in sad procession forth    And open-mouth'd to swallow both
They led the flower-crown'd Maid. He stretch'd his burnish'd neck.
Of this infernal triumph vain,    Pithyrian put his daughter by,
The Pagan Priests precede the train;    Waiting for this with watchful eye,
Oh hearts devoid of pity!     And ready to prevent it;
And to behold the abhor'd event,    Within arm's length he let him come,
At far or nearer distance went    Then in he threw the Holy Thumb,
The whole of that great city.    And down his throat he sent it.

The Christians go to succor    The hugest brazen mortar
The sufferer with their prayers,    That ever yet fired bomb,
The Pagans to a spectacle    Could not have check'd this fiendish beast
Which dreadfully declares,    As did that Holy Thumb.
In this their over-ruling hour,    He stagger'd as he wheel'd short round;
Their Gods' abominable power;    His loose feet scraped along the ground,
Yet not without emotion    To lift themselves unable;
Of grief, and horror, and remorse,    His pennons in their weakness flagg'd;
And natural piety, whose force    His tail, erected late, now dragg'd,
Prevail'd o'er false devotion.    Just like a long, wet cable.

The walls and towers are cluster'd,    A rumbling and a tumbling
And every hill and height    Was heard in his inside;
That overlooks the vale, is throng'd    He gasp'd, he pant'd, he lay down,
For this accursed sight.    He roll'd from side to side;
Why art thou joyful, thou green Earth?    He moan'd, he groan'd, he snuff'd, he snored
Wherefore, ye happy Birds, your mirth    He growl'd, he howl'd, he raved, he roar'd;
Are ye in carols voicing?    But loud as were his clamors,
And thou, O Sun, in yon blue sky,    Far louder was the inward din,
How canst thou hold thy course on high    Like a hundred brawlers working in
This day, as if rejoicing?    A caldron with their basons.

Already the procession    The hammering came faster,
Hath past the city gate;    More faint the moaning sound;
And now along the vale it moves    And now his body swells, and now
With solemn pace sedate.    It rises from the ground.
And now the spot before them lies    Not upward with his own consent,
Where, waiting for his promised prize,    Nor borne by his own wings, he went;
The Dragon's chosen haunt is;    Their vigor was abated;
Blacken'd beneath his blasting feet,    But lifted, no one could tell how,
Though yesterday a green retreat    By power unseen, with which he now
Beside the clear Orontes.    Was visibly inflated.

There the procession halted;    Abominable Dragon,
The Priests on either hand    Now art thou overmatch'd;
Dividing then, a long array,    Now art thou overmatch'd;
EPILOGUE TO THE YOUNG DRAGON.

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And better had it been for thee
That thou hast ne'er been hatch'd;
For now, distended like a ball
To its full stretch, in sight of all,
The body mounts ascendant;
The head before, the tail behind,
The wings, like sails that want a wind,
On either side are pendant.

Not without special mercy
Was he thus borne on high,
Till he appear'd no bigger than
An Eagle in the sky.
For when about some three miles height,
Yet still in perfect reach of sight,—
Oh, wonder of all wonders!—
He burst in pieces, with a sound
Heard for a hundred leagues around,
And like a thousand thunders.

But had that great explosion
Been in the lower sky,
All Antioch would have been laid
In ruins, certainly.
And in that vast assembled rout
Who crowded joyfully about
Pithyrian and his daughter,
The splinters of the monster's hide
Must needs have made on every side
A very dreadful slaughter.

So far the broken pieces
Were now dispersed around,
And shiver'd so to dust, that not
A fragment e'er was found.
The Holy Thumb, (so it is thought,) When it this miracle had wrought,
At once to Heaven ascended;
As if, when it had thus display'd
Its power, and saved the Christian Maid,
Its work on earth was ended.

But at Constantinople
The arm and hand were shown,
Until the mighty Ottoman
O'erthrew the Grecian throne.
And when the Monks, this tale who told
To pious visitors, would hold
The holy hand for kissing,
They never fail'd, with faith devout,
In confirmation to point out
That there the Thumb was missing.

Keswick, 1829.

EPILOGUE

TO

THE YOUNG DRAGON.

I told my tale of the Holy Thumb
That split the Dragon asunder,
A TALE OF PARAGUAY; PREFACE.

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,

Distinctly, 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 gray.

'Booyant he was in spirit, quick
Of fancy, blithe of heart,
And Care, and Time, and Change have left
Untouch'd 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.'

Kenrick, 1829.

Ballads and Metrical Tales.

Vol. II.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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 glee, and those upon which most time and pains were bestowed, according to the subject and the mode of treating it.

The Tale of Paraguay was published separately in 1825, 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.

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 groundwork 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 degrade 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 these objections. The story is so singular, so simple, and, withal, 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; and for those who may be gratified with what Pinkerton has well called the lively singularity of the old man's Latin, the passage from the original is here subjoined.

Ad Australes fluvii Empalada ripas Hispanorum turris Herbas Paraguaycis conficiendi operam dabant. Deficientibus jam arboreis, è quibus illa solia rescinduntur, exploratores tres emerant, qui trans illud flumen arborum desideratus invenisset. Potes in tugurium, agrumque frumento Turricos consitit, incerere, ex quae hanc sollem livis biarorum cohibere, ni scaret se perperam argumentum. Ille notitia tanto omnes percussit metu, ut suspecto, ad quem conducti fuerant, labore suis aliquamnolis in tuguris lateant, ut limax intra concham. Din noctemque hostilis aggressio formulabatur. Ad Liberam suoc horre curor ad S. Joachimi oppidum misvis, qui, ut barbaros iste habitantes perquiramus, inventusque ad nostram transversam coloniam flagitavit. Sine turgierratis operam adhibi neeum. Liceat trius delegat metu se defunctus Nauto servatoris sacra die ex Muschen doemi redderim, S. Jo- annis apostoli festa iter nov aggressus sum cum quadrupla Indorum miserrum comitatu. Fluvii ob conditum distinctum dies compleures iborem turgierris profectio perduis nobis existit. Acepto ex Hispanorum tugurio viarum due, trajec- teaque flumine Empalada sylvas omnes ad fluvii Monday mini ripas usque attinet aedes pervagati, tertio demum die, humane, quod deteximus, vestigia nos ducere molem adigne attigi- mus, ubi mater vetula, eum filio visseum, filiique quinque decimum annum amante amice absque multis degebat. Quibus in latere his Indi ali victoriam, a me rogata mater, neninem mortuam peniter se, bisqueque profis, his in sylvis superesse, omnes, qui per hanc vicissim habitaverunt, variarus dia
A TALE OF PARAGUAY; DEDICATION.

Dedication.

To Edith May Southey.

1. Edith! ten years are number'd, since the day,
Which ushers in the cheerful month of May,
To us by thy dear birth, my daughter dear,
Was blest. Thou therefore didst the name partake
Of that sweet month, the sweetest of the year;
But fashioned it was given thee for the sake
Of a good man, thy father's friend sincere,
Who at the font made answer in thy name.
Thy love and reverence rightly may he claim,
For closely hath he been with me allied
In friendship's holy bonds, from that first hour
When in our youth we met on Tejo's side;
Bonds which, defying now all Fortune's power,
Time hath not loos'nd, nor will death divide.

2. 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 beautiful infancy
Have faded from me, like a passing cloud,
Or like the gleans of an evening sky:
And seldom hath my tongue pronounced her name
Since she was summoned 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.

3. 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 alloy;
For gentle nature, who had given relief,
Wear'd with new love the chasten'd heart from grief;
And the sweet season minister'd to joy.

4. It was a season when their leaves and flowers
The trees as to an Arctic summer spread;
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 May;
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;

Tintct futurum prava occupuit, animo tam sereno, Divinitis voluntatis sequiusectae, ut illius ad superiora transcisse nil dubitaverimus. Pelus, quae plena vigoris, venustatisque oppidi ingredietur, virtus calumnia, ut omnino jam dissipis, hortis instar paulatim marcescentem ex obsolescuit, ac denique notarem ad tumulum scrutati est, et nunc vehementissime fallor, ad Colunum. Quid si cum regum sapientissimorum diecimus: illius post sacrum, quod expiata est, baptismum consummatum in brevi expiavisse tempus multa: placitum Deo fuisse animam illius: captat esse, an nullius mutaret intellectum ejus? Huius certissimam sapientissimam puellae integritatem laudamus, funus proximoque laurumis non prosequeretur, neminem in oppido fuisse. Frater illius tum superatas eandem, quae mater, sororque extinctori sunt, invictulis desinit, sed, quia roburastis, superavit. Gign et ex morbillis, qui multas in oppido celebrant strages, subinde convalescit adeo, ut communia gentium velutinom nihil illi pestro metuendum esse videatur. Illari erat animo, statis hortis sacrum adivit edem, Christi dominae condicidit perdidigiter, morigeram, placidumque se praebeat omnibus, ac frustra optinat indicia passionis defudit. Ad periculum pandemam illius in oppido perseverantiam tantam perseverare differentiam ejus baptismatis existimavi. Hic inter adest forte Indus Christianus, qui hunc catechumenum me jubente suis judicat in seclibus, vir probus, et agri dives. Hic: nui Pater, aebot, sylvicola noster quidem optime valet, verum multa videtur ad delirationem propendere. Nil sihi jam dolere, sed notae sibi insumbs abire, inquit, spectabilium sibi matrem cum sorore adesse quos notitius, et amica voce sibi dicer: Nuncarere, nuncarere agat, ut mense in igitur ordine velutmater, quae tamen, ut mense menda erant, tam tamen, ut mense menda erant, tam

Dedication.

TO EDITH MAY SOUTHEY.

1. Edith! ten years are number’d, since the day,
Which ushers in the cheerful month of May,
To us by thy dear birth, my daughter dear,
Was blest. Thou therefore didst the name partake
Of that sweet month, the sweetest of the year;
But fitter it was given thee for the sake
Of a good man, thy father’s friend sincere,
Who at the font made answer in thy name.
Thy love and reverence rightly may he claim,
For closely hath he been with me allied
In friendship’s holy bonds, from that first hour
When in our youth we met on Tejo’s side;
Bonds which, defying now all Fortune’s power,
Time hath not los’d, nor will Death divide.

2. 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 beautiful infancy
Have faded from me, like a passing cloud,
Or like the gleams of an evening sky:
And seldom hath my tongue pronounced her name
Since she was summoned 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.

3. 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 alloy;
For gentle nature, who had given relief,
Wear’d with new love the chasten’d heart from grief;
And the sweet season minister’d to joy.

4. It was a season when their leaves and flowers
The trees as to an Arctic summer spread;
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 May;
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;
A TALE OF PARAGUAY; DEDICATION; PROEM. 501

Thy Mother well remembers when she lay
The happy prisoner of the genial bed,
How from thy 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 preferr'd.

5.
How I have doted on thine infant smiles
At morning, when thine eyes unclosed 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 miles
Kiss after kiss, a reckoning often told,—
Something I seen thou know'st; for thou hast seen
Thy sisters in their turn such fondness prove,
And felt how childhood, in its winning years,
The attempter's 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 inwoven with that love,—
Its nature and its depth, thou dost not, canst not know.

6.
The years which since thy birth have pass'd away
May well to thy young retrospect appear
A measureless extent:—like yesterday
To me, so soon they fill'd their short career.
To thee discourse of reason have they brought,
With sense of time and change; and something too
Of this precocious state of things have taught,
Where Man abideth never in one stay;
And of mortality a mournful thought.
And I have seen thine eyes suffused in grief,
When I have said that with autumnal gray
The touch of old hath mark'd thy father's head;
That even the longest day of life is brief,
And mine is falling fast into the yellow leaf.

7.
Thy happy nature from the painful thought
With instinct turns, and scarcely canst thou bear
To hear me name the Grave. Thou knowest not
How large a portion of my heart is there!
The faces which I loved in infancy
Are gone; and bosom-friends of riper age,
With whom I fondly talk'd of years to come,
Summon'd before me to their heritage
Are in the better world, beyond the tomb.
And I have brethren there, and sisters dear,
And dearer babes. I therefore needs must dwell
Often in thought with those whom still I love so well.

8.
Thus wilt thou feel in thy maturer mind;
When grief shall be thy portion, thou wilt find
Safe consolation in such thoughts as these;—
A present refuge in affliction's hour.
And if indulgent Heaven thy lot should bless
With all imaginable happiness,
Here shalt thou have, my child, beyond all power
Of chance, thy holiest, surest, best delight.
Take therefore now thy Father's latest lay,—
Perhaps his last;—and treasure in thine heart
The feelings that its musing strains convey.
A song it is of life's declining day,
Yet meet for youth. Vain passions to excite,
No strains of morbid sentiment I sing,
Nor tell of idle loves with ill-spent breath;
A reverent offering to the Grave I bring,
And twine a garland for the brow of Death.

Keswick, 1814.

PROEM.

That was a memorable day for Spain,
When on Pamplona's towers, so basely won,
The Frenchmen stood, and saw upon the plain
Their long-expected succors hastening on:
Exultingly they mark'd the brave array,
And deem'd their leader should his purpose gain,
Though Wellington and England barr'd the way.
Anon the bayonets glitter'd in the sun,
And frequent cannon flash'd, whose lurid light
Redden'd through sulphurous smoke; vast vol-
leying round
Roll'd the war-thunders, and with long rebound
Backward from many a rock and cloud-capt height
In answering peals Pyrene sent the sound.
Impatient for relief, toward the fight
The hungry garrison their eye-balls strain:
Vain was the Frenchman's skill, his valor vain;
And even then, when eager hope almost
Had mov'd their irrepressible lips to prayer,
Averting from the fatal scene their sight,
They breathed the execrations of despair.
For Wellesley's star hath risen ascendant there,
Once more he drove the host of France to flight,
And triumph'd once again for God and for the right.

That was a day, whose influence far and wide
The struggling nations felt; it was a joy
Wherewith all Europe rung from side to side.
Yet hast Pamplona seen, in former time,
A moment big with mightier consequence,
Affecting many an age and distant clime.
That day it was which saw in her defence,
Contending with the French before her wall,
A noble soldier of Guipuzcoa fail,
Sore hurt, but not to death. For when long care
Restored his shatter'd leg, and set him free,
He would not brook a slight deformity,
As one who, being gay and debonair,
In courts conspicuous as in camps must be:
So he, forsooth, a shapely boot must wear;
And the vain man, with peril of his life,
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  
A train of long events their course began,  
Whose term it is not given us yet to see,  
Who hath not heard Loyola’s sainted name,  
Before whom Kings and Nations bow’d the knee?  
Thy annals, Ethiopia, might proclaim  
What deeds arose from that prolific day;  
And of dark plots might shuddering Europe tell.  
But Science, too, her trophies would display;  
Faith give the martyrs of Japan their fame;  
And Charity on works of love would dwell  
In California’s dolorous regions drear;  
And where, amid a pathless world of wood,  
Gathering a thousand rivers on his way,  
Huge Orellana rolls his affluent flood;  
And where the hap-pier sons of Paraguay,  
By gentleness and pious art subdued,  
Bow’d their meek heads beneath the Jesuits’ sway,  
And lived and died in filial servitude.  

I love thus uncontr’l’d, as in a dream,  
To muse upon the course of human things;  
Exploring sometimes the remotest springs,  
Far as tradition lends one guiding gleam;  
Or following, upon Thought’s audacious wings,  
Into Futurity, the endless stream.  
But now, in quest of no ambitious height,  
I go where Truth and Nature lead my way,  
And ceasing here from desultory flight,  
In measured strains I tell a Tale of Paraguay.

CANTO I.

1.
Jenner! forever shall thy honor’d name  
Among the children of mankind be bless’d,  
Who by thy skill last taught us how to tame  
One dire disease,—the lamentable pest  
Which Africa sent forth to scourge the West,  
As if in vengeance for her sable brood  
So many an age remorselessly oppress’d.  
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 desires no longer blind,  
And wise, though late, his only war shall wage,  
Against the miseries which afflict mankind,  
Striving with virtues heart and strenuous mind  
Till evil from the earth shall pass away.  
Lo, this his glorious destiny assign’d!  
For that bless’d consummation let us pray,  
And trust in fervent faith, and labor as we may.

3.
The hideous malady which lost its power  
When Jenner’s art the dire contagion stay’d,  
Among Columbia’s sons, in fatal hour,  
Across the wide Atlantic wave convey’d,  
Its fiercest form of pestilence display’d:  
Where’er its deadly course the plague began,  
Vainly the wretched sufferer looked for aid;  
Parent from child, and child from parent ran,  
For tyrannous fear dissolved all natural bonds  
of man.

4.
A feeble nation of Guaranis race,  
Thinn’d by perpetual wars, but unsubdued,  
Had taken up at length a resting-place  
Among those tracts of lake, and swamp, and wood,  
Where Mondai, issuing from its solitude,  
Flows with slow stream to Empalado’s bed.  
It was a region desolate and rude;  
But thither had the horde for safety fled,  
And being there conceal’d, in peace their lives they led.

5.
There had the tribe a safe asylum found  
Amid those marshes wide and woodlands dense,  
With pathless wilds and waters spread around,  
And labyrinthine swamps, a sure defence  
From human foes,—but not from pestilence.  
The spotted plague appear’d, that direst ill;  
How brought among them none could tell, or whence;  
The mortal seed had laud among them still,  
And quicken’d now to work the Lord’s mysterious will.

6.
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 hour,  
Himself a victim now. The dreadful stour  
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-clinch’d to pluck the rooted hair,  
To beat the bosom, on the swelling brow  
Inflict redoubled blows, and blindly tear  
The cheeks, indelent bloody furrows there,  
The deep-traced signs indelible of woe;  
Then to some crag, or bank abrupt, repair,  
And giving grief its scope, infuriate throw  
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 thought,  
And piercing recollections, would full fain  
Dissolve itself by sense of fleshly pain
From anguish that the soul must else endure,
Easier all outward torments to sustain,
Than those heart-wounds which only time can cure,
And He in whom alone the hopes of man are sure.

9.
None sorrow’d here; the sense of woe was scar’d,
When every one endured his own sore ill.
The prostrate sufferers neither hoped nor fear’d;
The body labor’d, but the heart was still:
So let the conquering malady fulfill
Its fatal course, rest cometh at the end!
Passive they lay with neither wish nor will
For aught but this; nor did they long attend
That welcome boon from death, the never-failing friend.

10.
Who is there to make ready now the pit,
The house that will content from this day forth
Its easy tenant? Who in vestments fit
Shall swath the sleeper for his bed of earth,
Now tractable as when a babe at birth?
Who now the ample funeral urn shall knead,
And, burying it beneath his proper earth,
Deposit there with careful hands the dead,
And lightly then relay the floor above his head?

11.
Unwept, unshrouded, and unsepulchred,
The hammock, where they hang, for winding-sheet
And grave suffices the deserted dead:
There from the annadillo’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.

12.
But nature for her universal law
Hath other, surer 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 mouldering roof will fall;
Seeds will take root, and spring in sun and shower;
And Mother Earth ere long with her green pall,
Resuming to herself the wreck, will cover all.

13.
Oh! better thus with earth to have their part,
Than in Egyptian catacombs to lie,
Age after age preserved by horrid art,
In ghastly image of humanity!
Strange pride that with corruption thus would vie!
And strange delusion that would thus maintain
The fleshy form, till cycles shall pass by,
And in the series of the eternal chain,
The spirit come to seek its old abode again.

14.
One pair alone survived the general fate;
Left in such dear and mournful solitude,
That death might seem a preferable state.
Not more depress’d the Arkite patriarch stood,
When landing first on Arrarat he view’d,
Where all around the mountain summits lay,
Like islands seen amid the boundless flood:
Nor our first parents more forlorn than they,
Through Eden when they took their solitary way.

15.
Alike to them it seem’d, in their despair,
Whither they wander’d from the infected spot.
Chance might direct their steps: they took no care;
Come 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, nor what,
In this resignation to their hopeless case,
Indifferent to all choice or circumstance of place

16.
That palsying stupor past away ere long,
And as the spring of health resumed 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 dower
Of all the creatures of this joyous earth;
And sorrow, fleeting, like a vernal shower,
Scarcely interrupts the current of our mirth;
Such is the happy heart we bring with us at birth.

17.
Though of his nature and his boundless love,
Erring, yet tutor’d by instinctive sense,
They rightly deem’d the Power who rules above
Had saved them from the wasting pestilence.
That favoring 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.

18.
And now they built themselves a leafy bower,
Amid a glade, slow Mondial’s stream beside,
Screen’d from the southern blast of piercing power;
Not like their native dwelling, long and wide,
By skilful toil of numbers edified,
The common home of all, their human nest,
Where threescore hammocks, pendant side by side,
Were ranged, and on the ground the fires were dress’d;
Alas, that populous hive hath now no living guest!

19.
A few firm stakes they planted in the ground,
Circling a narrow space, yet large enow;
These, strongly interknit, they closed around
With basket-work of many a plant bough.
The roof was like the sides; the door was low,
And rude the hut, and trimm'd with little care,
For little heart had they to dress it now;
Yet was the humble structure fresh and fair,
And soon its inmates found that love might sojourn there.

20.
Quiara could recall to mind the course
Of twenty summers; perfectly he knew
Whate'er his fathers taught of skill or force.
Right to the mark his whizzing lance he threw,
And from his bow the unerring arrow flew
With fatal aim: and when the laden bee
Buzz'd by him in its flight, he could pursue
Its path with certain ken, and follow free
Until he traced the hive in hidden bank or tree.

21.
Of answering years was Monnema, nor less
Expert in all her sex's household ways.
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 lighten'd soil; and well could she prepare
Its ripen'd seed for food, her proper praise;
Or in the cambers turn with frequent care
Its succulent head yet green, sometimes for daintier fare.

22.
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 twirl of hand, the lengthening line;
Next interknotting well the twisted thread,
In many an even mesh its knots combine,
And shape in tapering length the pensile bed,
Light hammock there to hang beneath the leafy shed.

23.
Time had been when, expert in works of clay,
She lent her hands the swelling urn to mould,
And fill'd it for the appointed festal day
With the beloved beverage which the bold
Quaff'd in their triumph and their joy of old;
The fruitful cause of many an uproar rude,
When, in their drunken bravery uncontrol'd,
Some bitter jest awoke the dormant feud,
And wrath, and rage, and strife, and wounds, and death ensued.

24.
These occupations were gone by: the skill
Was useless now, which once had been her pride.
Content were they, when thirst impell'd, to fill
The dry and hollow gourd from Mondai's side;
The river from its sluggish bed supplied
A draught for repetition all unmeet;
Howbeit the bodily want was satisfied;
No feverish pulse ensued, nor irritable heat;
Their days were undisturbed, their natural sleep
was sweet.

25.
She, too, had learn'd in youth how best to trim
The honor'd Chief for his triumphal day,
And covering with soft gowns the obedient limb
And body, then with feathers overlay,
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 from side to side,
Stalk'd with stouter step, and swell'd with statelier pride.

26.
Feasts and carousals, vanity and strife,
Could have no place with them in solitude
To break the tenor of their even life.
Quiara day by day his game pursued,
Searching the air, the water, and the wood,
With hawk-like eye, and arrow sure as fate;
And Monnema prepared the hunter's food:
Cast with him here in this forlorn estate.
In all things for the man was she a fitting mate.

27.
The Moon had gather'd oft her monthly store
Of light, and off in darkness left the sky,
Since Monnema a growing burden bore
Of life and hope. The appointed weeks go by;
And now her hour is come, and none is nigh
To help: but human help she needed none.
A few short threes endued with scarce a cry,
Upon the bank she laid her new-born son,
Then slid into the stream, and bathed, and all was done.

28.
Might old observances have there been kept,
Then should the husband to that pensile bed,
Like one exhausted with the birth, have creep'd,
And laying down in feeble guise his head,
For many a day been nursed and dieted
With tender care, to childling mothers due.
Certes a custom strange, and yet far spread
Through many a savage tribe, bow'er it grew,
And once in the old world known as widely as the new.

29.
This could not then be done; he might not lay
The bow and those unerring shafts aside;
Nor through the appointed weeks forego the prey,
Still to be sought amid those regions wide,
None being there who should the while provide
That lonely household with their needful food:
So, still Quiara through the forest plied
His daily task, and in the thickest wood
Still laid his snares for birds, and still the chase pursued.

30.
But seldom may such thoughts of mingled joy
A father's agitated breast dilate,
As when he first beheld that infant boy.
Who hath not proved it, ill can estimate
The feeling of that stirring hour,—the weight
Of that new sense, the thoughtful, pensive bliss.
In all the changes of our changeable state,
Even from the cradle to the grave, I wis,
The heart doth undergo no change so great as this.

31.
A deeper and unwonted feeling fill'd
These parents, gazing on their new-born son.
Already in their busy hopes they build
On this frail sand. Now let the seasons run,
And let the natural work of time be done
With them,—for unto them a child is born;
And when the hand of Death may reach the one,
The other will not now be left to mourn
A solitary wretch, all utterly forlorn.

32.
Thus Monnema and thus Quiara thought,
Though each the melancholy thought repress'd;
They could not choose but feel, yet utter'd not
The human feeling, which in hours of rest
Often would rise, and fill the bounding breast
With a dread foretaste of that mournful day,
When, at the inexorable Power's behest,
The unwilling spirit, called forlorn away,
Must leave, forever leave, its dear connatural clay.

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?
Scarce 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, forever separate.

34.
Lighter that burden 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 delude,
Till they almost believed, as fancy taught,
How that from them a tribe should spring renewed,
To people and possess that ample solitude.

35.
Such hope they felt, but felt that was to be
The undiscoverable to come might prove,
Unwise it were to let that bootless care
Disturb the present hours of peace and love.
For they had gained a happiness above
The state which in their native horde was known;
No outward causes were there here to move
Discord and alien thoughts; being thus alone
From all mankind, their hearts and their desires were one.

36.
Different their love in kind and in degree
From what their poor depraved forefathers knew,
With whom degenerate instincts were left free
To take their course, and blindly to pursue,
Unheeding they the ills that must ensue,
The bent of brute desire. No moral tie
Bound the hard husband to his servile crew
Of wives; and they the chance of change might try,
All love destroy'd by such preposterous liberty.

37.
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 reasuming in their hearts her sway
Benignant Nature made the burden light.
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 rear
The unhappy heart with usages severe,
Till hardened mothers in the grave could lay
Their living babes with no compunctious tear;
So monstrous men become, when from the way
Of primal light they turn through heathen paths astray.

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 now the unfolding faculties desery,
And fondly gazing, trace — or think they trace —
The first faint speculation in that eye,
Which hitherto hath roll'd in vacancy!
Oh! bliss in that soft countenance to seek
Some mark of recognition, 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 name his parents had thought good,
As weening that wherewith they should ascribe
The strength of some fierce tenant of the wood,
The water, or the aerial solitude, 
Jaguar or vulture, water-wolf or snake, 
The beast that prowls abroad in search of blood, 
Or reptile that within the treacherous brake 
Waits for the prey, upcoil’d, its hunger to askale.

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 dove, 
They named the child Yeruiti. On a day, 
When, smiling at his mother’s breast in play, 
They in his tones of murmuring pleasure heard 
A sweet resemblance of the stock-dove’s lay, 
Fondly they named him from that gentle bird; 
And soon such happy use endure’d the fitting word.

43.
Days past, and moons have wax’d and waned, 
and still 
This dovelet, nestled in their leafy bower, 
Obtains increase of sense, and strength, and will, 
As in due order many a latent power 
Expands,—humanity’s exalted dower; 
And they, while thus the days serenely fled, 
Beheld him flourish as a vigorous flower, 
Which, lifting from a genial soil its head, 
By seasonable suns and kindly showers is fed.

44.
Erelong the cares of helpless babyhood 
To the next stage of infancy give place, 
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; 
The imitative lips essay to trace 
Their words, observant both with eye and ear, 
In muffled sounds which parents love to hear.

45.
Serenely thus the seasons pass away; 
And, oh! how rapidly they seem to fly 
With those for whom to-morrow, like to-day, 
Glides on in peaceable uniformity! 
Five years have since Yeruti’s birth gone by, 
Five happy years;—and ere the Moon which then 
Hung like a Sylphid’s light canoe on high 
Should fill its circle, Momnema, again, 
Laying her burden down, must bear a mother’s pain.

46.
Alas, a keener pang, before that day, 
Must by the wretched Momnema be borne! 
In quest of game Quiara went his way 
To roam the wilds, as he was wont, one morn; 
She look’d in vain at eve for his return, 
By moonlight, through the midnight solitude, 
She sought him; and she found his garments torn, 
His bow and useless arrows in the wood, 
Marks of a jaguar’s feet, a broken spear, and blood.

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 
The sad narration of that fatal day 
With tragic details; all too true the lay! 
Nor is my purpose e’er to entertain 
The heart with useless grief; but, as I may, 
Blend in my calm and meditative strain 
Consolatory thoughts, the balm for real pain.

2.
O Youth or Maiden, whose heart 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— 
Yea, with a healing virtue be ended, 
As thou, in this true tale, shalt hear from me 
Of evils overcome, and grief subdued, 
And virtues springing up like flowers in solitude.

3.
The unhappy Momnema, when thus bereft, 
Sunk not beneath the desolating blow. 
Widow’d she was; but still her child was left; 
For him must she sustain the weight of woe, 
Which else would in that hour have laid her low. 
Nor wish’d she now the work of death complete; 
Then only doth the soul of woman know 
Its proper strength, when love and duty meet; 
Invincible the heart wherein they have their seat.

4.
The seamen who, upon some coral reef, 
Are cast amid the interminable main, 
Still cling to life, and, hoping for relief, 
Drag on their days of wretchedness and pain. 
In turtle-shells they hoard the scanty rain, 
And eat its flesh, sun-dried for lack of fire, 
Till the weak body can no more sustain 
Its wants, but sinks beneath its sufferings dire; 
Most miserable man who sees the rest expire!

5.
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 
Arise, for which he hath not ceased to pray.

6.
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 
Arise, for which he hath not ceased to pray.

So strong a hold hath life upon the soul, 
Which sees no dawning of eternal light, 
But subject to this mortal frame’s control, 
Forgetful of its origin and right,
Content in bondage dwells and utter night.
By worthier ties was this poor mother bound
To life; even while her grief was at the height,
Then in maternal love support she found,
And in maternal cares a healing for her wound.

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,
Supplying to the mother, at her door,
From neighboring trees, which bent beneath their weight,
A full supply of fruitage now mature;
So in that time of need their sustenance was sure.

8.
Nor then alone, but alway did the Eye
Of Mercy look upon that lonely bower.
Days past, and weeks; and months and years went by,
And never evil thing the while had power
To enter there. The boy, in sun and shower,
Rejoicing in his strength to youthfed grew;
And Mooma, that beloved girl, a dower
Of gentleness from bounteous nature drew,
With all that should the heart of womankind imbue.

9.
The tears which o'er her infancy were shed
Profuse, resented not of grief alone:
Maternal love their bitterness alloy'd,
And, with a strength and virtue all its own,
Sustain'd the breaking heart. A look, a tone,
A gesture of that innocent babe, in eyes
With saddest recollections overflown,
Would sometimes make a tender smile arise,
Like sunshine opening through a shower in vernal skies.

10.
No looks but those of tenderness were found
To turn upon that helpless infant dear;
And as her sense unfolded, never sound
Of wrath or discord brake upon her car.
Her soul its native purity sincere
Possess'd, by no example here defiled;
From envious passions free, exempt from fear,
Unknowning of all ill, amid the wild
Beloving and beloved she grew, a happy child.

11.
Yea, where that solitary bower was placed,
Though all unlike to Paradise the scene,
(A wide circumference of woodlands 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,
Evils that fret and sting 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 innost 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 fairest fruits for her.
The cayman's eggs, the honeycomb he brought
To this beloved sister,—whatsoe'er,
To his poor thought, of delicate or rare
The wilds might yield, solicitous to find.
They who affirm all natural acts declare
Self-love to be the ruder of the mind,
Judge from their own mean hearts, and foully
Wrong mankind.

14.
Three souls in whom no selfishness had place
Were here; three happy souls, which undefiled,
Albeit in darkness, still retain'd a trace
Of 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 herbage; 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.
Falsely and impiously teach they who thus
Our heavenly Father's holy will misread!
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.
Hold firm this faith, and, in whatever need,
Doubt not but thou wilt find thy soul endued
With all-sufficing strength of heavenly fortitude!

17.
By nature pecetable and frail are we,
Easily beguiled; to vice, to error prone;
But apt for virtue too. Humanity
Is not a field where taxes and thorns alone
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 flourishest, and bringeth forth abundant fruit.

18.
Love, duty, generous feeling, tenderness,
Spring in the uncontaminated mind;
And these were Moona's natural dower. Nor
less
Had liberal Nature to the boy assign'd,
Happier herein than if 'mong mankind
Their lot had fallen,—oh, certes 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.

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 Monnema; albeit the sway
Of time had reach'd her heart, and worn away,
At length, the grief so deeply seated there,
The future often, like a burden, lay
Upon that heart, a cause of secret care
And melancholy thought; yet did she not despair.

20.
Chance from the fellowship of human kind
Had cut them off, and chance might reunite.
On this poor possibility her mind
Reposed; she did not for herself invite
The unlikely thought, and cherish with delight
The dream of what such 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 renew'd;
And oftentimes, while they devour'd the strain,
Would she beguile their evening solitude
With stories strangely told and strangely under-
stood.

22.
Little she knew, for little had she seen,
And little of traditionary lore
Had reach'd her ear; and yet to them, I ween,
Their mother's knowledge seem'd a boundless store.
A world it opened to their thoughts, yea, more,—
Another world beyond this mortal state.
Bereft of her, they had indeed been poor;
Being left to animal sense, degenerate;
Mere creatures, they had sunk below the beasts' estate.

23.
The human race, from her they understood,
Was not within that lonely hut confined,
But distant far beyond their world of wood
Were tribes and powerful nations of their kind;
And of the old observances which bind
People and chief, 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.

24.
Wondering they listen to the wondrous tale;
But no repining thought such tales excite:
Only a wish, if wishes might avail,
Was haply felt, with juvenile delight,
To mingle in the social dance at night,
Where the broad moonshine, level as a flood,
O'erspread the plain, and in the silver light,
Well pleased, the placid elders sat and view'd
The sport, and seem'd therein to feel their youth
renew'd.

25.
But when the darker scenes their mother drew,
What crimes were wrought when drunken fury
raged;
What miseries from their fatal discord grew,
When horde with horde in deadly strife engaged;
The rancorous hate with which their wars they
waged;
The more unnatural horrors which ensued,
When, with invertebrate vengeance unassuaged,
The victors round their slaughter'd captives
stood,
[blood;—
And babes were brought to dip their little hands in

26.
Horrent they heard; and with her hands the Maid
Press'd her eyes close, as if she strove to blot
The hateful image which her mind portray'd.
The Boy sat silently, intent in thought;
Then, with a deep-drawn sigh, as if he sought
To heave the oppressive feeling from his breast,
Complacently compared their harmless lot
With such wild life, outrageus and unblest;
Securely thus to live, he said, was surely best.

27.
On tales of blood they could not bear to dwell;
From such their hearts abhorrent shrunk in fear.
Better they liked that Monnema should tell
Of things unseen; what Power had placed them
here,
And whence the living spirit came, and where
It past, 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.

28.
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
Alone and inaccessible, on high
[dread.
He had his dwelling-place eternally,
And Father was his name. This all knew well;
But none had seen his face; and if his eye
Regarded what upon the earth befell,
Or if he cared for man, she knew not: — who could tell?

29.

But this, she said, was sure — that after death
There was reward, and there was punishment:
And that the evil-doers, when the breath
Of their injurious lives at length was spent,
Into all noxious forms abhor'd were sent,
Of beasts and reptiles; so retaining still
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.

30.

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 its narrow tenement the guest
Should suffer underneath such load oppress'd.
But that death surely set the spirit free,
Sad proof to them poor Montena address'd,
Drawn from their father's fate; no grave had he
Wherein his soul might dwell. This therefore could not be.

31.

Likelier they taught who said that 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 affliction,
Nor change, nor death; but there the human frame,
Untouch'd by age or ill, continued still the same.

32.

Winds would not pierce it there, nor heat and cold
Grieve, nor thirst parch, and hunger pine; but there
The sun by day its even influence hold
With genial warmth, and thro' the unclouded air
The moon upon her nightly journey far: The lakes and fish-full streams are never dry;
Trees ever green perpetual fruitage bear;
And, wheresoe'er the hunter turns his eye,
Water, and earth, and heaven, to him their stores supply.

33.

And once there was a way to that good land,
For in mid-earth a wondrous Tree there grew,
By which the adventurer might, with foot and hand,
From branch to branch his upward course pursue;
An easy path, if what were said be true,
Albeit the ascent was long; and when the height
Was gain'd, that blissful region was in view,
Wherein the traveller safely might alight,
And roam abroad at will, and take his free delight.

34.

O happy time, when ingress thus was given
To the upper world, and at their pleasure they
Whose hearts were strong might pass from Earth
To Heaven
By their own act and choice: In evil day
Mishap had fatally cut off that way,
And none may now the Land of Spirits gain,
Till from its dear-looked tenement of clay,
Violence or age, infirmity and pain,
Divorce the soul which there full gladly would remain.

35.

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.

36.

But that Old Woman, by such wanton wrong
Inhamed, 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 intent;
These she assumed, and, burrowing deep and wide
Beneath the Tree, with vicious will, she went,
To inflict upon mankind a lasting punishment.

37.

Downward she wrought her way, and all around
Laboring, the solid earth she undermined,
And loosen'd all the roots; then from the ground
Emerging, in her hatred of her kind,
Resumed her proper form, and breathed a wind
Which gather'd like a tempest round its head:
Eftsoon the lofty Tree its top inclined,
Uptorn with horrible convulsion dread,
And over half the world its mighty wreck lay spread.

38.

But never scion sprouted from that Tree,
Nor seed sprang up; and thus the easy way,
Which had till then for young and old been free,
Was closed upon the sons of men for aye.
The mighty ruin moulder'd where it lay,
Till not a trace was left; and now in sooth
Almost had all remembrance past away.
This from the elders she had heard in youth;
Some said it was a tale, and some a very truth.
39.  
Nathless departed spirits at their will
Could from the Land of Souls pass to and fro;
They come to us in sleep when all is still,
Sometimes to warn against the impending blow,
Alas! more oft to visit us in woe:
Though in their presence there was poor relief!
And this had sad experience made her know;
For when Quiara came, his stay was brief,
And, waking then, she felt a freshen'd sense of grief.

40.  
Yet to behold his face again, and hear
His voice, though painful, was a deep delight;
It was a joy to think that he was near,
To see him in the visions of the night,—
To know that the departed still requite
The love which to their memory still will cling:
And though he might not bless her waking sight
With his dear presence, 'twas a blessed thing
That sleep would thus sometimes his actual image bring.

41.  
Why comes he not to me? Yeruti cries;
And Mooma, echoing with a sigh the thought,
Ask'd why it was that to her longing eyes
No dream the image of her father brought;
Nor Monnema to solve that question sought
In vain, content in ignorance to dwell;
Perhaps it was because they knew him not;
Perhaps — but sooth she could not answer well;
What the departed did, themselves alone could tell.

42.  
What one tribe held another disbelieved,
For all concerning this was dark, she said;
Uncertain all, and hard to be received.
The dreadful race, from whom their fathers fled,
Beastial and horrid, their abode was theirs,
And where their Spirits chose to go,
The ghosts of other men retired in dread
Before the face of that victorious foe;
No better, then, the world above, than this below!

43.  
What then, alas! if this were true, was death?
Only a mournful change from ill to ill!
And some there were who said the living breath
Would ne'er be taken from us by the will
Of the Good Father, but continue still
To feed with 'his the mortal frame he gave,
Did not mischance or wicked witchcraft kill; —
Evils from which no care availed to save,
And whereby all were sent to fill the greedy grave.

44.  
In vain to counterwork the baleful charm
By spells of rival witchcraft it was sought;
Less potent was that art to help than harm.
No means of safety old experience brought:
Nor better fortune did they find who thought
From Death, as from some living foe, to fly;
For speed or subterfuge avails'd them nought;

But whereas'er they fled they found him nigh:
None ever could elude that unseen enemy.

45.  
Bootless the boast, and vain the proud intent
Of those who hoped, with arrogant display
Of arms and force, to scare him from their tent,
As if their threatsful shouts and fierce array
Of war could drive the Invisible away!
Sometimes, regardless of the sufferer's groan,
They dragg'd the dying out, and as a prey
Exposed him, that, content with him alone,
Death might depart, and thus his fate avert their own.

46.  
Depart he might,— but only to return
In quest of other victims, soon or late;
When they who held this fond belief, would learn,
Each by his own inevitable fate,
That, in the course of man's uncertain state,
Death is the one and only certain thing.
Oh folly then to fly or deprecate
That which, at last, Time, ever on the wing,
Certain as day and night, to weary age must bring!

47.  
While thus the Matron spake, the youthful twain
Listed in deep attention, wistfully;
Whether with more of wonder or of pain
Unceth it were to tell. With steady eye
Intent they heard; and when she paused, a sigh
Their sorrowful foreboding seem'd to speak:
Questions to which she could not give reply
Yeruti ask'd; and for that Maiden meek,
Involuntary tears ran down her quiet cheek.

48.  
A different sentiment within them stirr'd,
When Monnema recall'd to mind, one day,
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 recurr'd again.

49.  
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, uncomly 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.

50.  
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 e'er inhered of sin or mortal stain,
CANTO III.

A TALE OF PARAGUAY.

The highest Heaven was now her dwelling-place; There as a Queen divine she held her reign, And there in endless joy forever would remain.

51.

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 unafraid.

52.

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 labor 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 aught, Even when with their own lives the benefit was bought.

53.

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 guerdon there would meet, When Death had led their souls to that celestial seat.

54.

On earth they offer'd, too, an easy life To those who their mild lessons would obey, Exempt from want, from danger, and from strife; And from the forest leading them away, They placed them underneath this Virgin's sway, A numerous fellowship, in peace to dwell; Their high and happy office there to pay Devotions due, which she required well, Their heavenly Guardian she in whatsoever befell.

55.

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 oft, with unwailing ruth, And thoughts which, sharper than a serpent's tooth, Pierced him, that he had changed that peaceful place For the fierce freedom and the ways uncoth Of their wild life, and lost that Lady's grace, Wherefore he had no hope to see in Heaven her face.

56.

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.

57.

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 feet, Explore; yet ever from the fruitless quest Return'd at evening to his native seat By daily disappointment undepress'd,— So buoyant was the hope that fill'd his youthful breast.

58.

At length the hour approach'd that should fulfil His harmless heart's desire, when they shall see Their fellow-kind, and take for good or ill The fearful chance,—for such it needs must be,— Of change from that entire simplicity. Yet wherefore should the thought of change appall? 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.

Amid those marshy woodlands far and wide, Which spread beyond the soaring vulture's eye, There grew, on Empalado's southern side, Groves of that tree whose leaves adust Supply 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 o'erspread: Yea, in that tree so bless'd by Nature's grace A direr curse had they inherited, Than if the Upas there had reared its head, And sent its baleful scions all around, Blasting where'er its effluent force was shed, In air and water, and the infected ground, All things wherein the breath or sap of life is found.

3.

The poor Guaranies dreamt of no such ill, When, for themselves in miserable hour, The virtues of that leaf, with pure good will, They taught their unsuspected visitor, New in the land as yet. They learnt his power
Too soon, which law nor conscience could restrain;
A fearless, but inhuman conqueror,
Heart-harden'd by the accrued lust of gain:
O fatal thirst of gold! O foul reproach for Spain!

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 procured;
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:
An annual harvest there might they attain,
Without the cost of annual industry.
'Twas but to gather in what there grew free,
And share Potosi's wealth. Nor hence alone,
But gold in glad exchange they soon should see
From all that once the Incas called their own,
Or where the Zippa's power or Zaque's laws were known.

7.
For this, in fact though not in name a slave,
The Indian from his family was torn;
And droves on droves were sent to find a grave
In woods and swamps, by toil severe outworn,
No friend at hand to succor or to mourn,
In death unpitied, as in life unbles's'd.
O miserable race, to slavery born!
Yet when we look beyond this world's unrest,
More miserable then the oppressors than the op'press'd.

8.
Often had Kings essay'd to check the ill
By edicts not so well enforced as meant;
A present power was wanting to fulfill
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 accrued thing for lucre to maintain:
O fatal thirst of gold! O foul reproach for Spain!

9.
O foul reproach! but not for Spain alone,
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 same?
Hear, guilty France! and thou, O England, hear!
Thou who hast 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.

10.
Uncheck'd in Paraguay it ran its course,
Till all the gentler 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 warlike band
Kept the 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.
If the Mocobio or the Abipon drew near.

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 gather'd dead
One common grave was dug, one service said!
Thoou too, Parana, 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 assail'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.

13.
For whosesoe'er the Spaniards felt or fear'd
An Indian enemy, they call'd for aid
Upon Loyola's sons, now long endur'd
To many a happy tribe, by them convey'd
From the open wilderness or woodland shade,
In towns of happiest polity to dwell.
Freely these faithful ministers essay'd
The arduous enterprise, contented well
If with success they sped, or if as martyrs fell.

14.
And now it chanced some traders, who had fell'd
The trees of precious foliage far and wide
On Empalado's shore, when they beheld
The inviting woodlands on its northern side,
Cross'd thither in their quest, and there espied
Yeruti’s footsteps: searching then the shade,  
At length a lonely dwelling they descried, 
And at the thought of hostile hordes dismay’d,  
To the nearest mission sped, and ask’d the Jesuit’s aid.

15. 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 neglect; but faithf ul laborers they  
In the Lord’s vineyard, there was no delay  
When summon’d to his work. A little band  
Of converts made them ready for the way;  
Their spiritual father took a Cross in hand  
To be his staff, and forth they went to search the land.

16. He was a man of rarest qualities,  
Who to this barbarous region had confined  
A spirit with the learned and the wise  
Worthy to take its place, and from mankind  
Receive their homage, to the immortal mind  
Paid in its just inheritance of fame.  
But he to humbler thoughts his heart inclined;  
From Gratz, amid the Styrian hills, he came,  
And Dobrizhoff er was the good man’s honor’d name.

17. It was his evil fortune to behold  
The labors of his 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 enjoy’d  
By blind and suicidal Power o’erthrown.  
So he the years of his old age employ’d,  
A faithful chronicler in hanging down  
Names which he loved, and things well worthy to  
be known.

18. And thus, when exiled from the dear-loved scene,  
In proud Vienna he begrudged 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 pleasurable and sage;  
And sure a willing ear she well might deign  
To one whose tales may equally engage  
The wondering mind of youth, the thoughtful  
heart of age.

19. But of his native speech because well nigh  
Dissolve in him forgetfulness had wrought,  
In Latin he compos’d his history —  
A garrulous, but a lively tale, and fraught  
With matter of delight and food for thought.  
And if he could in Merlin’s glass have seen  
By whom his tunes to speak our tongue were taught,  
The old man would have felt as pleased, I ween,  
As when he won the ear of that great Empress Queen.

20. Little he deem’d when with his Indian band  
He through the wilds set forth upon his way,  
A Poet then unborn, and in a land  
Which had proscribed his order, should one day  
Take up from thence his moralizing lay,  
And shape a song that, with no fiction dress’d,  
Should to his worth its grateful tribute pay,  
And sinking deep in many an English breast,  
Foster that faith divine that keeps the heart at rest.

21. Behold him on his way! the breviary  
Which from his girdle hangs, his only shield;  
That well-known habit is his panoply,  
That Cross, the only weapon he will wield:  
By day, he bears it for his staff afiel d,  
By night, it is the pillow of his bed:  
No other lodging these wild woods can yield  
Than earth’s hard lap, and rustling overhead  
A canopy of deep and tangled boughs far spread.

22. Yet may they not without some cautious care  
Take up their inn content upon the ground.  
First it behoves to clear a circle there,  
And trample down the grass and plantation round,  
Where many a deadly reptile might be found,  
Whom with its bright and comfortable heat  
The flame would else allure: such plagues abound  
In these thick woods, and therefore must they  
beat their tent to such height.

23. The earth, and trample well the herbs beneath their  
feet.

24. And now they heap dry reeds and broken wood:  
The spark is struck, the crackling flago ts blaze;  
And cheer that uncustom’d 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 undefiled.

25. Blame as thou mayst 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 behooves to hold  
The precious charge; but, oh, beware the heaven  
Which makes the heart of charity grow cold!  
We own one Shepherd, we shall be at last one fold.

26. 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 self-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?
Amid the crowded city's restless ways,
One reverential thought pervades the throng;
The traveller on his lonely road obeys
The sacred hour, and as he fares along,
In spirit hears and joins his household's even-song.

27. What if they think that every prayer enrolld
Shall one day in their good account appear;
That guardian Angels hover round and fold
Their wings in adoration while they hear;
Ministrant Spirits through the ethereal sphere
Waft it with joy, and to the grateful theme,
Well pleased, the Mighty Mother bends her ear?
A vain delusion this we rightly deem:
Yet what they feel is not a mere illusive dream.

28. That prayer perform'd, around the fire reclined
Beneath the leafy canopy they lay
Their limbs: the Indians soon to sleep resign'd;
And the good Father with that toilsome day
Fatigued, full faint to sleep, — if sleep he may,—
Whom all tormenting insects there assail;
More to be dreaded than beasts of prey
Against whom strength may cope, 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,
Lends 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 wear;
At times he utters with a deep-drawn sigh
Some name adored, in accents of despair
Breathed 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
Released, he may resume his willing way,
Well pleased again the pests to esay
Of that drear wilderness, with hope renew'd:
Success will all his labors overpay;
A quest like his is cheerfully pursued;
The heart is happy still that is intent on good.

31. "And now where Empalado's waters creep
Through low and level shores of woodland wide,
They come; prepared to cross the sluggish deep,
An ill-shaped coracle of hardest hide,
Ruder than ever Cambrian fisher pried
Where Towycey and the salt-sea waters meet,
The Indians launch; they steady it and guide,
Winning their way with arms and practised feet,
While in the tottering bont the Father keeps his seat.

32. For three long summer days on every side
They search in vain the sylvan solitude;
The fourth 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 they
As e'er were hunters on the track of blood.
Where softer ground or trodden herbs betray
The slightest mark of man, they there explore the way.

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 hound and horn 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:
Human 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 here,
A race to whom a stranger is a foe,
Who not for friendly words, nor proffer'd show
Of gifts, will peace or parlory entertain.
If by such hands their blameless blood should flow
To serve the Lamb who for their sins was slain,
Blessed indeed their lot, for so to die is gain!

35. Them, thus pursuing where the track may lead,
A human voice arrests upon their way;
They stop, and thither, whence the sounds proceed,
All eyes are turn'd in wonder, — not dismay,
For sure such sounds might charm all fear away;
No nightingale whose brooding mate is nigh,
From some sequester'd bower at close of day,
No lark rejoicing in the orient sky;
Ever pour'd forth so wild a strain of melody.

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,
Utters 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.
A TALE OF PARAGUAY.

37. In mute astonishment attend to hear,
As if by some enchantment held, they stood,
With bending head, fix'd eye, and eager ear,
And hand upraised in warning attitude
To check all speech or step that might intrude
On that sweet strain. Them 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.

38. 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 hers it had beguiled
So to have heard so fair a creature sing
The strains which she had learnt from all sweet
birds of spring.

39. For these had been her teachers, these alone;
And she, in many an emulous 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 blithe 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.

40. In joy she had begun the ambitious song,
With rapid interchange of sink and swell;
And sometimes high the note was rais'd, and long
Produced, with shake and effort sensible,
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.

41. It might be deem'd some dim presage possess'd
The virgin's soul; that some mysterious sense
Of change to come, upon her mind impress'd,
Had then call'd forth, e'er she departed thence,
A requiem to their days of innocence.
For what thou least 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!

42. 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 afflict,
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.

43. Nor was the Father fail'd 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 bards of yore were wont to reign,
A nymph divine of Mondai'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.

44. No art of barbarous ornament had scar'd
And stain'd her virgin limbs, or file'd her face;
Nor ever yet had evil passion marr'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 wild and savage place,
Which seem'd to be for beasts a fitting lair,
Thus to behold a maid so gentle and so fair.

45. Across her shoulders was a hammock flung;
By night it was the maiden's bed, by day
Her only garment. Round her as it hung,
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 sur-
prise.

46. At that unwonted call, with quicken'd pace,
The matron hurried thither, half in fear.
How strange to Mommema a stranger's face!
How strange it was a stranger's voice to hear!
How strangely to her disaccustom'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.

47. Soon was her melancholy story told
And glad consent unto that Father good
Was given, that they to join his happy fold
Would leave with him their forest solitude.
Why comes not now Yeruti from the wood?
Why tarrieth he so late this blessed day?
They long to see their joy in his renew'd,
And look impatiently toward his way,
And think they hear his step, and chide his long delay.

48. He comes at length, a happy man, to find
His only dream of hope fulfill'd at last.
The sunshine of his all-belonging mind  
There is no doubt or fear to overcast;  
No chilling forethought checks his bliss; the past  
Leaves no regret for him, and all to come  
Is change, and wonder, and delight. How fast  
Hath busy fancy conjured up a sum  
Of joys unknown, whereof the expectancy makes  
him dumb!

49.  
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 adore!  
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!

50.  
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;  
The peace wherewith till now they have been  
blest  
Hath taken its departure. In the breast  
Fast-following thoughts and busy fancies throng;  
Their sleep itself is feverish, and possess'd  
With dreams that to the wakeful mind belong;  
To Mooma and the youth then first the night  
seem'd long.

51.  
Day comes, and now a first and last farewell  
To that fair bower within their native wood,  
Their quiet nest till now. The bird may dwell  
Henceforth in safety there, and rear her brood,  
And beasts and reptiles undisturb'd intrude;  
Reckless of this, the simple tenants go,  
Emerging from their peaceful solitude,  
To mingle with the world,—but not to know  
Its crimes, nor to partake its cares, nor feel its woe.

CANTO IV.

1.  
The bells rung lilthly from St. Mary's tower  
When in St. Joachin's the news was told  
That Dobrizhoffer from his quest that hour  
Drew nigh: the glad Guaranes, young and old,  
Thro' through the gate, rejoicing to behold  
His face again; and all with heartfelt glee  
Welcome the Pastor to his peaceful fold,  
Where so beloved amid his flock was he,  
That this return was like a day of jubilee.

2.  
How more than strange, how marvellous a sight  
To the new-comers was this multitude!  
Something like fear was mingled with affright,  
When they the busy scene of turmoil view'd;  
Wonder itself the sense of joy subdued,  
And with its all-unwonted weight oppress'd  
These children of the quiet solitude;  
And now and then a sigh that heaved the breast  
Unconsciously bewray'd their feeling of unrest.

3.  
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 vales on Nile's forsaken shore,  
Whose ruins yet their pristine grandeur tell,  
Wherein the demon Gods themselves might deign  
to dwell.

4.  
But if, all humble as it was, that scene  
Possess'd a poor and uninstructed mind  
With awe, the thoughtful spirit, well I ween,  
Something to move its wonder there might find,  
Something of consolation for its kind,  
Some hope and earnest of a happier age,  
When vain pursuits no more the heart shall blind,  
But Faith the evils of this earth assuage,  
And to all souls assure their heavenly heritage.

5.  
Yes; for in history's mournful map, the eye  
On Paraguay, as on a sunny spot,  
May rest complacent: to humanity,  
There, and there only, hath a peaceful lot  
Been granted, by Ambition troubled not,  
By Avarice unbeast, exempt from care,  
By perilous passions undisturb'd. And what  
If Glory never rear'd her standard there,  
Nor with her clarion's blast awoke the slumbering  
air?

6.  
Content and cheerful Piety were found  
Within those humble walls. From youth to age  
The simple dwellers paced their even round  
Of duty, not desiring to engage  
Upon the world's contentious stage,  
Whose ways they wisely had been train'd to dread:  
Their inoffensive lives in pupillage  
Perpetually, but peacefully they led,  
From all temptation saved, and sure of daily bread.

7.  
They on the Jesuit, who was nothing loath,  
Reposed alike their conscience and their cares;  
And be, with equal faith, the trust of both  
Accepted and discharged. The bliss is theirs  
Of that entire dependence that prepares  
Entire submission, let what may befall;  
And his whole careful course of life declares  
That for their good he holds them thus in thrall,  
Their Father and their Friend, Priest, Ruler, all  
in all.
8. Food, raiment, shelter, safety, he provides;  
No forecast, no anxieties have they;  
The Jesuit governs, and instructs, and guides;  
Their part is to honor and obey,  
Like children under wise parental sway.  
All thoughts and wishes are to him confess'd;  
And when, at length, in life's last, weary day,  
In sure and certain hope they sink to rest,  
By him their eyes are closed, by him their burial blest.

9. Deem not their lives of happiness devoid,  
Though thus the years their course obscurely fill;  
In rural and in household arts employ'd,  
And many a pleasing task of plant skill,  
For emulation here annix'd with ill,  
Sufficient scope was given. Each had assign'd  
His proper part, which yet left free the will;  
So well they knew to mould the duteous mind  
By whom the scheme of that wise order was combined.

10. 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  
Preserv'd a salutary faith that wrought,  
Maugre the alloy, the saving end it sought.  
Benevolence had gain'd such empire there,  
That even superstition had been brought  
An aspect of humanity to wear,  
And make the weal of man its first and only care.

11. 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  
Brought forth upon some Saint's high holyday,  
The altar dress'd, the church with garlands hung,  
Arches and floral bowers beside the way,  
And festal tables spread for old and young,  
Gladness in every heart, and mirth on every tongue.

12. Thou who desoisest so debased a fate,  
As in the pride of wisdom thou mayst call  
These meek, submissive Indians' low estate,  
Look round the world, and see where over all  
Injuruous passions hold mankind in thrall,  
How barbarous Force asserts a ruthless reign,  
Or Mammon, o'er his portion of the ball,  
Hath learn'd a baser empire to maintain —  
Mammon, the god of all who give their souls to gain.

13. Behold the fraudulent arts, the covert strife,  
The jarring interests that engross mankind;  
The 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,  
Recovers then clear sight, and sees too well  
The error of its ways, when irretrievable.

14. Far happier the Guaranies' humble race,  
With whom, in dutiful contentment wise,  
The gentle virtues had their dwelling-place.  
With them the dear, domestic charities  
Sustain'd no blight from fortune; natural ties  
There suffer'd no divorcement, save alone  
That which in course of nature might arise;  
No artificial wants and ills were known;  
But there they dwelt as if the world were all their own.

15. Obedience in its laws that takes delight  
Was theirs; simplicity that knows no art;  
Love, friendship, grateful duty in its height;  
Meekness and truth, that keep all strife apart,  
And faith and hope which elevate the heart  
Upon its heavenly heritage intent.  
Poor, erring, self-temperator that thou art,  
O Man! and on thine own undoing bent,  
Wherewith canst thou be blest, if not with these content?

16. Mild pupils in submission's perfect school,  
Two thousand souls were gather'd here, and here  
Beneath the Jesuit's all-embracing rule  
They dwelt, obeying him with love sincere,  
That never knew distrust, nor felt a fear,  
Nor anxious thought which wears the heart away.  
Sacred to them their laws, their Ruler dear;  
Humbler or happier none could be than they,  
Who knew it for their good in all things to obey.

17. The Patron Saint, from whom their town was named,  
Was that St. Joachin, who, legends say,  
Unto the Saints in Limbo first proclaim'd  
The Advent. Being permitted, on the day  
That Death enlarged him from this mortal clay,  
His daughter's high election to behold,  
Thither his soul, glad herald, wing'd its way,  
And to the Prophets and the Patriarchs old  
The tidings of great joy and near deliverance told.

18. There on the altar was his image set,  
The lamp before it burning night and day,  
And there was incensed, when his votaries met  
Before the sacred shrine, their heads to say,  
And for his fancied intercession pray,  
Devoutly as in faith they bent the knee.  
Such adoration they were taught to pay;  
Good man, how little had he seen'd that he  
Should thus obtain a place in Rome's idolatry!

19. But chiefly 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,
Chasping 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 rais'd the thought of all-commanding might,
Comb'n with boundless love and mercy infinite.

20.
To this great family the Jesuit brought
His new-found children now; for young and old
He deem'd alike his children while he wrought
For their salvation.—seeking to unfold
The saving mysteries in the creed enroll'd,
To their slow minds, that could but ill conceive
The import of the mighty truths he told.
But errors they have none to which they cleave,
And whatso' er he tells they willingly believe.

21.
Safe from that pride of ignorance were they
That with small knowledge thinks itself full wise,
How at believing ought 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.

22.
Quick to believe, and slow to comprehend,
Like children, unto all the teacher taught
Submissively an easy car they lend:
And to the font at once he might have brought
These converts, if the Father had not thought
Their's was a case for wise and safe delay,
Lest lightly learn'd might lightly be forgot;
And meanwhile due instruction day by day
Would to their opening minds the sense of truth convey.

23.
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
night oppress'd
Their sense, and raised a turmoil in the breast
Resenting less of pleasure than of pain;
And sleep afforded them no natural rest,
But in their dreams, a mixed, disorder'd train,
The busy scenes of day disturb'd their hearts again.

24.
Even when the spirit to that secret wood
Return'd, slow Mondæ's silent stream beside,
No longer there it found the solitude
Which late it left: strange faces were descried,
Voices, and sounds of music far and wide,
And buildings seem'd to tower amid the trees,
And forms of men and beasts on every side,
As ever-wakeful fancy hears and sees
All things that it had heard, and seen, and more than these.

25.
For 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.

26.
And Angels who around their glorious Queen
In adoration bent their heads abased;
And infant faces in their dreams were seen
Hovering on cherub-wings; and Spirits placed
To be their guards invisible, who chased
With fiery auras their fiendish foes away;
Such visions overheated fancy traced,
Peopleing the night with a confused array
That made its hours of rest more restless than the day.

27.
To all who from an old erratic course
Of life, within the Jesuit's fold were led,
The change was perious. They felt the force
Of habit, when, till then in forests bred,
A thick, perpetual unbrage overhead,
They came 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.

28.
All thoughts and occupations to commence,
To change their air, their water, and their food,
And those old habits suddenly uprooted,
Conform'd to which the vital powers pursed
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.

29.
On Momemba the apprehended ill
Come 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 safe estate,
Her thankfulness for them she still express'd;
And yielding then complacently to fate,
With Christian rites her passing hour was bless'd,
And with a Christian's hope she was consign'd to rest.

30.
They laid her in the Garden of the Dead;
Such as a Christian burial-place should be
Was that fair spot, where every grave was spread
With flowers, and not a weed to spring was free;
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But the pure blossoms of the orange-tree
Dropt’d like a shower of fragrance on the bier;
And palms, the type of immortality,
Planted in stately colonnades appear,
That all was verdant there throughout the unvarying year.

31.
Nor 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.

32.
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’er of earthly thrall
Had clogg’d the heavenly image, then set free.
How then should Death a Christian’s heart
appall?
Let, Heaven for you is open; — enter, ye
Children of God, and heirs of his eternity!

33.
This hope supported Mooma, hand in hand
When with Yeruti at the grave she stood.
Less even now of death they understand
Than of the joys eternal that ensued;
The bliss of infinite beatitude
To them had been their teacher’s favorite 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.

34.
Yea, so possess’d with that best hope were they,
That if the heavens had opened overhead,
And the Archangel with his trump that day
To judgment had convok’d 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,
Lead us, whom thou hast loved, into thy happy sphere!

35.
They wept not at the grave, though overwrought
With feelings there as if the heart would break.
Some happy might have deem’d they suffered not;
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.

36.
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 overthow.

37.
The seeds of death were in her at that hour;
Soon was their quickening 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.

38.
The sunny hue that tinged her cheek was gone;
A deathly paleness settled in its stead;
The light of joy which in her eyes had shine,
Now like a lamp that is no longer fed
Grew dim; but when she raised her heavy head,
Some proffer’d help of kindness to partake,
Those 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.

39.
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 heart, and of his eyes the light,
Had Mooma been to him, his soul’s delight,
On whom his mind forever was intent,
His darling thought by day, his dream by night,
The playmate of his youth in mercy sent,
With whom his life had passed in peacefulest content.

40.
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 clay,
And rouse up in her heart a strong array
Of feelings, hurtful only when they bind
To earth the soul that soon must pass away.
But this was spared them; and no pain of mind
To trouble her had she, instinctively resign’d.
41.
Nor 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.

42.
And vows were made for her, if vows might save;
She for herself the while preferr'd no prayer;
For when she stood beside her Mother's grave,
Her earthly hopes and thoughts had ended there.
Her only longing now was, free as air
From this obstructive flesh to take her flight
For Paradise, and seek her Mother there,
And then, regaining her beloved sight,
Rest in the eternal sense of undisturb'd delight.

43.
Her heart was there, and there she felt and knew
That soon full surely should her spirit be.
And who can tell what foretastes might ensue
To one, whose soul, from all earth's thralldom free,
Was waiting thus for immortality?
Sometimes she spake with short and hurried breath,
As if some happy sight she seem'd to see,
While, in the fulness of a perfect faith,
Even with a lover's hope, she lay and look'd for death.

44.
I said that for herself the patient maid
Preferr'd no prayer; but oft her feeble tongue
And feebler breath a voice of praise essay'd;
And duly when the vesper bell was rung,
Her evening hymn in faint accord she sung
So piously, that they who gathered round,
Awe-stricken on her heavenly accents hung,
As though they thought it were no mortal sound,
But that the place whereon they stood was holy ground.

45.
At such an hour, when Dobrizhoffer stood
Beside her bed, oh! how unlike, he thought,
This voice to that which, ringing through the wood,
Had led him to the secret bower he sought!
And was it then for this that he had brought
That harmless household from their native shade?
Death had already been the mother's lot;
And this fair Mooma, was she form'd to fade
So soon,—so soon must she in earth's cold lap be laid?

46.
Yet he had no misgiving at the sight;
And wherefore should lie? He had acted well,
And deeming of the ways of God aright,
Knew that to such as these, what'er befell
Must needs for them be best. But who could dwell
Unmoved upon the fate of one so young,
So blithesome late? What marvel if tears fell
From that good man as over her he hung,
And that the prayers he said came faltering from his tongue!

47.
She saw him weep, and she could understand
The cause thus tremulously that made him speak.
By his emotion moved, she took his hand;
A gleam of pleasure o'er her pallid cheek
Past, while she look'd at him with meaning meek,
And for a little while, as loath 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.

48.
Mourn not for her! for what hath life to give
That should detain her ready spirit here?
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!

49.
She hath pass'd away, and on her lips a smile
Hath settled, fix'd in death. Judged they aright,
Or suffered 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?

50.
St. Joachin's had never seen a day
Of such profuse and general grief before,
As when, with tapers, dirge, and long array,
The Maiden's body to the grave they bore.
All eyes, all hearts, her early death deplore;
Yet, wondering at the fortune they lament,
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.
51. This was, indeed, a chosen family,  
For Heaven's especial favor mark'd, they said;  
Shut out from all mankind they seem'd to be;  
Yet mercifully there were visited,  
That so within the fold they might be led,  
Then call'd away to bliss. Already two  
In their baptismal innocence were dead;  
The third was on the bed of death they knew,  
And in the appointed course must presently ensue.

52. They marvell'd, therefore, when the youth once more  
Rose from his bed, and walk'd abroad again;  
Severe had been the malady, and sore  
The trial, while life struggled to maintain  
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 past rapidly away.

53. 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 seen to sorrow for the dead;  
But took the fatal tidings in such part  
As if a dull, unfailing nature bred  
His unconcern; for hard would seem the heart  
To which a loss like his no suffering could impart.

54. How little do they see what is, who frame  
Their hasty judgment upon that which seems!  
Waters that babble on their way proclaim  
A shallowness; but in their strength deep streams  
Flow silently. Of death Yeruti deems  
Not as an ill, but as the last great good,  
Compar'd wherewith all other he esteems  
Transient and void: how then should thought intrude  
Of sorrow in his heart for their beatitude?

55. While dwelling in their sylvan solitude  
Less had Yeruti learn'd 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 shrunk form, the limbs that move with pain,  
The failing sense, infirmity, unrest,—  
That in his heart he said to die betimes was best.

56. Nor had he lost the dead: they were but gone  
Before him, whither he should shortly go.  
Their robes of glory they had first put on;  
He, cumber'd with mortality, below

57. 'Twas but in open day to close his eyes,  
And shut out the unprofitable view  
Of all this weary world's realities,  
And forthwith, even as if they lived anew,  
The dead were with him; features, form, and hue,  
And looks, and gestures, were restored again:  
Their actual presence in his heart he knew;  
And when their converse was disturb'd, oh then  
How flat and stale it was to mix with living men!

58. But not the less, what'er 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 labor 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.

59. 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 appeared 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.

60. The old man, to whom he had been given in care,  
To Dobrizhoffier came one day, and said,  
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.

61. A dream the Jesuit deem'd it; a deceit  
Upon itself by feverish fancy wrought;  
A mere delusion, which it were not meet  
To censure, lest the youth's distemper'd thought  
Might thereby be to further error brought;  
But he himself its vanity would find,—  
They argued thus,—if it were noticed not.  
His baptism was in fitting time design'd,  
The father said, and then dismiss'd it from his mind

62. But the old Indian came again ere long  
With the same tale, and freely then confess'd
His doubt that he had done Yeruti wrong;  
For something more than common seem'd impress'd;  
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 further time if there were aught to fear.

63.  
Considerately 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 stary seat.

64.  
Came they to him in dreams?—he could not tell;  
Sleping or waking now small difference made;  
For even, 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 same,  
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.

65.  
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  
Than all that had been left him now below?  
Their love had drawn them from their happy sphere;  
That dearest love unchanged they came to show;  
And he must be baptized, and then he too might go.

66.  
With searching ken the Jesuit, while he spake,  
Persuaded him, if in countenance or tone  
Aught might be found appearing to partake  
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 betrayed a state  
Of wandering, and his speech, though earnest, was sedate.

67.  
Regular his pulse, from all disorder free,  
The vital powers perform'd their part assign'd;  
And to whate'er was ask'd collectively  
He answer'd. Nothing troubled him in mind;  
Why should it? Were not all around him kind?  
Did not all love him with a love sincere,  
And seem in serving him a joy to find?

He had no want, no pain, no grief, no fear;  
But he must be baptized; he could not tarry here.

68.  
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, chrism, and salt applied,  
Perform'd in all solemnity the rite.  
His feeling was that hour with fear allied;  
Yeruti was a sense of pure delight,  
And while he knelt his eyes seem'd larger and more bright.

69.  
His wish hath been obtain'd; and this being done,  
His soul was to its full desire content.  
The day in its accustom'd course pass'd on;  
The Indian mark'd him ere to rest he went,  
How o'er his beads, as he was wont, he bent,  
And then, like one who casts all care aside,  
Lay down. The old man fear'd no ill event,  
When, "Ye are come for me!" Yeruti cried;  
"Yes, I am ready now!" and instantly he died.

NOTES.

So he, forsooth, a shapeless boot must wear — Poem, p. 501.

His leg had been set by the French after their conquest of Pamplona, and re-set after his removal to his father's house. The latter operation is described as having been most severe, but borne by him, in his wonted manner, without any manifestation of suffering. For some time his life was despaired of. "When the danger of death was past, and the bones were knitted and becoming firm, two inconveniences remained: one occasioned by a portion of bone below the knee, which projected so as to occasion some deformity; the other was a contraction of the leg, which prevented him from walking erect or standing firmly on his feet. Now, as he was very solicitous about his appearance, and intended at that time to follow the course of a military life, which he had begun, he inquired of his medical attendants, in the first place, whether the bone could be removed, which stood out in so unsightly a manner. They answered that it was possible to remove it, but the operation would be exceedingly painful, much more so than any which he had undergone before. He nevertheless directed them to cut it out, that he might live his will, and (as he himself related in my hearing, says Ribadeneyra) that he might wear fashionable and well-fitting boots. Nor could he be discoursed from this determination. He would not consent to be bound during the operation, and went through it with the same firmness of mind which he had manifested in the former operations. By this means the deformity of the bone was removed. The contraction of the leg was in some degree relieved by other applications, and especially by certain machines, with which, during many days, and with great and continual pain, it was stretched; nevertheless it could not be so extended, but that it always remained something shorter than the other." — Ribadeneyra, Vita S. Ignatii Loyola, Acta SS, Jul. 1, 7, p. 539.

A close-fitting boot seems to have been as fashionable at one time as close-fitting ruminancies of buckskin were about the year 1790; and perhaps it was as severe an operation to get into them for the first time. "The greasy shoemaker," says Tom Nash, with his squirrel's skin, and a whole stall of ware upon his arm, cutters, and wrenches his legs for an hour together, and after shows his tally. By St. Loy that draws
de la tierra, son los pies: quiso sin duda que fuerza la humildad de su fábula; pero los galanes vieron los quitar la humildad con los alzados y los cazuelones con el zapato.

Esquina esto a Dios tanto, que avisando de hacer al hombre animal que pisara la tierra, hizo la tierra de tal calidad, que se pudiera imponer en ella la herida del hombre. Abierta dice su sepultura el pie que se levanta, y parece que se levanta de la sepultura.

Temblando creador, con el pie que pisaba, que quisiera tragarse la tierra a cada paso. — El día de Fiesta. Obra de D. Juan de Zavala, p. 179, 180.

1. En comes the shoemaker in the odor of haste and fatigue. He takes the shoes off the last with as much difficulty as if he were skimming the basts. The gastant seats himself upon a chair; the shoemaker knocks down, and takes possession of one foot, which he handles as if he were sent there to administer the torture. He puts one shoeing skin 2 in the heel of the shoe, fits the other upon the point of the foot, and then begins to guide the shoe over the shoeing-kin. Peaceably has it got farther than the toes when is found necessary to drag it with pincers, and even then it is hard work. The patient stands up, fatigued with the operation, but well pleased that the shoes are tight; and by the shoemaker's directions he stumps three or four times on the floor, with such force that it must be of iron.
trouble might have been saved by making the shoe a little larger than the foot. Presently both have to go through the same pains with the other foot. Now comes the last and terrible act of payment. The tradesman collects his tools, receives his money, and goes out at the door, looking at the silver to see if it is good, and leaving the gallant walking as much as if he had put his best foot forward.

If they who wear tight shoes think that thereby they can lessen the size of their feet, they are mistaken. The bones cannot be squeezed one into another; if therefore the shoe is made short, the foot must be crooked at the joints, and grow upward if it is not allowed to grow forward. If it is pinched in the breadth, the flesh which is thus constrained must extend itself in length. They, who are shot thus miserably remain with just the same quantity of foot.

Of all animals, man is the one to which, in proportion to its size, nature has given the largest feet; because as his whole body is to be supported upon them, and he has only two, she chose that he should walk in safety. He who wishes to abbreviate them acts as if he were inclined to fall, and to fall into vices which will do him more injury if he fell upon stones. The feet are the part which in the fabric of the human body are placed nearest to the earth; they are meant therefore to be the humblest part of his frame, but galls take away all humility by adorning and setting them forth in bravery. This so displeases the Creator, that having to make an animal whose walk should upon the earth, he made the earth of such properties, that the footsteps should sink into it. The foot which is lifted from the ground leaves its own grave open, and seems as if it rose from the grave. What a tremendous thing is it then to set off with adornments that which the earth wishes to devour at every step!"

Whiling with books the tedious hours away. — Proem, p. 502.

"Vede quanto importa a leggiadre de boni livri! Se a libro foro de cavallerìa, sabbia Ignacio hum grande cavallerìa; foy hum libro de profani, sabbia hum Santo... Se leva cavallerìa, sabbia Ignacio hum Cavallegro de ardente espadà; lea vidas de Santas, sabbia hum Santo de ardente tocha.—Vieyra, Sermà de S. Ignacio, t. i. 388.

See, says Vieyra, the importance of reading good books. If it had been a book of knight-errantry, Ignacio would have become a great knight-errant; it was the Lives of the Saints, and Ignatius became a great saint. If he had read about knights, he might have proved a Knight of the Burning Sword; he read about saints, and proved a Saint of the Burning Torch. Nothing could seem more probable than that Cervantes had been a part of Loyola's history in his mind; for he was described as the most famous of Don Quixote's馍馍, if Cervantes had not shown himself in one of his dramas to be thoroughly imbued with the pestilent superstition of his country. El dichoso Rafan is one of those monstrous compositions which nothing but the anti-christian fishes of the Renascent church could have produced. 

London, however, supposes that Cervantes intended to satirize a favorite dogma of the Spaniards. The passage occurs in his thirteenth conversation.

"The most dexterous attack ever made against the worship among catholics, which opens so many side-chapels to pilfering and imposture, is that of Cervantes, "Leopold. I do not remember in what part."

"President. Throughout Don Quixote. Dulcinea was the peerless, the immaculate, and death was denounced against all who hesitated to admit the assertion of her purity. Surely your poetry never could have imagined t. at Cervantes was such a knight-errant as to attack knight-errantry, a folly that had ceased more than a century, if indeed it was any folly at all; and the idea that he ridiculed the poems and romances founded on it is not less improbable, for they contained all the literature of the nation, excepting the gariture of chapter-houses, theology, and priest, as with a thread of gold, the beautiful histories of this illustrious people. He delighted the idlers of romance by the jokes he scattered amongst them on the false taste of his predecessors and of his rivals; and he delighted his own heart by this solitary archery; well knowing what amusement those who came another day would find in picking up his arrows and discovering the bull's-eye hits.

"Clothes V. was the knight of La Mancha, devoting his labors and vigil, his wars and treaties, to the chimerical idea of making all minds, like watches, turn their indexes by a simultaneous movement to one point. Sancho Panza was the symbol of the people, possessing sound sense in all other matters, but ready to follow the most extravagant visionary ideas, when it suited him to be such. "Imaginary Conversations, vol. i. 187.

Benedetto di Virgilio, the Italian ploughman, thus describes the course of Loyola's reading, in his heroic poem upon that Saint's life.

Meu repa a dolce gente view
Stas' egli rinsorando a poco a poco
Dentro i pateroni tetti, e si trattiene
Or che la riza zamba, or presso al foco,
For' di costume suo, pensier gli viene
Di legger libri più che d'altro gioco; Quanta' erano dianzi innamoruto, e d'armi
Tant' or, mutando atto, inconia a carmi
Quindi comanda, che i volumi ormai
D'alti concetti, e di leggenda irma,
Dentro la stanza sua vengan portati,
Che passar con lor verà il tempo stima;
Cercan ben tante i paggi in tutti i lati
Ore passar solano tali libri primita,
Ma né per questa parte, né per quella
Ponno istoria trasor vecchia, o novella.

Il vol, che spiega in ogni parte
De gareggi del ciel l'opre famose,
V sl ignatio s'accenda a seguire parte
Che ad ofir tanto i sacri Eras disposto,
Egli gia oprezza di Bellona e Marte
Gli studi, che a seguir prima si pose,
E al accinge a travers maggiore dell'Alce,
L'hiera del viero, e le sue teste infolto.

Tutto giudico a contemplo s'opiglia
Si degne figli, e da principio al fue.
Qui ritorna di Dio l'ampia famiglia,
Spiriti bruti ed alme peregrine;
Tra gli altri accenni con uno accareggi
Il pio Guasman, che cede da le spine
Rose celesti de la terra santa,
Onde del buon Gieso nasce la pianta.

Contempla dopo il Socrate Magno
Foulater de la biege immensa squadrat;
La divina virtù, l'altro guardagno
De l'opre lor mirabil e leggendar;
Rimire il Padrona di li compagn,
Che liberà da indegna morte il padre,
E per provare di quella causa il tarto,
Vice fe de la tomba uscirà il morto.

Quiari ritirà il Celest, che spande
Triunfante bandiera alla campagna,
De l'egregio viro, quando è morto;
Con Rollin s'ignoma et Francia et Spegra:
Oranti i figli suoi d'opre ammirando
Son per l'Africa sparti, et per Lomagna,
E partì infine al Ciel per lor si vede
Nusce la Chiesa, e pullular la fede.

Quiari s'acquista, come il buon Novizio
Infelicit Capitan del Ré superme,
NOTES TO A TALE OF PARAGUAY.

It is odd that in Hindustan, where it might have been supposed superstition would have facilitated the introduction of this practice, a pious fraud was found necessary for removing the prejudices against it.

Moore's Strenuivacutia, a Brahmin, thus writes to Dr. Anderson, at Madras, on vaccine inoculation:

"It might be useful to remove a prejudice in the minds of the people, arising from the term cow-pox, being taken literally in our 'Vernacular' tongue; whereas, there can be no doubt that it has been a drop of nectar from the exultant udders of the cows in England, and no way similar to the humor discharged from the tongue and feet of diseased cattle in this country."


For tyrannous fear dissolved all natural bands of man.

The small-pox spread its destructive and desolating power, as the fire consumes the dry grass of the field. The fatal infection spread around with a baneful rapidity, which no flight could escape, and with a fatal effect that nothing could resist. It destroyed with its pestilent breath whole families and tribes; and the horrid scene presented to those who had the melancholy and afflictive opportunity of beholding it, a combination of the dead, the dying, and such as, to avoid the horrid fate of their friends around them, prepared to dispose the plague of its prey, by terminating their own existence.

The habits and lives of these devoted people, which provided not to-day for the wants of to-morrow, must have heightened the pains of such an affliction, by leaving them not only without remedy, but even without alleviation. Nought was left them but to submit in agony and despair.

To aggravate the picture, if aggravation were possible, may be added the pitted carcasses which the wolves, with a furious voracity, dragged forth from the huts, or which were mangled within them by the dogs, whose hunger was satisfied with the disfigured remains of their masters. Nor was it uncommon for the father of a family, whom the infection had not reached, to call them around him, to represent the cruel sufferings and horrid fate of their relations, from the influence of some evil spirit, who was preparing to extirpate their race; and to incite them to battle death, with all its horrors, by their own poison. At the same time, if their hearts failed them in this necessary act, he was himself ready to perform the deed of mercy with his own hand, as the last act of his affliction, and instantly to follow them to the common place of rest and refuge from human evil."

And from the silent door the jaguar turns away.

The jnitiis, however, secure us, that Loyola is not the author of their society; and that it is not allowable either to think or say so. Societas Jesu ut in S. Ignatii de Loyola non dux nostrum, ita nec originem primam, adhuc sentire ac loqui, nesum. (Longo primo Senelli Zac, Jesu, p. 64.) Jesu primum a patribus auctor Societatis is the title of a chapter in this the eleventh volume, which is a curious and very beautiful book. Then follows Beato Virgo maritius, patronus, unde altera veluti auctor Societatis. Lastly, Post Christian et Mariam Societatis Auctor et Parcae sanctus Ignatius. 54

On the 30th August, 1794, the French plundered the rich church of Loyola, at Azpeitia, and proceeding to Elgoibar, loaded five carts with the spoils of the church of that place. This party of marauders consisted of 300. The peasants collected, fell upon them, and after an obstinate conflict of three hours, recovered the whole boat, which they conveyed to Vitoria in triumph. Among other things, a relic of Loyola was recovered, which was carried in procession to the church, the victorious peasants accompanying it. — Muratouille, Hist. de la Guerre de l'Espagne, p. 86.
is called a tigre cedazo, a fleshed tiger. There was one which infested the road between Santa Fé and Santiago, and had killed ten men; and after which a party of soldiers were sent to destroy it. The same thing is said of the lion and other beasts of prey, probably with truth; not, as is vulgarly supposed, because they have a particular appetite for this kind of food, but because, having once fed upon man, they from that time regard him, like any other animal of inferior strength, as their natural prey. It is a constant observation in Numidia," says Bruce, "that the lion avoids and flies from the face of man, till by some accident it has been brought within range, and the beast, which has prevailed against him; then that feeling of superiority, inspired by the Creator in the heart of all animals, for man's preservation, seems to forsake him. The lion, having once tasted human blood, relishes the pursuit after the flock. He鹿's a highway or frequent path, and few are ever known, in the kingdom of Tunis, to interrupt the road to a market for several weeks; and in this he persists, till hunters or soldiers are sent out to destroy him." Dobrizhofer saw the skin of a jaguar which was as long as the standard hide. He says, also, that he saw one attack two horses which were coupled with a thong, kill one, and drag the other away after it.

A most unpleasant habit of this beast is, that in cold or wet weather he chooses to lodge within doors, and will steal into the house. A girl at Corrientes, who slept with her mother, says she was lying under the bed when she rose in the morning; she had presence of mind to bid her mother lie still, went for help, and soon rid the house of its perilous visitor. Cat-like, the jaguar is a good climber; but Dobrizhofer tells us how a traveller who takes to a tree for shelter may profit by the position of the road it is on. When one of our conscripto was killed, he says, Igpliillos di arboris pedem minutis usque conspiceret, sui res est. Qua dixit parvi sagit silico. (i. 289.) He who first did this must have been a good marksman as well as a cool friend, and it was well for him that he reserved his fire till the jaguar was within shot.

Dobrizhofer seems to credit an opinion (which is held in India of the tiger also) that the jaguar's claws are in a certain degree venomous; the scar which they leave is said to be always liable to a very painful and burning sense of heat. But that author, in his usual amusing manner, repels many credulous notions concerning the animal; as that its burn-claws are a remedy for the tooth-ache; and that it has a mode of decoying fish, by standing neck-deep in the water, and spitting out a white foam, which allures them within reach. Teclo (30) says the same thing of a large snake.

An opinion that wounds inflicted by the stroke of animals of this kind are venomous is found in the East also. Captain Williamson says, “However trivial the scratches made by the claws of tigers may appear, yet, whether it be owing to any noxious quality in the claw itself, or to the manner in which the tiger other animals, or to the absence of any hesitation in saying, that at least a majority of such as have been under my notice died; and I have generally remarked, that those whose cases appeared the least alarming were most suddenly carried off. I have ever thought the perturbation arising from the nature of the attack to have a considerable share in the fatality alluded to, especially as I never knew any one wounded by a tiger to die without suffering for some days under that most dreadful symptom, a locked jaw! Such as have been wounded to appearance severely, but accompanied with a moderate hemorrhage, I have commonly found to recover, excepting in the rainy season; that period I always expect serious consequences from either a bite or a scratch." — Oriental Sports, vol. i. p. 52.

Wild beasts were so numerous and fierce in one part of Mexico, among the Omotes, that Fr. Juan de Grimalyn says in 1579, there were a particular appetite for this kind of food, by them. “There then prevailed an opinion," he proceeds, "and still it prevails among many, that those tigers and lions were certain Indian sorcerers, whom they called Nahualas, who, by diabolical art transform themselves into beasts, and tear the bodies of men in two, or three, or for seven parts. The offences which they have received, or to do them evil, which is the proper condition of the Devil, and an effect of his fierceness. Some traces of these diabolical acts have been seen in our time; for in the year 1579, the deaths of this kind being many, and the suspicion prevailing, some Indians were put to the question, and they confessed the crime, and were executed for it. With all this experience and proof, there are many persons who doubt these transformations, and say that the land being mountainous produces wild beasts, and the beasts being once fleshed commit these great ravages. And it was through the weak understandings of the Indians that they were persuaded to believe their conjurers could thus metamorphose themselves; and, if these poor wretches confessed themselves guilty of such a crime, it was owing to their weakness under the terror; and so they suffered for an offence which they had never committed.”

Father Grimalyn, however, holds with his Father S. Augustine, who has said, concerning such things, hae ad na non quibuscumque quilibet credere poteramus insigniores, sed eis referrebus persecutionem, quos nobis non existimaremus falsos moram et nos ut nos putamus, scilicet ut maxime. "Thus," he says, "wonderful things were related of certain inn-keepers in Italy, who transformed passengers into beasts of burden, to bring to their inns straw, bony, and whatever was wanted from the towns, and then metamorphosed them into their own persons, that they might purchase, as customers, the very commodities they had carried. And in our times the witches of Logrone make so many of these transformations, that now no one can doubt them. This matter of the Nahualas, or sorcerers of Tututepec, has been confessed by so many, that that alone suffices to make it credible. The best proof which can be adduced is that there was a devil, and that there ought to be no more concerning it. And it is temerity to condemn the judges, for it is to be believed that they made all due inquiry. Our brethren who have been ministers there, and are also judges of the interior court, (that is, of the conscience,) have all held these transformations to have done; so that there ought to be no more doubt concerning it. On the contrary, it is useful to understand it, that if at any time in heathen lands the devil should work any of these metamorphoses, the Indians may see we are not surprised at them, and do not hold them as miraculous, but can explain them from the reason and cause of these effects, which astonish and terrify us so greatly." He proceeds to show that the devil can only exercise this power as far as he is permitted by God, in punishment for sin, and that the metamorphosis is not real, but only apparent; the sorcerer not being actually transformed into a lion, but seeming as if he were both to himself and others. In what manner he can tear a man really to pieces with imaginary claws, and devour him in earnest with an imaginary mouth, the ghouf liar has not condescended to explain.—Historia de la Orden de S. Augustine en la Provincia de N. España, pp. 34, 35.

Preserved with horrid art
In ghastly image of humanity. — Canto I. st. 13.

The more ghastly in proportion as more of the appearance of life is preserved in the revolting practice. Such, however, it was not to the feelings of the Egyptians, who had as much pride in a collection of their ancestors, as one of the strongest family feeling could have in a collection of family pictures. The body, Diodorus says, is delivered to the kindred with every member so whole and entire that no part of the body seems to be altered, even to the very hairs of the eyelids and the eyebrows, so that the beauty and shape of the face seems just as before. By which means many of the Egyptians, laying up the bodies of their ancestors in statey monuments, perfectly see the true visage and countenance of those who were buried many ages before they themselves were born; so that in regarding the proportion of every one of these bodies, and the lineaments of their faces, they take exceeding great delight. By which means many of the Egyptians, laying up the bodies of their ancestors in statey monuments, perfectly see the true visage and countenance of those who were buried many ages before they themselves were born; so that in regarding the proportion of every one of these bodies, and the lineaments of their faces, they take exceeding great delight. By which means many of the Egyptians, laying up the bodies of their ancestors in statey monuments, perfectly see the true visage and countenance of those who were buried many ages before they themselves were born; so that in regarding the proportion of every one of these bodies, and the lineaments of their faces, they take exceeding great delight. By which means many of the Egyptians, laying up the bodies of their ancestors in statey monuments, perfectly see the true visage and countenance of those who were buried many ages before they themselves were born; so that in regarding the proportion of every one of these bodies, and the lineaments of their faces, they take exceeding great delight. By which means many of the Egyptians, laying up the bodies of their ancestors in statey monuments, perfectly see the true visage and countenance of those who were buried many ages before they themselves were born; so that in regarding the proportion of every one of these bodies, and the lineaments of their faces, they take exceeding great delight. By which means many of the Egyptians, laying up the bodies of their ancestors in statey monuments, perfectly see the true visage and countenance of those who were buried many ages before they themselves were born; so that in regarding the proportion of every one of these bodies, and the lineaments of their faces, they take exceeding great delight. By which means many of the Egyptians, laying up the bodies of their ancestors in statey monuments, perfectly see the true visage and countenance of those who were buried many ages before they themselves were born; so that in regarding the proportion of every one of these bodies, and the lineaments of their faces, they take exceeding great delight.
Covering with soft gauze the obdurate limb
And body, then with feathers lights.
In regular havoc deplored.
—Canto I, st. 25.

Inconvenient as this may seem, it was the full dress of the Tupi and Guaraní tribes. A fashion less gorgeous and elaborate, but more refined, is described by one of the best old travellers to the East, François Eyraud.

The inhabitants of the Maldives use on feast days this kind of garment. They drape sandals (sandalwood) and camparine, on very sleek and smooth stones, (which they bring from the firm land,) and sometimes other sorts of odoriferous woods. After they compound it with water distilled of flowers, and overspread their bodies with this paste, from the girdle upwards; adding many forms with their fingers, such as they imagine. It is somewhat like cut and pinked doublets, and of an excellent savour. They dress their wives or lemanas in this sort, and make upon their backs works and shadows as they please. “Print skin Purchas calls this.”—Perraud de Lavall, Purchas, p. 165.

The abominable practice of tarring and feathering was but too well known during the American war. It even found its way to England. I remember, when a child, to have seen a man in this condition in the streets of Bristol.

The costume of the savage, who figures so frequently in the pages of the sixteenth century, seems to have been designed to imitate the Brazilian tribes, best known to the French and English at that time. Indeed, this is stated by Vincent Carbois, when, in describing an entertainment given to Marechal de Vaudancourt by the captains of the galleys at Marseilles, he says, August lif six galleries ensemble de front, et fait dresser les tables dessus, et tapissées en façon de grandes salles; ayant accoutumés les fentres en Bretonnais pour servir, ils firent une infinité de garnitures et de tournures à la façon des sauvages, que personne n'eut encore vues; dont tout le monde, avec une extrême algarisssance, s'ébattit merveilleusement.

Memories, l. x. ch. 18.

Drinking feasts.

The point of honor in drinking is not the same among the savages of Guiana, as among the English potators; they account him that is drunk first the bravest fellow. —Harcourt's Voyage.

A custom strange, and yet far spread
Through many a savage tribe, how'er it grew,
And once in the old world known as widely as the new.
—Canto I. st. 28.

Je la trouvo chez les Bercianos, ou les premiers peuples d'Espagne; je la trouvo chez les anciens habitans d'isle de Coree; elle etoit chez les Tihuanecos en Ame.; elle est aujourd'hui dans quelquesendes de nos provins voisines d'Espagne, ou elle d'apporte faire couvade; elle est encore vers le Japon, et dans l'Amérique chez les Caribbones et les Galibies. —Lahont, Mours.

Strabo says this strange custom existed in Cantabria, (l. iii. p. 174, ed. 1571) so that its Gascon extraction has been direct. Dioscorus Siculus is the authority for its existence in Cordes. (Book iii. ch. i, English translation, 1614, vol. i. p. 205) Apuleius Rhodius describes it among the Tiberians, (l. ii. 1621) de sorcié Nymphédos de tres voyages, says the scholar.

Voici la brutalité de nos sauvages dans leur réjouissance pour l'excruciation de leur famille. C'est qu'un même teint que la femme est délivré avec mat set au fil, pour s'y plaindre et y faire l'excusatoire; costume que bien que bourgeoise et ridicule se trouve maintenant à ce que l'on dit, paralyser les yeux d'une certaine province de France; et ils appellent cela la couvade. Mais ce qui est de plus curieux pour le pauvre Cérabe qui s'est mis au feu et à l'armée, c'est qu'on lui fait faire diriquer ou deux jours de suite, ne lauy donnant rien par jour qu'en morceau
Till hardened mothers in the grace bay
Their living bays with no conjunctions ten;
Canto I. st. 33.

This dreadful practice is carried to such an extent in the heart of South America, that whole tribes have become extinct in consequence of it, and of another practice, hardly less nefarious.

Those bloody African savages, the Gigas, reared no children whatsoever; "for as soon," says Battell, "as the woman is delivered of her child, it is presently hurst quick; so that there is not one child brought up in all this generation. But when they take any town, they keep the boys and girls of thirteen or fourteen years of age as their own children, but the men and women they kill and eat. These little boys they train up in the wars, and hang a collar about their necks for a disgrace, which is never taken off till he prove himself a man, and brings his enemy's head to the general; and then it is taken off, and he is a free man, and is called 'gosso,' or 'soldier.' This maketh them all desperate and forward to be free, and counted men, and so they do increase. A generation without generation, says Purchas, p. 377.

Among the causes for which the Kuitennemaw women procure abortion, Mackenzie (p. 98) avouches that it of hatred for the father. No other traveller has ever suspected the existence of this motive. They sometimes kill their female children to save them from the miseries which they themselves have suffered.

The practice among the Panches of Bogota was, that if the first-born was a girl, it was destroyed, and every girl in succession till the first-born boy was born; this last was allowed to live; but if the first-born were a boy, all the children then were reared.—Fiedlerius, p. 11.

Perhaps the most flagitious motive for which this erime has ever become a practice, is that which the Guiana women assign for it; they destroy the greater number of their female infants in order to keep up the value of the sex. (Arara, t. ii. 85.—100. See Hist. of Brazil, vol. ii. 379.) A knowledge of the evils which polygamy brings among some of their neighbors may have led to this mode of preventing it.

Fuliter Gaminus one day bitterly repriemed a Betowya woman (whom he describes as having more capacity than any other of the Indians in those parts) for killing her new-born daughter. She listen to him without lifting her eyes from the ground, and when he had done, and thought that she was convinced of her guilt, and heartily repented of it, she said, "Father, if you will not be angry, I will tell you what is in my heart." He promised that he would not, and bade her speak freely. This she said to me, he says, as follows, literally translated from the Betowya tongue. "Would to God, Father, would to God, my mother when she brought me forth had loved me so well and pitied me so much as to have saved me from all those troubles which I have endured till this day, and am to endure till death! If my mother had buried me as soon as I was born, I should have died, but should not have felt death, and should have been better aware of the death which must come, and should have escaped so many things bitterer than death; who knows how many more such I must endure before I die!" Consider well, Father, the hardships that a poor Indian woman endures among these Indians! They go with us to the plantations, but they have a bow and arrow in their hands, nothing more. But we go with a basket full of things on the back, one child at the breast, another upon the basket. Their business is to shoot a bird or a fish, ours is to dig and work in the field; at evening they go home without any burdens; we, beside our children, have to carry roots for their food, and maize to make their drink. They, when they reach the house, go to converse with their friends; we have to seek wood, fetch water, and prepare their supper. Having supped, they go to sleep; but we almost all the night are pounding maize to make their chicha. And what is the end of this our watching and labor? They drink the chicha, they get drunk, and being out of their senses, beat us with sticks, take us by the hair, drag us about and trample on us. Would to God, Father, that my mother had buried me when she brought me forth! You know that I complain with crying and sobbing, and I have said you that every day, but our greatest pain you do not know, because you never can suffer it. You do not know, Father, the death it is for the poor Indian woman, when having served her husband as a slave, sweating in the field, and in the house without sleep, at the end of twenty years she sees him take a girl for another wife. Her he loves, and though she ill uses our children, we cannot interfeire, for he neither loves us nor cares for us now. A girl is to command over us, and treat us as her servants, and if we speak, they silence us with sticks. Can any Indian woman who has given birth to a child, be so happy as to save it from all these troubles, and deliver it from this slavery, worse than death? I say again, Father, would to God my mother had made me feel her kindness by burying me as soon as I was born! Then would not this heart have had now so much to feel, use these eyes so much to weep for?" Here, says Gaminus, tears put an end to her speechs; and the next is, that all which she said, and all she would have said, if grief had allowed her to proceed, is true.—Ortunio Illustrias, t. ii. p. 65, ed. 1791.

FROM THE DAVE.

They named the child Yeriti.—Canto I. st. 42.

This is the Guaraní name for the species described by Arara, t. iv. p. 139, No. ccccx.
Some of the Orinoco tribes believe that their first forefathers gave up their treasure in the grass. The Takanas, one of the rudest of the Orinoco tribes, suppose themselves descended from a pile of stones upon the top of a rock called Baraquina, and that they all return to stone as they came from it; so that this mass of rock is composed of their forefathers. Therefore, though they bury their dead, within the year in which they take off their heads and carry them to the holes in the rock. — Guatilla, t. i. c. 6.

These are the odd people who always for a first marriage give a girl to an old man, and a youth to an old woman. Polygamy is not in use among them; and they say, that if the young people came together, there could be no good household management. — Guatilla, t. i. c. 12.

P. Labbé (Lett. E. d. t. viii. p. 189, edit. 1781) speaks of a tribe on the north bank of the Plata who put their women to death when they were thirty years old, thinking they had then lived long enough. I have not seen this custom mentioned by any other writer, nor do I believe that it can possibly have existed.

And Father was his name. — Canto H. st. 38.

Tupa. It is the Tupi and Guaraní name for Father, for Thunder, and for the Supreme Being.

The Patagunes call the Supreme Being Soyqch, a word which is said to express that which cannot be seen, which is within itself, and which is out of the world. They may thus explain the word; but it cannot contain this meaning; it is a definition of what they mean, and apparently not such as a savage would give. The dead call Soyqchite; they who are with God, and out of the world.

The Patagunes, Peruvians, and Mulches have no name for God. Their prayers are made to the sun, whom they regard as the giver of all good. A Jesuit once admonished them to worship God who created all things, and this orb among the rest; but they replied, they had never known any thing greater or better than the sun. — Dobrizhoffer, t. i. p. 100.

The most remarkable mode of superstition I remember to have met with is one which is mentioned by the Bishop of Santa Muta, in his History of the Nuevo Reyno de Granada. He tells us, that "the Pijosos of the Nuevo Reyno worshipped nothing visible or invisible, except the spirits of those whom they killed for the purpose of defiling them. For they thought that if an innocent person were put to death, he became a god, and in that capacity would be grateful to those who were the authors of his apostasy. For this reason they used to attack strangers and kill them; not thinking one of their own horde, or of their enemies, could be esteemed innocent, and therefore fitting. A woman or a child would do. But after a few months they held it necessary to make a new god, the old one either having lost his power, or changed his place, or perhaps by that time discharged himself of his debt of gratitude." — Piedrahita, p. 12.

And once there was a way to that good land, For in mid-earth a wondrous Tree there grew. — Canto H. st. 33.

Las Morobis flagrun a Arbol, que en su idioma llaman Nufio de gran diametro que crece de una rama de roble. — Notice par Curieul, p. 100.

Petróleo, in Spanish, means the small, swelling, or round-shaped rocks, and sometimes the tree, or plant, of the same name, as well as the subject of the following

The land of souls. — Canto H. st. 39.

Many of the Indian speculations respecting the condition of souls in a future state are given in my History of Brazil. A description of a Pueblo of the tribe of that name, as given by Ossian MacPherson, may be found in the notes to MacLe. A Tonga one is thus described in the very curious and valuable work of Mr. Mariner.

"The Tonga people universally and positively believe in the existence of a large island lying at a considerable distance to the N. W. of their own islands, which they consider to be the place of residence of their gods, and of the souls of their nobles and matutiboes. This island is supposed to be much larger than all their own islands put together; to be well stocked with all kinds of useful and ornamental trees, always in a state of high perfection, and always bearing the richest fruits and the most beautiful flowers, according to their respective natures; that when these fruits or flowers are plucked, others immediately occupy their place, and that the whole atmosphere is filled with the most delightful fragrance that the imagination can conceive, proceeding from the various kinds of plants.

This island is also well stocked with the most beautiful birds of all imaginable kinds, as well as with abundance of hogs, all of which are immortal, unless they are killed to provide food for the Tongas or gods; but the moment a hog or bird is killed, another, having born or died immediately comes into existence to supply its place, the same as with the fruits and flowers; and this, as far as they know or suppose, is the only mode of propagation of plants and animals.

The island of Bototo is supposed to be so far off as to render it dangerous for the inhabitants to attempt going there; and it is supposed, moreover, that even if they were to succeed in reaching so far, unless it happened to be the particular will of the gods, they would be sure to miss it. They give, however, an account of a Tonga canoe, which, in her return from the Perique Islands a long time ago, was driven by stress of weather to Bototo: ignorant of the place where they were, and being much in want of provisions, and seeing the country abounded in all sorts of fruit, the crew landed, and proceeded to pick some bread fruit, but to their unspeakable astonishment they could no more hurt it than if it had been done by them. They then walked through the trunks of the trees, and passed through the substance of the houses, (which were built like those of Tonga,) without feeling any resistance. They at length saw some of the Bototo, who passed through the substance of their bodies as if there was nothing there. The Bototoes recommended them to go away immediately, as they had no proper food for them, and promised them a fair wind and a speedy passage. They accordingly put directly to sea, and in two days, sailing with the utmost velocity, they arrived at Hamon, (the next Island,) where, at which place they wanted to touch before they got to Tonga. Having remained at Hamon two or three days, they sailed for Tonga, where they arrived with great speed, but in the course of a few days they all died, not as a punishment for having been at Bototo, but as a natural consequence, the air of Bototo, as it were, infecting mortal bodies with speedy death."

In Yucatan their notion of the happy after death was, that they rested in a delightful land, under the shade of a great tree, where there was plenty of food and drink. — Herrera, iv. 10, n.

The Austril tribes believe that the dead live in some region under the earth, where they have their tents, and hunt the souls of estreches. — Dobrizh. ii. 295.

The Persians have a great reverence for large, old trees, thinking that the souls of the happy delight to dwell in them, and for this reason they call the Bototo, ter, that signifies the old man, by which name they also designate the supposed inhabitant. Pietro Della Valle describes a prodigious tree of this character, in the hollow of which tapers were always kept burning to the honor of the Ter. He pitched his tent under
NOTES TO A TALE OF PARAGUAY.

its boughs twice; once with his wife when on his way to embark for Europe, and again when returning with her company. The second time, he speaks of this last night's lodging as very affecting. We soon forgive this excellent traveller for his coxcombry, take an interest in his domestic affairs, and part with him at last as with an old friend.

Who thought
From Death, as from some living frag to frag. — Canto II. st. 41.

An opinion of this kind has extended to people in a much higher grade of society than the American Indios.

"After the Devil appeared in Dwarika in a human shape, the color of his skin being black and yellow, his head close shorn, and all his limbs distorted. He placed himself at men's doors, so that all those who saw him shuddered with apprehension, and became even as dead men from mere affright. Every person to whom he came shot an arrow at him; and the moment the arrow quitted the bow-string, they saw the spectre no more, nor knew which way he was gone." Life of Creechoe.

This is a poetical invention; but such an invention has formed a popular belief in Greece, if M. Pouvezville may be trusted.

"The Evil Eye, the Cacochenian, has been seen wandering over the roofs of the houses. Who can dare to doubt this? It was in the form of a withered old woman, covered with festoons, as it was heard to call by their names those who are to be cut off from the number of the living. Nocturnal concerts, voices murmuring amid the silence of the darkest nights have been heard in the air; phantoms have been seen wandering about in solitary places, in the streets, in the markets; the dogs have howled with the most dismal and melancholy tone, and their cries have been repeated by the echoes along the desert streets. It is when such things happen, as I was told very seriously by an inhabitant of Nauplia di Romagna, that great care must be taken not to answer if you should be called during the night: If you hear symphonies, bury yourself in the bed clothes, and do not listen to them; it is the Old Woman, it is the Plague itself that knocks at your door." — Pouvezville, 189.

The Patagones and other Austral tribes attribute all diseases to an evil spirit. Their conjurers therefore beat drums by the patient, which have hideous figures painted upon them, thinking thus to frighten away the cause. If he dies, his relations endeavor to take vengeance upon those who pretended to cure him; but if one of the chiefs dies, all the conjurers are slain, unless they can save themselves by flight. — Dobrizhoffer, t. ii. 286.

They dragged the dying out. — Canto II. st. 45.

The Austral tribes sometimes bury the dying, thinking it an act of mercy thus to shorten their sufferings. (Dobrizhoffer, t. ii. 286.) But in general this practice, which extends widely among savages, arises from the selfish feeling assigned in the text. Superstition, without this selfishness, produces a practice of the same kind, though not absolutely as brutal, in the East. "The moora or chaliches are small lizards in which a Hindoo, when given over by his physicians, is deposed, and left alone to expire, and be carried off by the sacred flood." Owen, in Forbes, iv. 99.

When the patient is in hope of recovery, the patient is generally removed from the bed, and laid on a platform of fresh earth, either out of doors, or prepared purposely in some adjoining room or viranda, that he may there breathe his last. In a physical sense, this removal at so critical a period must be often attended with fatal consequences; though perhaps not quite so decisive as that of exposing an aged parent or a dying friend on the banks of the Ganges. I now only mention the circumstances as forming part of the Hindoo religious system. After having expired upon the earth, the body is carried to the water-side, and washed with many ceremonies. In his then laid upon the funeral pile, that the fire may have a share of the victim: the ashes are finally scattered in the air, and fall upon the water.

"During the funeral ceremony, which is solemn and affecting, the Brahmins address the respective elements in words to the following purport; although there may be a different mode of performing these religious rites in other parts of Hindostan.

"O Earth! to thee we commend our brother; of thee he was formed; by thee he was sustained; and unto thee he now returns!"

"O Water! thou didst contribute to the life of our brother; then wert one of his sustaining elements. His remains are now dispersed; receive thy share of him, who has now taken an everlasting flight!"


And she, in many an cautious essay,
At length into a decent of her own
Had blended all their notes. — Canto III. st. 39, &c.

An extract from a journal written in Switzerland will be the best comment upon the description in these stanzas, which indeed were probably suggested by my recollections of the Staubach.

"When we were at the waterfall, some half score peasants, chiefly women and girls, assembled just out of reach of the spray, and set up — surely the wildest choruses that ever was heard by human ears — a song, not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice was used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce, — sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description." It will be seen by the subjoined sonnet of Mr. Wordsworth's, who visited this spot three years after me, that he was not less impressed than I had been by this wild concert of voices.

On approaching the Staubach, Lauterbrunnen
Tracks let me follow far from human kind
Which these illusive greetings may not reach;
Where only Nature lends her voice to teach
Careless pursuit, and captures unconfined.
No Mermaid warbles (to sail the wind
That drives some vessel towards a dangerous beach)
More thrilling melodies! no cavern'd Witch,
Chanting a love-spell, ever intertwined
Nature shrill and wild with art more musical!
Alas! that from the lips of object Want
And Inleness in tatters mendicate
They should proceed — enjoyment to inhale,
And with regret and useless pity haunt
This bold, this pure, this sky-born Waterfall!

"The vocal powers of these musical beggars (says Mr. Wordsworth) may seem to be exaggerated; but this wild and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard; the notes reached me from a distance, and on what occasion they were sung I could not guess, only they seemed to belong in some way or other to the waterfall; and reminded me of religious services chanted to streams and fountains in pagan times."

Some dim preface. — Canto III. st. 41.

Upon this subject an old Spanish romance speaks thus:
Aunque hombre no sabe lo de adelante como ha de mover, el espíritu lo sabe, y antes que venga su dueño al diablo y de aquél se le perdiera los grandes sospecha que hombres dan a soberanía no podiendo en ninguna cosa, como a muchos acoce; que aquel que el espíritu echa de ci, el espíritu es que siente el mal que ha de ser. — Cronica del Rey D. Rodrigo, p. ii. 171.

Across her shoulders was a handcuff flung. — Canto III. st. 45.

Pinkerton, in his Geography, (vol. ii. p. 535, n. 3d ed.)
The Estomenderos compelled the unhappy people whom they found living where they liked, to settle in such places as were most convenient for the work. It is said that they were now to be compulsorily employed. All their work was task-work, imposed with little moderation, and exacted without mercy.

This tyranny extended to the women and children; and as all the Spaniards, the officers of justice as well as the Estomenderos, were induced to it, the hardihood of the latter to whom they could look for protection. Even the institutions of Christianity, by which the Spanish government hoped to better the temporal condition of its new subjects, were made the occasion of new grievances and more intolerable oppression.

For, as the laws were legally free,—free, therefore, to marry where they pleased, and the wives were to hold husbands,—every means was taken to prevent a marriage between two Indians who belonged to different Departamentos, and the interest of the master counteracted all the efforts of the priest. The Spanish women are said to have exceeded their husbands in cruelty on such occasions, and to have instigated them to the most violent and injurious measures, that they might not lose their female attendants. The consequence was, that profigies of manners among the Indians was rather encouraged than restrained, as it is now in the English sugar islands, where the planter is not a religious man.—Lexicon, 1, 1, § 5, 6, 7.

St. Joachim.—Canto IV. st. 17.

The legend of his visit to Limbo is given here in a translated extract from that very curious work, the Life of the Virgin Mary, as related by herself to Sister Maria de Jesus, Abbess of the Franciscan Convent of the Inmaculada Concepcion at Agrola, and published with the sanction of all the ecclesiastical authorities in Spain.

After some conversation between the Almighty and the Virgin, at that time three years and a half old, the Franciscan confessor, who was the accomplice of the abbess in this blasphemous imposture, proceeds thus:—

"The Most High received this morning sacrifice of his tender spence, Mary the most holy, and with a pious composure said to her, 'Thou art beautiful in thy thoughts, O Prince's daughter, my dove, and my beloved! I admitt thy desires, which are agreeable to my eyes: and it is my will, in fulfillment of them, that thou shouldst understand the time draws nigh, when by my divine appointment thy father Joachin must pass from this mortal life to the life immortal and eternal. His death shall be short, and he will soon rest in peace, and be placed with the Saints in Limbo, awaiting the redemption of the whole human race.' "This information from the Lord mother disturbed nor troubled the regal breast of Mary, the Virgin pure and chaste; yet so the love of children to their parents is a debt due by nature, and that love in all its perfection existed in this most holy child, a natural grief at losing her most holy father Joachin, whom as a daughter she devoutly loved, could not fail to be resented. The tender and sweet child Mary felt a movement of grief compatible with the serenity of her magnanimous heart: and acting with greatness in every thing, following both grace and nature, she made a fervent prayer for her father Joachin: she besought the Lord, that, as the mighty and true God, he would look upon him in the hour of his happy death, and defend him from the Devil, especially in that hour, and preserve him, and appoint him in the number of his elect, as one who in his life had confessed and magnified his holy and adorable name. And the more to oblige his Majesty, the most faithful daughter offered to give up her voluntary father, the most holy Joachin, all that the Lord might ordain.

"His Majesty accepted this petition, and consol'd the divine child, assuring her that he would be with her father as a merciful and compassionate remembrancer of those who love and serve him, and that he would place him in the bosoms of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and he prepared her again to receive and suffer other troubles. Eight days before the death of the holy Patriarch Joachin, Mary the most holy lady had other advices from the Lord, declaring the day and hour in which he it was to die, and he occurred, only six months after our Queen went to reside in the temple. When her Highness had received this information from the Lord, she besought the twelve angels, (who, I have before said), were those whom
St. John names in the Revelation,) that they would be with her father Joachin in his sickness, and comfort him, and consoled his aged heart in his last hour. And when the last hour of his transit she sent all those of her guard, and besought the Lord that he would manifest to her father for his greater consolation. The Most High granted this, and in every thing fulfilled the desire of her elect, unique, and perfect soul. And the great Patriarch and ever Virgin Joachin saw the thousand holy angels who guided his daughter Maria, at whose petition and desire the grace of the Almighty superabounded, and by his command the angel said to Joachin these things:—

"Man of God, the Most High and Mighty is thy eternal salvation, and he sends thee from his holy place the necessary and timely assistance for thy soul! Mary, thy daughter, sends us to be with thee at this hour, in which thou hast to pay to thy Creator the debt of natural death. She is thy most faithful and powerful intercessor with the Most High, in whose name and peace depart thou from this world with consolation and joy, that he hath made thee parent of so blessed a daughter. And although his incomprehensible Majesty, in his serene wisdom, hath not till now manifested to thee the sacred dignity in which he will constitute thy daughter, it is his pleasure that thou shouldst know it now, to the intent that thou mayest magnify him and praise him, and that at such news the jubilee of thy spirit may be joined with the grief and natural sadness of death. Mary, thy daughter, and our Queen, is the one chosen by the arm of the One-infecting, that the Divine forswore in her clothed herself with flesh, and with the human form. She is to be the happy Mother of the Messiah, blessed among women, superior to all creatures, and inferior only to God himself. Thy most happy daughter is to be the repairer of what the human race lost by the first fall, and the high mountains wherein the new law of grace is to be formed and established. Therefore, as thou livest now in the world its restauratrix and daughter, by whom God prepares for it the fitting remedy, depart thou in joy; and the Lord will bless thee from Zion, and give thee a place among the Saints, that thou mayest attain to the sight and possession of the happy Jerusalem."

"While the holy Angels spoke these words to Joachin, St. Anna, his wife, was present, standing by the pillow of his bed; and she heard, and, by divine permission, understood them. At the same time, the holy Patriarch Joachin lost his speech, and entering upon the common way of all flesh, began to die, with a marvellous struggle between the delight of such joyful tidings and the pain of death. During this conflict with his interior powers, many and fervent acts of divine love to her, and of praise for thanksgiving, mixed with humiliation, and other virtues, did he heroically perform; and thus absorbed in the new knowledge of so divine a mystery he came to the end of his natural life, dying the precious death of the Saints. His most holy spirit was carried by the Angels of the Holy Fathers and of the Just, and for a new constitution and light in the long night wherein they dwelt, the Most High ordered that the soul of the holy Patriarch Joachin should be the new Parannym and Ambassador of his Great Majesty, for announcing to all that congregation of the Just, how the day of eternal light had now dawned, and the day-break was Mary, the most holy daughter of Joachin and of Anna, from whom should be born the Sun of Divinity, Christ, Restorer of the whole human race. The Holy Fathers and the Just in Limbo heard these tidings, and in their jubilee composed new hymns of him, and this Most High. And the news of the marriage of Mary the most holy was born; and the three years and a half of her Highness's age make sixty-nine and a half, a few days more or less.

"The holy Patriarch and father of our Queen being dead, the holy Angels of her guard returned incontinent to her presence, and gave her notice of all that had occurred in her father's transit. Forthwith the most prudent child solicited consent with great love; and the other Joachin, who was the mother St. Anna, entreating that the Lord would, as a father, direct and govern her in the solitude wherein, by the loss of her husband, Joachin, she was left. St. Ann herself sent also news of his death, which was first communicated to the Mistress of our divine Princess, that, in imparting it, she might console her. The Mistress did this, and the most wise child heard her, with all composure and dissimulation, but with the patience and the modesty of a Queen; but she was not ignorant of the event which the Mistress related to her as news."—Misa del Cisne de Dios, par. 1, 2, e. 10, §664—669. Madrid, 1741.

It was in the middle of the seventeenth century that the work, from which this extract is translated, was published among the Spaniards as a new revelation. Gross and blasphemous as the Imposture is, the work was still current when I perused my copy, about twenty years ago, and it is not included in the Spanish Index Expurgatorius of 1790, the last (I believe) which was published, and which is now before me."

He could not marry her.—Caato IV, st. 67.

A case precisely of the same kind is mentioned by Mr. Mariner. "A young Chief at Tonga, a very handsome man, was inspired by the ghost of a woman in Botoboto, who had fallen in love with him. On a sudden, he felt himself tow-spirited, and, shortly afterwards, fainted away. When he came to himself, he was very ill, and was taken accordingly to the house of a priest. As yet, he did not know who it was that inspired him, but the priest informed him that it was a woman of Botoboto, mentioning her name, who had died some years before, and who wished him now to die, that he might be near her. He accordingly died in two days. The Chief said he suspected this, from the dreams he had had at different times, when the figure of a woman came to him in the night. Mr. Mariner was with the sick Chief three or four times during his illness, and heard the priest foretell his death, and relate the occasion of it."—Mariner.

The following similar case appeared in a newspaper:—"Died, on Sunday last, in the 29th year of the reign of William and Mary, aged 29, a native of the west coast of Greenland. This Eskimo has occupied a considerable share of the public attention, and his loss will be very generally felt. He had already rendered important service to the country in the late expedition of discovery, and great credit has been gained by the utility which he would prove on the expedition about to sail for Hafflin's Bay. The Admiralty, with great liberality and judgment, had directed the greatest pains to be taken in his further education; and he had been several months in Edinburgh with this view, when he was seized with a violent inflammation in the chest, which carried him off in a few days. He was extremely docile, and, though rather slow in the attainment of knowledge, he was industrious, zealous, and cheerful; and was always grateful for the kindness and attention shown to him. His amiable disposition and simple manners had interested those who had opportunities of knowing him personally, in a way that will not soon be forgotten. To the public, his loss, we fear, is irreparable—to his friends, it is doubly severe. Just before his death, the poor Eskimo said he knew he was going to die; that his father and mother had died in the same way; and that his sister, who was the last of all his relations, had just appeared to him, and called him away."—Edinburgh Courant, Feb. 19.
ALL FOR LOVE,
OR
A SINNER WELL SAVED.

TO CAROLINE BOWLES.

Could I look forward to a distant day
With hope of building some elaborate lay,
Then would I wait till worthier strains of mine
Might bear inscribed thy name, O Caroline!
For I would, while my voice is heard on earth,
Bear witness to thy genius and thy worth.
But we have both been taught to feel with fear
How frail the tenure of existence here,
What unforeseen calamities prevent.
Alas, how oft! the best-resolved intent;
And therefore this poor volume I address
To thee, dear friend, and sister Poetess.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Keswick, 21 Feb. 1829.

The story of the following Poem is taken from a Life of
St. Basil, ascribed to his contemporary St. Amphiliocbus,
Bishop of Iconium; a Latin version of which, made by
Cardinal Urus in the ninth century, is inserted by Rosweyde,
among the Lives of the Fathers, in his compilation
Historia Ecumenica. The original had not then been printed,
but Rosweyde obtained a copy of it from the Royal Library
at Paris. He intimates no suspicion concerning the
authenticity of the life, or the truth of this particular legend;
oberving only, that hac narratio apud solam inuentar
Amphiliocbum. It is, indeed, the flower of the work, and as
such had been culled by some earlier translator than Urus.
The very learned Dominican, P. François Combeuf, pub-
lished the original, with a version of his own, and endeav-
ored to establish its authenticity in opposition to Baronius,
who supposed the life to have been written by some other
Amphiliocbus, not by the Bishop of Iconium. Had Com-
beuf possessed powers of mind equal to his erudition, he
might even then have been in some degree prejudiced upon
this subject, for, according to Baillet, il a voit un accrocument
particulier pour S. Basil. His version is inserted in the
Acta Sanctorum, (Jan. t. ii. pp. 227—257.) But the Bel-
landist Baillet brands the life there as apocryphal; and in
his annotations treats Combeuf more rudely, it may be sus-
pected, than he would have done, had he not belonged to a
rival and hostile order.
Should the reader be desirous of comparing the Poem with
the Legend, he may find the story, as transcribed from
Rosweyde, among the Notes.

I.

A youth hath enter'd the Sorcerer's door,
But he dares not lift his eye,
For his knees fail, and his flesh quakes,
And his heart beats audibly.

"Look up, young man!" the Sorcerer said;
"Lay open thy wishes to me!
Or art thou too modest to tell thy tale?
If so, I can tell it thee.

"Thy name is Eleémon;
Protæris's freedman thou art;
And on Cyra, thy Master's daughter,
Thou hast madly fix'd thy heart.

"But fearing (as thou well mayest fear!)
The high-born Maid to woo,
Thou hast tried what secret prayers, and vows,
And sacrifice might do.

"Thou hast prayed unto all Saints in Heaven,
And to Mary their vaunted Queen;
And little fartherance hast thou found
From them, or from her, I ween!

"And thou, I know, the Ancient Gods,
In hope forlorn, hast tried,
If haply Venus might obtain
The maiden for thy bride.

"On Jove and Phæbus thou hast call'd,
And on Astarte's name;
And on her, who still at Ephesus
Retains a faded fame.

"Thy voice to Baal hath been raised;
To Nile's old Deities;
And to all Gods of elder time,
Adored by men in every clime,
When they ruled earth, seas, and skies.

"Their Images are deaf!
Their Oracles are dumb!
And therefore thou, in thy despair,
To Abibas art come.

"Ay, because neither Saints nor Gods
Thy pleasure will fulfil,
Thou comest to me, Eleémon,
To ask if Satan will!

"I answer thee, Yes. But a faint heart
Can never accomplish its ends;
Put thy trust boldly in him, and be sure
He never forsakes his friends."

While Eleémon listen'd
He shudder'd inwardly,
At the ugly voice of Abibas,
And the look in his wicked eye.

And he could then almost have given
His fatal purpose o'er;
But his Good Angel had left him
When he entered the Sorcerer's door.

So, in the strength of evil shame,
His mind the young man knit
Into a desperate resolve,
For his had purpose fit.

"Let thy Master give me what I seek,
O Servant of Satan," he said,
"As I ask firmly, and for his
Renounce all other aid!"
"Time presses. Cyra is content
To bid the world farewell,
And pass her days, a virgin vow'd,
Among Emmelia's sisterhood,
The tenant of a cell.

"Thus hath her father will'd, that so
A life of rigor here below
May fit her for the skies,
And Heaven acceptably receive
His costliest sacrifice.

"The admiring people say of this
That Angels, or that Saints in bliss,
The holy thought inspire;
And she is call'd a blessed Maid,
And he a happy Sire.

"Through Cappadocia far and wide
The news hath found its way,
And crowds to Caesarea flock
To attend the solemn day.

"The robes are ready, rich with gold,
Even like a bridal dress,
Which at the altar she will wear
When self-devoted she stands there
In all her loveliness.

"And that coarse habit too, which she
Must then put on, is made,
Therein to be for life and death
Unchangeably array'd.

"This night, this precious night is ours;
Late, late, I come to you;
But all that must be dared, or done,
Prepared to dare and do."

"Thou hast hesitated long!" said Abibas,
"And thou hast done amiss,
In praying to Him whom I name not,
That it never might come to this!

But thou hast chosen thy part, and here thou art;
And thou shalt have thy desire;
And though at the eleventh hour
Thou hast come to serve our Prince of Power,
He will give thee in full thine hire.

"These Tablets take;" (he wrote as he spake;)
"My letters, which thou art to bear,
Wherein I shall commend thee
To the Prince of the Powers of the Air.

"Go from the North Gate out, and take
On a Pagan's tomb thy stand;
And, looking to the North, hold up
The Tablets in thy hand;—

"And call the Spirits of the Air,
That they my messenger may bear
To the place whither he would pass,
And there present him to their Prince
In the name of Abibas.

"The passage will be swift and safe;
No danger awaits thee beyond;
Thou wilt only have now to sign and seal,
And hereafter to pay the Bond."

II.

Shunning human sight, like a thief in the night,
Eleciom made no delay,
But went unto a Pagan's tomb
Beside the public way.

Enclosed with barren elms it stood,
There planted when the dead
Within the last abode of man
Had been deposited.

And thrice ten years those barren trees,
Enjoying light and air,
Had grown and flourished, while the dead
In darkness moulder'd there.

Long had they overtopp'd the tomb;
And closed was now that upper room
Where friends were wont to pour,
Upon the honor'd dust below,
Libations through the floor.

There on that unblest monument
The young man took his stand,
And northward he the tablets held
In his uplifted hand.

A courage not his own he felt,
A wicked fortitude,
Wherewith bad influences unseen
That hour his heart endured.

The rising Moon grew pale in heaven
At that unhappy sight;
And all the blessed Stars seem'd then
To close their twinkling light;
And a shuddering in the elms was heard,
Though winds were still that night.

He call'd the Spirits of the Air,
He call'd them in the name
Of Abibas; and at the call
The attendant Spirits came.

A strong hand, which he could not see,
Took his uplifted hand;
He felt a strong arm circle him,
And lift him from his stand;—

A whirl of unseen wings he heard
About him every where,
Which onward, with a mighty force,
Impell'd him through the air.

Fast through the middle sky and far
It hurried him along;
All for Love, or a Sinner Well Saved.

The Hurricane is not so swift,
The Torrent not so strong;

The Lightning travels not so fast,
The Sunbeams not so far;
And now behind him he hath left
The Moon and every Star.

And still, erect as on the tomb
In impious act he stood,
Is he rapt onward — onward — still
In that fix'd attitude.

But as he from the living world
Approach'd where Spirits dwell,
His bearers there in thinner air
Were dimly visible; —

Shapeless, and scarce to be described
In darkness where they flew;
But still, as they advanced, the more
And more distinct they grew.

And when their way fast-speeding they
Through their own region went,
Then were they in their substance seen,
The angelic form, the fiendish mien,
Face, look, and lineament.

Behold where dawns before them now,
Far off, the boreal ray,
Sole daylight of that frozen zone,
The limit of their way.

In that drear realm of outer night,
Like the shadow, or the ghost of light,
It moved in the restless skies,
And went and came, like a feeble flame
That flickers before it dies.

There the fallen Seraph reign'd supreme
Amid the utter waste;
There, on the everlasting ice
His dolorous throne was placed.

Son of the Morning! is it then
For this that thou hast given
Thy seat, preeminent among
The hierarchies of Heaven? —

As if dominion here could joy
To blasted pride impart;
Or this cold region slake the fire
Of Hell within the heart!

Thither the Evil Angels bear
The youth, and, rendering homage there
Their service they o'erspoke,
And in the name of Abibas
Present him to their Prince:

Just as they seized him when he made
The Sorcerer's mandate known,
In that same act and attitude
They set him before the throne.

The fallen Seraph cast on him
A dark, disdainful look;
And from his raised hand scornfully
The profer'd tablets took.

"Ay, — love!" he cried. "It serves me well.
There was the Trojan boy,—
His love brought forth a ten years' war,
And fired the towers of Troy.

"And when my own Mark Antony
Against young Cesar strove,
And Rome's whole world was set in arms,
The cause was, — all for love!"

"Some for ambition sell themselves;
By avarice some are driven;
Pride, envy, hatred, best will move
Some souls; and some for only love
Renounce their hopes of Heaven.

"Yes, of all human follies, love,
Methinks, hath served me best;
The Apple had done but little for me,
If Eve had not done the rest.

"Well then, young Amorist, whom love
Hath brought unto this pass,
I am willing to perform the word
Of my servant Abibas.

"Thy Master's daughter shall be thine,
And with her sire's consent;
And not more to thy heart's desire
Than to her own content.

"Yea, more; — I give thee with the girl,
Thine after-days to bless,
Health, wealth, long life, and whatsoever
The world calls happiness.

"But, mark me! — on conditions, youth!
No gathering here we know!
Dost thou here, solemnly, this hour,
Thy hope of Heaven forego?

"Dost thou renounce thy baptism,
And bind thyself to me,
My woful portion to partake
Through all eternity?

"No lurking purpose shall avail,
When youth may fail and courage quail,
To cheat me by contrition!
I will have thee written down among
The children of Perdition.

"Remember, I deceive thee not,
Nor have I tempted thee!
Thou comest of thine own accord,
And actest knowingly.

"Dost thou, who now to choose art free,
Forever pledge thyself to me?
As I shall help thee, say! " —
"I do; so help me, Satan!" said
The wilful castaway.

"A resolute answer," quoth the Fiend;
"And now then, Child of Dust,
In further proof of that firm heart,
Thou wilt sign a Bond before we part;
For I take thee not on trust!"

Swift as thought, a scroll and a reed were brought,
And to Eleiimon’s breast,
Just where the heart-stroke plays, the point
Of the reed was gently press’d.

It pierced not in, nor touch’d the skin;
But the sense that it caused was such,
As when an electric pellet of light
Comes forcibly out at a touch;—

A sense no sooner felt than gone,
But, with that short feeling, then
A drop of his heart’s blood came forth
And fill’d the fatal pen.

And with that pen accurs’d he sign’d
The execrable scroll,
Whereby he to perdition bound
His miserable soul.

"Eleiimon, Eleiimon!" then said the Demon,
"The girl shall be thine,
By the tie she holds divine,
Till time that tie shall sever;
And by this writing thou art mine,
Forever, and ever, and ever!"

III.

Look at you silent dwelling now!
A heavenly sight is there,
Where Cyra in her Chamber kneels
Before the Cross in prayer.

She is not loath to leave the world;
For she hath been taught with joy
To think that prayer and praise thenceforth
Will be her life’s employ.

And thus her mind hath she inclined,
Her pleasure being still
(An only child, and motherless)
To do her Father’s will.

The moonlight falls upon her face,
Upraised in fervor meek,
While peaceful tears of piety
Are stealing down her cheek.

That duty done, the harmless maid
Dispos’d herself to rest;
No sin, no sorrow in her soul,
No trouble in her breast.

But when upon the pillow then,
Composed, she laid her head,
She little thought what unseen Powers
Kept watch beside her bed.

A double ward had she that night,
When evil near her drew;
Her own Good Angel guarding her,
And Eleiimon’s too.

Their charge it was to keep her safe
From all unholy things;
And o’er her, while she slept, they spread
The shadow of their wings.

So when an Evil Dream drew nigh,
They barr’d him from access,
Nor suffer’d him to reach her with
A breath of sinfulness.

But with his instigations they
A hallowing influence blend,
And made his fiendish ministry
Subserve to their intent.

Thus, while in troubled sleep she lay,
Strange impulses were given,
Emotions earthly and of earth,
With heavenly ones of Heaven.

And now the nightingale hath ceased
Her strain, who all night long
Hath in the garden rosier trill’d
A rich and rapturous song.

The storks on roof, and dome, and tower,
Forbear their clattering din,
As now the motions and the sounds
Of daily life begin.

Then, as from dreams that seem’d no dreams,
The wondering Maid awoke,
A low, sweet voice was in her ear,
Such as we might expect to hear
If some Good Angel spoke.

According with her dreams, it said,
"So, Cyra, must it be;
The duties of a wedded life
Hath Heaven ordain’d for thee."

This was no dream full well she knew;
For open-eyed she lay,
Conscious of thought and wakefulness,
And in the light of day;
And twice it speake, if doubt had been,
To do all doubt away.

Alas! but how shall she make known
This late and sudden change?
Or how obtain belief for what
Even to herself is strange?

How will her Father brook a turn
That must to all seem shame?
How hear to think that vulgar tongues
Are busy with her name?

That she should for a voice—a dream—
Expose herself to be the theme
Of wonder and of scorn;—
Public as her intent had been,
And this the appointed morn!

The Nuns even now are all alert;
The altar hath been dress'd,
The scissors that should clip her hair
Provided, and the black hood there,
And there the sable vest.

And there the Priests are robing now;
The Singers in their station;
Hack! in the city she can hear
The stir of expectation!

Through every gate the people pour,
And guests on roof, and porch, and tower,
Expectant take their place;
The streets are swarming, and the church
Already fills space.

Speak, then, she must: her heart she felt
This night had changed its choice;
Nor dared the Maiden disobey,—
Nor did she wish to (sooth to say,)—
That sweet and welcome voice.

Her Father comes: she studies not
For gloss, or for pretence;
The plain, straight course will Cyra take
(Which none without remorse forsake)
Of truth and innocence.

"O Father, hear me patiently!"
The blushing Maiden said;
"I tremble, Father, while I speak,
But surely not for dread;—

"If all my wishes have till now
Found favor in thy sight,
And ever to perform thy will
Hath been my best delight,
Why should I fear to tell thee now
The visions of this night?"

"I stood in a dream at the altar,—
But it was as an earthly Bride;
And Eleemon, thy freedman,
Was the Bridegroom at my side.

"Thou, Father, gavest me to him,
With thy free and full consent;
And—why should I dissemble it?—
Methought I was content.

Months then and years were crowded
In the course of that busy night;
I clasp'd a baby to my breast,
And, oh! with what delight!

"Yea, I was fruitful as a vine;
Our Heavenly Parent me and mine
In all things seem'd to bless;
Our ways were ways of peace, our paths
Were paths of pleasantness.

"When I taught lisping lips to pray,
The joy it was to me,
O Father, thus to train these plants
For immortality!

"I saw their little winning ways
Their grandparents' love engage;
Methought they were the pride, the joy,
The crown of his old age.

"When from the Vision I awoke,
A voice was in my ear,—
A waking voice,—I heard it twice;
No human tongue was near;—

"No human utterance so could reach
The secret soul, no human speech
So make the soul rejoice;
In hearing it I felt and knew
It was an Angel's voice!

"And thus, in words distinct, it said:—
'So, Cyra, must it be!'
The duties of a wedded life
Hath Heaven ordain'd for thee.'"

Her cheek was like the new-blown rose,
While thus she told her tale;
Proterius listened earnestly,
And as he heard grew pale;—

For he, too, in the dreams of night,
At the altar had seem'd to stand,
And to Eleemon, his freedman,
Had given his daughter's hand.

Their offspring, courting his caress,
About his knees had throng'd;
A lovely progeny, in whom,
When he was in the silent tomb,
His line should be prolong'd.

And he had heard a waking voice,
Which said it so must be,
Pronouncing upon Cyra's name
A holiest eulogy:—

"Her shall her husband praise, and her
Her children bless'd shall call;
Many daughters have done virtuously,
But thine excellest them all!"

No marvel if his heart were moved;
The dream he saw was one;
He kiss'd his trembling child, and said,
"The will of Heaven be done!"

Little did child or sire in this
The work of sorcery fear;
As little did Elefimon think  
That the hand of Heaven was here.

   — IV. —

From house to house, from street to street,  
The rapid rumor flies;  
Incredulous ears it found, and hands  
Are lifted in surprise;  
And tongues through all the astonish'd town  
Are busier now than eyes.

"So sudden and so strange a change!  
A Freedman, too, the choice!  
The shame,—the scandal,—and for what?  
A vision and a voice!

"Had she not chosen the strait gate, —  
The narrow way,—the holy state,—  
The Sanctuary's abode?  
Would Heaven call back its votary  
To the broad and beaten road?

"To carnal wishes would it turn  
The mortified intent?  
For this are miracles vouchsafed?  
For this are Angels sent?

"A plain collusion! a device  
Between the girl and youth!  
Good easy man must the Father be,  
To take such tale for truth!"

So judged the acrid and the austere,  
And they whose evil heart  
Inclines them, in whate'er betides,  
To take the evil part.

But others, whom a kindlier frame  
To better thoughts inclined,  
Preserved, amid their wonderment,  
An equitable mind.

They would not of Proteus thus  
Injuriously miseem, —  
A grave, good man, and with the wise  
For wisdom in esteem.

No easy ear, or vain belief,  
Would he to falsehood lend;  
Nor ever might light motive him  
From well-weigh'd purpose bend.

And surely on his pious child,  
The gentle Cyra, meek and mild,  
Could no suspicion rest;  
For in this daughter he had been  
Above all fathers blest.

As dutiful as beautiful,  
Her praise was widely known,  
Being one who, as she grew in years,  
Had still in goodness grown.

And what though Elefimon were  
A man of lowly birth?  
Enough it was if Nature had  
Ennobled him with worth.

"This was no doubtful thing," they said,  
"For he had in the house been bred,  
Nor e'er from thence removed;  
But there from childhood had been known,  
And trusted, and approved.

"Such as he was, his qualities  
Might to the world excuse  
The Maid and Father for their choice,  
Without the vision and the voice,  
Had they been free to choose.

"But Heaven by miracle had made  
Its pleasure manifest;  
That manifested will must set  
All doubtful thoughts to rest.  
Mysterious though they be, the ways  
Of Providence are best."

The wondering City thus discoursed;  
To Abbas alone  
The secret truth, and even to him  
But half the truth, was known.

Meantime the Church hath been prepared  
For spousal celebration;  
The Sisters to their cells retire,  
Amazed at such mutation.

The habit and hood of camel's hair,  
Which with the sacred scissors there  
On the altar were display'd,  
Are taken thence, and in their stead  
The marriage rings are laid.

Behold, in garments gay with gold,  
For other spousals wrought,  
The Maiden from her Father's house  
With bridal pomp is brought.

And now before the Holy Door  
In the Ante-nave they stand;  
The Bride and Bridegroom side by side,  
The Paraphernalia, in festal pride,  
Arranged on either hand.

Then from the Sanctuary the Priests,  
With incense burning sweet,  
Advance, and at the Holy Door  
The Bride and Bridegroom meet.

There to the Bride and Bridegroom they  
The marriage tapers gave;  
And to the altar as they go,  
With cross-way movement to and fro,  
The thurible they wave.

For fruitfulness, and perfect love,  
And constant peace, they pray'd,
On Eleemon, the Lord’s Servant,
And Cyra, the Lord’s Handmaid.

They call’d upon the Lord to bless
Their spousal celebration,
And sanctify the marriage rite
To both their souls’ salvation.

A pause at every prayer they made;
Whereat, with one accord,
The Choristers took up their part,
And sung, in tones that thrill’d the heart,
Have mercy on us, Lord!

Then with the marriage rings the priest
Betroth’d them each to each,
And, as the sacred pledge was given,
Resumed his awful speech; —

Pronouncing them, before high Heaven
This hour espoused to be,
Now and for evermore, for time,
And for eternity.

This did he in the presence
Of Angels and of men;
And at every pause the Choristers
Intoned their deep Amen!

Then to that gracious Lord, the Priest
His supplication made,
Who, as our sacred Scriptures tell,
Did bring Rebecca to the well
When Abraham’s servant pray’d.

He call’d upon that gracious Lord
To establish with his power
The espousals made between them,
In truth and love, this hour; —

And with his mercy and his word
Their lot, now link’d, to bless,
And let his Angel guide them
In the way of righteousness.

With a Christian benediction,
The Priest dismiss’d them then,
And the Choristers, with lusier voice,
Intoned the last Amen!

The days of Espousals are over;
And on the Crowning-day,
To the sacred fane the bridal train,
A gay procession, take again
Through thronging streets their way.

Before them, by the Paranymps,
The coronals are borne,
Composed of all sweet flowers of spring
By virgin hands that morn.

With lighted tapers in array
They enter the Holy Door,
And the Priest with the waving thuribule
Perfumes the way before.

He raised his voice, and call’d aloud
On Him who from the side
Of our first Father, while he slept,
Form’d Eve to be his bride; —

Creating Woman thus for Man
A helpmate meet to be,
For youth and age, for good and ill,
For weal and woe, united still
In strict society, —

Flesh of his flesh; appointing them
One flesh to be, one heart.
Whom God hath joined together,
Them let not man dispart!

And on our Lord he call’d, by whom
The marriage feast was blest,
When first by miracle he made
His glory manifest.

Then, in the ever-blessed Name,
Almighty over all,
From the man’s Paranymp he took
The marriage coronal; —

And crowning him therewith, in that
Thrice holy Name, he said,
“Eleemon, the Servant of God, is crown’d
For Cyra, the Lord’s Handmaid!”

Next, with like action and like words,
Upon her brow he set
Her coronal, intwined wherein
The rose and lily met;
How beautifully they beseem’d
Her locks of glossy jet!

Her he for Eleemon crown’d,
The Servant of the Lord; —
Alas, how little did that name
With his true state accord!

“Crown them with honor, Lord!” he said,
“With blessings crown the righteous head!
To them let peace be given,
A holy life, a hopeful end,
A heavenly crown in Heaven!”

Still as he made each separate prayer
For blessings that they in life might share,
And for their eternal bliss,
The echoing Choristers replied,
“O Lord, so grant thou this!”

How differently, meantime, before
The altar as they kneel,
While they the sacred rites partake
Which endless matrimony make,
The Bride and Bridegroom felt!

She, who possess’d her soul in peace
And thoughtful happiness,
With her whole heart had inly join’d
In each devout address.
V.

Twelve years have held their quiet course
Since Cyra's nuptial day;
How happily, how rapidly,
Those years have past away!

Bless'd in her husband she hath been;
He loved her as sincerely,
(Most sinful and unhappy man!)
As he had bought her dearly.

She hath been fruitful as a vine,
And in her children bless'd;
Sorrow hath not come near her yet,
Nor fears to shake, nor cares to fret,
Nor grief to wound the breast.

And bless'd alike would her husband be,
Were all things as they seem;
Eleemon hath every earthly good,
And with every man's esteem.

But where the accursed reed had drawn
The heart-blood from his breast,
A small red spot remain'd
Indelibly impress'd.

Nor could he from his heart throw off
The consciousness of his state;
It was there with a dull, uneasy sense,
A coldness and a weight;—

It was there when he lay down at night,
It was there when at morn he rose;
He feels it whatever he does,
It is with him wherever he goes.

No occupation from his mind
That constant sense can keep;
It is present in his waking hours,
It is present in his sleep;—

But still he felt it most,
And with painfulest weight it press'd,
O miserable man!
When he was happiest.

O miserable man,
Who hath all the world to friend,
Yet dares not in prosperity
Remember his latter end!

But happy man, what'er
His earthly lot may be,
Who looks on Death as the Angel
That shall set his spirit free,
And bear it to its heritage
Of immortality!

In such faith hath Proterius lived;
And strong is that faith, and fresh,
As if obtaining then new power,
When he hath reach'd the awful hour
Appointed for all flesh.

Eleémon and his daughter
With his latest breath he bless'd,
And saying to them, "We shall meet
Again before the Mercy-seat!"
Went peacefully to rest.

This is the balm which God
Hath given for every grief;
And Cyra, in her anguish,
Look'd heavenward for relief.

But her miserable husband
Heard a voice within him say,
"Eleémon, Eleémon,
Thou art sold to the Demon!"
And his heart seem'd dying away.

Whole Cesarea is pour'd forth
To see the funeral state,
When Proterius is borne to his resting-place
Without the Northern Gate.

Not like a Pagan's is his bier
At doleful midnight borne
By ghastly torchlight, and with wail
Of women hired to mourn.

With tapers in the face of day,
These rites their faithful hope display;
In long procession slow,
With hymns that fortify the heart,
And prayers that soften woe.

In honor of the dead man's rank,
But of his virtues more,
The holy Bishop Basil
Was one the bier who bore.

And with the Bishop side by side,
As nearest to the dead allied,
Was Eleémon seen:
All mark'd, but none could read ariight
The trouble in his mien.

"His master's benefits on him
Were well bestow'd," they said,
"Whose sorrow now full plainly show'd
How well he loved the dead."

They little ween'd what thoughts in him
The solemn psalm awoke,
Which to all other hearts that hour
Its surest comfort spoke: —

"Gather my Saints together;
In peace let them be hid,
They who with me," thus saith the Lord,
"Their covenant have made!"

What pangs to Elecemon then,
O wretchedest of wretched men,
That psalmody convey’d!
For conscience told him that he, too,
A covenant had made.

And when he would have closed his ears
Against the unwelcome word,
Then from some elms beside the way
A Raven’s croak was heard.

To him it seem’d a hollow voice
That warn’d him of his doom;
For the tree whereon the Raven sat
Grew over the Pagan’s tomb.

VI.

When weariness would let her
No longer pray and weep,
And midnight long was past,
Then Cyra fell asleep.

Into that wretched sleep she sunk
Which only sorrow knows,
Wherein the exhausted body rests,
But the heart hath no repose.

Of her Father she was dreaming,
Still aware that he was dead,
When, in the visions of the night,
He stood beside her bed.

Crown’d and in robes of light he came;
She saw he had found grace;
And yet there seem’d to be
A trouble in his face.

The eye and look were still the same
That she from her cradle knew;
And he put forth his hand, and blest her,
As he had been wont to do.

But then the smile benign
Of love forsook his face,
And a sorrowful displeasure
Came darkly in its place; —

And he cast on Elecmon
A melancholy eye,
And sternly said, "I bless thee not,—
Bondman! thou knowest why!"

Again to Cyra then he turn’d,—
"Let not thy husband rest

Till he hath wash’d away with tears
The red spot from his breast!

"Hold fast thy hope, and Heaven will not
Forsake thee in thine hour;
Good Angels will be near thee,
And evil ones shall fear thee,
And Faith will give thee power."

Perturb’d, yet comforted, she woke;
For in her waking ear
The words were heard which promised her
A strength above all fear.

An odor, that refresh’d no less
Her spirit with its blessedness
Than her corporeal frame,
Was breathed around, and she surely found
That from Paradise it came.

And, though the form revered was gone,
A clear, unearthly light
Remain’d, encompassing the bed,
When all around was night.

It narrow’d as she gazed;
And soon she saw it rest,
Concentred, like an eye of light,
Upon her husband’s breast.

Not doubting now the presence
Of some good presiding Power,
Collectedness as well as strength
Was given her in this hour.

And rising half, the while in deep
But troubled sleep he lay,
She drew the covering from his breast
With cautious hand away.

The small, round, blood-red mark she saw;
Elecmon felt her not;
But in his sleep he groan’d, and cried,
"Out! out — accursed spot!"

The darkness of surrounding night
Closed then upon that eye of light.
She waited for the break
Of day, and lay the while in prayer
For that poor sinner’s sake —

In fearful, miserable prayer;
But while she pray’d, the load of care
Less heavily bore on her heart,
And light was given, enabling her
To choose her difficult part.

And she drew, as comfortable texts
Unto her thoughts recur’d,
Refreshment from the living well
Of God’s unerring word.

But when the earliest dawn appear’d,
Herself in haste she array’d,
And watch’d his waking patiently,
And still as she watched she pray'd;
And when Eleémon had risen,
She spake to him, and said:

"We have been visited this night;
My Father's Ghost I have seen;
I heard his voice,—an awful voice!—
And so hast thou, I ween!"

Eleémon was pale when he awoke;
But paler then he grew,
And over his whole countenance
There came a deathlike hue.

Still he controll'd himself, and sought
Her question to beguile,
And forcing, while he answer'd her,
A faint and hollow smile,—

"Cyra," he said, "thy thoughts possess'd
With one too painful theme,
Their own imaginations
For reality disdain;
Let not my dearest, best beloved,
Be troubled for a dream!"

"O Eleémon," she replied,
"Dissemble not with me thus;
Ill it becomes me to forget
What Dreams have been to us!"

"Thinkest thou there can be peace for me,
Near to me as thou art,
While some unknown and fearful sin
Is festering at thy heart?"

"Eleémon, Eleémon,
I may not let thee rest,
Till thou hast wash'd away with tears
The red spot from thy breast!"

"Thus to conceal thy crime from me,
It is no tenderness;
The worst is better known than fear'd.
Whatever it be, confess;
And the Merciful will cleanse thee
From all unrighteousness!"

Like an aspen leaf he trembled;
And his imploring eye
Bespake compassion, o'er his lips
Could utter their dread'd reply.

"O dearly loved, as dearly bought,
My sin and punishment I had thought
To bear through life alone;
Too much the Vision hath reveal'd,
And all must now be known!

"On thee, methinks, and only thee,
Dare I for pity call;
A'bor me not,—renounce me not,—
My life, my love, my all!"

"And, Cyra, sure, if ever cause
Might be a sinner's plea,
'Twould be for that lost wretch who sold
His hope of Heaven for thee!"

"Thou seest a miserable man
Given over to despair,
Who has bound himself, by his act and deed,
To the Prince of the Powers of the Air."

She seized him by the arm,
And hurrying him into the street,
"Come with me to the Church," she cried,
"And to Basil the Bishop's feet!"

VII.

PUBLIC must be the sinner's shame,
As heinous his offence;
So Basil said, when he ordinance
His form of penitence.

And never had such dismay been felt
Through that astonish'd town,
As when, at morn, the Crier went
Proclaiming up and down,—

"The miserable sinner, Eleémon,
Who for love hath sold himself to the Demon,
His guilt before God and man declares;
And beseeches all good Christians
To aid him with their prayers."

Many were the hearts compassionate
Whom that woful petition moved;
For he had borne his fortune meekly,
And therefore was well beloved.

Open his hand had been,
And liberal of its store;
And the prayers of the needy arose,
Who had daily been fed at his door.

They, too, whom Cyra's secret aid
Relieved from pressing cares,
In this her day of wretchedness,
Repaid her with their prayers.

And from many a gentle bosom
Supplications for mercy were sent,
If haply they might aid
The wretched penitent.

Sorely such aid he needed then!
Basil himself, of living men
The powerfulst in prayer,
For pity, rather than in hope,
Had bidden him not despair.

So hard a thing for him it seem'd
To wrest from Satan's hand
The fatal Bond, which, while retain'd,
Must against him in judgment stand.

"Dost thou believe," he said, "that Grace
Itself can reach this grief?"
With a feeble voice, and a woful eye,
"Lord, I believe!" was the sinner's reply;
"Help thou mine unbelief!"

The Bishop then cross'd him on the brow,
And cross'd him on the breast;
And told him, if he did his part
With true remorse and faithful heart,
God's mercy might do the rest.

"Alone in the holy Relic-room
Must thou pass day and night,
And wage with thy ghostly enemies
A more than mortal fight.

"The trial may be long, and the struggle strong,
Yet be not thou dismay'd;
For thou mayst count on Saints in Heaven,
And on earthly prayers for aid.

"And in thy mind this scripture bear
With steadfast faithfulness, what'er
To appall thee may arrive,—
When the wicked man turneth away from his sin,
He shall save his soul alive!"

"Take courage as thou lookest around
On the relics of the blest;
And night and day, continue to pray,
Until thy tears have wash'd away
The stigma from thy breast!"

"Let me be with him!" Cyra cried;
"If thou mayst not be there;
In this sore trial I at least
My faithful part may bear:

"My presence may some comfort prove,
Yea, haply some defence;
O Father, in myself I feel
The strength of innocence!"

"Nay, Daughter, nay; it must not be!
Though dutiful this desire;
He may by Heaven's good grace be saved,
But only as if by fire;—

"Sights which should never meet thine eye
Before him may appear;
And fiendish voices proffer words
Which should never assault thy ear;
Alone must he this trance sustain;
Keep thou thy vigils here!"

He led him to the Relic-room;
Alone he left him there;
And Cyra with the Nuns remain'd
To pass her time in prayer.

Alone was Eleemon left
For mercy on Heaven to call;
Deep and unceasing were his prayers,
But not a tear would fall.

His lips were parch'd, his head was hot,
His eyeballs throb'd with heat;

And in that utter silence
He could hear his temples beat.

But cold his feet, and cold his hands;
And at his heart there lay
An icy coldness unreliev'd,
While he pray'd the livelong day.

A long, long day! It pass'd away
In dreadful expectation;
Yet free throughout the day was he
From outward molestation.

Nor sight appear'd, nor voice was heard,
Though every moment both he fear'd;
The Spirits of the Air
Were busy the while in infusing
Suggestions of despair.

And he in strong endeavor still
Against them strove with earnest will;
Heart-piercing was his cry,
Heart-breathed his groaning; but it seem'd
That the source of tears was dry.

And now had evening closed;
The dim lamp-light alone
On the stone cross, and the marble walls,
And the shrines of the Martyrs, shone.

Before the Cross Eleemon lay:
His knees were on the ground;
Courage enough to touch the Cross
Itself, he had not found.

But on the steps of the pedestal
His lifted hands were laid;
And in that lowest attitude
The suffering sinner pray'd.

A strong temptation of the Fiend,
Which bade him despair and die;
He with the aid of Scripture
Had faithfully put by;
And then, as with a dawning hope,
He raised this contrite cry:—

"O that mine eyes were fountains!
If the good grace of Heaven
Would give me tears, methinks I then
Might hope to be forgiven!"

To that mock prayer a short, loud laugh
From fiendish lips replied:
Close at his ear he felt it,
And it sounded on every side.

From the four walls and the vaulted roof
A shout of mockery rung;
And the echoing ground repeated the sound,
Which peal'd above, and below, and around,
From many a fiendish tongue.

The lamps went out at that hideous shout,
But darkness had there no place,
For the room was fill'd with a lurid light
That came from aDemon's face.
A dreadful face it was,—too well
By Electimon known!
Alas! he had seen it when he stood
Before the dolorous Throne.

"Electimon! Electimon!"
Sternly said the Demon,
How have I merited this?
I kept my covenant with thee,
And placed thee in worldly bliss!

"And still thou mightest have had,
Thine after-days to bless,
Health, wealth, long life, and whatsoever
The World calls happiness.

"Fool, to forego thine earthly joys,
Who hast no hope beyond!
For judgment must be given for me,
When I sue thee upon the Bond.

"Remember I deceived thee not;
Nor had I tempted thee:
Thou camest of thine own accord,
And didst act knowingly!"

"I told thee thou mightst vainly think
To cheat me by contrition,
When thou wert written down among
The Children of Perdition!"

"'So help me, Satan!' were thy words
When thou didst this allow;
I help'd thee, Electimon, then,—
And I will have thee now!""

At the words of the Fiend, from the floor
Electimon in agony sprung;
Up the steps of the pedestal he ran,
And to the Cross he clung.

And then it seem'd as if he drew,
While he clasp'd the senseless stone,
A strength he had not felt till then,
A hope he had not known.

So when the Demon ceased,
He answer'd him not a word;
But, looking upward, he
His faithful prayer preferr'd:

"All, all, to Thee, my Lord
And Savior, I confess!
And I know that Thou canst cleanse me
From all unrighteousness!

"I have turned away from my sin;
In Thee do I put my trust;
To such Thou hast promised forgiveness,
And Thou art faithful and just!""

With that the Demon disappear'd;
The lamps resumed their light;
Nor voice nor vision more
Disturb'd him through the night.

He stirr'd not from his station,
But there stood fix'd in prayer;
And when Basil the Bishop enter'd
At morn, he found him there.

VIII.

Well might the Bishop see what he
Had undergone that night;
Remorse and agony of mind
Had made his dark hair white.

So should the inner change, he wene'd,
With the outward sign accord;
And holy Basil cross'd himself,
And blest our gracious Lord.

"Well hast thou done," said he, "my son,
And faithfully fought the fight;
So shall this day complete, I trust,
The victory of the night.

"I fear'd that forty days and nights
Too little all might be;
But great and strange hath been the change
One night hath wrought in thee."

"O Father, Father," he replied,
"And hath it been but one?
An endless time it seem'd to me!
I almost thought Eternity
With me had been begun.

"And surely this poor flesh and blood
Such terrors could not have withstood,
If grace had not been given;
But when I clasp'd the blessed Cross,
I then had help from Heaven.

"The coldness from my heart is gone;
But still the weight is there,
And thoughts, which I abhor, will come
And tempt me to despair.

"Those thoughts I constantly repel;
And all, methinks, might yet be well,
Could I but weep once more,
And with true tears of penitence
My dreadful state deplore.

"Tears are denied; their source is dried!"
And must it still be so?
O Thou, who from a rock didst make
The living waters flow,—

"A broken and a bleeding heart
This hour I offer Thee;
And, when Thou seest good, my tears
Shall then again be free!"
A knocking at the door was heard
As he ended this reply;
Hearing that unexpected sound,
The Bishop turn'd his eye,
And his venerable Mother,
Emmelia, the Abbess, drew nigh.

"We have not ceased this mournful night,"
Said she, "on Heaven to call;
And our afflicted Cyra
Hath edified us all.

"More fervent prayers from suffering heart,
I ween, have never been sent;
And note she asks, as some relief,
In this her overwhelming grief,
To see the penitent.

"So earnestly she ask'd, that I
Her wish would not defer;
And I have brought her to the door:
Forgive me, Son, if I err.

"Hard were I did not consent
To thy compassionate intent,
O Mother," he replied;
And raising then his voice, "Come in,
Thou innocent!" he cried.

That welcome word when Cyra heard,
With a sad pace and slow,
Forward she came, like one whose heart
Was overcharged with woe.

Her face was pale,—long illness would
Have changed those features less;
And long-continued tears had dimm'd
Her eyes with heaviness.

Her husband's words had reach'd her ear
When at the door she stood;
"Thou hast pray'd in vain for tears," she said,
"While I have pour'd a flood!

"Mine flow, and they will flow; they must;
They cannot be repress'd!
And oh, that they might wash away
The stigma from thy breast!

"Oh that these tears might cleanse that spot,—
Tears which I cannot check!"
Profusely weeping as she spake,
She fell upon his neck.

He clasp'd the mourner close, and in
That passionate embrace,
In grief for her, almost forgot
His own tremendous case.

Warm as they fell he felt her tears,
And in true sympathy,
So gracious Heaven permitted then,
His own to flow were free.

And then the weight was taken off,
Which at his heart had press'd:

O mercy! and the crimson spot
Hath vanish'd from his breast!

At that most happy sight,
The four, with one accord,
Fell on their knees, and blest
The mercy of the Lord.

"What then! before the strife is done,
Would ye of victory boast?"
Said a Voice above: "they reckon too soon,
Who reckon without their host!"

"Mine is he by a Bond
Which holds him fast in law:
I draw it myself for certainty,
And sharper than me must the Lawyer be
Who in it can find a flaw!

"Before the Congregation,
And in the face of day,
Whoever may pray, and whoever gainsay,
I will challenge him for my Bondsman,
And carry him quick away!"

"Ha, Satan! dost thou in thy pride,
With righteous anger Basil cried,
"Duly the force of prayer?
In the face of the Church wilt thou brave it?
Why, then we will meet thee there!

"There mayst thou set forth thy right,
With all thy might, before the sight
Of all the Congregation;
And they that hour shall see the power
Of the Lord unto salvation!

"A challenge fair! We meet then there;
Rejoin'd the Prince of the Powers of the Air;
"The Bondsman is mine by right.
Let the whole city come at thy call,
And great and small: in face of them all,
I will have him in thy Despite!"

So having said, he tarried not
To hear the Saint's reply.
"Beneath the sign which Constantine,
Said Basil, "beheld in the sky,
We strive, and have our strength therein,
Therein our victory!"

IX.

The Church is fill'd; so great the faith
That City in its Bishop hath;
And now the Congregation
Are waiting there in trembling prayer
And terrible expectation.

Emmelia and her sisterhood
Have taken there their seat;
And Choristers, and Monks, and Priests,
And Psalmists there, and Exorcists,
Are station'd in order meet.
In sackcloth clad, with ashes strown
Upon his whiter hair,
Before the steps of the altar,
His feet for penance bare,
Eleonora stands, a spectacle
For men and Angels there.

Beside him Cyra stood, in weal
Or woe, in good or ill,
Not to be sever'd from his side,
His faithful helpmate still.

Dishevell'd were her raven locks,
As one in mourner's guise;
And pale she was, but faith and hope
Had now resumed her eyes.

At the altar Basil took his stand;
He held the Gospel in his hand,
And in his ardent eye
Sure trust was seen, and conscious power,
And strength for victory.

At his command the Chorister
Enounced the Prophet's song,
"To God our Savior mercies
And forgivenesses belong."

Ten thousand voices join'd to raise
The holy hymn on high,
And hearts were thrill'd and eyes were fill'd
By that full harmony.

And when they ceased, and Basil's hand
A warning signal gave,
The whole huge multitude was hush'd
In a stillness like that of the grave.

The Sun was high in a bright blue sky;
But a chill came over the crowd,
And the Church was suddenly darken'd,
As if by a passing cloud.

A sound as of a tempest rose,
Though the day was calm and clear;
Intrepid must the heart have been
Which did not then feel fear.

In the sound of the storm came the dreadful Form;
The Church then darken'd more,
And He was seen erect on the screen
Over the Holy Door.

Day-light had sicken'd at his sight;
And the gloomy Presence threw
A shade profound over all around,
Like a cheerless twilight hue.

"I come hither," said the Demon,
"For my Bondsman Eleonora!
Mine is he, body and soul.
See all men!" and with that on high
He held the open scroll.

The fatal signature appear'd,
To all the multitude,

Distinct as when the accursed pen
Had traced it with fresh blood.

"See all men!" Satan cried again,
And then his claim pursued.

"I ask for justice! I prefer
An equitable suit!
I appeal to the Law, and the case
Admitteth of no dispute.

"If there be justice here,
If Law have place in Heaven,
Award upon this Bond
Must then for me be given.

"What to my rightful claim,
Basil, canst thou gainsay,
That I should not seize the Bondsman,
And carry him quick away?

"The writing is confess'd;—
No plea against it shown;—
The forfeit is mine,
And now I take my own!

"Hold there!" cried Basil, with a voice
That arrested him on his way,
When from the screen he would have swoopt
To pounce upon his prey;—

"Hold there, I say! Thou canst not sue
Upon this Bond by law!
A sorry legalist were he
Who could not, in thy boasted plea,
Detect its fatal flaw.

"The Deed is null, for it was framed
With fraudulent intent;
A thing unlawful in itself;
A wicked instrument,—
Not to be pleaded in the Courts.—
Sir Fiend, thy cause is shent!

"This were enough; but, more than this,
A maxim, as thou knowest, it is,
Whereof all Laws partake,
That no one may of his own wrong
His own advantage make.

"The man, thou sayest, thy Bondsman is;
Mark, now, how stands the fact!
Thou hast allow'd, nay, aided him,
As a Freedman, to contract
A marriage with this Christian woman here,
And by a public act.

"That act being publicly perform'd
With thy full cognizance,
Claim to him as thy Bondsman thou
Canst never more advance;—

"For when they solemnly were then
United, in sight of Angels and men,
The matrimonial band
Gave to the wife a right in him;
And we on this might stand.
"Thy claim upon the man was by
Thy silence then forsaken;
A marriage thus by thee procured
May not by thee be shaken;
And thou, O Satan, as thou seest,
In thine own snare art taken!"

So Basil said, and paused awhile;
The Arch-fiend answer'd not;
But he heaved in vexation
A sulphurous sigh for the Bishop's vocation,
And thus to himself he thought: —

"The Law thy calling ought to have been,
With thy wit so ready, and tongue so free!
To prove by reason, in reason's despite,
That right is wrong, and wrong is right,
And white is black, and black is white,—
What a loss have I in thee!"

"I rest not here," the Saint pursued;
"Though thou in this mayst see
That in the meshes of thine own net
I could entangle thee!"

"Fiend, thou thyself didst bring about
The spousal celebration,
Which link'd them by the nuptial tie
For both their souls' salvation.

"Thou sufferedst them before high Heaven
With solemn rites espoused to be,
Then and for evermore, for time
And for eternity.

"That tie holds good; those rites
Will reach their whole intent;
And thou of his salvation vouch
Thyself the instrument.

"And now, methinks, thou seest in this
A higher power than thine;
And that thy ways were overruled,
To work the will divine!"

With rising energy he spake,
And more majestic look;
And with authoritative hand
Held forth the Sacred Book.

Then with a voice of power he said,
"The Bond is null and void!
It is nullified, as thou knowest well,
By a Covenant whose strength by Hell
Can never be destroy'd! —

"The Covenant of grace,
That greatest work of Heaven,
Which whose claims in perfect faith,
His sins shall be forgiven.

"Were they as scarlet red,
They should be white as wool;
This is the All-mighty's Covenant,
Who is All-merciful!"

"His Minister am I!
In his All-mighty name
To this repentant sinner
God's pardon I proclaim!

"In token that against his soul
The sin shall no longer stand,
The writing is effaced, which there
Thou holdest in thy hand!

"Angels that are in bliss above
This triumph of Redeeming Love
Will witness, and rejoice;
And ye shall now in thunder hear
Heaven's ratifying voice!"

A peal of thunder shook the pyle;
The Church was fill'd with light;
And when the flash was past, the Fiend
Had vanish'd from their sight.

He fled as he came, but in anger and shame;
The pardon was complete;
And the insipious scroll was dropp'd, a blank,
At Eleemon's feet.

NOTES.

FROM THE LIFE OF S. BASIL THE GREAT, BY S. AMPHIL-
CHIUS, BISHOP OF ICONIUM.

Recent, Vide Patrum, pp. 156, 158.

"Helloilus autem sancta recordationis, qui inspexerat et minister
fuit sanctarumque quae ab eo patris causae, quique post obitum ejus
dem Apostolicæ memoriam Basili sedem illustreremur, eis
miracula et clerus, atque omnibus ornatas, reliqui mihi, quin
cum scholaribus quiqüaque fecit, nomine Preliator, pergeret ad sancta
et percolenda loca, et ibidem illam seminum terrae, et omnium
convenientium Deo effere colossatis; Diabolus, qui ab initio huiusmodi
inventus ejus religiosum propostum, commoverat omnem agentem ejus,
eunde et puellæ succurreretur amorem. Hic itaque cum tanto voto estat
inwigatur, et non auderet suum sollemnem lavam contingere, alius
sanctum ex detestandis malis filius, reprehendit illi, ut si forte ante
uo possit illam consummare, multum ciae tributaret quantitatem.
At verò veneficus dixit ad eum: O homo, ego ad hoc temporis creato:
sed si vis, nullo te ad providiorem seminum Diabolum, et illæ faciæ
voluntatem tuam, si tu aucturar feceris voluntatem eius. Quis
dixit ad eum: Queo nequeo uti, sed te, ut totum praetulisse virtutem
et honos et puellarum adhereat a te, quid cum, cum accidit illae
inquiras, qui in quam illum? Dixit tibi Eliaum. Porrò
iniquitatis operam dixit ei: Si ad hoc paratus et eum operari
homo. Ille autem ad illum: Paratus sum, tantum ut
consequar desiderium. Et fortiter epistolae, parvum operam
minister ad Diabolum destinavit eum, habentem dictum horum
modii: Quoniam domino et pro se opum et me dare operam,
quo a Christianorum religione discident, et ad suam societatem
accidunt, ut compleatur pro tua: nisi tibi praestatur, me
defensor litterarum, rapidius puellas auxuet. Et dixit: si
venes se uti componis existat, ut et in hoc gloriis, et eum
adferri alicuius esse, quid quum amatorius tibi
ad Diabolum. Quis hoc alacriter gere, ostius missarium illum vocat,
venenous Diabolis adjutoriam: et continuo adest lacrimarum et
principes potestas tecuburum, spiritus nequissimos, et susceptum qui
ereat deceptus, cum gaudin magno ducemur cum ubi erat Diabolos,
quem et monstravimus in super excelsum solium sedentem, et in
piry ejus nequissimos spiritus circumse sunt: et suscepta venefici

Rote
litteris, dixit ad inferiorem illum: Credo in unum qui dicit: Credo. Dixit et Diobulus: Tergiversationes est hos Christianos, et quando quidam se opus habet, vocet ad me: Eam autem concepto factis effectorum, abnegatus et cum orta est ad Christianum esse extra, quia Deus non est. Hoc autem dicere, quod Deus non est, velut dubitare est. Quod igitur ad inferiorem illum dixisse mihi in scriptum tam Christi toti et secundum Rationales voluntates supplicatum, quia in me pro se habuit, quod se habebat, et quod in me non est. Quamvis igitur, etiam si fulgura quidam ad eum surgunt, et hominem non esse etiam quod Deus est, etiam si Christus dixisset: Non timere mihi, timendum est crux. Et facile est, si quidem facere non possit, facere posset.
stances wherein he has supposed the resemblance to exist. It appears to have been one of those fiction which were composed honestly as works of imagination, not like the lives of St. Paul and St. Peter, written, not derived from them and so many of their respective orders, with a fraudulent intent, to impose upon mankind. Like other such fictions, it has been adopted and legitimated by credulity and fraud, and the blessed Mary, the Virgin of Antioch, has her place accordingly in the Acta Sanctorum, on the 22d of May. But as the legend evidently was not written when Antioch was a Christian city, and, moreover, as the legend itself contains nothing whatever by which its age could be determined, Pulebrophe presents it as so doubtful a case both for and against, that I am at a loss to bring it to Antiochius's bed-chamber; but the temptations of worldly wealth, which are offered, have only the effect of alarming them; they rise in the middle of the night, and go toward the Church, there to pray for protection and deliverance; and, on the way thereunto, one demon takes upon himself the other's place, the other possesses the master, and thus decoys Mary into the apartment where Antiochius is expecting her. She is, however, allowed to depart unmolested, upon a promise to return at the end of fifteen days, and live with him as a servant, provided he will utter no ridicule. Nothing can be more unlike the story of Providence's daughter. Having extorted an oath from her, that she would return according to this promise, Antiochius remains, wondering at the great power of the Magician. 

"Certes," thought he, "one who can do what he hath done in this matter is greater than all men; why, then, should I not be content to live with this woman, who will enable me to equal himself?"

And, being inflamed with this desire, he said within himself, "If I were such as he is, whatever I wished for would be within my reach." This thought came into his mind as if it were by Divine Providence, to the end that he might willingly let the virgin depart, and that she might not be bound by the nefarious oath which she had taken, and that the devil, who was the instigator of his evil desires, might be confounded in his design, both upon the virgin herself, and upon him who was at this time the virgin's husband.

"As soon, therefore, as it was day, Antiochius went out to seek for the Sorcerer, and to give him thanks. Having found him, and saluted him, he delivered to him, with many thanks, the gold which he had promised; and then, falling at his feet, earnestly entreated that he might be made such as the Sorcerer himself was, promising that, if this could be effected through his means, he would requite him with whatever sum he might demand. But the Sorcerer replied, 'that it was not possible for him to be made a sorcerer also, because he was a Christian, having been made such by his baptism.' But Antiochius answered, 'Then I renounce my baptism and Christian name, if I may be made a sorcerer.' Still the Sorcerer replied, 'Thou canst not be made a sorcerer; neither canst thou keep the laws of the sorcerers, which if thou went not to keep, thou wouldst then fall from a place which could never again be recovered.' But Antiochius, again embracing his feet, promised that he would perform whatever should be enjoined him. Then the Sorcerer, seeing his perseverance, asked for paper, and having written therein what he thought good, gave it to Antiochius, with these words: 'Believe, and thou shalt see the effects of this:' And he wrote the command, that he should go that night, out of the city, supperless, and stand upon yonder little bridge. A huge multitude will pass over it, at midnight, with a mighty uproar, and with their Prince seated in a chariot; yet fear not thou, for thou wilt not be hurt, having with thee this my writing; but hold up the writing, so that it may be perceived; and if thou shouldst be asked what thou dost there at that hour, or who thou art, say, 'The Great Master sent me to my Lord the Prince, with this letter, that I might deliver it unto him.' But take heed neither to sign thyself as a Christian, nor to call upon Christ; for in either case thy desire would then be frustrated.'

"Antiochius, therefore, having received the letter, went his way; and as he passed by the Virgin Mary, who was there standing upon the little bridge, holding up the writing in his hand. About midnight, a great multitude came there, and horsemen in great numbers, and the Prince himself sitting in a chariot; and they who went first surrounded him, saying, 'Who is this that standeth here?' To whom Antiochius made the answer, 'The Great Master hath sent me to my Lord the Prince with this letter.' And they took the letter from him, and delivered it to the Prince, who sat in the chariot; and he, having received and read the same, wrote something in the same paper, and delivered it, saying, in the name of the Great Master, 'Bring this letter to carry it to the Sorcerer. So, in the morning, Antiochius, having returned, delivered it to the Sorcerer, who, having perused it, said, 'Wouldst thou know what he hath written to us? even just as I before said to thee, to wit, Knowest thou not that this man is a Christian? Such a one I can to no wise admit, unless, according to our manner, he perform all things, and renounce and abhorreth his faith.' When Antiochius heard this, he replied, 'Master, now as everbefore I abjure the name of Christian, and the faith, and the baptism. Then the Sorcerer answered again, and giving the writing to Antiochius, said, 'Go again, and take thy stand at night at the same place, and when he shall come, give him this, and attend to what he shall say.' Accordingly he went his way, and took his stand at the time and place appointed. Behold, at the same hour, it happened that those said words were written, and they said unto him, 'Wherefore hast thou returned hither?' Antiochius answered and said, 'Lord, the Great Master hath sent me back with this writing.' The Prince then received it, and read, and again wrote in it, and gave it again to be returned to the Charon. To whom Antiochius went again in the morning, and he, having read the writing, said unto him, 'Knowest thou what he hath written unto me in reply? I wrote to him, saying, 'All these things, Lord, he hath abjured before me; admit him, therefore, if it pleaseth thee.' But he hath written back, 'Unless he abjure all this in writing, and in the presence of all the people.'" Say now, then, what wilt thou that I should do for thee?"

"The wretched Antiochius answered and said, 'Master, I am ready to do this also.' And with that he sealed himself, and wrote these:—I, Antiochius, abjure Christ and his faith, I abjure also his baptism, and the cross, and the Christian name, and I promise that I will never again use them, or invoke them. But, while he was thus writing, a copious sweat ran from him, from the top of his head to the soles of his feet, so that his whole inner garment was wet therewith, as he himself afterwards confessed to the Conunissional téachers, and when he thereupon went on writing, and when it was finished, he gave the writing to the Sorcerer to read, who, when he had perused it, said, 'This is well; go thy way again, and he will now certainly receive thee. And when he shall have admitted thee, say to him reverently, I beseech thee, Lord, assign to me those who may be at my bidding; and he will assign unto thee as many as thou wilt have. But this I advise thee, not to take more than one or two familiaris, inasmuch as more would perplex thee, and would be perpetually disturbing thee night and day, that thou mightest give them what thou wouldest.' Then Antiochius returned to the same place as before, and waited there, and the same company came there again at midnight, and the leader of them, having inventaneously recognized Antiochius, began to cry out, 'Lord, the Great Master hath again sent this man with his commandment: and the Prince made him draw nigh. And Antiochius, drawing nigh, gave unto him his profession of abjuration, full of calamity and woe. He, having received and read it, raised it on high in his hand, and began to exclaim, 'Christ, behold the remnant of the sorcerers of the old times: and he alighted and executed thee! I am not the author of this deed; but he, offering himself to my service with many entreaties, hath of his own accord written this his profession of abjuration, and delivered it to me. Have thou therefore no care of him from the time to time!' And he repeated these words a second time, and again a third.

"But when Antiochius heard that dreadful voice, he trembled from head to foot, and began at the same time to cry aloud, and to say, 'Give me back the writing! I am a Chris-
tian! I beseech thee, I adjure thee! I will be a Christian! Give me back the profession which I have wickedly written? But when the miserable case of my profession was arranged, I never again mayst thou have this thy profession, which I shall produce in the terrible day of judgment. From this moment thou art mine, and I have thee in my power at will, unless an outrage be done to justice.

With the Bishop's leave, I departed; but my holy amanuensis, Ibanus, Anathemia lay prostrate on his face upon the bridge till it was dawn, weeping and lamenting his condition. As soon as it was daylight he rose, and returned to his own house, where he remained weeping and lamenting, not knowing what he should do. Now there was another city, some eighteen miles off, where the Bishop was departed, named Alexandria. But he, who had done what he had done. Having then cut off his hair, and clad himself in sackcloth, he departed, and came unto the Bishop, and having made himself known, was admitted to him, and threw himself at his feet, saying, 'I beseech thee, baptize me?' But the Bishop replied, 'Can I believe that thou hast not yet been baptized? Thus, taking the Bishop by the hand, in the whole multitude, saying, 'I have indeed received baptism when I was a child, but having now renounced it in writing, behold I am unap- tized?' To which the Bishop replied, 'How canst thou persuade that thou hast been unapostized of the baptism whereby I was baptized?' Anathemia answered, 'I in that unhappy hour when I wrote the abjuration of my Lord and Savior, and of his baptism, incontinent a profuse sweat burst out, even from the top of my head to the soles of my feet, so that my inner garments were wet therewith; and for five years I did believe of a truth, that even as I then abjured my baptism, so did it depart from me. Now, if thou canst, O venerable Father, help me, in compassion upon one who has thus voluntarily undone himself.' He said this prostrate on the ground, and beseeched with tears.

When the Bishop, the Bishop, the Bishop, in this, he threw himself upon the ground, and lay there beside Anathemis, weeping and praying to the Lord. Then, after a long while, rising, he rose Anathemis, and said to him, 'Verily, son, I dare not again purify by baptism a man who hath been already baptized, for among Christians there is no second baptism, except of tears. Yet do not thou despair of thy salvation, nor of the divine mercy, but rather commit thyself to God, praying and humbly beseeching him for all the remainder of thy life; and God, who is good and merciful, may render back to thee the writing of thy abjuration, and moreover forgive thee that impiety, as he forgave the ten thousands talents to the debtor in the Gospel. Hope not to find a better way than this, for there is no other to be found.' He then being persuaded thus to do, and having obtained the Bishop's prayers, went his way, weeping and groaning for the sin which he had committed; and having returned home, he sold all his goods, and set at liberty all his people, both men servants and maid servants, giving them also of his possessions, and the rest of his goods he distributed to the churches, and to the poor, secretly, by the hand of a faithful servant. Moreover, he gave three pounds of gold to the mother of that Virgin, with the love of whom the Demon, to his own de- struction, had inflamed him, having placed them in a certain church, saying, 'I beseech ye, pray to God for me a sinner: I shall never again trouble you, nor any other person; for I deplore I know not whether, to bewail the wickedness of my deeds.' Thus this man did, and from that time he was seen no more, casting himself wholly upon the mercy of God, to which none who hath betaken himself can perish.

But we, who have heard the relation of this dreadful thing, praise the Almighty Lord our God, and adore the greatness of his works, that he hath protected the virgin Maria in her holy intimation of leaving a single life, and hath taken her mother out of poverty, affording liberality to them both for their support and maintenance, and hath delivered her also from the reproach of an amanuensis, avoiding thereby the impiety which had passed between Maria the virgin and her enemy Anthemia, by annulling it. For the Lord brought these things to pass before the fifteen days, which were the appointed time between them, had elapsed. Wherefore we may say with the Evangelist, Our Lord hath done all things well. Nor hath he suffered the suppliant, who seeks him in penitence, to perish; for he saith, 'I cannot but call to the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Let us, therefore, continue to entreat him, that we may be protected by his Al- mighty hand, and may be delivered from all the devices of the Devil, and that, being aided by the prayers of the Saints, where we may be worthy to attain an union with God of Heaven. To the Lord our God belong all honor, and glory, and adoration, now and always, forever and ever. Amen.'

The Greeks appear to have delighted in fictions of this peculiar kind. The most extravagant of such legends is that of St. Justinia and her Cyprian, which Martene and Durand present as a veritable history, confounding Bishop Fell for treating it as fabulous! It is much too long for insertion in this place, but it would be injured by abbreviating it. The reader may find it in the Theodorus Nuxus Ascenditorum, t. ii. pp. 1612—1620.

Ciccius has taken it for the subject of his Magica Prodigia.

There, on the reverencing iex, His dolorous throne was placed. — p. 535, col. 1.

It was the north of Heaven that Lucifer, according to grave authors, attempted to take by storm. En avvr criando Diao con tanta hermesura e cicio e la terra, quando ardente su celeb" "tial Corte de divina Hierarchia: men regnou tanto a lagnoridade em uns os Cortezanos, vendo yen taindo boels, en yu nos con- "nente legnymos (os velha, or deu) que gnia compar- "cer con el Attusimo, y subir al Aquelon, formando para este una quillilla de sus confidentes y parciales.

With this sentence Fr. Marco de Guadalajara y Xavier begins his account of the Memorable Expedition, and justissimo desiderio de los Marques de Espina.

The marriage. — p. 538, col. 2.

The description of the marriage service is taken from Dr. King's work upon 'the Rites and Ceremonies of the Greek Church in Russia.' In all the offices of the Greek Church, he says, there is not perhaps a more curious service than this of matrimony, nor any which carries more genuine marks of antiquity; as from the bare present of it may be seen, at one view, most of the ceremonies which antiquarians have taken great pains to ascertain. It agrees very closely with the ritual given by Martene, De Antiquis Ecclesiae Ritiibus, t. ii. pp. 390—398.

In these ceremonies,

'The which do endless matrimony make,'

the parties are betrothed to each other 'for their salvation,'

—now and forever, even unto ages of ages.'


The Iuvaes.

The coronas
Composed of all sweet flowers. — p. 509, col. 1.

'Formerly these crowns were garlands made of flowers or shrubs; but now there are generally in all churches crowns of silver, or other metals, kept for that purpose.' — Dr. King's Rites, &c. p. 232.

'A certain crown of flowers used in marriages,' says the excellent Bishop Heber, 'writing from the Carpathic,' has been denounced to me as a device of Satan! And a gentle- man has just written to complain that the Danish Government of Tranquebar will not allow him to excommunicate some young persons for wearing marks, and acting, as it appears, in a Christmas mummary, or at least in some private rustic the- "m leus que las slomus tayta (a modern joke). If this be heathen, Heaven help the wicked! But I hope you will not suspect that I shall lead my countenance to this kind of ecclesiastical tyranny, or consent to men's con- sciences being burdened with restrictions so foreign to the cheerful spirit of the Gospel.' — vol. iii. pp. 416.
NOTES TO ALL FOR LOVE, &c.  

Basil, of loving morn  

The power felt in prayer. — p. 542, col. 2.

The most remarkable instance of St. Basil’s power in prayer is to be found, not in either of his lives, the vocations or the apocalyptic one, but in a very curious account of the opinions held by the Armenian Christians, as drawn up for the information of Pope Benedict XII, and inserted by Domenico Bernardino in his Historia de tuti l’Eremon (Seccdo setv. cap. iv. l. 11). There is an account, that in the sixth day of the Creation, when the rebellions angels fell from heaven through that opening in the firmament which the Armenians call Arocen, nud we the Galaxy, one unlucky angel, who had no participation in their sin, but seems to have been caught in the turmoil, fell with them; and many other would in like manner have fallen by no fault of their own, if the Lord had not said unto them, Paz vobis. But this unfortunate angel was not restored till he obtained, it is not said how, the prayers of St. Basil; his condition meantime, from the sixth day of the Creation to the fourth century of the Christian era, must have been even more uncomfortable than that of Klosters’s repentant Devil. — p. 512, § 16.

Eleazar’s penance. — p. 543, col. 1.

In the legend the penitent is left forty days and nights to contend with the Powers of Darkness in the Relic Chamber.

Captain Hall relates an amusing example of the manner in which the penitent was punished on the ninth day of his novitiate.  

"I went," he says, "to the Convent of La Cruz to visit a friend who was doing penance, not for a sin he had committed, but for one he was preparing to commit. The case was this: — Don N. had recently lost his wife, and, not knowing how to live in solitude, proposed to his brother-in-law and being of a disposition to take little trouble in such a research, or, probably, thinking that no labor could procure for him any one so suitable as what his own house afforded, he proposed the matter to his lately lamented wife’s sister, who had lived in his house. She was quite acquainted with the family, and not only a very good sort of person, but one well acquainted with all the details of his household, known and esteemed by his children, and accustomed to his society.

"The church, however, looked exceedingly grave upon the occasion; not, however, as I at first supposed, from the nearness of the connection, or the shortness of the interval since the first wife’s death, but because the intended lady had stood godmother to four of Don N.’s children. This, the church said, was a serious sin to the new alliance, which nothing could ever wash clean of guilt. On the contrary, were it not for the woman’s plea of necessity, Don N. was urgent; and a council was assembled to deliberate on the matter. The learned body declared, after some discussion, the case to be a very knotty one; and that, as the lady had been four times godmother to Don N.’s children, it was impossible she could marry him. Nevertheless, the Fathers (compassionate persons!) wished to give the unhappy couple another chance; and agreed to refer the question to a learned doctor in the neighborhood, skilled in all difficult questions of casuistry. This sage person decided that, according to the canons of the church, the marriage should take place in payment of a fine of four hundred dollars; two for the poor in pocket, and two for the poor in spirit; namely, the priests. But to expiate the crime of marrying a quadruple godmother, a slight penance must also be submitted to in the following manner. Don N. was to place himself on his knees before the altar, with a long wax candle burning in his hand, while his intended lady stood by his side holding another: this was to be repeated in the face of the congregation, for one hour, during every Sunday and fast-day throughout a whole year; after which purifying exposure, the parties were to be held eligible to proceed with the marriage. Don N., who chose rather to put his conscience than his knees to such discipline, took his own measures on the occasion. That these were, the idle public took the liberty of guessing broadly enough, but no one could tell precisely. After all the trash had been talked, it was announced, that the case had undergone a careful reexamination, and that it had been deemed proper to commute the penance into one week’s retirement from the world; that is to say, Don N. was to shut himself up in the Convent of La Cruz, there to fast and pray in solitude and silence for seven days. The manner in which this penance was performed is an appropriate commentary on the whole transaction. The penitent, sides flung about by two or three soldiers of the convent, passed the evening in discussing some capital wine, sent out for the occasion by Don N. himself, after eating a dinner, prepared by the cook of the convent, the best in New Galatia. As for silence and solitude, his romping boys and girls were with him during all the morning; besides a score of visitors, who strolled daily out of town as far as the convent, to keep up to the poor man’s spirits, by relating all the gossip which was Abbot about his marriage, his penitence, and the wonderful kindness of the church." — Capt. Hall's Journal, vol. iv. p. 514.

"I have read of a gentleman," says Bishop Taylor, "who, being on his death-bed, and his confessor searching and dressing his wounded soul, was found to be obliged to make restitution of a considerable sum of money, with the diminution of his estate. His confessor found him desirous to be saved, a lover of his religion, and yet to have a kindness for his estate, which he desired might be entirely transmitted to his beloved heir: he would serve God with all his heart, and repeated him of his sin, of his rapine and injustice; he begged for par don passionately, he hardly hoped for mercy or resolution, in case he did resolve, to live strictly, to have God, to reverence his priests, to be charitable to the poor; but to make restitution he found impossible to him, and he hoped the commandment would not require it of him, and desired to be relieved by an easy and a favorable interpretation; for it is ten thousand pities some priests, and some good men, are as narrow in their understanding of the word in vain, but it is worse, infinitely worse, if the man should perish. What should the confessor do in this case? — shall not the man be relieved, and his pietie be accepted; or shall the rigor and severity of his confessor, and his scrupulous fears and impertinence, cast away a soul either into future misery, or present discomfort? Neither one nor other was to be done; and the good man was only to consider what God had made necessary, not what the vices of his penitent and his present follies should make so. Well; the priest proceeds to do his duty, and, in the end, hangs a gold medal on the neck of the sick man, [restitutio ablata!; i. e. the sick man could have no ease by the loss of a duty. The poor cleric desires the confessor to deal with his son, and try if he could be made willing that his father might go to heaven at charge of his son, which when he had attempted, he was answered with extreme readiness and injurious language; which caused great trouble to the priest and to the dying father. At last the religious man found out this device, telling his penitent, that unless by corporal penances there could be made satisfaction in exchange of restitution, he knew nothing that could suit the case. So which was obliged to restitution, was to descend upon the son, he thought something might be hoped, if, by way of communation, the son would hold his finger in a burning candle for a quarter of an hour. The glad father, being overjoyed at this loophole of eternity, this glimpse of heaven, and the certain retaining of the whole estate, called to his son, told him the condition and the advantages to them both, making no question but he would gladly undertake the penance. But the son with indignation replied, I would not endure so much torture to save my father. To which the priest, considering his advantage, made this quick return to the old man: — Sir, if your son will not, for a quarter of an hour, endure the pains of a burning finger to save your soul, will you, to save a portion of the estate for him, endure the flames of hell to eternal ages? The unconscionableness of the olds, and the ungratefulness of the son, and the importunity of the priest, and the fear of hell, and the indispensable necessity of restitution, awakened the old man from his lethargy, and he bowed himself to the rule, made restitution, and had hopes of pardon and comfort; a most pious and pleasant work to be held in the holy church."

The penances which Indian fanatics voluntarily undertake and perform would be deemed impossible in Europe, if they had not been witnessed by so many persons of unquestionable authority. The penances which the Brahins enjoyn are probably much more severe than they would otherwise be, on this account, lest they should seem trifling in the eyes of a people accustomed to such exhibitions.  

"If a Shudhu go to a Brahmans of bad character, he must renounce life by casting himself into a huge fire. If a Shoobru
go to a Brandon of unsullied character, he must tie straw round the different parts of his body, and cast himself into the fire. The women must place on an ass and let round the end of the Great Way: and the title of this is, they must wander to those sacred places of the Hindoos where the climate is exceedingly cold, and proceed till she actually perish with cold. This is a meritorious way of terminating life, and is mentioned as such in the Hindoo writings. — Wack, vol. 1, p. 477.

Sometimes the law is frustrated by its own severity. It is a doxum of general notoriety, that if a Junagum has the misfortune to lose his Lignum, he ought not to survive the misfortune. Poorna, the present minister of Mysore, relates an incident of a Lignayet friend of his, who had unhappily lost his portable god, and came to take a last farewell. The Indians, like more enlightened nations, readily laugh at the absurdities of every sect but their own, and Poorna gave him better counsel. It is a part of the ceremonial, preceding the sacrifice of the individual, that the principal persons of the sect should assemble on the banks of some holy stream, and placing in a basket the lingum images of the whole assembly, purify them in the sacred waters. The destined victim, in conformity to the advice of his friend, suddenly seized the basket, and overturned its contents into the rapid Cauveri. "Now, my friend," said he, "we are on equal terms: let us prepare to die together." The discussion terminated according to expectation. The whole party took an oath of inviolable secrecy, and each privately provided himself with a new image of the deity, and returned home.

In 1790, when the Mahattas were to have complimented Lord Cornwallis at Seringesapuram, their general, Parasu Ram Bhao, became lunatic from eating with a Bramin who had — kissed a cockerel's wife. There was no stream near holy enough to wash away the impurity; so he made with his whole immense army to the junction of the Tungah and the Badra. Major Moor, who was with him, says, during this march, enclosed for a military point of view, the army had waste scores of towns and thousands of villages — indeed, whole districts; we fought battles, stormed forts, destroyed a large army, and ran every military risk. Having reached the sacred place of junction, he washed, and having been made clean, was weighed against gold and silver; his weight was 16,000 pugsals, about 7000 lbs., which was given to the Bramins. They who had eaten with the Bramin at the same time, in like manner washed away the defilement; but the weighing is a ceremony peculiar to the great. — Moor's Hindu Dedications, p. 231.

"The present king of Travancore has conquered, or carried war into all the countries which lay round his dominions, and lives in the continual exercise of his arms. To atone for the losses and evils which the Brahman had done him: that it was necessary he should be born soon: this ceremony consisted in putting the prince into the body of a golden cow of immense value, where, after he had him the time prescribed, he came out regenerated, and free from all the crimes of his former life. The cow was afterwards cut up, and divided amongst the seers who had invented this extraordinary method for the remission of his sins." — Oem's Fragments.

A far less expensive form was observed among the ancient Greeks, in cases wherein a second birth was deemed indispensable. Far in Greece they thought not these pure and clear, who had been carried forth for death to be interred, or whose sepulchre and funerals had been solemnized or prepared; neither were such allowed to frequent the company of others, nor suffered to come near unto their sacrifices. And there goeth a report of a certain man named Aristinus, one of those who had been possessed with this superstition; how he sent unto the oracle of Apollo at Delphos, for to make supplication and prayer unto the god, for to be delivered out of this perplexed anxiety that troubled him by occasion of the said custom, or law, then in force, and that the prophesies Python returned this answer:

"Look wherewever women do, in chidden newly haid, Unto the wells which they brought forth, the very same, I say, See that be done to thee again; and after that be sure, Unto the blessed Gods with hands to sacrifice, most pure.

"Which oracle thus delivered, Aristinus, having well pondered and considered, committed himself as an infant new born unto women, far to be washed, to be wrapped in swaddling clothes, and to be sucked with the breast-head: after which all such others, whom we call Hysteroptomena, is to say, those whose graves were made as if they were dead, did the semblable. Howbeit some do say that, before Aristinus was born, these ceremonies were observed about these Hysteroptomeni, and that this was a right ancient custom kept in the semblable case." — Fluctius's Morals, tr. by Whitton Holland, p. 850.

The lamps went out. — p. 513, col. 2.

There is the authority of a Holy Man, in the Romance of Merlin, — which is as good authority for such a fact as any thing in the Acts Sanctorum, — that the Devil, like other wild beasts who prove about seeking what they may devour, is afraid of a light. The Holy Man's advice to a pious damsel is never to lie down in the dark: "grande que la osa te con- cre dan y od toujours elert, car le Direit hait toutes chers choses; ne veint pas coucherets on ilyclerette." — vol. l. ff. 4.

And white is black, and black is white. — p. 517, col. 1.

Satan might have been reconciled to St. Basil's profession if he had understood, by his faculty of second-sight, that this, which it is sometimes the business of a lawyer to prove, would one day be the duty of the Romanists to believe, if their church were to tell them so. No less a personage than St. Ignatius Loyola has asserted this. In his Exercitium Spirituali, the 13th of the Rules which are laid down at sanctiendum cum Ecclesia, is in these words:

"Denique, si ipse Ecclesiae Catholicae nonnunc uniam, confirm-moxique eum, si quid, quod oculis nostri apparuit augment, sigillum illa esse declaravit, debemus ulla, quidem sigillum, solumm qua. Inhibita antiqua credendum est, etem esse Dominii nostri Jesu Christi, et Ecclesiae orthodoxa, sponsum ejus, spectat, per quem gubernetur ac designetur ad unum ministriorem ab omnibus, deum quem album esse Deum, qui animadvertit Dei locutus procederet, et qui none temporis Ecclesiae hierarchicam instituit atque regit." — p. 114. Antwerp, 1635. Such is the implicit obedience enjoined in those Spiritual Exercises, of which Pope Paul III. said in his letter, "semper habemus Ignatii, Omnia et singula in eis contenta, ex certa necessitat nostri, approbamus, cultumque, ac praeclara scripta patrocinio communum." The Romanists are to believe that black is white, if the Roman Church tells them so: morally and politically it has often told them so, and they have believed and acted accordingly.

The impious scroll was dropped, a blank, At Eleventh's feet. — p. 517, col. 2.

This is not the only miracle of this kind recorded of St. Basil.

"There was a certain woman of noble family, and born of rich parents, who was wholly made up of the vanities of this world, and beyond measure arogant in all things; she, becoming a widow, wasted her substance shamelessly, living a loose and prodigal life, doing none of those things which are enjoined by the Lord, but wallowing like a swine in the mire and filth of her iniquities. But being at length, by the will of God, brought to a consideration of her own estate, and her mind filled with consciousness of the immeasurableness of things which she had committed, she called to remembrance the multitude of her sins, and bewailed them peevishly, saying, 'Woe to me a sinner, how shall I render an account of the multitude of my sins! I have profaned a sacred temple; I have defiled the soul which inhabith this body! Woe are me, woe is me, what have I done! what hath befalleth me? Shall I say, like the Harlot or the Publican, that I have sinned? But no one has sinned like me! How, then, shall I be assured that God will receive my repentance?' While
she mediated in herself upon these things, He, who would that all should be saved and brought back into the way of truth, and would have no one perish, was pleased to bring unto her remembrance all the sins which she had committed from her youth up to the time of the priest's death. And she was accustomed to go to the church that he might pray there, she ran before to meet him, and threw the writing at his feet, and prostrated herself before him, saying. 'O holy man of God, have compassion upon me a sinner, yea, the vessel of sinners!' The most blessed man stopped not, and asked of her wherefore she thus groaned and lamented; and she said unto him, 'Saint of God, see, I have set down all my sins and iniquities in this writing, and I have folded it, and fastened it with lead; do not thou, I charge thee, open it, but by thy powerful prayers blot out all that is written therein.' Then the great and holy Basil held up the writing, and, looking toward Heaven, said, 'O Lord, to Thee alone all the doings of this woman are manifest! Thou hast taken away the sins of the world, and more easily mayst thou blot out those of this single soul. Before thee, Lord, all our offences are numbered; but the於 this soul are even inscrutable. Before the church, holding the aforesaid writing in his hand; and prostrating himself before the altar, there he remained through the night, and on the morrow, during the performance of all the masses which were celebrated there, entreatings God for this woman's sake. And when she came to him, he gave her the writing, and said to her, 'Woman, hast thou heard that the remission of sins can come from God alone? She answered, 'Yea, Father; and therefore have I supplicated thee that thou shouldst intercede with that most merciful God in my behalf.' And he desired that the angels of God which had found that it was all blotted out, save only that the one great and most heinous sin still remained written there. But she, seeing that this great sin was still legible as before, beat her breast, and began to bewail herself, and falling at his feet again, with many tears she said, 'Have compassion upon me, O Servant of the Most High, and as thou hast once exerted thyself in prayer for all my sins, and hast prevailed, so now intercede, as thou canst, that this offence also may be blotted out.' Thereat holy Basil went for pity; and he said unto her, 'Woman, arise! I also am a sinner, and have myself need of forgiveness. He who hath blot out one sinner's sin, how much more shall he have compassion upon me!'—Apostolical Homilies.
THE PILGRIM TO COMPOSTELLA;
BEING THE LEGEND OF A COCK AND A HEN,
to the Honor and Glory of SANTIAGO.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

"Res similis fata; sed quid mihi fragere prodest."—Ovid, Met. xiii. v. 935.

Hic erat also no lean story of theirs!—Lightfoot.

The Legend, (for a genuine Legend it is,) which has been
made the subject of the ensuing Ballad, is related by Bishop
Patrick in his Pardle of the Pilgrim. (ch. xxxv. pp. 429—434.)
Udal ap Rhys relates it in his Tour through Spain and
Portugal. (pp. 35—38.) Both these writers refer to
Lucius Maricines Suecius as their authority. And it is told
also in the Journal du Voyage d’Espagne, (Paris, 1625,) by a
Conseller who was attached to the French Embassy in that
country. (p. 18.)

The story may likewise be found in the Acta Sanctorum.
A duplicate of the principal miracle occurs in the third volume,
for the month of May, (dir. 157, p. 171,) and is there
scribed to S. Domingo de la Calzada, the author, Luiz de
la Vega, contending, that both relations are to be received
as true, the Briton (Henschenius) contrariwise opening
that they are distinct miracles, but leaving the reader never-
thless to determine freely for himself intra id molit, in
vero credere volit, nunquam damnatur esse quod sub quodam
circumstantiarum locum et vitam est.

In the sixth volume of the same work, for the month of July,
(die 25A,) the legend of the Pilgrim is twice told, once
(p. 45) as occurring to a native of Utrecht, (Curnius
Heidenreich is the author,) once as having befallen
a German at Thonbuse, (p. 50;) the latter story is in
the collection of Santiago’s miracles, which Pope Calixtus II.
is said to have compiled. The extract from Lucius Maricines
Suecius may also be seen there. His is here annexed as it
stands in the fifth book of that author’s work de rebus His-
ponic memorabilibus.

"In antiquisvis et icturtem sancti Dominici Celestins
valvis appellation, gallum unda et galluocinum, quin dum ven-
run, causas uolat volat ignavassera; postea vero cau-
gallat fuisse et nisi, candidum roriret, magnum Dei
potentiam summaque miraculorum referrentes.
Cujus rei veris-
tas et ratio soe se habeat. Vir quidam profus et amicus Dei,
et uxor ejus, episcopum uultrarum, cum filio adolescentulo magno
probatis, ad Sanctum Jacobum Compostellam presentavit,
in hunc urbem literae habere desiderat viro, et quiue uen-
reat gratia r e terrae in domo uinclus et qui uultum filian habeat.
Quem uos adolescentem pulcher fatiscit, etsu amore corte
nejus aequalis ea ut aequo prae-
clam reposita. Cunctum peregrini modis dissentientes, exis-
mitur puerluelle coram parentibus eorum soi fuisse subordite.
Quod audiems Patrem satelles confestim mistit, ut peregrinos
reducaret. Quos eum roriret, puerla coeura secleris uoce
cessat et parentem et esse eloquium cum quidem. Quaepropter
cum poterat, ierunt in campum proiectis iniquis seuentalis et
 sine culpae, imperius essent: uirquetinque paterem cum filio
deploranti, quo disceretas Compostellam presentaret.
Unu solutis inuia et Deo gratias agentes subinde redebant et
locum presentaret, nihil filius esset suspensus, et mater multis
perfusius lucturis ad filiam necelet, multum denudante marito.
Of this St. James that book proclaims
Great actions manifold;
But more amazing are the things
Which of him in Spain are told; —

How once a ship, of marble made,
Came sailing o'er the sea,
Wherein his headless corpse was laid,
Perfumed with sanctity; —

And how, though then he had no head,
He afterwards had two,
Which both work'd miracles so well,
That it was not possible to tell
The false one from the true; — *

And how he used to fight the Moors
Upon a milk-white charger:
Large tales of him the Spaniards tell,
Munchausen tells no larger.

But in their cause, of latter years,
He has not been so hearty;
For that he never struck a stroke is plain,
When our Duke, in many a hard campaign,
Beat the French armies out of Spain,
And conquer'd Bonaparte.

Yet still they worship him in Spain,
And believe in him with might and main;
Santiago there they call him;
And if any one there should doubt these tales,
They've an Inquisition to maul him.

At Compostella, in his Church,
His body and one head
Have been, for some eight hundred years,
By Pilgrims visited.

Old scores might there be clean rubb'd off;
And tickets there were given
To clear all toll-gates on the way
Between the Church-yard and Heaven.

Some went for payment of a vow
In time of trouble made;
And some, who found that pilgrimage
Was a pleasant sort of trade; —

And some, I trow, because it was
Believed, as well as said,

* Whereby, my little friends, we see
That an original may sometimes be
No better than its fac simile;
A useful truth I trow,
Which picture-buyers won't believe,
But which picture-dealers know.

Young Connoisseurs who will be,
Remember I say this —
For your benefit hereafter —
In a parenthesis.

And not to interrupt
The order of narration,
This warning shall be printed
By way of annotation.

THE LEGEND.

PART I.

Once on a time, three Pilgrims true,
Being Father, and Mother, and Son,
For pure devotion to the Saint,
This pilgrimage begun.

Their names, little friends, I am sorry to say,
In none of my books can I find;
But the son, if you please, we'll call Pierre;
What the parents were call'd, never mind.

From France they came, in which fair land
They were people of good renown;
And they took up their lodging one night on the way
In La Calzada town.

Now, if poor Pilgrims they had been,
And had lodged in the Hospice instead of the Inn,
My good little women and men,
Why, then you never would have heard
This tale of the Cock and the Hen.

For the innkeepers they had a daughter,
Sad to say, who was just such another
As Potiphar's daughter, I think, would have been,  
If she follow'd the ways of her mother.

This wicked woman to our Pierre  
Behaved like Potiphar's wife;  
And, because she fail'd to win his love,  
She resolved to take his life.

So she pack'd up a silver cup  
In his wallet privily;  
And then, as soon as they were gone,  
She raised a hue and cry.

The Pilgrims were overtaken;  
The people gather'd round;  
Their wallets were search'd, and in Pierre's  
The silver cup was found.

They dragg'd him before the Alcayde;  
A hasty Judge was he;  
"The thief," he said, "was plain and proved,  
And hang'd the thief must be."

So to the gallows our poor Pierre  
Was hurried instantly.

If I should now relate  
The pitious lamentation,  
Which for their son these parents made,  
My little friends, I am afraid  
You'd weep at the relation.

But Pierre in Santiago still  
His constant faith professed;  
When to the gallows he was led,  
"Twas a short way to Heaven," he said,  
"Though not the pleasantest."

And from their pilgrimage he charged  
His parents not to cease,  
Saying that, unless they promised this,  
He could not be hang'd in peace.

They promised it with heavy hearts:  
Pierre then, therewith content,  
Was hang'd; and they upon their way  
To Compostella went.

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PART II.

Four weeks they travell'd painfully;  
They paid their vows, and then  
To La Calzada's fatal town  
Did they come back again.

The Mother would not be withheld,  
But go she must to see  
Where her poor Pierre was left to hang  
Upon the gallows tree.

Oh tale most marvellous to hear,  
Most marvellous to tell!  
Eight weeks had he been hanging there,  
And yet was alive and well!

"Mother," said he, "I am glad you're return'd;  
It is time I should now be released:  
Though I cannot complain that I'm tired,  
And my neck does not ache in the least.

"The Sun has not search'd me by day;  
The Moon has not chill'd me by night;  
And the winds have but help'd me to swing,  
As if in a dream of delight.

"Go you to the Alcayde,  
That hasty Judge unjust;  
Tell him Santiago has saved me,  
And take me down he must!"

Now, you must know the Alcayde,  
Not thinking himself a great sinner,  
Just then at table had sat down,  
About to begin his dinner.

His knife was raised to carve,  
The dish before him then;  
Two roasted fowls were laid therein;  
That very morning they had been  
A Cock and his faithful Hen

In came the Mother wild with joy;  
"A miracle!" she cried;  
But that most hasty Judge unjust  
Repell'd her in his pride.

"Think not," quoth he, "to tales like this  
That I should give belief!  
Santiago never would bestow  
His miracles, full well I know,  
On a Frenchman and a thief."

And pointing to the Fowls, o'er which  
He held his ready knife,  
"As easily might I believe  
These birds should come to life!"  

The good Saint would not let him thus  
The Mother's true tale withstand;  
So up rose the Fowls in the dish,  
And down dropp'd the knife from his hand.

The Cock would have crow'd if he could;  
To cackle the Hen had a wish;  
And they both slipp'd about in the gravy,  
Before they got out of the dish.

And when each would have open'd its eyes,  
For the purpose of looking about them,  
They saw they had no eyes to open,  
And that there was no seeing without them.

All this was to them a great wonder;  
They stagger'd and reel'd on the table;  
And either to guess where they were,  
Or what was their plight, or how they came there,  
Alas! they were wholly unable; —

Because, you must know, that that morning —
A thing which they thought very hard —
The Cook had cut off their heads,  
And thrown them away in the yard.

The Hen would have prank'd up her feathers,  
But plucking had sadly deform'd her;  
And for want of them she would have shiver'd  
with cold,  
If the roasting she had had not warm'd her.

And the Cock felt exceedingly queer;  
He thought it a very odd thing  
That his head and his voice were he did not know where,  
And his gizzard tuck'd under his wing.

The gizzard got into its place,  
But how, Santiago knows best;  
And so, by the help of the Saint,  
Did the liver and all the rest.

The heads saw their way to the bodies;  
In they came from the yard without check,  
And each took its own proper station,  
To the very great joy of the neck.

And in flew the feathers, like snow in a shower,  
For they all became white on the way;  
And the Cock and the Hen in a trice were reflect'd,  
And then who so happy as they?

Cluck! cluck! cried the Hen right merrily then  
The Cock his clarion blew;  
Full glad was he to hear again  
His own cock-a-doo-del-doo!

PART III.

"A miracle! a miracle!"  
The people shouted, as they might well,  
When the news went through the town;  
And every child, and woman, and man  
Took up the cry, and away they ran  
To see Pierre taken down.

They made a famous procession;  
My good little women and men,  
Such a sight was never seen before,  
And I think will never again.

Santiago's Image, large as life,  
Went first with banners, and drum, and sife;  
And next, as was most meet,  
The twice-born Cock and Hen were borne  
Along the thronging street.

Porch'd on a cross-pole hoisted high,  
They were raised in sight of the crowd;  
And, when the people set up a cry,  
The Hen she cluck'd in sympathy,  
And the Cock he crow'd aloud.

And because they very well knew for why  
They were carried in such solemnity,

And saw the Saint and his banners before 'em,  
They behaved with the greatest propriety,  
And most correct decorum.

The Knife, which had cut off their heads that morn,  
Still red with their innocent blood, was borne;  
The scullion boy he carried it;  
And the Skewers also made a part of the show,  
With which they were truss'd for the spit.

The Cook in triumph bore that Spit  
As high as he was able;  
And the Dish was display'd, wherein they were laid,  
When they had been served at table.

With eager faith the crowd press'd round;  
There was a scramble of women and men  
For who should dip a finger-tip  
In the blessed Gravy then.

Next went the Alcayde, beating his breast,  
Crying aloud, like a man distress'd,  
And amaz'd at the loss of his dinner,  
"Santiago, Santiago!  
Have mercy on me a sinner!"

And lifting oftentimes his hands  
Towards the Cook and Hen,  
"Orate pro nobis!" devoutly he cried;  
And as devoutly the people replied,  
Whenever he said it, "Amen!"

The Father and Mother were last in the train;  
Rejoicingly they came,  
And extoll'd, with tears of gratitude,  
Santiago's glorious name.

So, with all honors that might be,  
They gently unhang'd Pierre;  
No hurt or harm had he sustain'd,  
But, to make the wonder clear,  
A deep, black halter-mark remain'd  
Just under his left ear.

PART IV.

And now, my little listening dears,  
With open mouths and open ears,  
Like a rhymer whose only art is  
That of telling a plain, unvarnish'd tale,  
To let you know, I must not fail,  
What became of all the parties.

Pierre went on to Compostella  
To finish his pilgrimage;  
His parents went back with him joyfully,  
After which they return'd to their own country;  
And there, I believe, that all the three  
Lived to a good old age.

For the gallows on which Pierre  
So happily had swung,
THE PILGRIM TO COMPOSTELA.

These blessed Fowls, at seven years' end,
In the odor of sanctity died;
They were carefully pluck'd, and then
They were buried, side by side.

And, lest the fact should be forgotten,
(Which would have been a pity.)
'Twas decreed, in honor of their worth,
That a Cock and Hen should be borne thenceforth
In the arms of that ancient City.

Two eggs Saint Hen had laid, no more;
The chicken were her delight;
A Cock and Hen they proved,
And both, like their parents, were virtuous and white.

The last act of the Holy Hen
Was to rear this precious brood; and, when
Saint Cock and she were dead,
This couple, as the lawful heirs,
Succeeded in their stead.

They also lived seven years;
And they laid eggs but two,
From which two milk-white chicken
To Cock and Henhood grew;
And always their posterity
The self-same course pursue.

Not one of these eggs ever added,
(With wonder be it spoken?)
Not one of them ever was lost,
Not one of them ever was broken.

Sacred they are; neither magpie, nor rat,
Snake, weasel, nor marten approaching them:
And woe to the irreverent wretch
Who should even dream of poaching them!

Thus, then, is this great miracle
Continued to this day;
And to their Church all Pilgrims go,
When they are on the way;
And some of the feathers are given them;
For which they always pay.

No price is set upon them;
And this leaves all persons at ease;
The Poor give as much as they can,
The Rich as much as they please.

But that the more they give the better,
Is very well understood;
Seeing whatever is thus disposed of
Is for their own souls' good;—

For Santiago will always
Befriend his true believers;
And the money is for him, the Priests
Being only his receivers.

To make the miracle the more,
Of these feathers there is always store,
And all are genuine too;

It was resolved that never more
On it should man be hung.

To the Church it was transplanted,
As ancient books declare;
And the people in commotion,
With an uproar of devotion,
Set it up for a relic there.

What became of the halter I know not,
Because the old books show not;
But we may suppose and hope,
That the city presented Pierre
With that interesting rope.

For in his family — and this
The Corporation knew —
It rightly would be valued more
Than any cordon bleu.

The Innkeeper's wicked daughter
Confess'd what she had done;
So they put her in a convent,
And she was made a Nun.

The Alcayde had been so frighten'd
That he never ate fowls again;
And he always pull'd off his hat
When he saw a Cock and Hen.
Wherever he sat at table,
Not an egg might there be placed;
And he never even muster'd courage for a custard,
Though garlic tempted him to taste
Of an omelet now and then.

But always, after such a transgression,
He hasten'd away to make confession;
And not till he had confess'd,
And the Priest had absolved him, did he feel
His conscience and stomach at rest.

The twice-born Birds to the Pilgrim's Church,
As by miracle consecrated,
Were given; and there unto the Saint
They were publicly dedicated.

At their dedication the Corporation
A fund for their keep supplied;
And after following the Saint and his banners,
This Cock and Hen were so changed in their manner,
That the Priests were edified.

Gentle as any turtle-dove,
Saint Cock became all meekness and love;
Most dutiful of wives,
Saint Hen she never peck'd again;
So they led happy lives.

The ways of ordinary fowls
You must know they had clean forsaken;
And if every Cock and Hen in Spain
Had their example taken,
Why, then — the Spaniards would have had
No eggs to eat with bacon.
NOTES TO THE PILGRIM TO COMPOSTELLA.

All of the original Cock and Hen, Which the Priests will swear is true.

Thousands a thousand times told have bought them;
And if myriads and tens of myriads sought them,
They would still find some to buy;
For, however great were the demand,
So great would be the supply.

And if any of you, my small friends,
Should visit those parts, I dare say
You will bring away some of the feathers,
And think of old Robin Gray.

NOTES.


The marble ship I have not found any where except in Goddes, who must have found it in some version of the legend which has not fallen into my hands. But that the ship was made of marble I believe to be quite as true as any other part of the legend of Santiago. — Whether of marble or not, it was a miraculous ship which, without oars or sails, performed the voyage from Joppa to Iria Tiara, now El Patron, in Galicia, in seven days.

Classical fables were still so popular when the Historia Compostellana was written, that the safe passage of this ship over the Syrett, and between Seylla and Olarydis, is ascribed to the presiding hand of Providence. — España Sagrada, t. xx. p. 6.

... his headless corpse. — p. 555, col. 1.

How the body came to leave its head behind is a circumstance which has not been accounted for; and yet it requires explanation, because we are assured that Santiago took particular care not to part with his head, when it was cut off.

"At the moment," says the Annalist of Galicia, "when the cruel executioner severed from its neck the precious head of the sacred Apostle, the body miraculously raised its hands and caught it, and in that posture it continued till night. The astonished Jews attempted to separate it, but in vain; for upon touching the venerable corpse, their arms became cold, as if frozen, and they remained without the use of them." — Anales de Galicia, por El Doctor D. Francisco Xavier Manuel de la Huerta y Pega. — Santiago, 1753.

"Cortada la cabeza no Dios en tierra,
Que por vir de Dios, et con las manos,
Esoes que cogen al vuelo a la alferena,
Que no pueden quitarselas brazos.
Chistoval de Meo: El Patron de España, ff. 62.

Perhaps his companions dropped it on their way to the coast, for the poet tells as they travelled in the dark, and in a hurry:

"Cubierta de la noche con el mano
Sin que ninguno atrevia los impulsa,
Mas presto que si fueran a golpe,
Llecan el cuerpo a la ciudad de Jope.
" — Ib. ff. 65.

But according to the Historia Compostellana, (España Sagrada, t. xx. p. 6.) there is the testimony of Pope St. Leo, that the original head came with the body.

And more, though then he had no head,
He afterward had two. — p. 555, col. 1.

This is a small allowance, and must be understood with reference to the two most authentic ones in that part of the world,—that at Braga, and one of the two at Compostella.

It is a common thing for Saints to be polycephalous; and Santiago is almost as great a pluralist in heads as St. John the Baptist has been made by the dealers in relics. There are some half dozen heads, and almost as many whole bodies ascribed to him,—all in good odor, all having worked miracles, and all, beyond a doubt, equally authentic.

And how he used to fight the Moors. — p. 555, col. 1.

Most appropriately therefore, according to P. Sautel, was he called Barmorges.

"Complicece media cataphracta in aere doctor,
Qui divit in triplicibus barbara cæsara fugam.
Tum eio tam valde car terga delere philantges
Nanimur Tuntria Filius ina patrat." —


"siendo arca en España nuestro amparo y defensa en las guerras, mereció con razón este nombre: para unos fines que trueno mi reya espartado, confusas y desbaratadas los grandes execrados de los Moros." — Morales, Cronica Gen. de España, l. ix. c. vii. § 4.

"Vittoria Esposa, vitoria,
que tiene en tu defensa,
uso de los Dese Pares;
mas no de nación Francesa.
Hijo es tuyo, y tantos mata
que parece que sea fuerte
cecela a la de la muerte
quando mas furiosa y presta." —

Ledesma, Conceptas Espartales, p. 242.

The Spanish Clergy had a powerful motive for propagating these fables; their Privilegio de los votos being one of the most gainful, as well as most impudent fancies, that ever was committed.

"The two sons of Zebedee manifested," says Morales, "their courage and great heart, and the faith which was strengthening in them, by their eagerness to revenge the injury done to their kinsman and master when the Samaritans would not receive him into their city. Then Santiago and St. John distinguished themselves from the other Apostles, by coming forward, and saying to our Savior, 'Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from Heaven and consume them?' It seems as if (according to the Castilian proverb concerning kinsmen) their blood boiled in them to kill and to destroy, because of the part which they had in his. But he was not in such haste. O glorious Apostle Santiago, to shed the blood of others for Christ, your cousin-german! It will not be long before you will give it to him, and for him will give all your own. Let him first shed his for you, that, when yours shall be mingled with it by another new tie of spiritual relationship, and by a new friendship in martyrdom, it shall be more esteemed by him, and held in great account. Let the debt be well made out, that the payment may be the more due. Let the benefit be completed, that you may make the recompense under greater obligation, and with more will. Then will it be worth more, and manifest more gratitude. Learn meantime from your Master, that love is not shown in killing and destroying the souls of others for the beloved, but in mortifying and offering your own to death. This, which is the height and perfection of love, your Master will teach you, and thenceforth you will not content yourself with any thing less. And if you are desirous, for Christ's sake, to strike and slay his enemies, have patience awhile, fierce Saint! (Santo furioso). There will come a time when you shall wage war for your Master, sword in hand, and in your person shall slaughter myriads and myriads of Moors, his wicked enemies." — Cronica General de España, l. ix. c. vii. § 8.

An old hymn, which was formerly used in the service of his day's, likens this Apostle to a Lion's whelp!

"Electus hic Apostolus
Decorus et amabilis,
Veil. Leonis catalus
Victi bella certamina." — Divi Tutelares, 229.
NOTES TO THE PILGRIM TO COMPOSTELLA.

"Thirty-eight visible appearances," says the Padre Muestra Fray Felipe de la Gandara, Chronicler General of the Kingdom of Galicia, "thirty-eight visible appearances, as in many different battles, aiding and favoring the Spaniards, are recounted by the very learned Don Manuel Eraso Gimeno, as his most erudite and laborious work on the Preaching of the Spaniards in Spain; from which work the illustrious Doctor Don Antonio Calderón has collected them in his book upon the Excellencies of this Apostle. And I hold it for certain that his appearances have been many more; and that in every victory, which the Spaniards have achieved over their enemies, their Great Captain has been present with his favor and intercession."—Armas y Triunfos del Reino de Galicia, p. 68.

The Chronicler proceeds to say that Galicia may be especially proud of part of its past in all these victories, the Saint having publicly praised himself upon his connection with that kingdom; for being asked in a battle once, who and what he was, (being a stranger,) he replied, "I am a Soldier, a Kinsman of the Eternal King, a Citizen and Inhabitant of Compostella, and my name is James." For this fact the Chronicler assures us that book of manuscript sermons, preached in Paris three centuries before his time by a Franciscan Friar, is sufficient authority: "Ex valute autoritd!"—Armas y Triunfos del Reino de Galicia, p. 649.

.... still they worship him in Spain, And believe in him with might and main.—p. 555, col. 1.

"The true name of this Saint," says Ambrosio de Morales, "was Jacobo, (that is, according to the Spanish form,) taken with little difference from that of the Patriarch Jacob. A greater is that which we Spaniards have made, corrupting the word little by little, till it has become the very different one which we now see. From Santo Jacobo we shortened it, as we commonly do with proper names, and said Santo Iaco. We clipped it again after this abbreviation, and by taking away one letter, and changing another, made it into Santiago. The alteration did not stop here; but because Vago or Tiago by itself did not sound distinctly and well, we began to call it Diego, as they call it in Spanish writings of two or three hundred years old. At last, having passed through all these mutations, we rested with Diego for the ordinary name, reserving that of Santiago when we speak of the Saint."—Corónica General de España, l. v. c. viij. p. 92.

Thus may be seen the change in the name of Jacobus Apostolus with acquirements and vulgaridad Jacobo Apostol, a Girones Postolo, o Iaco Apostol."—Expulsd Sagrada, l. xix. p. 71.

It has not been explained how Jack in this country was transferred from James to John. The Prior Cayrasco de Figueras assures us that St. James was a gentleman, his father Zebedee being

"Veras de ultrasound y Galileo, Puesto que unir un arte pictorica, Que decoros no era ilustre, ni fees, Ni ahora en muchas partes menos glores, La gente prudente tuve afeo, O por en merced, a su exercicio."—Templo Militante, p. ili. p. 83.

Morales also takes some pains to establish this point. Zede- dece, he assures us, (the word principal, error de un nombre, con que segun la pro vincia, su nombre, n. ii, iii. vi. 3.) nut it is clear, he says, "como padre y hijos tienen esta trata de la progreccion haustamente, mas como senores que como oficiales."—Corónica de España, l. ix. c. viii. § 3.

"They're an Inquisition to wond him."—p. 555, col. 1.

Under the dominion of that atrocious Tribunal Ambrosio de Morales might truly say, "No one will dare deny that the body of the glorious Apostle is in the city which is named after him, and that it was brought thither, and afterwards discovered there by the great miracles,"—of which he proceeds to give an account. "People have been burnt for less,"—as a fellow at Leobs said the other day of a woman whom he suspected of bewitching him.

There is nothing of which the Spanish and Portuguese authors have boasted with greater complacency and pleasure than of the said Inquisition. A notable example of this is afforded in the following passage from the Templo Militante, Fios Santanería, y Templo de Vesta, by D. Bartolome Cuyrus de Figueras, Prior and Canon of the Cathedral Church of Gran Canary. (Lisbon, 1613.)

"——Historia España, Aunque de mucho puede glorizarse, No está en caso el valor que te acompaña, Sino en tener la F. por custodiar : Por esta la princesa una extraña, Y todo el océno de confiar ; Por esta la tierra brasileño, Y el esclavo Tattera profundo.

"——Agradeclo a Dios de suya mano Ponele toda gracia, todo glores Sí despues del el Principe Cristiano, Filipo digno de inmortal memoria; Porque con su guerra soberana, Con su justicia, y su pielar naturies, Estos asegurado, y defraudado, De todos los peligros desde esta vida.

"——Este gran Rey decoro su terreno Con espíritu y dos insignias fortaleza, Cuyas fuertes Atrevidas pones frente A todas las títeres bravas; Y con trato del mar, honor del mundo, Castanlos las multas, y simples
Hiere sus pulbras y apretuna, Que son los espíritu y dos Inquisiciones.

"——De la Imperial Toledo es la primera; De la Real Sevilla la segunda, De Cordoba la tercera y cuarta, La quarta de Granada la quinta; También en Calahorra la andra, De la sagrada Inquisition se funda, Y margaritas son desta corona, Zaragoza, Valencia, Barcino.

"——También Valladolid arrenjada: Después del gran incendio, en edificio; Carmen, Areco, Derrero celebrando En mucha antiguedad del Santo Oficio; En Galicia asi mismo esta fundada, Torre de saintismo esta fundada, En Eirea, en Cimbrion, en Ulsipio, Que ya la Lusitania es de Filipo.

"——También Sevilla es esta viva pena De la importante Inquisicion estrica;
NOTES TO THE PILGRIM TO COMPOSTELLA.

Y Crom Camuría en publica resolución
Los adversarios de la Fe deshereda,
Los ídolos de Mallorca y de Córcega,
Y el gran Rey que fue de Aumbala,
La posteridad desta heroica suya
Es la ciudad que fue de Molunna.

Sobre estos fatales de importancia
Esta lo general terre suprema,
Fundado sobre altissima constancia,
Cubierta de Católica adlátera:
De cuya soberana vigilancia,
Repulsando lez, sextas estrées,
Procéd to las doas, la fuerza, el brio,
El Christiano valor, el poderio.

Estos pues son los celebra Castillos,
De la Fé verdaderos defensores,
Que con bauthos raves y amurillos,
Cautégan los heretegas errores.
Y a los peceros Católicos semejados,
De la verdad Christiana sabellos,
Los don el justo premio, honor de dáce,
De la verdad heroica merceda.

Hazañas será, que su memoria seca
En todo su distrito eternizado,
Y que en aquel Santoral se lea
(Aunque con díbil plumo celebrada:
Pues alto España, porque el mundo sea,
Que puedes en la Fé mas que en la espada,
De no atacas apan estrató
Que de la Cavallería ilustre cant.

Ogygianos los magnánimos guerreros
Que ponen freno al barbaro despecho,
Y en especial aquellos Cavalleros
Que abandonan de su innia raro el pecho:
Verán que los biones verdaderos
Se alcanzan, inviando en dicha y hecho
Al Español caudillo Santiago
Gran señor del Algearno estrago.

Pilgrim to Compostela, in his Church,
His body and soul dead
Have been, for some eight hundred years,

— a visitar el cuerpo santo
Todo fiel Christiano la sin toma:
Adonde viene peregrino tanto
Como a Jerusalem, y como a Roma,
Que a él el tiempo y por las caminos
Viven de todo lo mundo peregrinos

Varía gente fiel, pueblo diverso,
El Santuario celebre frecuenta,
Aunque el casi unfragado piloto,
Libre de la maritima tormenta:
Que des de la luz de luna nadie
Tocando de acalma cuenta,
Que de la tempestad casi sin habla,
Con la vida salio sobre esta tablas.

The high altar at Compostella is, as all the altars formerly were in Galicia and Astorias, not close to the wall, but a little detached from it. It is ten feet in length, and very wide, with a splendid frontispiece of silver. The altar itself is hollow, and at the Gospel end there is a small door, never opened except to royal visitors, and when a new Archbishop first comes to take possession. It was opened for Ambrosio de Morales, because he was commissioned to inspect the churches; nothing, however, was to be seen within, except two large, flat stones, which formed the floor, and at the end of them a hole about the size of an orange, but filled with mortar. Below is the vault in which the body of Santiago is said to be deposited in the marble coffin wherein it was found. The vault extends under the altar and its steps, and some way back under the Capella Mayor: it is in part a part of the Crypt walled off with a thick wall, para dar encoro el todo el santo cuerpo.

The Saint, whose real presence is thus carefully concealed, receives his pilgrims in effigy. The image is a life figure of stone, a little less than life, gilt and painted, holding in one hand a book, and in the other a crucifixion cross, and giving a blessing with the other. Esta en cebolla, without either crown or glory, on the head, but a large silver crown is suspended immediately above, almost so as to touch the head; and the last encroopy which a pilgrim
performs is to ascend to the image, which is over the altar, by a staircase from the Epistle side, kiss it reverently on the head, embruce it, and place this crown upon it, and then go down on the Gospel side. — Fierro de Morales, t. xx. p. 151.

"Ingenas sub templo fornas, et clausura per umbros..." (Morales, H. l. xx. p. 151.)

"Thousand Virgins. These are from the list which Morales gives; but that good and learned man, who often swallowed the bull and stuck at the tail, omitted some more curious ones, which are recorded in an ancient itinerary. (Espafia Sagrada, t. xix. p. 314.) Among those are part of our Lord’s remnant, of the earth on which he stood, of the head which he brake, of his blood, and of the Virgin’s milk.

A late editor of Old Fontanais is reminded in one of his notes of !Gallus agnoscere omnes, in the passage in the play, which, as we should have seen, is evidently allusive to such relics as those at Compostella.

"...there can I show thee..."

The ball of gold that set all Troy on fire:

They shall thee see the scarf of Cupid’s mother,

Stoic’d from the soft moist ivory of her arm.

To wrap about Adonis’ wounded thigh;

They shall thee see a wheel of Titan’s car,

Which dropped from Heaven when Phaeton fired the world.

"It will give thee — the fire of Proserpine.

Which, in reward for a sweet Thracian song,

The black bow’d Empress threw to Orpheus,

Being come to fetch Eurydice from hell;"

...all who in their mortal stages

Did not perform this pilgrimage, Must make it when they were dead. — p. 555, col. 2.

"Haec lignis propestat urbes, haec g erecta flora..."

"...etiam aequat, Colligite omnes, et Flundria comit..."

"...Confluit, et dona altera accursoc frequenter;"

"...qui vero forsit qui non haec templo patientes..."

"...altar, and sanctum, alae oratus loci..."

F. Bartholomew PEREZ, Pecieosio, lib. vii. p. 117.

Fray Luis de Escobar has this among the five hundred proverbs of his Libro: —

"...el camino a la muerte es como el de Santiago."

"Las gastronomias, &c. &c. 149.

It seems to allude to this superstition, meaning, that it is a journey which all must take. The particular part of the pilgrimage, which must be performed either in ghost or in person, is that of crawling through a hole in the rock at El Padron, which is said to have been made with his staff. In allusion to this part of the pilgrimage, which is not deemed so indispensable at Compostella as at Padron, they have this proverb — Quien va a Santiago, y no va a Padron, o fort, Romerón a don."

The pilgrim, indeed, must be inquisitive who would not extend his journey thither; a copious fountain, of the coolest and finest water which Morales tasted in Galicia, rises under the high altar, but on the outside of the church; the pilgrims drink of it, and wash in its waters, as the Apostle is said to have done; they ascend the steps in the rock upon their knees, and finally perform the passage which must be made by all: — "it is not considered the site, and it is here seen that of all ways the town, which was above in the town, and to both architects great Urnas of great arches and frescoes of wax of days in large, larger es apurada para mucha contemplation." — Vide de Morales, p. 174.


The scallopshell, — p. 555, col. 2.

"The scallops, being denounced by ancient authors the Shells of Fools, or Gallicone St. James, it has not been determined which; one of St. Christopher’s arms, of modest dimensions; and seven heads of the Eleven..."
family, (Church Hist. cent. xii. p. 42,) who gave their arms gules, three scallop-shells argent, he says, 'which scallop-shells were six, the other form being crescent-shaped, and capacious, smooth within, and artificially plated without, was at times cup and dish to the pilgrims in Palestine, and thereupon their arms often charged therewith.'

That the scallop-belonged exclusively to the Compostellan pilgrims to prevent any misunderstanding, the late Mr. F. T. Babington, in a similar way, bear a arm in his unurefined, and with five scallops.

'This is the origin of the shells with which the pilgrims, who come to visit the body of our glorious Patron, adorn themselves, the custom having, without doubt, been preserved by tradition from that time. The circumstances are confirmed by pictures recorded, which show them to have been preserved in various cities. In the Church of St. Maria de Arenas at Rome, on the Gospel side, there is a spacious chapel, dedicated to our glorious Patron; it was painted in the year 1118, and in one compartment this adventure is represented: there is the ship, having the body of the Apostle on the poop, and the seven Disciples on board: close to the ship, upon the sea, is a knight upon a black horse, with a red saddle and trappings, both covered with scallop-shells. The same story is painted in the parish church of Santiago at Madrid: and it is related in a very ancient manuscript, which is preserved in the library of the Monastery of St. Juan de los Reyes, at Toledo. In the Ancient Breviary of the Holy Church of Oviedo, mention is made of this prodigy in these verses, upon the vener of the glorious Saint:

*Cædis mare cerecatras,
Sed a profundo ducitur,
Notae Regis submersuses
Tutæ pleias consequitis.*

Finally, the fact is authenticated by their Holinesses Alexander III., Gregory IX., and Clement V., who in their Bulls grant a faculty to the Archbishop of Compostella, that they may communicate those who sell these shells to pilgrims any where except in the city of Santiago, and they assign this reason, that because the shells are the badge of the Apostle Santiago.

And the Scallop shell was adopted as a badge of the Church of Rome, which is enriched with the body of St. Clement, Pope and Martyr, is a picture of the Apostle Santiago, apparently more than five hundred years old, which is adorned with scallop-shells on the garment and hat, as his proper badge.—*Athlæus de Oviedo*, vol. i. pp. 95, 96.

Bouzas, in his account of this hearing, says nothing of its origin. But he says, 'The Essipple (according to Dioscorides) is rendered of the Dew and Air, and hath no blood at all in itself, notwithstanding in man's body of any other food it turneth soonest into blood. The eating of this fish raw is said to cure a certain disease. He added, that the shell of the knight, Our Lord Christ has thought good to show by this act all persons present and to come, who may choose to love and serve this his servant, and who shall go to visit him where he shall be interred, that they take with them from thence other such scallop-shells as those with which thou art covered, as a seal of privilege, confirming that they are his, and will be so from that time forward: and he promises that afterwards, in the Day of the last Judgment, they shall be recognized of God for his and that, because of the honor which they have done to this his servant and friend, in going to visit him and to reverence him, he will receive them into his glory and his Paradise.'

'When the knight heard these words, immediately he made the disciples baptize him; and while they were so doing, he noticed, with devotion and attention, the ceremonies on the sacred ministry, and, when it was done, he took his leave of them, commending himself to their grace, and entreating of them that they would commend him in their prayers to Christ and his Apostle Santiago. At that instant the wind, which till then had been moderate, began to increase, and to raise a violent wind. The knight then directed his course toward the shore, riding upon the water, in sight of the great multitude, which from the shore was watching him; and when he reached the shore, and was surrounded by them, he related to them the adventures he had heard and what he had been shown in the sight of such stupendous miracles, were converted, and the knight, with his own hand, baptized his bride.'

The facts are thus related, to the letter, in the Sanctuarial Portuguesa, from whence the Brevearies of Alesmaça and St. Cuculate copied it, and that of Oviedo in the Hymn for the Apostle's Day,—from which authorizations the copies have arisen. The copies are to this: Scallops are descended from this knight, because the scallop is called by that name in their tongue, and that family bear it in their arms. The Pimentelles make the same pretensions, and also bear four scallops in their shield. The Ribadeneyras also adopt, in a similar way, bear a arm in their shield with five scallops.
costume of his own pilgrims, this author supposed that the
Saint is so attired because he had travelled over Spain. The
whole passage is curious for its grave and cool credulity.

*Santos Jacobo Zacédi filius, Hispanae primierius (quosquis
dii communi et omnibus nationibus utique septem decem
desumpta sacras, patria describerit. Pangerint eum purgatum habere, oblongo
inunia buscult, ex quo eam bursam pendat, et circa huncrures
unique, quod Hispani Eclatam evocant: in surreptum et eum galvo
suo amplo, quem tam omnes amant, quam circa litterae marie passion se egebarat; Tutan et ide arbitrato proficiebant, quod
Hispanorum celeritatem, et aed dicatem quoque filiam, peregrinavit;
ibi postmodum corpus ejus & Hierosolyma translatum condigno
honore editurus. Sed ad eam citem eum gladio pingere, parce
libro aperta, * Quo picturis (inquit frequens multis auctus) eum
vulnatum, prius tamen etiam peregrinum, quod ex Scripturis
descopulat, et martyrium ejus explicat. Quod ibi habitet,
Occidi auctem Jacobum fuitam Januss gladio. * Sepelit citem
purgatorio ego invenisse, armamentaque glesio, actes Mauros
impigre perpampeas, coque ad intercessionem nostre orns. Quid
non exiatur eam Hispamia nominis gladio recte sit; eam sepius
sit pro Hispanis in aere pugnon, de quo rei djuibusse non
potest iis qui interfuerunt ejus Ecclesiastico officio, ob illo
metriech habet,—


.... the staff was bored and drilled for those
Who on a flute could play.—p. 550, col. 2.

Sir John Hawkins says, "that the pilgrims to St. James of
Compostella executed a staff, or walking-stick, into a musical
instrument for recreation on their journey."—*History of Music,
vol. iv. p. 129, quoted in Fosbrooke's British Mischief, p. 165.
Mr. Fosbrooke thinks that "this ascription of the invention
of the Boardun to those pilgrims in particular is very question-
able." Sir John probably supposed, with Richelet, that the
Boardun was peculiar to these pilgrims, and therefore that
they had invented it.

Mr. Fosbrooke more than doubtless the Etymon from a musi-
cal use. "The barbarous Greek Bopyrion," he observes,
"signified a boast of burden, and the Boardun was a staff of
support. But the various meanings of the word, as given by
Cotgrave, make off its history satisfactorily. Bourdon, a
drone, or drone-bell, (Richelet says grosse mouche, orometic
debilisse,) also the humming or buzzing of bees; also the
drone of a bagpipe; also a pilgrim's staff; also a walking-staff,
having a sword, &c. within it.

It was doubtless applied to the use of pitching the stone,
or accompanying the songs which pilgrims used to recrete them-
selves on their journeys, and supposed by Menestrier to be
harmful and canticles."—Fosbrooke, p. 422.

In Germany, "walking-sticks that serve as tubes for pipes,
with a compressing pump at one end to make a fire, and a
machine at the other for impaling insects without destroy-
ing their beauty, are common." (Hodgkin's Travels, vol. ii.
p. 135.) I have seen a telescope and a barometer in a walking
stick, if that name may be applied to a staff of copper.

The twice born Cock and Hen.—p. 557, col. 1.

There is another story of a bird among the miracles of
Santiago; the subject of the miracle was not so fortunate as
the Cock and Hen of the Alcayde; but the story is true. It
occurred in Italy; and the Spanish fable is not more charac-
teristic of the fraudulent practices carried on in the Romish
Church, than the Italian story is of the pitiful superstition

* Moneo. Lib. ii. c. 56.

1 In 1605 Tractat. ejusdem. 30 Dec.
from other parts, abbeys, friars, clergy, and laity, are able to attest the truth. And I also add this my testimony as a true and faithful witness, for I saw the pigeon myself for a whole week, and actually touched it with my own hands."

There is a postscript to this story, as melancholy as the tale itself. The sick, and the crippled, and the lame, had been brought to this church, in expectation of obtaining a miraculous cure by virtue of the new relics which had arrived. Among these was a poor woman in the last stage of disease, who had been brought upon her pallet into the church, and was laid in a corner, and left there; nor was it observed that this poor creature was in articulo mortis, till the pigeon flew to the place, and alighted upon her, and so drew the attention of the people in the church to the dying woman, quam quidam, pronit credum, nunc columba monstraret, uema moventem videor. They removed her out of the church just before she breathed her last; and, in consequence of this miracle, as it was deemed, they gave her an honorable funeral. — Acta Sanctorum, Jul. 1, vi. p. 64.

What became of the halter, I know not,

Because the old books show not. — p. 558, col. 1.

"Antigua sed sagrada, et quo se arrestrada

De te, sera su verso faeto y muerte."

So Christoval de Mess observes, when he proceeds to relate how the rude stone, upon which the disciples of Santiago laid his body, when they landed with it in Spain, formed itself into a sepulchre of white marble. — El Patern de España, ii. 68.

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The Curse of Kehama.

KATAPAI, ΩΣ ΚΑΙ ΤΑ ΑΛΕΚΤΡΟΝΟΝΕΣΤΤΑ, ΟΙΚΟΝ ΑΕΙ, ΟΙΣ ΚΕΝ, ΕΠΑΝΙΣΗΕΝ ΕΡΚΑΘΕΟΜΕΝΑΙ.

Αναφορά. Αναφορά του Γερμαν. του Αιών. B

CURSES ARE LIKE YOUNG CHICKENNESS; THEY ALWAYS COME HOME TO ROOST.

---

TO THE AUTHOR OF GEIRR,

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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Στηρατε μοι πρωτα πολεμητην, αφρα φωκη
Πειληλαν τιδες εχω, στι πειληλαν τηναν ερασων
Να μ. διον.

FOR I WILL, FOR NO MAN'S PLEASURE,

CHANGE A SYLLABLE OR MEASURE;

PEDANTS SHALL NOT TIE MY STRAINS

TO OUR ANTIQUE POET'S VEINS;

BEING BORN AS FREE AS THESE,

I WILL SING AS I SHALL PLEASE.

George Wither.

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PREFACE.

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 groundwork 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 Mahomedan 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 essentially 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 favorable 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 engraved 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 Madoc 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 introduce into English poetry, 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 Jean of Arc, and for Madoc, and afterwards for Rederick. The reason why the irregular, rhymeless 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 favored 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 seemed to inquire 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 could not have desired more appropriate commendation.

The same sense of fitness which made me choose for an Arabian tale the simplest and easiest form of verse, 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 pitched 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 would appear monstrous if its deformities were not kept out of sight. I endeavored, 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 of poetry from our own great masters and the great poets of antiquity. No poem could have been more deliberately planned, nor more carefully composed. It was commenced at Lisbon on the first of May, 1801, and recommenced in the summer of the same year at Kingsdown, in the same house (endeavored to me once by many 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 resuscitated 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 biannually, and finished it on the 25th 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 Keahama had been published, I first saw the article upon it in the Monthly Review, parts of which cannot be more appropriately preserved anywhere 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 favorable opportunity than the present 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 impurity, and it will be in vain to contend hereafter for any 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 honor of Bacchus, and indite strains adapted to the recitation of rustic in the season of the vintage:—

Quae concertat aegerique paenulti facibus 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 endeavor to withhold no praise that can fairly be claimed, and no censure that is obviously deserved."

The reviewer fulfilled his promises, however much he failed 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 for 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 judgment 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 at 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 a single incident essential to the display of his character or the development of his plot. To other readers we should apologize for our prolixity, were we not desirous, as we hinted before, of giving a death-blow to the gross extravagances of the author’s school of poetry, if we cannot hope to reform so great an offender as himself. In general, all that nature and all that art has lavished on him is rendered useless by his obstinate adherence to his own system of fancied originality, in which every thing that is good is old, and every thing that is new is good for nothing. Convinced as we are that many of the author’s faults proceed from mere idleness, deserving even less indulgence than the erroneous principles of his poetical system, we shall conclude by a general exhortation to all critics to condemn, and to all writers to avoid, the example of combined carelessness and perversity which is here afforded by Mr. Southey; and we shall mark this last and worst eccentricity of his Muse with the following character:—Here is the composition of a poet not more distinguished by his genius and knowledge, than by his contempt for public opinion and the utter depravity of his taste—a depravity which is incorrigible, and, we are sorry to add, most unblushingly rejoicing in its own hopelessness of amendment."

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, when such assistance was of most value; nor by whom I was subsequently, during several years, favored in the same Journal with such flagrant civilities as those of which the reader has here seen a sample.

KESWICK, 19th May, 1833.

ORIGINAL PREFACE.

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 Acastar, or Incarnation of Veeshnoo 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.

No figures can be imagined more anti-picturesque, and less poetical, than the mythological personages of the Bramins. This deformity was easily kept out of sight:—their hundred hands are but a clumsy personification of power; their numerous heads only a gross image of divinity, "whose countenance," as the Bhagvat-Geeta expresses it, "is turned on every side." To the other obvious objection, that the religion of Hindostan is not generally known enough to supply fit machinery for an English poem, I can only answer, that, if every allusion to it throughout the work is not sufficiently self-explained to render the passage intelligible, there is a want of skill in the poet. Even those readers who should be wholly unacquainted with the writings of our learned Orientalists, will find all the preliminary knowledge that can be needful, in the brief explanation of mythological names prefixed to the Poem.

Brama, . . . the Creator.

Veeosnoo, . . . the Preserver.

Seeva, . . . the Destroyer.

These form the Trimourtee, or Trinity, as it has been called, of the Bramins. The allegory is obvious, but has been made for the Trimourtee, not the Trimourtee for the allegory; and those Deities are regarded by the people as three distinct and personal Gods. The two latter have at this day their hostile sects of worshipers; that of Seeva is the most numerous; and in this Poem, Seeva is represented as Supreme among the Gods. This is the same God whose name is variously written Seeh, Seiven, and Sira; Chiven by the French; Xiven by the Portuguese; and whom European writers sometimes denominate Eswarn, Ishwren, Mahendoo, Mahadeva, Ruten,—according to which of his thousand and eight names prevailed in the country where they obtained their information.

Siva, . . . God of the Elements.

The Swesna, . . . his Paradise, — one of the Hindoo heavens.

Yames, . . . Lord of Hell, and Judge of the Dead.

Padaoo, . . . Hell, . . . under the Earth, and, like the Earth, of an octagon shape; its eight gates are guarded by many Gods.

Mlestats, . . . the Goddess who is chiefly worshipped by the lower castes.

Pollees, . . . or Ganesh, . . . the Protector of Travellers. His statues are placed in the highways, and sometimes in a small, lonely sanctuary, in the streets and in the fields.

Caasman, . . . the Father of the Immortals.

Deeves, . . . the Inferior Deities.

Pees, . . . Good Spirits.

Aumos, . . . Evil Spirits, or Devils.

Glendouners, . . . the most beautiful of the Good Spirits, the "Grinders of Somnemart,

1.

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 the red sky,
Her myriads swarming through the crowded Ways
Master and slave, old age and infancy,
All, all abroad to gaze;
House-top and balcony
Clustered with women, who throw back their veils
With unimpeded and inanimate sight
To view the funeral pomp which passes by,
As if the mournful rite
Were but to them a scene of joyance and delight.

2. Vainly, ye blessed twinklers of the night,
Your feeble beams ye shed,
Quench'd in the unnatural light which might out-
Even the broad eye of day;
And thou from thy celestial way
Pourest, O Moon, an incipient ray!
For lo! ten thousand torches flame and flare
Upon the midnight air,
Blotting the lights of heaven
With one portentous glare.
Behold, the fragrant smoke, in many a fold
Ascending, floats along the fiery sky
And hangeth visible on high,
A dark and waving canopy.

3. Hark! 'tis the funeral trumpet's breath!
'Tis the dirge of death!
At once ten thousand drums begin,
With one long thunder-peat the ear assailing;
Ten thousand voices then join in,
And with one deep and general din
Pour their wild wailing.
The song of praise is drown'd
Amid the deafening sound;
You hear no more the trumpet's tone,
You hear no more the mourner's moan,
Though the trumpet's breath, and the dirge of
death,
Swell with commingled force the funeral yell.
But rising over all, in one acclaim,
Is heard the echoed and reecho'd name,
From all that countless rout—
Arvalan! Arvalan!
Arvalan! Arvalan!
Ten times ten thousand voices in one shout
Call Arvalan! the overpowering song,
From house to house repeated, rings about,
From tower to tower rolls round.

4. The death-procession moves along;
Their bald heads shining to the torches' ray,
The Brahmins lead the way,
Chanting the funeral song,
And now at once they shout,
Arvalan! Arvalan!
With quick rebound of sound,
All in accordant cry,
Arvalan! Arvalan!
The universal multitude reply.
In vain ye thunder on his ear the name;
Would ye awake the dead?
Borne upright in his palanquin,
There Arvalan is seen!
A glow is on his face, — a lively red;
It is the crimson canopy
Which o'er his cheek a reddening shade bathed shed;
He moves, — he nods his head, —
But the motion comes from the bearers' tread,
As the body, borne aloft in state,
Sways with the impulse of its own dead weight.

5. Close following his dead son, Kehama came,
Nor joining in the ritual song,
Nor calling the dear name;
With head depressed, and funeral vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,
Silent and lost in thought he moves along.
King of the world, his slaves, unconfined now,
Behold their wretched Lord; rejoiced they see
The mighty Rajah's misery;
That nature in his pride hath dealt the blow,
And taught the Master of Mankind to know
Even he himself is man, and not exempt from woe.

6. O sight of grief! the wives of Arvalan,
Young Azla, young Nealliny, are seen!
Their sister-robe's of white,
With gold and jewels bright,
Each like an Eastern queen.
Woe! woe! around their palanquin,
As on a bridal day,
With symphony, and dance, and song,
Their kindred and their friends come on.
The dance of sacrifice! the funeral song!
And next the victim slaves in long array,
Richly bedight to grace the fatal day,
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.

7. A man and maid of aspect wan and wild,
Then, side by side, by bowmen guarded, came;
O wretched father! O unhappy child!
Their eyes 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!

8. 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 clamor
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.

9.
And now toward the bank they go,
Where, winking on their way below,
Deep and strong the waters flow.
Here doth the funeral pile appear
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 drops 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 peel and deeper blast,
The tambours and the trumpets sound on high,
And with a last and loudest cry
They call on Arvalan.

10.
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.

11.
Woe! woe! Neallny, The young Neallny,
They strip her ornaments away,
Bracelet and anklet, ring, and chain, and zone;
Around her neck they leave
The marriage knot alone,
That marriage band, which, when
You wanting moon was young,
Around her virgin neck
With bridal joy was hung.
Then with white flowers, the coronal of death,
Her jetty locks they crown.

12.
O sight of misery!
You cannot hear her cries,—their sound
In that wild dissonance is drown'd;—
But in her face you see
The supplication and the agony,—
See in her swelling throat the desperate strength
That with vain exertion struggles yet for life;
Her arms contracted now in fruitless strife,
Now wildly at full length
Towards the crowd in vain for pity spread;—
They force her on, they bind her to the dead.

13.
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.

14.
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 dance around the funeral pyre;
Their garments' flying folds
Float inward to the fire;
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.

15.
Then all was still; the drums and clarions ceased;
The multitude were hush'd in silent awe;
Only the roaring of the flames was heard.

II.

THE CURSE.

1.

Alone towards the Table of the Dead
Kehama moved; there on the altar-stone
Honey and rice he spread.
There, with collected voice and painful tone,
He call'd upon his son.
Lo! Arvalan appears;
Only Kehama's powerful eye could behold
The thin, ethereal spirit hovering nigh;
Only the Rajah's ear
Receiv'd his feeble breath.
And is this all? the mournful Spirit said,
This all that thou canst give me after death?
This unavailing pomp,
These empty pageantries, that mock the dead?

2.

In bitterness the Rajah heard,
And groan'd, and smote his breast, and o'er his face
Cowl'd the white mourning vest.

3.

Arvalan.
Art thou not powerful,—even like a God?
And must I, through my years of wandering,
Shivering and naked to the elements,
In wretchedness await
The hour of Yamen's wrath?
He moved toward the pile,
And raised his hand to lash the crowd, and cried,
Bring forth the murderer! At the Rajah's voice,
Calmly, and like a man whom fear had stunned,
Ladurlad came, obedient to the call,
But Kailyal started at the sound,
And gave a wondrous 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.

8.

It chanced that near her, on the river-brink,
The sculptured form of Marriatula 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.

9.

They seized the maid; with unremitting grasp
They bruised her tender limbs;
She, nothing yielding, to this only hope
Clings 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 centring. Wretched they
With tug and strain would force the maid away;
Didst thou, O Marriatula, 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 shaks!

10.

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.

11.

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.
The strong reflection of the pile
Lit his dark lineaments,
Lit the protruded brow, the gathered front,
The steady eye of wrath.

12.

But while the fearful silence yet endured,
Ladurlad roused himself;
I. THE CURSE OF KEHAMA.

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!

13. The Man-Almighty deign'd him no reply;
   He stood motionless, 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 unclosed,
   And, uttered from the heart,
With the whole feeling of his soul enforced,
The gathered vengeance came.

14. I charm thy life
   From the weapons of strife,
From stone and from wood,
   From fire and from flood,
From the serpent's tooth,
   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
   Forever and ever.

15. 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 flow;
He heard the crumbling of the pile;
   He 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. The Rajah turned toward toward the pile again;
   Loud rose the song of death from all the crowd;
Their din the instruments begin,
   And once again join in
   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 palanquins,
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 all-utterly alone,
   To bear his blasting curse, and none
To succor or deplore him?
He staggers 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.

3. 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.

4. But when anon outswelling, 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, Marratally, 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.

5.
Headlong in hope and in joy
Ladurlad plunged in the water;
The Water knew Kehama's spell;
The Water shrunk before him.
Blind to the miracle,
He rushes to his daughter,
And treads the river depths in transport wild,
And clasps, and saves his child.

6.
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.

7.
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 press'd,
For now the stronger throbb of life he knew;
And her lips tremble too!
The breath comes palpably:
Her quivering lids unclose,
 Feebly and feebly fall,
Relapsing, as it seem'd, to dead repose.

8.
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.
Till when the struggle and strong agony
Had left her, quietly she lay reposed;
Her eyes now resting on Ladurlad's face,
Relapsing now, and now again unlosed.
The look she fix'd upon his face implies
No thought nor feeling; senselessly she lies,
Composed like one who sleeps with open eyes.

9.
Long he lean'd over her,
In silence and in fear.
Kailyal! — at length he cried in such a tone
As a poor mother ventures who draws near,
With silent footsteps, to her child's sick bed.
My Father! cried the maid, and raised her head,
Awakening then to life and thought,—thou here?
For when his voice she heard,
The dreadful past recur'd,
Which dimly, like a dream of pain,
Till now with troubled sense confused her brain.

10.
And hath he spared us then? she cried,
Half rising as she spake,
For hope and joy the sudden strength supplied;
In mercy hath he curb'd his cruel will,
That still thou livest? But as thus she said,
Impatient of that look of hope, her sire
Shook hastily his head;
Oh! he hath laid a Curse upon my life,
A clinging curse, quoth he;
Hast sent a fire into my heart and brain,
A burning fire, forever there to be!
The Winds of Heaven must never breathe on me;
The Rains and Dews must never fall on me;
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.

11.
This is a dream! exclaimed the incredulous maid,
Yet in her voice the while a fear express'd,
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 shrunk;
He warded off her arm,
As though it were an enemy's blow; he smote
His daughter's arm aside.
Her eye glanced down; her mantle she espied,
And caught it up,—Oh misery! Kailyal cried,
He bore me from the river-depths, and yet
His garment is not wet!

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;
For every herb and flower
Was fresh and fragrant with the early dew;
Sweet sung the birds in that delicious hour,
And the cool gale of morning, as it blew,
Not yet subdued by day's increasing power,
Ruffling the surface of the silvery stream,
Swept o'er the moisten'd sand, and raised no shower.
Telling their tale of love,
The boatman thought they lay
At that lone hour, and who so blest as they?

2.
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.

3.  
There all the morning was Ladurlad laid  
Silent and motionless, like one at ease;  
There motionless upon her 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 baldam sung,  
While young and old, assembled round,  
Listened, as if by witchery bound,  
In fearful pleasure to her wondrous tongue.

4.  
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  
The height of noon, and he was lying there  
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 highest plume  
Is steady on the sand.

5.  
Is it indeed a dream? He rose to try;  
Impatient to the water side he went,  
And down he bent,  
And in the stream he plunged his lusty arm  
To break the visionary charm  
With fearful eye and fearful heart,  
His daughter watch'd the event;  
She saw the start and shudder,  
She heard the in-drawn groan,  
For the Water knew Kehama's charm;  
The Water shrunk before his arm;  
His dry hand moved about unmoisten'd there;  
As easily might that dry hand avail  
To stop the passing gale,  
Or grasp the impassive air.  
He is Almighty then!  
Exclaim'd the wretched man in his despair:  
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 Vesshnoo hath no power to save,  
Nor Sceva to destroy.

6.  
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  
Behold 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 Marriataly, it was thou!  
I had not else been here  
To share my Father's Curse,  
To suffer now,—and yet to thank thee thus!  

7.  
Here then, the maiden cried, dear Father, here  
Raise our own Goddess, our divine Preserver!  
The righty of the earth despise her rites;  
She loves the poor who serve her.  
Set up her Image here;  
With heart and voice the guardian Goddess bless;  
For jealousy would she resent  
Neglect and thanklessness;—  
Set up her Image here,  
And bless her for her aid with tongue and soul sincere.

8.  
So saying, on her knees the maid  
Began the pious toil.  
Soon their joint labor scoops the easy soil;  
They raise the Image up with reverent hand,  
And round its rooted base they heap the sand.  
O Thou whom we adore  
O Marriataly, 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.

9.  
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 summit 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 everywhere, 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.

V.

THE SEPARATION.

1.
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,
Gladly 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.
Hark! at the Golden Palaces
The Brahm strikes the hour.
For leagues and leagues around, the brazen sound
Rolls through the stillness of departing day,
Like thunder far away.

2.
Behold them wandering on their hopeless way,
Unknowing where they stray,
Yet sure where’er they stop to find no rest.
The evening gale is blowing;
It plays among the trees;
Like plumes upon a warrior’s crest,
They see you cocoa tossing to the breeze.
Ladurlad views them with impatient mind;
Impatiently he hears
The gale of evening blowing,
The sound of waters flowing,
As if all sights and sounds combined
To mock his irremediable woe;
For not for him the blessed waters flow;
For not for him the gales of evening blow;
A fire is in his heart and brain,
And Nature hath no healing for his pain.

3.
The Moon is up, still pale
Amid the lingering light.
A cloud, ascending in the eastern sky,
Sails slowly o’er 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.

4.
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
Slumbering the perilous spot,
At other times abhorrent had they fled;
But now they heed it not.
Nothing they care; the boding death flag now
In vain for them may gleam and flutter there.
Despair and agony in him
Prevent all other thought;
And Kadiylah hath no heart or sense for aught,
Save her dear father’s strange and miserable lot.

5.
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 shimmering 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 bent,
And listened 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.
Both satiate cruelty bestow
This little respite to his woe,
She thought, or are there Gods who look below?

6.
Perchance, thought Kadiylah, willingly deceived
Our Marriatalah 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
In fear she hearken’d still with earnest ear.
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.

7.

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 Ladurbad'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 healing aid to him it brought;
It play'd around his head, and touch'd him not;
It knew Kehama's curse.

8.

Listening, Ladurbad lay in his despair,
If Kailyal slept, for wherefore 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 his grief?
She, too, apart from him, might find relief;
For death 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 gone;
She call'd, and through the stillness of the night,
His step was heard in flight.
Mistrustful for a moment of the sound,
She listens; till the step is heard no more;
But then she knows that he indeed is gone,
And with a thrilling shriek she rushes on.
The darkness and the wood impede her speed;
She lifts her voice again—
Ladurbad!—and again, alike in vain,
And with a ponderous cry
Straining its tone to hoarseness;—far away,
Selfish in musing,
He heard the call, and faster did he fly.

She leans against that tree whose jutting bough
Smote her so rudely. Her poor heart,
How audibly it panted,
With sudden stop and start!
Her breath, how short and painfully it came!
Hark! all is still around her,—
And the night so utterly dark,
She opened her eyes, and she closed them,
And the blackness and blank were the same.

'Twas like a dream of horror, and she stood
Half doubting whether all indeed were true.

A Tiger's howl, loud echoing through the wood,
Roused her; the dreadful sound she knew,
And turn'd instinctively to what she fear'd.
Far off the Tiger's hungry howl was heard;
A nearer horror met the maiden's view,
For right before her a dun form appear'd,
A human form in that black night,
Distinctly shaped by its own lurid light,
Such light as the sickly Moon is seen to shed,
Through spell-raised fogs, a bloody, balful 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 paled every power;
Her limbs avail'd her not in that dread hour;
There was no moving them;
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 eyeballs of a statue fix'd,
Yet conscious of the sight that blasted them.

The wind is abroad;
It opens the clouds;
Scattered before the gale,
They hurry 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 Spectre foul;
The moonbeam 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 fence of Pollcar, 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 spite,
Yea, even before the altar, in his sight,
Hath Arvalan, with fleshy arm of might,
Seized her. That instant the insulted God
Caught him aloft, and from his sinnous grasp,
As if from some tort catapult let loose,
Over the forest hurl'd him all abroad.

16.
O'ercome with dread,
She tarried not to see what heavenly Power
Had saved her in that hour:
Breathless and faint she fled.
And now her foot struck on the knotted root
Of a broad mancinel, and there the Maid
Fell senselessly beneath the deadly shade.

VI.

CASYAPA.

1.
Shall this, then, be thy fate, O lovely Maid?
Thus, Kaiylah, 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 sniff his banquet night?
Alas! Death needs not now his ministry;
The baleful houghis hung o'er her,
The poison-dews descend.
What Power will now restore her?
What God will be her friend?

2.
Bright and so beautiful was that fair night,
It might have calm'd the gay amid their mirth,
And given the wretched a delight in tears.
One of the Glendoveres,
The loveliest race of all of heavenly birth,
Hovering with gentle motion o'er the earth,
Amid the moonlight air,
In sportive flights was floating round and round,
Unknowning where his joyous way was tending.
He saw the Maid where motionless she lay,
And stoop'd his flight descending,
And raised her from the ground.
Her heavy eyelids are half closed;
Her cheeks are pale and livid like the dead;
Down hang her loose arms listlessly;
Down hangs her languid head.

3.
With timely pity touch'd for one so fair,
The gentle Glendover
Press'd her, thus pale and senseless, to his breast,
And springs aloft in air with sinewy wings,
And bears the Maiden there,
Where Himakoot, the holy Mount, on high
From mid-earth rising in mid-heaven,
Shines in its glory like the throne of Even.

Soaring with strenuous flight above,
He bears her to the blessed Grove,
Where in his ancient and august abodes,
There dwells old Casypa, the Sire of Gods.

4.
The Father of the Immortals sat,
Where, underneath the Tree of Life,
The Fountains of the Sacred River sprung;
The Father of the Immortals smiled
Benignant on his son.
Knowest thou, he said, my child,
Ereenia, knowest thou whom thou bringest here,
A mortal to the holy atmosphere?

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

CASYAPA.

What if the Maid be sinful? if her ways
Were ways of darkness, and her death pre doom'd
To that black hour of midnight, when the Moon
Hath turn'd her face away,
Unwilling to behold
The unhappy end of guilt?

EREENIA.
Then what a lie, my Sire, were written here,
In these fair characters! and she had died,
Sure proof of purer life and happier doom,
Now in the moonlight, in the eye of Heaven,
If I had left so fair a flower to fade.
But thou,—all knowing as thou art,
Why askest thou of me?
O Father, eldest, holiest, wisest, best,
To whom all things are plain,
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 entered Hell.
The Asuras and the spirits of the damn'd
Accalm their Hero; Yamen, with the might
Of Godhead, scarce can quell
The rebel race accurs'd:
Half from their beds of torture they arise,
And half uproot their chains.
Is there not fear in Heaven?
The souls that are in bliss suspend their joy;
The danger hath disturb'd
The calm of Deity,
And Brama fears, and Veshnu turns his face
In doubt toward Sceva's throne.

Ereenia.
I have seen Indra tremble at his prayers,
And at his dreadful penances turn pale.
They clam and wrest from Sceva power so vast,
That even Sceva's self,
The Highest, cannot grant and be secure.

Casyapa.
And darest thou, Ereenia, brave
The Almighty Tyrant's power?

Ereenia.
I brave him, Father! 1?

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.
Never!

Casyapa.
Then meet his wrath! for He, even He,
Hath set upon this worm his wanton foot.

Ereenia.
I knew her not, how wretched and how fair,
When here I wafted her — poor Child of Earth,
Shall I forsake thee, seeing thee so fair,
So wretched? O my Father, let the Maid
Dwell in the Sacred Grove!

Casyapa.
That must not be,
For Force and Evil then would enter here;
Ganges, the holy stream which cleanseth sin,
Would flow from hence polluted in its springs,
And they who gasp upon its banks in death,
Feel no salvation. Piety, and Peace,
And Wisdom, these are mine; but not the power
Which could protect her from the Almighty Man;
Nor when the Spirit of dead Arvalan
Should persecute her here to glut his rage,
To heap upon her yet more agony,
And ripen more damnation for himself.

Ereenia.
Dead Arvalan? 9

Casyapa.
All power to him, whereof
The disembodied spirit in its state
Of weakness could be made participant,
Kehama hath assign'd, until his days
Of wandering shall be number'd.

Ereenia.
Look! she drinks
The gale of healing from the blessed Groves.
She stirs, and lo! her hand
Hath touch'd the Holy River in its source,
Who would have shrunk if 'aught impure were nigh

Casyapa.
The Maiden, of a truth, is pure from sin.

5.
The waters of the Holy Spring
About the hand of Kailyal play;
They rise, they sparkle, and they sing,
Leaping where languidly she lay,
As if with that rejoicing stir
The Holy Spring would welcome her.
The Tree of Life, which o'er her spread,
Benignant how'd its sacred head,
And dropp'd its dews of healing;
And her heart-blood, at every breath
Recovering from the strife of death,
Drew in new strength and feeling.
Behold her beautiful in her repose,
A life-bloom reddening now her dark-brown cheek;
And lo! her eyes unclose,
Dark as the depth of Ganges' spring profound,
When night hangs over it;
Bright as the Moon's refulgent beam,
That quivers on its clear up-sparkling stream.

6.
Soon she let fall her lids,
As one who, from a blissful dream
Waking to thoughts of pain,
Fain would return to sleep, and dream again.
Distrustful of the sight,
She moves not; fearing to disturb
The deep and full delight.
In wonder fix'd, opening again her eye
She gazes silently,
Thinking her mortal pilgrimage was past,
That she had reach'd her heavenly home of rest,
And these were Gods before her,
Or spirits of the blest.

7.
Lo! at Ereenia's voice,
A Ship of Heaven comes sailing down the skies.
Where wouldst thou bear her? cries
The ancient Sire of Gods.
Straight to the Sverga, to my lover of bliss,
The Glendover replies,
To Indra's own abodes.
Foe of her foe, were it alone for this
Indra should guard her from his vengeance there;
But if the God forbear,
Unwilling yet the perilous strife to try,
Or shrinking from the dreadful Rajah's might,—
Weak as I am, O Father, even I
Stand forth in Sceva's sight.
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!

VII.

THE SWERGA

1.
Then in the Ship of Heaven, Ereonia laid
The wak'ning, wondering Maid;
The Ship of Heaven, instinct with thought,
Displayed
Its living sail, and glides along the sky
On either side, in wavey tide;
The clouds of morn along its path divide;
The Winds, who swept in wild career on high,
Before its presence check their charmed course;
The Winds, that lacerate the ship's course,
Around the living Bark it enamor'd play,
Swell underneath the sail, and sing before its way.

2.
That Bark, in shape, was like the furrow'd shell
Wherein the Sea-Nymphs to their parent-King,
On festal day, their duteous offerings bring.
Its hue? — Go watch the last green light
Ere Evening yields the western sky to Night;
Or fix upon the Sun thy strenuous sight
Till thou hast reach'd its orb of chrysolite.
The sail, from end to end display'd,
Dent, 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 swan, when not a breeze at even
Disturbs the surface of the silver stream,
Through air and sunshine sails the Ship of Heaven.

3.
Recumbent there the Maiden glides along
On her aerial way.
How swift she feels not, though the swiftest wind
Had flagged in flight behind.
Motionless as a sleeping babe she lay,
And all serene in mind,
Feeling no fear; for that celestial air
With such new life and joyance fill'd her heart,
Fear could not enter there;
For sure she deem'd her mortal part was o'er,
And she was sailing to the heavenly shore;
And that angelic form, who moved beside,
Was some good Spirit sent to be her guide.

4.
Daughter of Earth! therein thou dost'st aight,
And never yet did form more beautiful,
In dreams of night descending from on high,
Bless the religious Virgin's gifted sight,
Nor, like a vision of delight,
Rise on the raptured Poet's inward eye.
Of human form divine was he,
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 Cherubin
Had seem'd unworthy him;
Angelic power, and dignity, and grace,
Wore in his glorious penmons; from the neck
Down to the ankle reach'd their swelling web,
Richer than robes of Tyrian dye, that deck
Imperial Majesty;
Their color like the winter's moonless sky,
When all the stars of midnight's canopy
Shine forth; or like the azure deep at noon,
Reflecting back to heaven a brighter blue.
Such was their tint when closed; but when outspread,
The permeating light
Shed through their substance thin a varying hue;
Now bright as when the rose,
Beautous 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 refultent 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,
Spreading like fibres from their parent stem;
Its veins like interwoven silver shone,
Or as the cluster hue
Of pearls that grace some Sultan's diadem.
Now with slow stroke and strong behold him
Smite
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 gross 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,
Swift as a falling meteor, shapes its flight,
Yet gently as the deus of night that gen,
And do not bend the hare-bell's slenderest stem.
Daughter of Earth, Ereucia cried, alight;
This is thy place of rest, the Swerga this;
Lo! here my Bower of Bliss!

2.
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 Glendover,
Now on his heavenly home.

ERENIA.
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.

KAILYAL.
Alas, thou fearest him!
Immortal as thou art, thou fearest him!
I thought that death had saved me from his power;
Not even the dead are safe.

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

KAILYAL.
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!

ERENIA.
Come, plead thyself to Indra! Words like thine
May win their purpose, rouse his slumbering heart,
And make him yet put forth his arm to wield
The thunder, while the thunder is his own.

3.
Then to the Garden of the Deity
Ereucia led the Maid.
In the mid garden tower'd a giant Tree;
Rock-rooted on a mountain-top, it grew,
Rear'd its unrival'd head on high,
And stretch'd a thousand branches o'er the sky,
Drinking with all its leaves celestial dew.
Lo! where from these, as from a living well,
A thousand torrents flow!
For still in one perpetual shower,
Like diamond drops, ethereal waters fell
From every leaf of all its ample bower.
Rolling adown the steep
From that aerial height,
Through the deep shade of aromatic trees,
Half seen, the catareacts shoot their gleams of light,
And pour upon the breeze
Their thousand voices; far away the roar,
In modulations of delightful sound,
Half heard and ever varying, floats around.
Below, an ample Lake expanded lies,
Blue as the o'er-arching skies;
Forth issuing from that lovely Lake
A thousand rivers water Paradise.
Full to the brim, yet never overflowing,
They cool the amorous gales, which, ever blowing,
O'er their melodious surface love to strays;
Then, winging back their way,
Their vapors to the parent Tree repay;
And ending thus where they began,
And feeding thus the source from whence they came,
The eternal rivers of the Swerga ran,
Forever renovate, yet still the same.

10.
On that ethereal lake, whose waters lie
Blue and transpucious, 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 pinnacles of fire
Round watery cupolas aspire,
And domes of rainbow rest on fiery towers,
And roofs of flame are turcuted around
With cloud, and shafts of cloud with flame are bound.
Here, too, the Elements forever vear,
Ranging around with endless interchanging;
Pursued in love, and so in love pursuing;
In endless revolutions here they roll;
Forever their mysterious work renewing;
The parts all shifting, still unchanged the whole
Even we on earth at intervals desery
Gleams of the glory, streaks of flowing light,
Openings of heaven, and streams that flash at night,
In fitful splendor, through the northern sky.

11.
Impatient of delay, Ereucia 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 say'd
The Curse of Kehama. vii.

To charm him with their beauties in the dance;  
And when he saw the mortal Maid appear,  
Led by the heroic Glendoveer,  
A deeper trouble fill’d his countenance.  
What hast thou done, Erexenia, said the God,  
Bringing a mortal here?  
And while he spake, 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.

EREKENA.  
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,  
Not having other thought, than when the gates  
Of bliss had heal’d her, upon earth again  
To leave its lovely daughter. Other thoughts  
Arose, when Casyapa declared her fate;  
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 power,  
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 Swarga is thine own.

INDRA.  
No child of man, Erexenia, in the Bowers  
Of Bliss may sojourn, till he hath put off  
His mortal part; for on mortality  
Time, and Infirnity, and Death attend,  
Close followers they, and in their mournful train  
Sorrow, and Pain, and Mutability.  
Did these find entrance here, 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 Swarga;—but, Erexenia, 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.

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

INDRA.  
All may yet be well.  
Who knows but Veesnoo will descend and save,  
Once more incarnate?  
EREKENA.  
Look not there for help,  
Nor build on unsubstantial hope thy trust.  
Our Father Casyapa hath said he turns  
His doubtful eye to Sceva, even as thou  
Dost look to him for aid. But thine own strength  
Should for thine own salvation be put forth;  
Then might the higher Powers approving see  
And bless the brave resolve,—Oh that my arm  
Could wield yeu lightnings which play idle there,  
In inoffensive radiance, round thy head!  
The Swarga should not need a champion now,  
Nor Earth implore deliverance still in vain!

INDRA.  
Thinkest thou I want the will? rash Son of Heaven;  
What if my arm be feeble as thine own  
Against the dread Kehama? He went on  
Conquering in irresistible career,  
Till his triumphant car had measured o’er  
The insufficient earth, and all the Kings  
Of men received his yoke; then had he won  
His will, to ride upon their necks elate,  
And crown his conquests with the sacrifice  
That should, to men and gods, proclaim him Lord  
And Sovereign Master of the vassal World,  
Sole Rajah, the Omnipotent below.  
The steam of that portentous sacrifice  
Arose to Heaven. Then was the hour to strike;  
Then, in the consummation of his pride,  
His height of glory, then the thunderbolt  
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 penances he wrested now  
Such power from Fate, that soon, if Sceva turn not  
His eyes on earth, and no Avatar save,  
Soon will he seize the Swarga for his own,  
Roll on through Padalon his chariot wheels,  
Tear up the adamantine bolts which lock  
The accurs’d Asuras to its burning floor,  
And force the drink of Immortality  
From Yamen’s charge. Vain were it now to strive;  
My thunder cannot pierce the sphere of power  
Wherewith, as with a girdle, he is bound.

KAILYAL.  
Take me to earth, O gentle Deveta!  
Take me again to earth! This is no place  
Of rest for me!—My Father still must bear  
His Curse,—he shall not bear it all alone;  
Take me to earth, that I may follow him!  
I do not fear the Almighty Man! the Gods  
Are feeble here; but there are higher Powers,  
Who will not turn their eyes from wrongs like  
ours;  
Take me to earth, O gentle Deveta!—

12.  
Saying thus, she knelt, and to his knees she clung,  
And bow’d her head, in tears and silence praying.  
Rising anon, around his neck she flung  
Her arms, and there with folded hands she hung,  
And fixing on the guardian Glendoveer  
Her eyes, more eloquent than Angel’s tongue,  
Again she cried, There is no comfort here!
I must be wit's my Father in his pain.
Take me to earth, O Deveta, again!

13.
Indra with admiration heard the Maid.
O Child of Earth, he cried,
Already in thy spirit thus divine,
Whatever weal or woe betide,
Be that high sense of duty still thy guide,
And all good Powers will aid a soul like thine.
Then turning to Erecnia, thus he said—
Take her where Ganges hath its second birth,
Below our sphere, and yet above the earth;
There may Ladurlad rest beyond the power
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,—
Witt thou tamely the Swarga resign,—
Art thou smitten, O Indra, with dread?
Or seest thou not, seest thou not, Monarch divine,
How many a day to Seeva's shrine
Kehama his victim hath led?
Nine and ninety days are fled,
Nine and ninety deeds have bled;
One more, the rite will be complete—
One victim more, and this the dreadful day,
Then will the impious Rajah seize thy seat,
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 Destroyer blind?
Is the Preserver careless for mankind?

2.
Along the mead the hallow'd Steed
Still wanders where'er he will,
O'er hill, or dale, or plain;
No human hand hath trick'd that man
From which he shakes the morning dew;
His mouth has never felt the rein;
His lips have never froth'd the chain;
For pure of blemish and of stain,
His neck unbrokèd to mortal yoke,
Like Nature free the Steed must be,
Fit offering for the Immortals he.
A year and day the Steed must stray
Wherever chance may guide his way,
Before he fall at Seeva's shrine;
The year and day have pass'd away,
Nor touch of man hath marr'd the rite divine
And now at noon the Steed must bleed,
The perfect rite to-day must force the meed
Which Fate reluctant shudders to bestow;
Then must the Swarga-God
Yield to the Tyrant of the World below;
Then must the Devetas obey
The Rajah's rod, and groan beneath his hateful sway.

3.
The Sun rides high; the hour is nigh;
The multitude, who long
Lest aught should mar the rite,
In circle wide on every side,
Have kept the Steed in sight,
Contract their circle now, and drive him on.
Drawn in long files before the Temple-court,
The Rajah's archers flank an ample space;
Here, moving onward still, they drive him near,
Then, opening, give him way to enter here.

4.
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 wrest his power.
In front, with far-stretched walls, and many a tower,
Turret, and dome, and pinnacle clate,
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.

5.
Hark! at the Golden Palaces
The Bramin strikes the time!
One, two, three, four, a thrice-told chime,
And then again, one, two.
The bowl that in its vessel floats, anew
Must fill and sink again;
Then will the final stroke be due,
The Sun rides high, the noon is nigh,
And silently, as if spell-bound,
The multitude expect the sound.

6.
Lo! how the Steed, with sudden start,
Turns his quick head to every part!
Long files of men on every side appear.
The sight might well his heart aflight;
And yet the silence that is here
Inspires a stranger fear;
For not a murmur, not a sound
Of breath or motion rises round;
No stir is heard in all that mighty crowd;
He neighs, and from the temple-wall
The voice resounds loud,
Loud and distinct, as from a hill
Across a lonely vale, when all is still.
7. Within the temple, on his golden throne
Reclined, Kehama lies,
Watching with steady eyes
The perfumed light that, burning bright,
Metes out the passing hours.
On either hand his counsels stand,
Freshening with fans of peacock-plumes the air,
Which, redolent of all rich gums and flowers,
Seems, overcharged with sweets, to stagnate there.

Lo! the time-taper's flame, ascending slow,
Creeps up its coil toward the fated line;
Kehama rises and goes forth,
And from the altar, ready where it lies,
He takes the axe of sacrifice.

8. That instant, from the crowd, with sudden shout,
A Man sprang out
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
Repell'd, fall idly to the ground.
Kehama clasp'd his hands in agony,
And saw him grasp the hollow'd course'n's mane,
Spring up with sudden bound,
And with a frantic cry,
And madman's gesture, gallop round and round.

9. 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-bound eye,
Look for the word, in slow-consuming fire,
By piecemeal death, to make the wretch expire,
Or hoist his living carcass, hook'd on high,
To feed the fowls and insects of the sky;
Or if aught worse inventive cruelty
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 grunts suppressed 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, press'd in for agony.

10. 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 nigh,
And cried aloud, Yes, Rajah! it is I!
And wilt thou kill me now?
The countenance of the Almighty Man
Fell when he knew Ladurlad, and his bow
Was clouded with despite, as one ashamed.
That wretch again! indignant he exclaim'd,
And smote his forehead, and stood silently
Awhile in wrath: then, with ferocious smile,
And eyes which seem'd to darken his dark cheek,
Let him go free! he cried; he hath his Curse;
And vengeance upon him can wreak no worse —
But ye who did not stop him— tremble ye!

11. He bade the archers pile their weapons there:
No manly courage fill'd the slavish band,
No sweetening vengeance roused a brave despair.
He call'd his horsemen then, and gave command
To hem the offenders in, and hew them down.
Ten thousand cimeters, at once uprear'd,
Flash up, like waters sparkling to the sun;
A second time the fatal brands appear'd
Lifted aloft,— they glitter'd then no more;
Their light was gone, their splendor quench'd in gore.

At noon the massacre begun,
And night closed in before the work of death was done.

IX.
THE HOME-SCENE.

1. The steam of slaughter from that place of blood
Spread o'er the tainted sky.
Vultures, for whom the Rajah's tyranny
So oft had furnish'd food, from far and nigh
Sped to the lure: aloft, with joyful cry,
Wheeled around, they hover'd overhead;
Or, on the temple perch'd with greedy eye,
Impatient watch'd the dead.
Far off the Tigers, in the imnest wood,
Heard the death shriek, and sniff'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.

2. He who had sought for death went wandering on;
The hope which had inspired his heart was gone;
Yet a wild joyance still inflamed his face,
A smile of vengeance, a triumphant glow.
Where goes he?— Whither should Ladurlad go!
Unwittingly the wretch's footsteps trace
Their wonted path toward his dwelling-place;
And wandering on, unknowing where,
He starts like one surprised at finding he is there.

3. Behold his lovely home,
By yonder broad-bough'd plane o'ershaded:
There Marriataly's Image stands,
And there the garland twned by Kailyal's hands
Around its brow hath faded.
The peacocks, at their master's sight,
Quick from the leafy thatch alight,
And hurry round, and search the ground,
And veer their glancing necks from side to side
Expecting from his hand
Their daily dote which erst the Maid supplied,
Now all too long denied.

4.
But, as he gazed around,
How strange did all accusation's sights appear!
How differently did each familiar sound
Assail his alter'd ear!
Here stood the marriage bower,
Rear'd in that happy hour
When he, with festal joy and youthful pride,
Had brought Yedillian home, his beauteous bride.
Leaves not its own, and many a borrow'd flower,
Had then bedeck'd it, withering ere the night;
But who he look'd from that auspicious day
For years of long delight,
And would not see the marriage bower decay,
There planted and nurs'd up, with daily care,
The sweetest herbs that scent the ambient air,
And train'd them round to live and flourish there.
Nor when dread Yamen's will
Had call'd Yedillian from his arms away,
Ceased he to tend the marriage-bower, but still,
Sorrowing, had dress'd it like a pious rite
Due to the monument of past delight.

5.
He took his wonted seat before the door,—
Even as of yore,
When he was wont to view, with placid eyes,
His daughter at her evening sacrifice.
Here were the flowers which she so carefully
Did love to rear for Marriataly's brow;
Neglected now,
Their heavy heads were drooping, over-blow'n;
All else appear'd the same as heretofore,
All—save himself alone;
How happy them,—and now a wretch for ever-more!

6.
The market-flag, which, hoisted high,
From far and nigh,
Above yon cocoa grove is seen,
Hangs motionless amid the sultry sky.
Loud sounds the village drum; a happy crowd
Is there; Ladurlad hears their distant voices,
But with their joy no more his heart rejoices;
And how their old companion now may fare
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.

7.
They knew not that the wretched man was near;
And yet it seem'd, to his discompter'd ear,
As if they wrong'd him with their merriment.
Resentfully he turn'd away his eyes,
Yet turn'd them but to find
Sights that enraged his mind
With envious grief more wild and overpowering.
The tank which fed his fields was there, and there
The large-leaved lotus on the waters flowering.
There, from the intolerable heat
The buffaloes 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.

8.
Despair had roused him to that hopeless prayer;
Yet thinking on the heavenly Powers, his mind
Drew comfort; and he rose and gather'd flowers,
And twined a crown for Marriataly'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 aye at even-tide
In beauty and in pride.
O Marriataly, where'so'er she strayed
Forlorn and wretched, still be thou her guide!

9.
A loud and fiendish laugh replied,
Scolding his prayer. Aloft, as from the air,
The sound of insult came: he look'd, and there
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.

10.
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 renew'd,
And Arvalan put forth a hand, and caught
The sunbeam, and condensing there its light,
Upon Ladurlad turn'd the Burning stream.
Vain cruelty! the stake
Fell 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 charmed him.

11.
Anon the Spirit waved a second hand;
Down rush'd the obedient whirlwind from the sky,
Scoop'd up the sand like smoke, and from on high
Slept the hot shower upon Ladurlad's head.
Where'er he turns, the accursed Hand is there;
East, West, and North, and South, on every side
The hand accursed waves in air to guide
The dizzying storm; ears, nostrils, eyes, and mouth
It fills and chokes, and clogging every pore,
Taught him new torments might be yet in store.
Where shall he turn to fly? behold his house
In flames! uprooted lies the marriage-bower,
The Goddess buried by the sandy shower.
Blindly, with staggering step, he reels about,
And still the accursed Hand pursues,
And still the lips of scorn their mockery-laugh renew'd.

12.
What, Arvalan! hast thou so soon forgot
The grasp of Polica? Wilt thou still defy
The righteous Powers of heaven? or know'st thou not
That there are yet superior Powers on high,
Son of the Wicked? — Lo, in rapid flight,
Erezenia hastens from the ethereal height;
Bright is the sword celestial in his hand;
Like lightning in its path afar 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 Glendoover impels the grinding blade;
The wicked Shade flies howling from his foe.
So let that Spirit fail,
Fly, and, for impotence of anger, howl,
Writhing with anguish, and his wounds deplore;
Worse punishment hath Arvalan deserved,
And righteous Fate hath heavier doom in store.

13.
Not now the Glendoover pursues his flight;
He bade 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 incredible eyes,
Still dizzy with the sand-storm, there he lay,
While, sailing up the skies, the living Bark
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 cares and filial veneration,
Hearts which are proved and strengthen'd by affliction,
Manly resentment, 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 voyaged rejoicing;
Clouds float around to honor thee, and Evening
Lingers 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 venturesome Goddess, in her mirth,
On Seeca's eyes, the light and life of Earth.
Thereat the heart of the Universe stood still;
The Elements ceased their influences;
The Hours Stopp'd 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 Seeca'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 cradle, and its altar, and its throne;
And there the new-born River lies
Outspread beneath its native skies,
As if it there would love to dwell
Alone and unapproachable.
Soon flowing forward, and resign'd
To the will of the Creating Mind,
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,
With rainbow wreaths the holy stream adorning;
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 untainted sky.
There, in a lovely lake, it seems to sleep,
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.

5. Towards this Lake, above the nether sphere,
The living Bark, with angel eye,
Directs its course along the obedient sky.
Kehama hath not yet dominion here;
And till the dreaded hour,
When Indra by the Rajah shall be driven
Dethroned from Heaven,
Here may Ladurlad rest beyond his power.

6. The living Bark alights; the Glendoover
Then lays Ladurlad by the blessed Lake; —
O happy Sire, and yet more happy Daughter! —
The eternal gales his agony abate,
His daughter's tears are on his cheek,
His hand is in the water;
The innocent man, the man oppress'd, —
Oh joy! — hath found a place of rest
Beyond Kehama's sway; — away.
The Curse extends not here; his pains have past.

7. O happy Sire, and happy Daughter!
Ye on the banks of that celestial water
Your resting-place and sanctuary have found.
What! hath not then their mortal taint defiled
The sacred, solitary ground?
Vain thought! the Holy Valley smiled,
Receiving such a Sire and Child;
Ganges, who seem'd asleep to lie,
Beheld them with benignant eye,
And rippled round melodiously,
And roll'd her little waves, to meet
And welcome their beloved feet.
The gales of Swarga thither fled,
And heavenly odors there were shed
About, below, and overhead;
And Earth, rejoicing in their tread,
Hath built them up a blooming Bower,
Where every amaranthine flower
Its deathless blossom interweaves
With bright and undecaying leaves.

8. Three happy beings are there here —
The Sire, the Maid, the Glendoover.
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 tears were streaming down her cheek;
And when these tears her sight beguiled,
And still her faltering accents fail'd,
The Spirit, mute and motionless,
Spread out her arms for the caress,
Made still and silent with excess
Of love and painful happiness.

9. The Maid that lovely form survey'd;
Wistful she gazed, and knew 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,
As if she fain would have her nigh,
Yet fear'd to meet the wish'd embrace,
At once with love and awe oppress'd.
Not so Ladurlad; he could trace,
Though brighten'd with angelic grace,
His own Yedillian's earthly face;
He ran and held her to his breast!
Oh joy above all joys of Heaven,
By Death alone to others given,
This moment hath to him restored
The early-born, the long-deplored.

10. 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 forever burneth;
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppress'd,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.

11. 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?

12. A blessed family is this,
Assembled in the Bower of Bliss!
Strange woe, Ladurlad, hath been thine,
And pangs beyond all human measure,
And thy reward is now divine,
A foretaste of eternal pleasure.
He knew indeed there was a day
When all these joys would pass away,
And he must quit this blest abode,
And, taking up again the spell,
Great beneath the baleful load,
And wander o'er the world again,
Most wretched of the sons of men:
Yet was this brief repose, as when
A traveller in the Arabian sands,
Half fainting on his sultry road,
Hath reach'd the water-place at last;
And resting there beside the well,
Thinks of the perils he has past,
And gazes o'er the unbounded plain,
The plain which must be traversed still,
And drinks,—yet cannot drink his fill;
Then girds his patient loins again.
So to Ladurlad now was given
New strength, and confidence in Heaven,
And hope, and faith invincible.

13.
For often would Erecnia tell
Of what in elder days befell,
When other Tyrants, in their might,
Usur'd dominion o'er the earth;
And Vesshnoo took a human birth,
Deliverer of the Sons of men,
And slew the huge Ermaccasen,
And piecemeal rent, with lion force,
Errenia's accursed corse,
And humbled Baly in his pride;
And when the Giant Ravana
Had borne triumphant from his side
Sita, the earth-born God's beloved bride,
Then from his island-kingdom, laugh'd to scorn
The insulted husband, and his power defied;
How, to revenge the wrong, in wrath he lied,
Bridging the sea before his dreadful way,
And met the hundred-headed foe,
And dealt him the unerring blow;
By Brana's hand the righteous lance was given,
And by that arm immortal driven,
It laid the mighty Tyrant low;
And Earth, and Ocean, and high Heaven,
Rejoiced to see his overthrow.
Oh! doubt not thou, Yeillian cried,
Such fate Kehama will betide;
For there are Gods who look below,—
Sceva, the Avenger, is not blind,
Nor Veeshnoo careless for mankind.

14.
Thus was Ladurlad's soul imbued
With hope and holy fortitude;
And Child and Sire, with pious mind,
Alike resolved, alike resign'd,
Look'd onward to the evil day:
Faith was their comfort, Faith their stay;
They trusted Woe would pass away,
And Tyranny would sink subdued,
And Evil yield to Good.

15. Lovely wert thou, O Flower of Earth!
   Above all flowers of mortal birth;
   But foster'd in this Blissful Bower,
   From day to day, and hour to hour,
   Lovelier grew the lovely flower.
   O blessed, blessed company!
   When men and heavenly spirits greet,
   And they whom Death had sever'd meet,
   And hold again communion sweet;—
   O blessed, blessed company!

16. The Sun, careering round the sky,
   Beheld them with rejoicing eye,
   And bade his willing Charioteer
   Relax his speed as they drew near;
   Around check'd the rainbow reins,
The seven green coursers shook their manes,
   And brighter rays around them threw;
   The Car of Glory in their view
   More radiant, more resplendent grew;
   And Surya, through his veil of light,
   Beheld the Bower, and blest the sight.

17. The Lord of Night, as he sail'd by,
   Stay'd his pearly boat on high;
   And while around the Blissful Bower,
   He bade the softest moonlight flow,
   Linger'd to see that earthy flower,
   Forgetful of his Dragon foe,
   Who, mindful of their ancient feud,
   With open jaws of rage pursu'd.

18. There all good Spirits of the air,
   Suras and Devetas, repair;
   Aloft they love to hover there,
   And view the Flower of mortal birth,
   Here for her innocence and worth,
   Transplanted from the fields of earth;
   And him, who, on the dreadful day
   When Heaven was fill'd with consternation
   And Indra trembled with dismay,
   And for the sounds of joy and mirth,
   Woe was heard and lamentation,
   Defied the Rajah in his pride,
   Though all in Heaven and Earth beside
   Stood mute in dolorous expectation;
   And, rushing forward in that hour,
   Saved the Swarga from his power.
   Grateful for this they hover nigh,
   And bless that blessed Company.

19. One God alone, with wanton eye,
   Beheld them in their Bower;
   O ye, he cried, who have defied
   The Rajah, will ye mock my power?
   'Twas Camdeo riding on his lory,
   'Twas the immortal Youth of Love;
   If men below and Gods above,
   Subject alike, quest he, have felt these darts,
   Shall ye alone, of all in story,
Boast impenetrable hearts?  
Hover here, my gentle lory,  
Gently hover, while I see  
To whom hath Fate decreed the glory,  
To the Glendoveer or me.

20.  
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 ocean blue display'd;  
And sportive in her sight  
Moved slowly o'er the lake with gliding flight;  
Anon, with sudden stroke and strong,  
In rapid course career'd, swept along;  
Now shooting downward from his heavenly height,  
Plung'd 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 petels barb'd the dart.

21.  
The shaft, unerringly address'd,  
Unerring flew, and smote Ereenia's breast.  
Ah, Wanton! cried the Glendoveer,  
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!

22.  
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 aboue her with delight,  
As if with that melodious sound  
They strove to pay their willing duty  
To mortal purity and beauty.

23.  
Ah! Wanton! cried the Glendoveer,  
No power hast thou for mischief here!  
Choose thou some idler breast,  
For these are proof, by nobler thoughts possess'd.  
Go, to thy plains of Matra go,  
And string again thy broken bow!

21.  
Rightly Ereenia spake; and ill had thoughts  
Of earthly love beseeching 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 lore,  
And influces 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! doom'sd  
For sufferings and for trials above all  
Of women; — yet both flavor'd, both beloved  
By all good Powers, rest here a while in peace.

XI.  
THE ENCHANTRESS.

1.  
When from the sword, by arm angelic driven,  
Foul Arvalan fled howling, wild in pain,  
His thin, essential spirit, rent and riven  
With wounds, united soon and heal'd again;  
Backward the accursed turned his eye in flight,  
Remindful of revengeful thoughts ever then,  
And saw where, gliding through the evening light,  
The Ship of Heaven sail'd upward through the sky,  
Then, like a meteor, vanish'd from his sight.  
Where should he follow? vainly might he try  
To trace through trackless air its rapid course;  
Nor dared he that angelic arm defy,  
Still sore and writhing from its dreadful force.

2.  
Should be the lust of vengeance lay aside?  
Too long had Arvalan in ill been train'd;  
Nurs'd up in power, and tyranny, and pride,  
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  
Obscure; old helperate she to him had been,  
Lending her aid in many a secret sin;  
And there, for counsel, now his way he took.

3.  
She was a woman whose unlovely youth,  
Even like a canker'd rose which none will call,  
Had wither'd on the stalk; her heart was full  
Of passions which had found no natural scope,  
Feelings which there had grown, but riper'd not,  
Desires unsatisfied, abortive hope,  
Repinings which provoked vindictive thought:  
These restless elements forever wrought,  
Fermenting in her with perpetual stir,  
And thus, her spirit to all evil moved,  
She hated men because they loved not her,  
And hated women because they lov'd her.  
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,
And take whatever vacant form they find,  
Carcass of man or beast that life hath left,  
Foul instrument for them of fouler mind.  
To these 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 such service nothing loath,  
Obey'd her bidding, slaves and masters both.

4.
So from this cursed intercourse she caught  
Contagious power of mischief, and was taught  
Such secrets as are damnable to guess.  
Is there a child whose little lovely ways  
Might win all hearts,—on whom his parents gaze  
Till they shed tears of joy and tenderness?  
Oh! hide him from that Witch's withering sight!  
Oh! hide him from the eye of Lorrinite!  
Her look hath crippling in it, and her curse  
All plagues which on mortality can light;  
Death is his doom if she behold,—or worse,—  
Diseases loathsome and incurable,  
And inward sufferings that no tongue can tell.

5.
Woe was to him on whom that eye of hate  
Was bent; for, certain as the stroke of Fate,  
It did its mortal work, nor human arts  
Could save the unhappy wretch, her chosen prey;  
For gazing, she consumed his vital parts,  
Eating his very core of life away.  
The wine which from yeon wounded palm on high  
Fills yonder gourd, as slowly it distills,  
Grows sons 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 unloly tread to hear,  
And from the dry and mouldering bones did fear  
Force a cold sweat, when Lorrinite was near.

6.
Power made her haughty: by ambition fired,  
Erelong to mightier mischiefs she aspired.  
The Calis, who o'er cities rule unseen,  
Each in her own domain a Demon Queen,  
And there adored with blood and human life,  
They knew her, and in their accurs'd employ  
She stirr'd up neighboring 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 air  
The pregnant seeds of death he bade her sowed,  
All deadly plagues and pestilence to brewe.  
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 gathered rain about to fall,  
Her breath would drive it to the desert sands,  
While in the marshes' parch'd and gaping soil  
The rice-roots by the searching Sun were dried;  
And in lean groups, assembled at the side  
Of the empty tank, the cattle dropp'd and died;  
And Famine, at her bidding, wasted wide  
The wretched land, till, in the public way,  
Promiscuous where the dead and dying lay,  
Dogs fed on human bones in the open light of day.

7.
Her secret cell the accused Arvalan,  
In quest of vengeance, sought, and thus began:—  
Mighty mother! mother wise!  
Revenge me on my enemies.

Lorrinite.  
Conest thou, son, for aid to me?  
Tell me who have injured thee,  
Where they are, and who they be;  
Of the Earth, or of the Sea,  
Or of the aerial company?  
Earth, nor Sea, nor Air is free  
From the powers who wait on me,  
And my tremendous witchery.

Arvalan.  
She for whom so ill I sped,  
Whom my father deemeth dead,  
Lives, for Marritata's aid  
From the water saved the Maid.  
In hatred I desire her still,  
And in revenge would have my will.  
A Deveto, with wings of blue,  
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.

8.
At this the Witch, through shrivell'd 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 night  
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 desceri'd.

9.
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 last a Maiden,—it is she!
The foremost shakes his wings of blue;
'Tis he whose sword even yet I rue;
And in that other one I know
The visage of my deadliest foe.
Mother, let thy magic might
Arm me for the mortal fight;
Helm, and shield, and mail afford,
Proof against his dreaded sword.
Then will I invade their seat;
Then shall vengeance be complete.

10.
LORRINITE.
Spirits, who obey my will,
Hear him, and his wish fulfill!

So spake the mighty Witch, nor further spell
Needed; anon a sound, like smother'd thunder,
Was heard, slow rolling under;
The solid pavement of the cell
Quaked, heaved, and cleft asunder,
And at the feet of Arvalan display'd,
Helmet and mail, and shield and cimeter, were laid.

11.
The Asuras, often put to flight
And scatter'd in the fields of light
By their foes' celestial might,
Forfed this enchanted armor for the fight.
'Mid fires intense did they animate,
In mountain furnaces, the quivering steel,
Till, trembling through each deepening hue,
It settled in a midnight blue;
Last they cast it, to aslave,
In the penial icy lake.
Then they consigned it to the Giant brood;
And while they forged the impenetrable arms,
The Evil Powers, to oversee them, stood,
And there imbued
The work of Giant strength with magic charms.
Foul Arvalan, with joy, survey'd
The crescent sabre's cloudy blade,
With deeper joy the impervious mail,
The shield and helmet of avail.
Soon did he himself array,
And bade his speed him on his way.

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'erarch'd, and cross'd, and bent, diverging there,
And firmly in its are ubope,
Upon their brazen necks, the seat of power.
Arvalan mounts the car, and in his hand
Receives the magic reins from Lorrinite;
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 impsous arms.

14.
Ah, Sinner! whose anticipating soul
Incurrs 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 the pole.
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 might avails no more;
Bootless its strength against that unseen Power,
That, in their mid career,
Hath seized the Chariot and the Charioteer.
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 affrighted Dragons try.
Forced in a stream from whence was no retreat,
Strong as they are, behold them whirled along,
Headlong, with useless pennons, through the sky.

15.
What Power was that, which, with resistless might,
Foil'd the dread magic thus of Lorrinite?
'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
Involv'd in clouds and light,
So far above its roots of ice and snow.

16.
On—on they roll,—rapt 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 Pole.
Down from his shatter'd mail the unhappy Soul
Is dropp'd, —ten thousand thousand fathoms down,—
Till in an ice-riift, 'mid the eternal snow,
Foul Arvalan is stopp’d. There let him howl,
Groan there,—and there, with unavailing mean,
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 destin’d 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 further 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;
Nor man nor God hath power,
At this momentous hour,
Again to save the Sverga 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.

2.
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 espied
Old Casyapa, the Sire of Gods, alight.

But when Ereneia 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 Glendoveer!
The dreadful hour is near! I know it well!
Not for less import would the Sire of Gods
Forsake his ancient and august abodes.

3.  
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, prepares for flight,
Beyond the circle of the conquer’d world,
Beyond the Rajah’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:
1, too, forsake mine ancient dwelling-place.
And now, O Child and Father, ye must go,
Take up the burden of your woe,
And wander once again below.
With piteous 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.

4.
Oh, tell me, cried Ereneia,—for from thee
Nought can be hidden,—when the end will be.

Seek not to know, old Casyapa replied,
What pleaseth Heaven to hide.
Dark is the abyss of Time,
But light enough to guide your steps is given;
Whatever weal or woe betide,
Turn never from the way of truth aside.
And leave the event, in holy hope, to Heaven.
The moment is at hand; no more delay;
Ascend the ethereal bark, and go your way;
And Ye, of heavenly nature, follow me.

5.
The will of Heaven be done, Ladurlad cried;
Nor more the man replied,
But placed his daughter in the ethereal bark,
Then took his seat beside.

There was no word at parting, no adieu.
Down from that empyreal height they flew:
One groan Ladurlad breathed, yet utter’d not,
When, to his heart and brain,
The fiery Curse again like lightning shot.
And now on earth the Sire and Child alight;
Up soar’d the Ship of Heaven, and sail’d away
from sight.

6.
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 annay-birds of graceful mien,
Whose milk-white forms were seen,
Lovely as Nymphs, your ancient trees between,
XIII.

THE CURSE OF KELAMA.

1.

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.

2.

The afflicted gales to-day
O'er their beloved streams no longer play;
The streams of Paradise have ceased to flow;
The Fountain-Tree withholds 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.

3.

Now! now!—Before the Golden Palaces,
The Bramin strikes the inevitable hour.
The fatal blow is given,
That over Earth and Heaven
Confirms the Almighty Rajah in his power.
All evil Spirits then,
That roam the World about,
Or wander through the sky,
Set up a joyful shout.
The Asuras and the Giants join the cry;
The damn'd in Padalon acclaim
Their hoped Deliverer's name:
Heaven trembles with the thunder-drowning sound;
Back starts affrighted Ocean from the shore,
And the adamantine vaults and brazen floor
Of Hell are shaken with the roar.
Up rose the Rajah through the conquer'd sky,
To seize the Swerga for his proud abode;
Myriads of evil Genii round him fly,
As royally on wings of winds he rode,
And sealed high Heaven, triumphant like a God.

4.

The Maiden, at those welcome words, impress'd
A passionate kiss upon her Father's cheek:
They look'd around them then, as if to seek
Where they should turn, North, South, or East, or West,
Wherever to their vagrant feet seem'd best.
But, turning from the view her mournful eyes,
Oh, whither should we wander? Kailyal cries,
Or wherefore seek in vain a place of rest?
Have we not here the Earth beneath our tread,
Heaven overhead,
A brook that winds through this sequester'd glade,
And yonder woods, to yield us fruit and shade?
The little all our wants require is nigh;
Hope we have none;—why travel on in fear?
We cannot fly from Fate, and Fate will find us here.

5.

'Twas a fair scene wherein they stood,
A green and sunny glade amid the wood,
And in the midst an aged Bannian grew.
It was a goodly sight to see
That venerable tree,
For o'er the lawn, irregularly spread,
Fifty straight columns prop'd its lofty head;
And many a long, depending shoot,
Seeking to strike its root,
Straight like a plummet, grew towards the ground.
Some on the lower boughs which cross'd their way,
Fixing their bearded boughs, round and round,
With many a ring and wild contention wound;
Some to the passing wind, at times, with sway
Of gentle motion swung;
Others, of younger growth, unmov'd, were hung
Like stone-drops from the cavern's fretted height;

Upward the lengthening pageanties aspire,
Leaving from Earth to Heaven a widening wake
of fire.
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA.

Beneath was smooth and fair to sight,
Nor weeds nor briers deform’d the natural floor,
And through the leafy cope which bower’d it o’er
Came gleams of checker’d light.

So like a temple did it seem, that there
A pious heart’s first impulse would be prayer.

6.
A brook, with easy current, murmur’d near;
Water so cool and clear
The peasants drink not from the humble well,
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
Glowing, 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
Flap on the twinkling waters, up and down.

7.
They built them here a bower, of jointed cane,
Strong for the needful use; and light and long
Was the slight framework rear’d, with little pain;
Lilie creepers, then, the wicker sides supply,
And the tall jungle-grass fit roofing gave
Beneath the genial sky.
And here did Kailyal, each returning day,
Pour 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 shades,
The Spirits of the virtuous dead delight.
And duly here, to Marriataly’s praise,
The Maid, as with an angel’s voice of song,
Pour’d her melodious lays
Upon the gales of even,
And gliding in religious dance along,
Moved graceful as the dark-eyed Nymphs of Heaven;
Such harmony to all her steps was given.

8.
Thus ever, in her Father’s doting 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 glue, or fruit, and rice,
Flow’r-crown, or blood; but of a heart subdued,

A resolute, unconquer’d fortune,
An agony repress’d, a will resign’d,
To her, who, on her secret throne reclin’d,
Amid the Sea of Milk, by Veeshnoo’s side,
Looks with an eye of mercy on mankind.
By the Preserver, with his power endued,
There Voomdavee beholds this lower clime,
And marks the silent sufferings of the good,
To recompense them in her own good time.

9.
O force of faith! O strength of virtuous will!
Behold him in his endless martyrdom,
Triumphant still!
The Curse still burning in his heart and brain;
And yet doth he remain
Patient the while, and tranquil, and content!
The pious soul hath framed unto itself
A second nature, to exist in pain
As in its own allotted element.

10.
Such strength the will reveal’d had given
This holy pair, such influxes of grace,
That to their solitary resting-place
They brought the peace of Heaven.
Yea, all around was hallow’d! Danger, Fear,
Nor thought of evil ever enter’d here.
A charm was on the Leopard when he came
Within the circle of that mystic glade;
Submit he crouch’d before the heavenly Maid,
And offer’d to her touch his speckled side;
Or, with arch’d back erect, and bending head,
And eyes half-closed for pleasure, would he stand,
Counting the pressure of her gentle hand.

11.
Trampling his path through wood and brake,
And canes which crackling fall before his way,
And tassel-grass, whose silvery feathers play,
O’er topping the young trees,
On comes the Elephant, to slake
His thirst at noon in yon pelucid springs.
Lo! from his trunk upturn’d, aloft he flings
The grateful shower; and now
Plucking the broad-leaved bough
Of yonder plane, with wavy 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,
Intranced he listens to the thrilling notes,
Till his strong temples, bathed with sudden dew,
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 brake,
Himself in fascination forced along
Days after days unvarying come and go,  
And neither friend nor foe  
Approaches them in their sequester’d bower.  
Maid of strange destiny! but think not thou  
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 Lorrinate on thee hath fixed her sight,  
And laid her wiles, to aid  
Foul Arvalan when he shall next appear;  
For well she wenc’d his Spirit would renew  
Old vengeance now, with unremitting hate;  
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.  

16.  
Fate work’d its own the while. A band  
Of Yogueses, 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 Yogueses 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.
Uprèar'd on twenty wheels elate,
Huge as a Ship, the Bridal Car appear'd;
Loud creak its ponderous wheels, as through the gate
A thousand Bramins drag the enormous load.
There throned aloft in state,
The Image of the seven-headed God
Came forth from his abode; and at his side
Sat Kaliyal like a bride.
A bridal statue rather might she seem,
For she regarded all things, like a dream,
Having no thought, nor fear, nor will, nor aught
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
Filleth wide heaven, and bathing hill and wood,
Spreads o'er the peaceful valley like a flood,
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.

5.
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 you mad throng,
Who follow close, and thrust the deadly wheels along.

6.
Pale grows the Maid at this accursed sight;
The yells which round her rise
Have roused her with affright,
And fear hath given to her dilated eyes
A wilder light.
Where shall those eyes be turn'd? she knows not where!
Downward they dare not look, for there
Is death, and horror, and despair!
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 shout and deafening roar,
Tossing the torches' flames about.
And the double double peaks 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.
The car-strings throb as if they were rent,
And the eyelids drop as stunned and spent.
Fain would the Maid have kept them fast;
But open they start at the crack of the blast.

7.
Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereonia! where,
In this dread hour of horror and despair?
Thinking on him, she strove her fear to quell —
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.
Repell that wrongful thought,
O Maid! thou feelest, but believ'st it not;
It is thine own imperfect nature's fault
That lets one doubt of him arise within;
And this the Virgin knew; and like a sin
Repell'd the thought, and still believed him true,
And summon'd up her spirit to endure
All forms of fear, in that firm trust secure.

8.
She needs that faith, she needs that consolation,
For now the Car hath measured back its track
Of death, and hath reentered now its station.
There, in the Temple-courts, with song and dance,
A harlot-band, to meet the Maid, advance.
The drum hath ceased its peals: the trumpet and gong
Are still; the frantic crowd forbear 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 tumbled as they wheel'd around.

9.
They sung a bridal measure,
A song of pleasure,
A hymn of joyance and of gratulation.
Go, chosen One, they cried,
Go, happy bride!
For thee the God descends in expectation!
For thy dear sake
He leaves his Heaven, O Maid of matchless charms!
Go, happy One, the bed divine partake,
And fill his longing arms!
Thus to the inner fane,
With circling dance and hymneal 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.

10.
Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia, where?  
From the leathed bed she starts, and in the air  
Looks up, as if she thought to find him there;  
Then, in despair,
Anguish, and agony, and hopeless prayer,
Prostrate she laid herself upon the floor.

There trembling as she lay,
The Bramid 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.  
At that the Maid all eagerly
Lifted in hope her head;
She thought her own deliverer had been near;
When lo! with other life reanimate,
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 flesh of man,
She knew the accursed soul of Arvalan.

11.
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
accurs'd,
Bore him to the roof aloft, and on the floor
With vengeance dash'd him, quivering there in
 gore.
Lo! from the pregnant air—heart-withering
sight—
There issued forth the dreadful Lorrinite.
Seize him!  
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.

Alone against a legion, little here
Avails his single might,
Nor 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;
Hem'n'd round, he is overpower'd, beat down, and
bound,
And at the feet of Lorrinite is laid.

12.
Meantime the scatter'd members of the slain,
Obedient to her mighty voice, assumed
Their vital form again,
And that foul Spirit, upon vengeance bent,
Fled to the fleshy tenement.
Lo! here, quoth Lorrinite, thou seest thy foe!  
Him in the Ancient Sepulchres, below
The billows of the Ocean, will I lay;
Gods are there none to help him now, and there
For Man there is no way.
To that dread scene of durance and despair,

Asuras, hear 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.

13.
Her words the accursed race obey'd;
Forth with a sound like rushing winds they fled;
And of all aid from Earth or Heaven bereft,
Alone with Arvalan the Maid was left.

But in that hour of agony, the Maid
Deserted not herself; her very dread
Had calm'd her; and her heart
Knew the whole horror, and its only part.
Yemen, receive me undefiled! she said,
And seized a torch, and fired the bridal bed.
Up ran the rapid flames; on every side
They find their fuel wherever they spread;
Thin hangings, fragrant gums, and odorous wood,
That piled like sacrificial altars stood.
Around they run, and upward they aspire,
And, lo! the huge Pagoda lined with fire.

14.
The wicked Soul, who had assumed again
A form of sensible flesh for his foul will,
Still bent on base revenge, and baffled still,
Felt that corporeal shape alike to pain
Obnoxious as to pleasure: forth he flew,
Howling and search'd by the devouring flame;
Accursed Spirit! Still condemnd to rue,
The act of sin and punishment the same.
Freed from his loathsome touch, a natural dread
Came on the self-devoted, and she drew
Back from the flames, which now toward her spread,
And, like a living monster, seem'd to dart
Their hungry tongues toward their shrinking prey.

Soon she subdued her heart;
"O Father!" she exclaim'd, "there was no way
But this! And thou, Ereenia, who for me
Suffrest, my soul shall bear thee company."

15.
So having said, she knit
Her body up to work her soul's desire,
And rush at once among the thickest fire.
A sudden cry withheld her,—"Kailyal, stay!
Child! daughter! I am here!" the voice exclaims,
And from the gate, unhar'm'd, through smoke and
flames,
Like as a God, Ladurlad made his way;
Wrapp'd his preserving arms around, and bore
His Child, uninjured, o'er the burning floor.

XV.
THE CITY OF BALY.

1.
KAILYAL.
Ereenia!
LADURLAD.
Nay, let no reproachful thought
Wrong his heroic heart!  The Evil Powers
Have the dominion o'er this wretched World,
And no good Spirit now can venture here

KAILYAL.
Alas, my Father! he hath ventured here,
And saved me from one horror. But the Powers
Of Evil beat him down, and bore away
To some dread scene of durance and despair;
The Ancient Tombs, methought their mistress said,
Beneath the ocean waves; no way for Man
Is there; and Gods, she boasted, there are none
On Earth to help him now.

LADURLAD.
Is that her boast?
And hath she laid him in the Ancient Tombs,
Relying that the Waves will guard him there?
Short-sighted are the eyes of Wickedness,
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 warr'd against his Palaces,
Till, overwhelm'd, they lie beneath the waves,
Not overthrown, so well the awful Chief
Had laid their deep foundations. Rightly said
The Accursed, that no way for man was there;
But not like man am I!

2.
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!—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 noon tide heat,
Reluctantly compell'd, 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.

4.
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 Devatas from Heaven,
And seized triumphantly the Swerga 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 more.
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 prayer.
He on the Dwarf cast down
A glance of pity in contemplous mood,
And bade him take the boon,
And measure where he would.

5.
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 paces thou hast granted;
Twice have I set my footstep, Veeshnou cries,
Where shall the third be planted?

6.
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 virtue's sake was shown.
For though he was cast down to Padalou,
Yet there, by Yamen's throne,
Doth Baly sit in majesty and might,
To judge the dead, and sentence them aribit.
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 his name
Still hyman'd and honor'd by the grateful voice
Of human-kind, and in his fame rejoice.

7.
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.
8.

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
Peering above the sea—a mournful sight!
Well might the sad beholder ween from thence
What works of wonder the devouring wave
Had swallow'd there, when monuments so brace
Bore record of their old magnificence.

And on the sandy shore, beside the verge
Of Ocean, here and there, a rock-hewn 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 forever on the restless shores;
Or visiting their solitary caves,
The lonely sound of winds, that moan around
Accordant to the melancholy waves.

9.

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 surges part,
They stand. Ladurlad's heart
Exulted 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
Yon Towers extend, he said;
My search must needs be long. Meantime 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 its haunts. Do thou, with stone and shout,
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;
Be of good heart, and may thy sleep be sweet!

10.

So saying, he put back his arm, and gave
The cloth which girt his loins, and press'd 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 sea-weeds play,
Lashing her polish'd ankles, and the spray
Which off her Father, like a rainbow, fled,
Falls on her like a shower; there Kailyal stands,
And sees the billows rise above his head.
She, at the startling 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 Ladurlad closed.
Soon she recall'd his destiny to mind,
And, shaking off that natural fear, composed
Her soul with prayer, to wait the event resign'd

11.

Alone, upon the solitary strand,
The lovely one is left; behold her go,
Facing with patient footsteps, to and fro,
Along the bending sand.

Save her, ye Gods! from Evil Powers, and here
From man she need not fear:
For never Traveller comes near
These awful ruins of the days of yore,
Nor fisher's bark, nor venturous mariner,
Approach the sacred shore.
All day she walk'd the beach; at night she sought
The chamber of the Rock; with stone and shorn
Assail'd the Bats obscene, and scared them out;
Then in her Father's robe involved her feet,
And wrap'd her mantle round to guard her head,
And laid her down: the rock was Kailyal's bed;
Her chamber-lamps were in the starry sky;
The winds and waters were her lullaby.

12.

Be of good heart, and may thy sleep be sweet,
Ladurlad said. — Alas! that cannot be
To one whose days are days of misery.
How often did she stretch her hands to greet
Ereonia, rescued in the dreams of night!
How oft, amid the vision 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! the friend of Woe;
But 'tis the happy who have call'd thee so.

13.

Another day, another night are gone;
A second passes, and a third wanes on.
So long she paced the shore,
So often on the beach she took her stand,
That the wild Sea-Birds knew her, and no more
Fled, when she past beside them on the strand.
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 shed:
Fair is the dark-green deep: by night and day,
Unvex'd with storms, the peaceful billows play,
As when they closed upon Ladurlad's head;
The firmament above is bright and clear;
The sea-fowl, lords of water, air, and land,
Joyous alike upon the wing appear,
Or when they ride the waves, or walk the sand;
Beauty, and light, and joy are every where;
There is no sadness and no sorrow here,
Save what that single human breast contains;
But oh! what hopes, and fears, and pains are there!
14.
Seven miserable days the expectant Maid,
From earliest dawn till evening, watch’d the shore;
Hope left her then; and in her heart she said,
Never should she behold her Father more.

XVI.
THE ANCIENT SEPULCHRES.

1.
When the broad Ocean on Ladurlad’s head
Had closed and arch’d him o’er,
With steady tread he held his way
Adown the sloping shore.
The dark-green waves with emerald hue
Imbue the beams of day,
And on the wrinkled sand below,
Rolling their maze network to and fro,
Light shadows shift and play.
The hungry Shark, at scent of prey,
Toward Ladurlad darted;
Beholding then that human form erect,
How like a God the depths he trod,
Appall’d the monster started,
And in his fear departed.
Onward Ladurlad went with heart elate,
And now hath reach’d the Ancient City’s gate.

2.
Wondering he stood awhile to gaze
Upon the works of older days.
The brazen portals open stood,
Even as the fearful multitude
Had left them, when they fled
Before the rising flood.
High overhead, sublime,
The mighty gateway’s storied roof was spread,
Dwarfing the puny piles of younger time.
With the deeds of days of yore
That ample roof was sculptured o’er,
And many a godlike form there met his eye,
And many an emblem dark of mystery.
Through these wide portals oft had Baly rode
Triumphant from his proud abode,
When, in his greatness, he bestrode
The Aullay, hugest of four-footed kind,
The Aullay-Horse, that in his force,
With elephantine trunk, could bind
And lift the elephant, and on the wind
Whirl him away, with sway and swing,
Even like a pebble from the practis’d sling.

3.
Those streets which never, since the days of yore,
By human footstep had been visited,
Those streets which never more
A human foot shall tread,
Ladurlad trod. In sun-light and sea-green,
The thousand Palaces were seen
Of that proud City, whose superb abodes
Seem’d rear’d by Giants for the immortal Gods.
How silent and how beautiful they stand,

Like things of Nature! the eternal rocks
Themselves not firmer. Neither hath the sand
Drifted within their gates and closed 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 than fair City, that he spared thee thus?
Art than Varoumin’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.

4.
Through many a solitary street,
And silent market-place, and lonely square,
Arm’d with the mighty Curse, behold him fare.
And now his feet attain that royal fane
Where Baly held of old his awful reign.
What once had been the Gardens spread around,
Fair Gardens, once which wore perpetual green,
Where all sweet flowers through all the year were found,
And all fair fruits were through all seasons seen;
A place of Paradise, where each device
Of emulous Art with Nature strove to vie;
And Nature, on her part,
Call’d forth new powers wherewith to vanquish
Art.
The Swerga-God himself, with envious eye,
Survey’d those peerless gardens in their prime;
Nor ever did the Lord of Light,
Who circles Earth and Heaven upon his way,
Behold from eldest time a goodlier sight
Than were the groves which Baly, in his might,
Made for his chosen place of solace and delight.

5.
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 mossy bed
Whereon the Wood Nymphs lie,
With languid limbs, in summer’s sultry hours
Here, too, were living flowers
Which, like a bed compacted,
Their purple cups contracted,
And now, in open blossom spread,
Stretch’d like green anthers many a seeking head
And arborets of jointed stone were there,
And plants of fibres fine, as silkworm’s thread,
Yea, beautiful as Mermaid’s golden hair
Upon the waves dispread.
Others that, like the broad banana growing,
Raised their long, wrinkled leaves of purple hue,
Like streamers wide outflowing.
And whatso'er the depths of Ocean hide
From human eyes, Ladurldad spied—
Trees of the deep, and shrubs, and fruits, and flowers,
As fair as ours,
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 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 fish, like birds in air,
Above Ladurldad flying.
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,
They shoot across, and to and fro,
In rapid glance, like lightning go
Through that unwonted element.

Almost in scenes so wondrous fair,
Ladurldad had forgot
The mighty cause which led him there;
His busy eye was everywhere;
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 Sopuleches,
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 Ladurldad reach’d the Court
Of the great Palace of the King: its floor
Was of the marble rock; and there, before
The imperial door,
A 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 descend’d.
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 hand
Each held the sceptre of command,
From whence, across that scene of endless night,
A carbuncle diffused its everlasting light.

So well had the Einbaliners done their part
With spice and precious ungents to imbue
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 answered 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 there,
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 ghastly balls belied
The mockery of life in all beside.

But if, amid these chambers drear,
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 Ereonia 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 couch’d there lay
One of the mighty monsters of the deep,
Whom Lorrimite, encountering on the way,
There station’d, his perpetual guard to keep;
In the sport of wanton power, she enam’d 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 snake below, he roll'd
His supple length behind in many a sinuous fold.

14
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 unsealed.
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 charms,
As easily as, in the blithesome hour
Of spring, a child doth crop the meadow-flower,
Piece-meal those claws
Had rent their victim, and those armed jaws
Snapp'd him in twain. Naked Ladurlad stood,
Yet fearless and un alarm'd in this dread strife,
So well Kehama's Curse had charm'd his fated life.

15.
He too,—for anger, rising at the sight
Of him he sought, in such strange thrall confin'd,
With desperate courage fired Ladurlad's mind,—
He too unto the fight himself address'd,
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 press'd
The impenetrable scales;
And lo! the Guard rose up, and round his foe,
With gliding motion, wreath'd his lengthening coils,
Then tighten'd all their folds with stress and strain.
Nought would the raging Tiger's strength avail,
If once involved within those mighty toils;
The arm'd Rhinoceros, so clasp'd, in vain
Had trusted to his hide of rugged mail,
His bones all broken, and the breath of life
Crush'd from the lungs, in that unequal strife.
Again, and yet again, he sought to break
The impassive limbs; but when the Monster found
His utmost power was vain,
A moment he relax'd in every round,
Then knelt his coils again with closer strain,
And, bearing forward, forced him to the ground.

16.
Ereonia 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. From the rock
He raised himself half up, with might and main,
Pluck'd at the adamantine chain,
And now, with long and unremitting strain,
In obstinate effort of ignomious strength,
Labor'd and strove in vain;
Till his immortal sinews fail'd at length;
And yielding, with an inward groan, to fate,
Despairing, he let himself again
Fall prostrate on his prison-bed of stone,
Body and chain alike with lifeless weight.

17.
Struggling they lay in mortal fray
All day, while day was in our upper sphere;
For light of day
And natural darkness never entered here;
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,
Involv'd in mortal strife they lay;
Six days and nights have pass'd 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 wearied frame
In this strange contest fails;
And weaker, weaker, every hour,
He yields beneath strong Nature's power,
For now the Curse prevails.

18.
Sometimes the Beast sprang 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 hung,
And weigh'd him to the ground;
And if they sink, or if they float,
Alike with stubborn chesp he clung,
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.

19.
And now the Beast no more can keep
His painful watch; his eyes, oppress'd,
Are fainting for their natural sleep;
His living flesh and blood must rest;
The Beast must sleep or die.
Then he, full faint and languidly,
Unwreathes his rings and strives to fly,
And still retreating, slowly trudges
His stiff and heavy length of scales.
But that unweariable foe,
With will relentless follows still;
No breathing-time, no pause of flight
He gives, but presses on his flight;
Along the vaulted chambers, and the ascent
Up to the emerald-tinted light of day,
He harasses his way,
Till lifeless, underneath his grasp,
The huge Sea Monster lay.
20.
That obstinate work is done; Ladurbad cried,
One labor yet remains!
And thoughtfully he eyed
Ereemia’s ponderous chains;
And with faint effort, half-despairing, tried
The rivets deep in-driven. Instinctively,
As if in search of aid, he look’d around:
Oh, then how gladly, in the near above,
Fell’n on the ground its lifeless Lord beside,
The crimson cimeter he spied,
Whose cloudy blade, with potent spells imbued,
Had lain so many an untold in solitude!

21.
Joyfully springing there,
He seized the weapon, and with eager stroke
Hew’d at the chain; the force was dealt in vain,
For not as if through yielding air
Pass’d the descending cimeter,
Its deaden’d way the heavy water broke;
Yet it bit deep. Again, with both his hands,
He wields the blade, and dealt a surer blow.
The baser metal yields
To that fine edge, and lo! the Glendover
Rises and snaps the half-sever’d links, and stands
Freed from his broken bands.

XVII.

BALY.

1.
Thus is the appointed night,
The night of joy and consecrated mirth,
When from his judgment-seat in Padaelon,
By Yamen’s throne, Baly goes forth, that he may walk the Earth
Unseen, and hear his name
Still hymn’d and honor’d by the grateful voice
Of human-kind, and in his fame rejoice.
Therefore, from door to door, and street to street,
With willing feet,
Shaking their firebands, the glad children run;
Baly! great Baly! they acclaim;
Where’er they run they bear the mighty name;
Where’er they meet,
Baly! great Baly! still their chorall tongues repeat.
Therefore at every door the votive flame
Through pendent 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 tempied 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
Camphor and glue 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,

Forever hallowed be his blessed name!
Honor and praise to him for evermore be given.

2.
Why art not thou among the festive throng,
Baly, O righteous Judge! to hear thy fame?
Still, as of yore, with pageantry and song,
The glowing streets along,
They celebrate thy name;
Baly! great Baly! still
The grateful habitants 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 honor 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 mayst thou seek the blessed ones in vain,
For Earth and Air are now beneath the Rajah’s reign.

3.
Therefore the righteous Judge walk’d the Earth
In sorrow and in solitude to-night
The sound of human mirth
To him is no delight;
He turns away from that ungrateful sight,
Hallowed not now by visitants divine,
And there he bends his melancholy way,
Where, in yon full-o’er’d Moon’s refulgent light,
The Golden Towers of his old City shine
Above the silver sea. The ancient Chief
There bent his way in grief,
As if sad thoughts indulged would work their own relief.

4.
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, unconsciously, to fold
That bosom from the cold,
While, statue-like, she seems her watch to keep,
Gazing intently on the restless deep.

5.
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 she believed, and said, all hope was o’er.

6. 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.

7. She starts; for lo! where, floating many a roof, 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 burden at her feet.

8. She ventures to approach with timid tread; She starts, and half draws back in fear, Then stops, and stretches out her head, To see if that huge Beast indeed be dead. Now, growing bold, the Maid advances near, Even to the margin of the ocean-flood. Rightly she reads her Father’s victory, And lifts her joyous 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; Erencia, come! she cries; Lo! from the opening deep they rise, And to Ladurlad’s arms the happy Kailyal flies.

9. She turn’d from him, to meet, with beating heart, The Glendover’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 accurs’d; 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.

10. 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 Glendover.

11. Hold your accursed hands! A voice exclaim’d, whose dread commands Were fear’d through all the vaults of Padalou; And there among them, in the midnight air, The presence of the mighty Baly shone. He, making manifest his mightiness, Put forth on every side a hundred arms, And seized the Sorceress; mangre all her charms, Her and her fiendish ministers he caught With force as uncontrollable as fate, And that unhappy Soul, to whom The Almighty Rajah’s power availed not Living to avert, nor dead to mitigate, His righteous doom.

12. Help, help, Kehama! Father, help! he cried; But Baly tarried not to abide That mightier Power; with irresistible foot He stamp’d and cleft the Earth; it open’d 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. Searce had the shock subsided, When, darting from the Swerga’s heavenly heights, Kehama, like a thunderbolt, alights. In wrath he came; a bickering flame Flash’d from his eyes, which made the moonlight dim, And passion foreing way from every limb, Like furnace-smoke, with terror wrath him round. Furious he smote the ground; Earth trembled underneath the dreadful stroke, Again in sunder riven; He hurl’d in rage his whirring weapon down. But lo! the fiery sheekra to his feet Return’d, as if by equal force re-driven, And from the abyss the voice of Baly came. Not yet, O Rajah, hast thou won The realms of Padalou! Earth and the Swerga are thine own; But, till Kehama shall subdue the throne Of Hell, in torments Yamen holds his son

2. Fool that he is! — in torments let him lie! Kehama, wrathful at his son, replied. But what am I,
That thou shouldst brave me?—kindling in his pride
The dreadful Rajah cried.
Hark! Yamen! hear me. God of Padalon,
Prepare thy throne,
And let the Amnecia cup
Be ready for my lips, when I anon
Triumphantly shall take my seat thereon,
And plant upon thy neck my royal feet.

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.
Then, drawing back, he let the earth subside,
And, as his wrath relax'd, survey'd,
Thoughtfully and silently, the mortal Maid.
Her eye the while was on the farthest sky,
Where up the ethereal height
Erenia rose and pass'd away from sight.
Never had she so joyfully
Beheld the coming of the Glendover,
Dear as he was and he deserved to be,
As now she saw him rise and disappear.
Come now what will, within her heart said she;
For thou art safe, and what have I to fear?

4.
Meantime the Almighty Rajah, late
In power, and majesty, and wrath array'd,
Had laid his terrors by,
And gazed upon the Maid.
Pride could not quit his eye,
Nor that remorseless nature from his front
Depart; yet whoso had beheld him then,
Had felt some admiration mix'd with dread,
And might have said,
That sure he seem'd to be the King of Men!
Less than the greatest that he could not be,
Who carried in his port such might and majesty.

5.
In fear no longer for the Glendover,
Now toward the Rajah Kailyal turn'd her eyes,
As if to ask what doom awaited her.
But then surprise,
Even as with fascination, held them there;
So strange a thing it seem'd to see the change
Of purport in that all-commanding brow,
Which thoughtfully was bent upon her now.
Wondering she gazed, the while her Father's eye
Was fix'd upon Kehama haughtily;
It spake defiance to him, high disdain,
Stern patience unsubdual by pain,
And pride triumphant over agony.

6.
Ladurlad, said the Rajah, thou and I
Alike have done the work of Destiny,
Unknowing each to what the impulse tended;
But now that over Earth and Heaven my reign
Is stablish'd, and the ways of Fate are plain
Before me; here our enmity is ended,
I take away thy Curse. — As thus he said,

The fire which in Ladurlad's heart and brain
Was burning, fled, and left him free from pain.
So rapidly his torments were departed,
That at the sudden case he started,
As with a shock, and to his head
His hands up-fled,
As if he felt through every failing limb
The power and sense of life forsaking him.

7.
Then turning to the Maid, the Rajah cried,
O Virgin, above all of mortal birth
Favor'd alike in beauty and in worth,
And in the glories of thy destiny,
Now let thy happy heart exult with pride,
For Fate hath chosen thee
To be Kehama's bride,
To be the Queen of Heaven and Earth,
And of whatever Worlds beside
Infinity may hide; for I can see
The writing which, at thy nativity,
All-knowing Nature wrought upon thy brain,
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 Amnecia-drink divine
Of immortality. Come, Maiden name!
High-fated One, ascend the subject sky,
And by Kehama's side
Sit on the Swerga throne, his equal bride.

8.
Oh never, — never, — Father! Kailyal cried;
It is not as he saith, — it cannot be!
I! — 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,
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 ill,
Sorrow, oppression, pain, and agony,
The spirit of the good is unsubdued,
And, suffer as they may, they triumph still.
11.
Obstinate fools! exclaimed the Mighty One;
Fate and my pleasure must be done,
And ye resist in vain!
Take your fit guardon till we meet again!
So saying, his vindictive hand he flung
Towards them, fill’d with curses; then on high
Aloft he sprung, and vanish’d through the Sky.

XIX.

MOUNT CALASAY.

1.
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 renovateed 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 fill’d with hope and fear,
And joy to see the Tyrant disappear,
And glad, expectance of her Glendoveer,
Perceived not in herself the hideous change.
His burning pain, she thought, had forc’d the groan
Her father breathed; his agonies alone
Were present to her mind; she clasp’d his knees,
Wept for his Curse, and did not feel her own.

2.
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 scour’f and scale
Of dire deformity, whose loathsome ness,
Surer than panoply of strongest mail,
Arms me against all foes? Oh, better so,
Better such foul disgrace,
That this innocent face
Should tempt thy woeing! That I need not dread
Nor ever impious foe
Will offer outrage now, nor further 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 sought 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 pain pass’d over Kailyal’s mind.
This is a loathsome sight to human eye,
Half shrinking 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, within,
Except 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,
Ereenia, Son of Heaven, oh, not to thine!

4.
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.
O wild emprise! above the farthest skies
He hoped to rise!

Him who is throne beyond the reach of thought,
The Alone, the Inaccessible, he sought.
O wild emprise! for when, in days of yore,
For proud preeminence of power,
Branna and Veeshnoo, wild with rage, contended,
And Seeva, in his might,
Their dread contention ended,
Before their sight
In form a fiery column did he tower,
Whose head above the highest height extended,
Whose base below the deepest depth descended.
Downward, its depth to sound,
Veeshnoo a thousand years explored
The fathomless profound,
And yet no base he found:
Upward, to reach its head,
Ten myriad years the aspiring Branna soar’d,
And still, as up he fled,
Above him still the Immeasurable spread.
The rivals own’d their Lord,
And trembled and adored.
How shall the Glendoveer attain
What Branna and what Veeshnoo sought in vain?

6.
Ne’er did such thought of lofty daring enter
Celestial Spirit’s mind. O wild adventure
That throne to find, for he must leave behind
This World, that in the centre,
Within its salt-sea girdle, lies confined;
Yea, the Seven Earths that, each with its own
Ocean, ring clasping ring, compose the mighty round.
What power of motion,
In less than endless years shall bear him there,
Along the limitless extent,
To the utmost bound of the remotest spheres?
What strength of wing
Suffice to pierce the Golden Firmament
That closes all within?
Yet he hath pass’d the measureless extent,
And pierced the Golden Firmament;
For Faith hath given him power, and Space and Time
Vanish before that energy sublime.
Noe doth eternal Night
And outer Darkness check his resolute flight;
By strong desire through all he makes his way,
Till Seeva’s Seat appears,— behold Mount Calasay!

Behold the Silver Mountain! round about
Seven ladders stand, so high, the aching eye,
Seeking their tops in vain amid the sky,
Mighty deen they led from earth to highest Heaven.
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,
Integrity and holiest love,
Sustain’d Ereemin still;
And he hath gain’d the plain, the sanctuary above.

Lo, there the Silver Bell,
That, self-sustained, hangs buoyant in the air!
Lo! the broad Table there, too bright
For mortal sight,
From whose four sides the bordering gems unite
Their harmonizing rays,
In one mid fount of many-color’d light.
The stream of splendor, flashing as it flows,
Plays round, and feeds the stem of your celestial Rose!
Where is the Sage whose wisdom can declare
The hidden things of that mysterious flower,
That flower which serves all mysteries to bear?
The sacred Triangle is there,
Holding the Emblem which no tongue may tell;
Is this the Heaven of Heavens, where Seeva’s self doth dwell?

Here first the Glendoveer
Felt his wing flag, and paused upon his flight.
Was it that fear came over him, when here
He saw the imagined throne appear?
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 spake.
There is oppression in the World below;
Earth groans beneath the yoke; yea, in her woe
She asks if the Avenger’s eye is blind?
Awake, O Lord, awake!
Too long thy vengeance sleepeth. 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 cries;
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!

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.
Ahash’d, confounded
It left the Glendoveer; yea, 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 Calasay,
The holy Hill itself, with all thereon,
Even as a morning dream, before the day,
Dissolves away, they faded and were gone.

Where shall he rest his wing? where turn for flight?
For all around is Light,
Primal, essential, all-pervading Light!
Heart cannot think, nor tongue declare,
Nor eyes of Angel bear
That Glory unimaginably bright;
The Sun himself had seem’d
A speck of darkness there,
Amid that Light of Light!

Down fell the Glendoveer;
Down through all regions, to our mundane sphere
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA.

XX.

THE EMBARKATION.

1.
Dows 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 advance'd 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 repell'd the dear embrace.

3.
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 must share;
Wherefore he bade me come, and by his side
Sit on the Sworga-throne, his equal bride.
I need not tell thee what reply was given;
My heart, the sure interpreter of Heaven,
His impious 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 fullible sight.
Said he the Anreeta cup? So far aight
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 unholly purpose it would pray
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 Sceva hath express'd his will; even he,
The holiest, hath ordain'd it; there, he saith,
All wrongs shall be redress'd
By Yamen, by the righteous Power of Death.

5.
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
Forever hovering round those shores
Hide all things from their sight;
The Sun upon that darkness pours
His unwavailing light,
Nor ever Moon nor Stars display,
Through the thick shade, one guiding ray
To show the perils of the way.

7.
There, in a creak, 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 cooing in; the mast was frail,
And old and torn its only sail.
How may that crazy vessel brave
The billows that in wild commotion
Forever roar and rave?
How hope to cross the dreadful Ocean
O'er which eternal shadows dwell,
Whose secrets none return to tell!

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;  
Hands which they cannot see, let slip  
The cable of that fated Ship;  
The land breeze sends her 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 roaring wind,  
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.  
The Tyrant then hath no dominion here,  
Starting, she cried; O happy, happy hour!  
We are beyond his power!  
Then, raising to the Glendower,  
With heavenly beauty bright, her angel face,  
Turn'd not reluctant now, and met his dear embrace.  

3.  
Swift glides the Ship with gentle motion  
Across that calm and quiet ocean,  
That glassy sea, which seem'd to be  
The mirror of tranquillity.  
Their pleasant passage soon was o'er;  
The Ship hath reach'd its destined shore —  
A level belt of ice, which bound,  
As with an admantine mound.  
The waters of the sleeping Ocean round.  
Strange forms were on the strand  
Of earth-born spirits slain before their time;  
Who, wandering over sea, and sky, and land,  
Had so fulfill'd their term; and now were met  
Upon this icy belt, a motley band,  
Waiting their summons at the appointed hour,  
When each before the Judgment-seat must stand,  
And hear his doom from Baly's righteous power.  

4.  
Foul with habitual crimes, a hideous crew  
Were there, the race of rapine and of blood.  
Now, having overpass'd the mortal flood,  
Their own deformity they knew,  
And knew the need that to their deeds was due.  
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,  
Redeem them from the vaults of Padalon.  

5.  
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.  
Widows whom, to their husbands' funeral fire,  
Force or strong error led, to share the pyre,  
As to their everlasting marriage-bed;  
And babes, by sin unstain'd,  
Whom erring parents vow'd  
To Gauges, and the holy stream profaned  
With that strange sacrifice, rite unordain'd  
By Law, by sacred Nature unallow'd;  
Others more hapless in their destiny,  
Scarce having first inhale their vital breath,  
Whose cradles from some tree  
Unnatural hands suspended,  
Then left, till gentle Death,  
Coming like Sleep, their feeble meanings ended;  
Or for his prey the ravenous Kite descended;  
Or marching like an army from their caves,  
The Pismires blacken'd o'er, then, bleach'd and bare,  
Left their unharden'd bones to fall asunder there.  

6.  
Innocent Souls! thus set so early free  
From sin, and sorrow, and mortality,  
Their spotless spirits all-creating Love  
Received into its universal breast.  
Yon blue serene above  
Was their domain; clouds pillow'd them to rest;  
The Elements on them like nurses tend'd,  
And with their growth ethereal substance blended.  
Less pure than these is that strange Indian bird,  
Who never dips in earthly streams her bill,  
But, when the sound of coming showers is heard,  
Looks up, and from the clouds receives her fill.  
Less pure the footless fowl of Heaven, that never  
Rest upon earth, but on the wing forever  
Hovering o'er flowers, their fragrant food inhale,  
Drink the descending dew upon its way,  
And sleep aloft while floating on the gale.
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 evermore.

8.
A Gulf 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 espy. Above all reach of sight
They rose; the second Earth was on their height;
Their feet were fix'd in everlasting night.

9.
So deep the Gulf, 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.

10.
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 strove for aid
To clasp the nearest shade;
Yea, with imploring looks and horrent shrill,
Even from one Demon to another bending,
With hands extending,
Their mercy they essay'd.
Still from the verge they strain,
And from the dreadful Gulf avert their eyes,
In vain; down plunge the Demons, and their cries
Feeble, as down they sink, from that profound arise.

11.
What heart of living man could undisturb'd
Bear sight so sad as this! What wonder there
If Kailyal's lip were blanch'd with immost 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 trembling hands,
She closed her eyes, and there in silence hung.

12.
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;
Therefore, albeit they gaze upon thee thus,
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.

13.
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 Gulf, and sought the World of Night.

XXII.

THE GATE OF PADALON.

1.
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,
And with its rampart closed the Realm of Woe.
Eight gates hath Padalon; eight heavenly Powers
Have them in charge, each alway at his post,
Lest from their penal caves the accursed host,
Maugre the might of Baly and the God,
Should break, and carry ruin all abroad.

2.
Those gates stand ever open, night and day,
And Souls of mortal men
Forever throng the way.
Some from the dolorous den,
Children of sin and wrath, return no more:
They, fit companions of the Spirits accurs'd,
Are doom'd, like them in baths of fire immers'd,
Or wertering upon beds of molten ore,
Or stretch'd upon the brazen floor,
Are fasten'd down with adamantine chains;
While on their substance, inconsumable
Leccheis of fire forever lang and pull,
And worms of fire forever gnaw their food,
That, still renew'd,
Freshens forever their perpetual pains.

3.
Others there were whom Baly's voice condemn'd
By long and painful penance, to atone
Their fleshly deeds. Them from the Judgment Throne,
Dread Azyorcura, 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 freed soul,
Thus fitted to receive a second birth,
Imbodied once again, revisits Earth.

4.
But they whom Baly’s righteous voice absoluted,
And Yamen, viewing with benignant eye,
Dismiss’d to seek their herbage 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;
And on they sail, greeting the blessed light
Through realms of upper air,
Bound for the Swarga once; but now no more
Their voyage rests upon that happy shore,
Since Indra, by the dreadful Rajah’s might
Compell’d, hath taken flight;
On to the second World their way they wend,
And there, in trembling hope, await the doubtful end.

5.
For still in them dath hope predominate,
Faith’s precious privilege, when higher Powers
Give way to fear in these portentous hours.
Behold the Wardens eight
Each silent at his gate
Expectant stands; they turn their anxious eyes
Within, and listening to the dizer din
Of mutinous uproar, each in all his hands
Holds all his weapons, ready for the fight.
For, bash! what clamorous cries
Upon Kehama, for deliverance, call!
Come, Rajah! they exclaim; too long we groan
In torments. Come, Deliverer! yonder throne
Awaits thee. Now, Kehama! Rajah, now!
Earthly Almighty, whereforearest thou then?
Such were the sounds that rung, in wild uproar,
O’er all the echoing vaults of Padalon;
And as the Asuras from the brazen floor,
Struggling against their fetters, strove to rise,
Their clashing chains were heard, and shrieks and cries,
With curses mix’d, against the Fiends who urge,
Fierce on their rebel limbs, the avenging scourge.

6.
These were the sounds which, at the southern Gate,
Assail’d Erecnia’s car; alighting here,
He laid before Nerroodi’s feet the Maid,
Who, pale and cold with fear,
Hung on his neck, well nigh a lifeless weight.

7.
Who and what art thou? cried the Guardian Power,
Sight so unwonted wondering to behold,—
O Son of Light!
Who comest here at this portentous hour,
When Yamen’s throne
Trembles, and all our might can scarce keep down
The rebel race from seizing Padalon,—
Who and what art thou? and what wild despair,

Or wilder hope, from realms of upper air,
Tempts thee to bear
This mortal Maid to our forlorn abodes?
Fitter for her, I ween, the Swerga bowers,
And sweet society of heavenly Powers,
Then this,— a doleful scene,
Even in securest hours.
And whither would ye go?
Alas! can human or celestial ear
Unmadden’d hear
The shrieks and yellings of internal woe?
Can living flesh and blood
Endure the passage of the fiery flood!

8.
Lord of the Gate, replied the Glendoverer,
We come obedient to the will of Fate;
And haply doom’d to bring
Hope and salvation to the Infernal King;
For Seeva sends us here;
Even He to whom futurity is known,
The Holiest, bade us go to Yamen’s throne.
Thou seest my precious charge;
Under thy care, secure from harm, I leave her,
While I ascend to bear her Father down.
Beneath the shelter of thine arm receive her!

9.
Then quoth he to the Maid,
Be of good cheer, my Kailyal! dearest dear,
In faith subdued thy dread;
Anon I shall be here.— So having said,
Aloft, with vigorous bound, the Glendoverer
Sprung in celestial might,
And soaring up, in spiral circles, wound
His indefatigable flight.

10.
But as he thus departed,
The Maid, who at Nerroodi’s feet was lying,
Like one intranced or dying,
Recovering strength from sudden terror, started;
And, gazing after him, with straining sight
And straining arms, 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 shame
Repress’d the unbidden sounds upon their way;
And calling faith to aid,
Even in this fearful hour, the pious Maid
Collected courage, till she seem’d to be
Calm and in hope; such power hath piety.
Before the Giant Keeper of the Gate
She cross’d 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 Nerroodi’s brow
Relax’d as he beheld the valiant Maid.
Hope, long unfelt till now,
Rose in his heart reviving, and a smile
Dawn'd in his brightening countenance, the while
He gazea on her with wonder and delight.
The blessing of the Powers of Padalon,
Virgin, be on thee! said the adorning God;
And cause ye the hour that gave thee birth,
Daughter of Earth!
For thou to this forborn abode hast brought
Hope, who too long hath been a stranger here.
And surely for no lamentable lot,
Nature, that erst not,
To thee that heart of fortitude hath given,
Those eyes of purity, that face of love: —
If thou be'st not the inheritrix of Heaven,
There is no truth above.

12.
Thus as Neroodi spake, his brow severe
Shone with an inward joy; for sure he thought,
When Seeva sent so fair a creature here,
In this momentous hour,
Erelong the World's deliverance would be wrought,
And Padalon escape the Rajah's power.
With pious mind the Maid, in humble guise
Inclined, received his blessing silently,
And raised her grateful eyes
A moment, then again
Abased them at his presence. Hark! on high
The sound of coming wings! — her anxious ears
Have caught the distant sound. Erenica brings
His burden down! Upstarting from her seat,
How joyfully she rears
Her eager head! and scarce upon the ground
Ladurâd's giddy feet their footing found,
When with her trembling arms she clasp'd him round.
No word of greeting,
No 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.

13.
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 accur'd.
Lord of the Gate, to whom these realms are known,
Direct our fated way to Yamen's throne.

14.
Bring forth my Chariot, Carmala! quoth then
The Keeper of the way.
It was the Car wherein,
On Yamen's festal day,
When all the Powers of Hell attend their King,
Yearly to Yamencpur did he repair
To pay his homage there.
Poised on a single wheel, it mov'd along,
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 indined,
The Car miraculously supported stood.

15.
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, shined upon the height,
And rolling vapors fill the vale below.
Not without pain the unaccustomed'sight
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 tried,
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.
Thus only can your living flesh and blood
Endure the passage of the fiery flood.

16.
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 empyreal light,
Thine eye divine can bear; but fires of woe,
The sight of torments, and the cry
Of absolute despair,—
Might not these things dismay thee on thy flight,
And thy strong pennons flag and fail thee there?
Trust not thy wings, celestial though thou art,
Nor thy good heart, which horror might assail,
And pity quail,
Pity in these shades of no avail;
But take thy seat this mortal pair beside,
And Carmala the infernal Car will guide.
Go, and may happy e'er thy way betide!
So, as he spake, the self-moved Car roll'd on;
And lo! they pass the Gate of Padalon.

XXIII.
PADALON.

1.
Who'er hath loved, with venturous step, to tread
The chambers dread
Of some deep cave, and seen his taper's beam
Lost in the arch of darkness overhead,
And mark'd its gleam,
Playing afar upon the sunless stream,
Wherefrom their secret bed,
And course unknown and inaccessible,
The silent waters well,—
Who'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,  
Through the far portal slanting, where it falls  
Dully reflected on the watery walls;  
How heavenly seems the sky;  
And how, with quicker'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.

2.  
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,  
Shrunk inward from the molten atmosphere.  
Their way was through the adamantine rock  
Which girt the World of Woe; on either side  
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.

3.  
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 cimeter,  
Spann'd this wide gulf of fire. The informal  
Car  
Roll'd to the Gulf, and, on its single wheel  
Self-balanced, rose upon that edge of steel.  
Red-quivering float the vapors overhead;  
The fiery gulf, beneath them spread,  
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.

4.  
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  
Those wondrous winged alchemists infold  
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 foot  
Of rightful torments for the accused brood.

5.  
These were the rebel race, who, in their might  
Confiding impossibly, would fain have driven  
The deities supreme from highest Heaven;  
But by the Surs, in celestial fight,  
Opposed and put to flight,  
Here, in their penal dens, the accused 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 Hemakost shall be their own,  
And Meru Mount, and Indra's Swarga-Bowers,  
And Brama's region, where the heavenly Hours  
Weave the vast circle of his age-long day.  
Even over Veschnoo's empyreal seat  
They trust the Rajah 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.  
Even higher yet their frantic thoughts aspire;  
Yea, on their beds of torment as they lie,  
The highest, holiest Seeva, they defy,  
And tell him they shall have anon their day,  
When they will storm his realm, and seize Mount Calasay.

6.  
Such impious hopes torment  
Their raging hearts, impious and impotent;  
And now, with unendurable desire  
And lust of vengeance, that, like inward fire,  
Doth aggravate their punishment, they rave  
Upon Kehama; him the accused 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.

7.  
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 deciouron 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 Hell,—  
Captains of fifties and of hundreds held  
Authority, each in his loftier tower;  
And chiefs of regiments over them had power;  
And thus all Hell with towers was girt around.  
Aboft the brazen turrets shone  
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,
Repress their rage rebellious. Loud around,
In mingled sound, the echoing lash, the clash
Of chains, the ponderous hammer’s iron stroke,
With exactions, groans, and shrieks, and cries,
Combined, in one wild dissonance, arise;
And through the din there broke,
Like thunder heard through all the warring winds,
The dreadful name. Kehama, still they rave,
Hasten and save!
Now, now, Deliverer! now, Kehama, now!
Earthly Almighty, wherefore tarriest thou?

8.
Oh, if that name abhor’d,
Thus utter’d, could well nigh
Dismay the Powers of Hell, and daunt their
Lord,
How fearfully to Kailyal’s ear it came!
She, as the car roll’d on its rapid way,
Bent down her head, and closed her eyes for dread;
And deafening, 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 Maiden 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 die’d
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 need and recompense at length.
High-fled Maid, the righteous hour is nigh!
The all-embracing eye
Of Retribution still beholdest thee;
Bear onward to the end, O Maid, courageously!

9.
On roll’d the car, and lo! afar
Upon its height the towers of Yamenpur
Rise on the astonished 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 edific’d,
And all around it roll’d the fiery flood.
Eight bridges arch’d the stream; huge piles of
brass
Magnificent, such structures as beseeem
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,
Station’d in arms the passage to defend,
That never foe might cross the fiery flood.

10.
Oh, what a gorgeous sight it was to see
The Diamond City blazing on its height
With more than mid-sun splendor, 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 forever;
And hovering overhead,
The smoke and vapors of all Padalon,
Fit firmament for such a world, were spread,
With surge, and swell, and everlasting motion,
Heaving and opening like tumultuous ocean.

11.
Nor were there wanting there
Such glories as beseeem’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 artillery,
In one discharge, could equal that loud stroke;
And though the Diamond Towers and Battlements
Stood firm upon their adamantine rock,
Yet while it volleyed round the vault of Hell,
Earth’s solid arch was shaken with the shock,
And Cities in one mighty ruin fell.
Through the red sky terrific meteors scour;
Huge stones come hailing down; or sulphur-shower,
Floating amid the lurid air like snow,
Kindles in its descent,
And with blue fire-drops rains on all below.
At times the whole supernal element,
Ignoting, burst in one vast sheet of flame,
And roar’d as with the sound
Of rushing winds, above, below, around;
Anon the flame was spent, and overhead
A heavy cloud of moving darkness spread.

12.
Straight to the brazen bridge and gate
The self-moved Chariot bears its mortal load.
At sight of Carmala,
On either side the Giant Guards divide,
And give the chariot way.
Up yonder winding road it rolls along,
Swift as the bittern soars on spiral wing,
And lo! the Palace of the Infernal King!

13.
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 in their bodings. Therefore some,
They who polluted with offences come,
Behold him as the King
Of Terrors, black of aspect, red of eye,
Reflecting back upon the sinful mind,
Heighten'd with vengeance, and with wrath divine,
Its own inherent deformity.
But to the righteous Spirit how benign
His awful countenance,
Where, tempering justice with parental love,
Goodness, and heavenly grace,
And sweetest mercy shine! Yet is he still
Himself the same, one form, one face, one will;
And these his twofold aspects are but one;
And change is none
In him for change in Yamen could not be;
The Immutable is he.

14.
He sat upon a marble sepulchre,
Massive and huge, where, at the Monarch's feet,
The righteous Baly had his Judgment-seat.
A Golden Throne before them vacant stood;
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 eyeballs roll'd with ghastly stare,
As thus, for their misdeeds, they stood torment'd there.

15.
On steps of gold those living Statues stood,
Who bore the Golden Throne. A cloud behind
Immovable was spread; not all the light
Of all the flames and fires of Padalon
Could pierce its depth of night.
There Azyoraca veil'd her awful form
In those eternal shadows: there she sat,
And as the trembling Souls, who crowd around
The Judgment-seat, received the doom of fate,
Her giant arms, extending from the cloud,
Drew them within the darkness. Moving out
To grasp and bear away the innumerable rout,
Forever and forever thus were seen
The thousand mighty arms of that dread Queen.

16.
Here, issuing from the Car, the Glendoyer
Did homage to the God, then raised his head.
Suppliants we come, he said,
I need not tell thee by what wrongs oppress'd,
For nought can pass on earth to thee unknown;
Sufferers from tyranny we seek for rest,
And Seera bade us go to Yamen's throne;
Here, he hath said, all wrongs shall be redress'd.
Yamen replied, Even now the hour draws near,
When Fate its hidden ways will manifest
Not for light purpose would the Wiseest 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.

1.
So spake the King of Padalon, when, lo!
The voice of lamentation ceas'd in Hell,
And sudden silence all around them fell,
Silence more wild and terrible
Than all the infernal dissonance before.
Through that portentous stillness, far away,
Unwonted sounds were 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 hastened down
To seize upon the throne of Padalon.

2.
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 fleeter 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,
At once o'er all the roads of Padalon.

3.
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 coming spread;
Nor had its voice been heard, though all its rout
Innumerable had lifted up one shout;
Nor, if the infernal firmament
Had in one unimaginable burst
Spent its collected thunders, had the sound
Been audible, such louder terrors went
Before its forms substantial. Round about
The presence scattered lightnings far and wide,
That quench'd on every side,
With their intensest blaze, the feeble fire
Of Padalon, even as the stars go out,
When, with prodigious light,
Some blazing meteor fills the astonish'd night.

4.
The Diamond City shakes!
The adamantine Rock
Is loosen'd with the shock!
From its foundation moved, it heaves and quakes,
The brazen portals, crumbling, fall to dust;
Prone fall the Giant Guards
Beneath the Aulhays crush'd;
On, on, through Yamenpar, their thundering feet
Speed from all points to Yamen's Judgment-seat.
And lo! where multiplied,
Behind, before him, and on every side,
Wielding all weapons in his countless hands,
Around the Lord of Hell Kehama stands!
Then, too, the Lord of Hell put forth his might:
Thick darkness, blacker than the blackest night,
Rose from their wrath, and veil'd
The unutterable fight.
The power of Fate and Sacrifice prevail'd,
And soon the strife was done.
Then did the Man-God resume
His unity, absorbing into one
The consubstantiate shapes; and as the gloom
Opened, fallen Yamen on the ground was seen,
His neck beneath the conquering Rajah's feet,
Who on the marble tomb
Had his triumphal seat.

5. Silent the Man-Almighty sat; a smile
Gleam'd on his dreadful lips, the while,
Dallying with power, he paused from following up
His conquest, as a man in social hour
Sips of the grateful cup,
Again and yet again, with curious taste,
Searching its subtle flavor ere he drink;
Even so Kehama now forborne his haste,
Having within his reach whate'er he sought.
On his own haughty power he seem'd to muse,
Pampering his arrogant heart with silent thought.
Before him stood the Golden Throne in sight,
Right opposite; he could not choose but see,
Nor seeing choose but wonder. Who are ye
Who bear the Golden Throne terrified there?
He cried; for whom doth Destiny prepare
The Imperial Seat? and why are ye but Three?

6. First Statue.
I of the Children of Mankind was first,
Me miserable! who, adding store to store,
Heap'd up superfluous wealth; and now accrues'd,
Forever 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,
Forever I in vain repeat the crime.

Third Statue.
I of the Children of Mankind the first,
In God's most holy name, imposed a tale
Of impious falsehood; therefore thus accurst,
Forever I in vain the crime bewail.

7. 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 complete
The Golden Throne for Yamen's Judgment-seat.
Thus hath it been appointed: he must be
Equal in guilt to us, the guilty Three.
Kehama, come! too long we wait for thee!

8. 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.

9. A short and sudden laugh of wondering pride
Burst from him in his triumphs: to reply
Scornful he deign'd not; but with alter'd eye,
Wherein some doubtful meaning seem'd to lie,
He turn'd to Kailyal.
Maiden, thus he cried,
I need not bid thee see
How vain it is to strive with Fate's decree,
When lieth thou hast fled to fly from me,
And lo! even here thou find'st 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.

10. She 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.

11. 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.

12. 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.

13. Bring forth the Amreeta-cup! Kehama cried
To Yamen, rising sternly in his pride.
It is within the Marble Sepulchre,
The vant quis’d Lord of Padalon replied;
Bid it be open’d. Give thy treasure up!
Exclam’d the Man-Almighty to the Tomb.
And at his voice and look
The massy 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 dreadful the Spectre said;
For thee and Kailyal hath it been assign’d,
Ye only of the Children of Mankind.

14.
Then was the Man-Almighty’s heart elate;
This is the consummation! he exclam’d;
Thus have I triumphed over Death and Fate.
Now, Seeva! look to thine abode!
Henceforth, 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.

15.
Thus long the Glendower 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
Of Seeva break upon them. But when now
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 sprung to temp 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.

16.
O fool of drunken hope and frantic vice!
Madman! to seek for power beyond thy scope
Of knowledge, and to deem
Less than Omnipotence could suffice
To wield Omnipotence! O fool, to dream
That immortality could be
The meed of evil! — yea, thou hast it now,
Victim of thine own wicked heart’s device;
Thou hast thine object now, and now must pay the price.

17.
He did not know the holy mystery
Of that divinest cup, that as the lips
Which touch it, even such its quality,
Good or malignant: Madman! and he thinks
The blessed prize is won, and joyfully he drinks.

18.
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.
Immortal he would be,
Immortal he is made; but through his veins
Torture at once and immortality,
A stream of poison doth the Amreeta run,
And while within the burning anguish flows,
His outward body glows,
Like molten ore, beneath the avenging Eye,
Doom’d thus to live and burn eternally.

19.
The Fiery Three,
Beholding him, set up a fiendish cry,
A song of jubilee!
Come, Brother, come! they sang; too long
Have we expected thee?
Henceforth we bear no more
The unequal weight. Come, Brother, we are Four!

20.
Vain his almightiness, for mightier pain
Subdued all power; pain ruled supreme alone;
And yielding to the bony hand
The unempted cup, he moved toward the Throne,
And at the vacant corner took his stand.
Behold the Golden Throne at length complete,
And Yamen silently ascends the Judgment-seat.

21.
For two alone, of all mankind, to me
The Amreeta Cup was given,
Then said the Anatomy;
The Man hath drank, the Woman’s turn is next.
Come, Kailyal, come, receive thy doom,
And do the Will of Heaven! —
Wonder, and Fear, and Awe at once perplex’d
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?

22.
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 kneel’d,
Feeling her body melt
the unadulterated cleverness that appeared in her countenance, the resolution with which she matched, washed herself, spoke to the people; the confidence with which she looked upon us, viewed her little cabin, made up of very dry millet-straw and small wood, went into this cabin, and sat down upon the pile, and took her husband's head into her lap, and a torch into her own hand, and kindled the cabin, while I know not how many Brabuans were busy in kindling the fire round about. To represent to you, I say, all this as it ought, is not possible for me; I can at present scarce believe it myself, though it be but a few days since I saw it."

They strip her ornaments away. — I. 11, p. 569.

When the time for consummating the marriage is come, they light the fire Homan with the wood of Ravason. The Branim blesses the former, which, being done, the bridegroom takes three handfuls of rice, and throws it on the bride's head, who does the same to him. Afterwards the bride's father clothes her in a dress according to his condition, and washes the bridegroom's feet; the bride's mother observing to pour out the water. This being done, the father puts his daughter's hand in his own, puts water into it, some pieces of money, and, giving it to the bridegroom, says, at the same time, I have no longer anything to do with you, and I give you up to the power of another. The Tati, which is a ribbon with a golden head hanging at it, is held ready; and, being shown to the company, some prayers and blessings are pronounced; after which the bridegroom takes it, and hangs it about the bride's neck. This knot is what particularly secures his possession of her; for before he had had the Tati on, all the rest of the ceremonies might have been made to no purpose; for it has sometimes happened that when the bridegroom was going to fix it on, the bride's father has discovered his not being satisfied with the bridegroom's gift, when another, offering more, has carried off the bride with her father's consent. But, when once the Tati is put on, the marriage is indissoluble; and whenever the husband dies, the Tati is burnt along with him, to show that the marriage bands are broke. Besides these particular ceremonies, the people have notice of the purchase by a Fundul, which is raised before the bride's door some days before. The whole concludes with an entertainment which the bride's father gives to the common friends; and during this festivity, which continues five days, ams are given to the poor, and the fire Homan is kept in. The seventh day, the new-married couple set out for the bridegroom's house, whither they frequently go by torchlight. The bride and bridegroom are carried in a sedan, pass through the chief streets of the city, and are accompanied by their friends, who are either on horseback or mounted on elephants. — A. Boges.

They force her on, they bind her to the dead. — I. 12, p. 569.

'Tis true, says Bernier, that I have seen some of them, which, at the sight of the pile and the fire, appeared to have some apprehension, and that perhaps would have gone back. These demurs the Bramins that are there with their great sticks, astonish them, and hearten them up, or even thrust them in; and I have seen it done to a young woman, that re-treated five or six paces from the pile, and to another, that was much disturbed when she saw the fire take hold of her clothes, these executioners thrusting her in with their long poles.

At Lahor, I saw a very handsome and a very young woman burnt; I believe she was not above twelve years of age. This
poor unhappy creature appeared rather dead than alive when she came near the pile; she shook and went bitterly. Meanwhile, three or four of these executioners, the Brumais, together with an old bag that held her under the arm, thrust her on, and made her sit down upon the wood; and lest she should run away, they tied her legs and hands; and so they burnt her alive. I had enough to do to contain myself for inquiry. — BERNIER.

Pietro della Valle conversed with a widow, who was about to burn herself by her own choice. She told him, that generally speaking, women were not forced to burn themselves; but sometimes, among people of rank, when a young woman, who was handsome, was left a widow, and in danger of marrying again, (which is never practised among them, because of the confusion and disgrace which is inseparable from such a thing,) or of falling into other irregularities, then indeed the relations of the husband, if they are at all anxious of the honor of the family, compel her to burn herself, whether she likes it or not, merely to prevent the inconveniences which might take place.

Della also, whom I consider as one of the best travellers in the East, expressly asserts, that widows are burnt there "of grief, or of force." "L'on en croit que troy qui après avoir déserté et demanoit la barre, ou un courage extrême, et aprés avoir obtenu et achité la permission de se bruler, est trouvé à la croix du bateau, se sont repentus, mais troy tard, de leur imprudence, et ont fait d'autant efforts pour se retracter. Mais lorsque cela arriver, bien loin que les Brumais soient touchés d'horreur, ils se lamente et les leurs lamente aussi, et les brûlent par force, nous ne savons ayeur dit à leurs plaintes, à leurs cris." — Tom. i. p. 138.

It would be easy to multiply authorities upon this point. Let it suffice to mention one important historical fact: When the Mogul government had established itself at Delhi, it forbade these accursed sacrifices; the women exalted for him for this as their benefactor and deliverer, (Commentaries de Bib. ii. 23,) and no European in India was ever so popular, or so revered by the natives. Yet, if we are to believe the anti-national writers, it is likely that flanneux, and pretenders to humanity, would wish to deprive the Hindoos of this right of burning themselves! "It may be useful (says Colonel Mark Wilks) to examine the reasonableness of interfering with the most exceptionable of all their institutions. It has been thought an abomination not to be tolerated, that a widow should immolate herself on the funeral pile of her deceased husband. But what judgment should we form of the Hindoos, who (if any of our institutions admitted the parallel) should forcibly prevent to stand between a Christian and the hope of eternal salvation? And shall we not hold him to be a driveller in human understanding, a conceited man, and a pretender to humanity, who would forcibly wrest this hope from the Hindoo widow?" — Historical Sketches of the South of India, vol. i. p. 499.

Such opinions, and such language, may safely be left to the indignation and pity which they cannot fail to excite. I shall only express my astonishment, that any thing so monstrous, and so miserably futile, should have proceeded from a man of learning, great good sense, and general good feelings, as Colonel Wilks evidently appears to be.

Our drops, another plagues etc. — 1. H. p. 509.

When Bernier was passing from Amnl-Avar to Agra, there came news to him in a borough, where the caravan rested under the shade, (staying for the cool of the evening to march on their journey,) that a woman was then upon the point of burning herself with the body of her husband. I presently rode, says he, and hastened to this man, who had been engaged in the service of the Mogul government, which was a great pit, with a pile of wood raised in it, whereon I saw laid a dead corpse and a woman, which, at a distance, seemed to me pretty fair, sitting near it on the same pile, beside four or five Brumais putting the fire to it from all sides. Five women, of middle age, and well enough dressed, holding one another by the hand, and dancing about the pit, and a great crowd of people, men and women, looking on. The pile of wood was presently all on fire, because store of oil and butter had been thrown upon it; and I saw, at the same time, through the flames, that the fire took hold of the clothes of the woman, that were imbued with well-scented oils, mingled with powerful poisons. The fire, as it spread, entangled the body of the woman, and the fire of wood, and that there remained but two more for perfection; as if she had that time this remembrance, or some other preternatural coincidence, that here had time this remembrance, or some other preternatural coincidence.

But here ended not this inhuman tragedy: I thought it was only by way of ceremony that these five women sung and danced about the pit; but I was altogether surprised when I saw that the flame, having taken hold of the body of the woman, that there remained but two more for perfection; as if she had time this remembrance, or some other preternatural coincidence, that here had time this remembrance, or some other preternatural coincidence.

This excellent author relates an even extraordinary circumstance which occurred at one of these sacrifices. A woman was engaged in some love-intimacies with a young Mahommedan, her neighbor, who was a tailor, and could play finely upon the tabor. This woman, in the hopes she had of marrying this young man, poisoned him, and led him on to a long journey, to talk to the tailor, that it was time to be gone together, as he had projected, or else she should be obliged to burn herself. The young man, fearing lest he might be entangled in a mischievous business, hastily refused her. The woman, not satisfied at all surprised at her refusal, and let her own husband be the cause of the sudden death of her husband, and openly protested that she would not survive him, but burn herself with him. Her kindred, well satisfied with so generous a resolution, and the great honor she did to the whole family, presently had a pit made and filled with wood, exposing the corpse upon it, and kindling the fire. All being prepared, the woman goes to embrace and bid farewell to all her kindred that were there about the pit, among whom was also the tailor, who had been invited to play upon the tabor that day, with many others of that sort of men, according to the custom of the country. This fury of a woman, being overheated with long anger, made sign as she would bid him farewell with the rest; but, instead of gently embracing him, she takes him with all her force about his collar, pulls him to the pit, and quenches him, together with herself, into the ditch, where they both were soon dispatched. — BERNIER.

The Hindoos sometimes erect a chapel on the spot where one of these sacrifices has been performed, both on account of the soul of the deceased, and as a trophy of her virtue. I have reason to have seen one of these places, where the spot on which the funeral pile had been erected, was enclosed with wooded hedges, formed into a kind of bowier, planted with flowering creepers. The inside was set round with flowers, and at one end there was an image. — CRAWFORD.

Some of the Yogees, who smear themselves with ashes, use none but what they collect from funeral piles, — human ashes! — PIETRO DELLA VALLE.

From a late investigation, it appears, that the number of women who sacrifice themselves within thirty miles round Calcutta every year, is, on an average, upwards of two hundred. The Pundits, in order to secure the lives of the women, have put the sanction of their Shasters for this custom. The passages exhibited are vague and general in their meaning, and differently interpreted by the same authors. Some sacred verses command the practice; but none command it; and the Pundits relate her once more to be injurious to the holy women. It is presumed that if government will pass a regulation, annulling by fine every Brahmin who attends a burning, or every Zemindar who permits him to attend it, the practice cannot possibly long continue; for that the ceremony, unattended by the presence
NOTES TO THE CURSE OF KEHAMA.

of the priests, will lose its dignity and consequence in the eye of the pious.

The civilized world may expect soon to hear of the abolition of this oppression of a Christian administration, the female sacrifice; which has subsisted, to our certain knowledge, since the time of Alexander the Great. — Claudius Echannan.

This practice, however, was manifestly unknown when the Institutes of Justinian were written. The functions are there given for the conduct of a widow: "Let her," it is said, "emanate her body, by living voluntarily on pure flowers, roots, and fruit; but let her not, when her lord is deceased, even pronounce the name of another man. Let her continue till death forgiving all injuries, performing hard duties, avoiding every sensual pleasure, and cheerfully practising the incomparable rules of virtue, which have been followed by such women as were devoted to one only husband. Many thousands of Brahmins, having avoided sensuality from their early youth, and having left no issue in their families, have ascended nevertheless to heaven; and, like those abstruse men, a virtuous wife ascends to heaven, though she have no child, if, after the decease of her lord, she devote herself to pious austerity; but a widow, who, from a wish to bear children, slights her deceased husband by marrying again, brings disgrace on herself here below, and shall be excluded from the seat of her lord." — Inst. of Menus, ch. 5, 157—161.

Second marriages were permitted to men. — Ibid., 167, 8, 9.

1st.到来on appears. — II. 1, p. 569.

Many believe that some souls are sent back to the spot where their bodies were burnt, or where their ashes are preserved, to wait there until the new bodies they are destined to occupy he ready for their reception. This appears to correspond with an opinion of Plato, which, with many other tenets of that philosopher, was adopted by the early Christians; and an ordinance of the Roman church is still extant, prohibiting having lights or making merriment in church-yards at night, lest those should disturb the souls that might come thither. — Crawford.

According to the Danish missionaries, the souls of those who are untimely slain wander about as diabolical spirits, doing evil to mankind, and possessing those whom they pervert. — Niescu, i. 10, § 14.

The inhabitants of the hills near Rajmahall believe that when God sends a messenger to summon a person to his presence, if the messenger should mistake his object, and carry off another, he is desired by the Deity to take him away; but as the earthy mansion of this soul must be destroyed, it is destined to remain mid way between heaven and earth, and never can return to the presence of God. Whoever commits homicide without a divine order, and whosoever is killed by a snare, as a punishment for some concealed crime, will be doomed to the same state of wandering; and whosoever hangs himself will wander eternally with a rope about his neck. — Asiatic Researches.

Pope Benedict XII. drew up a list of 117 heretical opinions held by the Armenian Christians, which he sent to the king of Armenia; instead of any other assistance, when that prince applied to him for aid against the Mahometans. This paper was first published by Bernini, and exhibits a curious mixture of mythologies. One of their opinions was, that the souls of the adult wander about in the air till the day of judgment; neither hell, nor the heavenly, nor the terrestrial paradise, being open to them till that day shall have passed. Davenant, in one of his plays, speculates upon such a state of wandering as the lot of the soul after death: —

"I must to darkness go, hover in clouds,
In remote untroubled air, silent
As thought, or what is uncreated yet;
Or I must rest in some cold shade, and shall
Perhaps ne'er see that everlasting spring
Of which philosophy so long has dreamt,
And seems rather to wish than understand." — Love and Honor.

I know no other author who has so often expressed to those who could understand him, his doubts respecting a future state, and how haphazard he felt them.

The Soul is not a thing of which a man may say, it hath been, it is about to be, or is to be hereafter; for it is a thing without birth; it is ancient, constant, and eternal, and is not to be destroyed in this its mortal frame. How can the man who believeth that this thing is incorruptible, eternal, inexhaustible, and supreme? — For it is indivisible, incomprehensible, and is not to be dried away — it is eternal, universal, permanent, immovable; it is invisible, inconceivable, and unutterable. — Bhagat Geeta.

It was my hour of folly. — II. 5, p. 570.

Among the qualities required for the proper execution of public business, mention is made, "That a man must be able to keep in subjection his lust, his anger, his averseness, his folly, and his pride." The folly then specified is not to be understood in the usual sense of the word in an European idiom, as a negative quality, or the mere want of sense, but as a kind of obstinately stupid lethargy, or perverse absence of mind, in which the will is not altogether passive: it seems to be a weakness peculiar to Asia, for we cannot find a term by which to express the precise idea in the European languages. It operates somewhat like the violent impulse of fear, under which men will utter falsehoods totally incompatible with each other, and utterly contrary to their own opinion, knowledge, and reason; and, it may be added, also, their inclination and intention.

"A very remarkable instance of this temporary frenzy happened lately in the supreme Court of Judicature at Calcutta, where a man (not an idiot) swore, upon a trial, that he was no kind of relation to his brother, who had been in Court, and who had constantly supported him from his infancy; and that he lived in a house by himself, for which he paid the rent from his own pocket, when it was proved that he was not worth a rupee, and when the person, in whose house he had always resided, stood at the bar close to him.

Another conjecture, and that exceedingly acute and ingenious, has been started upon this folly, that it may mean the deception which a man permits to be imposed on his judgment by his passions; as acts of rapacity and avarice are often committed by men who ascribe them to providence and a just renovation; malevolence and cowardice, for justice, and brutality for spirit. This opinion, when thoroughly examined, will very nearly tally with the former; for all the passions, as well as fear, have an equal efficacy to disturb and distort the mind: but, to account for the folly here spoken of as being the offspring of the passions, instead of drawing a parallel between it and the impulses of those passions, we must suppose the impulses to act with infinitely more violence upon an Asiatic mind than we can ever have seen exemplified in Europe. It is, however, something like the madness so inimitably delineated in the Hero of Cervantes, sensible enough upon some occasions, and at the same time completely wild, and unconscious of itself upon others, and that, too, originally produced by an effort of the will, though, in the end, overpowering and superseding its functions." — Halhed.

But I, all naked feeling and raw life. — II. 5, p. 570.

By the vital souls of those men who have committed sin in the body, another body, composed of seven spirits or formations, in order to be susceptible of torment, shall certainly be assumed after death; and being intimately united with those minute nervous particles, according to their distribution, they shall feel in that new body the pangs inflicted in each case by the injuries of Yama. — Ibid., § 5.

Henry More, the Platonist, has no applicable stanza in his Song of the Soul: —

Like to a light fast lock'd in lantern dark, Whereby night our wayes we guide
In shady streets, and dirty channels mark,
Some weaver says through the black top do glide,
And flasher streams, perhaps, fromutory side;
But when we've past the peril of the way,
Arrived at a corner, thus can a song—
The naked light how clearly doth it ray,
And spread its joyful beams as bright as summer's day.

Even so the soul, in this contracted state,
Confused to these straight limits, as sense.
More dull and narrow, doth operate;
At this hole hears,— the sight must ray from thence,
Here tastes, there smells;— but when she's gone from hence.
Like naked lamp she is one shining sphere,
And round about has perfect cognoscesse;
What'er in her horizon doth appear,
She is one orb of sense, all eye, all airy ear.

Amid the unutterable, and more unutterable language of this strange series of poems, a few passages are to be found of exceeding beauty. Milton, who was the author's friend, had evidently sent them.

Marrasthly. — H. 8, p. 570.

Marrastale, as Sonnerat spells the name, was wife of the potent Chamadaguini, and mother of Parassouroma. who was, in part, an incarnation of Ysohkna. This goddess, says Sonnerat, commanded the elements, but could not preserve that empire longer than her heart was pure. One day, while she was collecting water out of a tank, and, according to her custom, was making a bowl of earth to carry it to the house, she saw on the surface of the water some figures of Grindovers, (Glendovers,) which were flying over her head. Struck with their beauty, her heart admitted an impure thought, and the earth of the bowl dissolved. From that time she was obliged to make use of an ordinary vessel. This discovery to Chamadaguini that his wife had deviated from purity; and in the excess of his rage, he ordered his son to drag her to the place where criminals were executed, and to behead her. The order was executed; but Parassouroma was so much afflicted for the loss of her mother, that Chamadaguini told him to take up the body, and fasten the head upon it, and repeat a prayer (which he taught him for that purpose) in her ear, and then his mother would come to life again. The son eagerly to perform what he was ordered, but, by a very singular blunder, he joined the head of his mother to the body of a Parichi, who had been executed for her crimes; a monstrous union, which gave to this woman the virtuous of fifty, and to her husband the of a criminal. The goddes, becoming impure by such a mixture, was driven from her house, and committed all kinds of cruelties. The Deverkels, perceiving the destruction she made, appeased her by giving her power to cure the small-pox, and promising that she should be implied for that disorder. Mariaste is the great goddess of the Perinis;—to honor her, they have a custom of dancing with several pots of water on their heads, placed one above the other; these pots are adorned with the leaves of the Margosiles, a tree consecrated to her.

The little songsters of the sky
Sit silent in the sultry hour. — IV. 2, p. 572.

The tufted lark, fixed to this fruitful land, says Sonnini, speaking of Egypt, never forsakes it; it seems, however, that the excessive heat annoys him. You may see these birds, as well as sparrows, in the middle of the day, with their bills half open, and the muscles of their breasts agitated, breathing with difficulty, and as if they panted for respiration. The instinct which induces them to prefer those means of subsistence which are easily obtained, and in abundance, although attended with some suffering, resembles the mind of man, whom a thirst for riches engages to brave calamities and dangers without number.

The watchmen. — V. 1, p. 574.

The watchmen are provided with no offensive weapons excepting a sling; on the contrary, they continue the whole day and night in one singed position, upon a pillar of clay raised about ten feet, where they remain bellowing continually, that they may terrify, without hurting, the birds which feed upon the crop. Every considerable field contains several such semihumans, stationed at different corners, who repeat the call from one to another so incessently, that the latter have hardly any opportunity of making a good livelihood in the field.

The Golden Palaces. — V. 1, p. 574.

Every thing belonging to the Sovereign of Ay has the addition of shine, or golden, annexed to it; even his majesty's person is never mentioned but in conjunction with this precious metal. When a subject means to affirm that the king has heard any thing, he says, "It has reached the golden ears," he who obtained admission to the royal presence has been at the "golden feet." The perfume of otta of roses, a nobleman observed one day, "was an odor grateful to the golden nose." — hymn.

A cloud, ascending in the eastern sky,
Sails slowly over the vale.
And darkness round, and closes in the night. — V. 3, p. 574.

At this season of the year, it is not uncommon, towards the evening, to see a small black cloud rising in the eastern part of the horizon, and afterwards spreading itself to the northwest. This phenomenon is always attended with a violent storm of wind, and flashes of the strongest and most vivid lightning and heavy thunder, which is followed by rain. These storms sometimes last for half an hour or more; and, when they disperse, they leave the air greatly freshened, and the sky of a deep, clear and transparent blue. When they occur near the full moon, the whole atmosphere is illuminated by a soft but brilliant silver light, attended with gentle airs. — HODGES.

A white flag, flapping to the winds of night,
Marks where the tiger seized a human prey. — V. 4, p. 574.

It is usual to place a small, white, triangular flag, fixed to a bamboo staff, or ten or twelve feet long, at the place where a tiger has destroyed a man. It is common for the passengers, also, each to throw a stone or brick near the spot, so that, in the course of a little time, a pile, equal to a good wagon-load, is collected. This custom, as well as the fixing a rag or any particular thorn-bush, near the fatal spot, is in use, likewise, on various accounts. Many brambles may be seen in a day's journey, completely covered with this motley assemblage of remains. The sight of the flags and piles of stones impairs a certain melancholy, not perhaps altogether devoid of apprehension. They may be said to be of service in pointing out the places most frequented by tigers. — Oriental Sports, vol. ii. p. 22.

Gently he steals away with silent tread. — V. 9, p. 575.

This part of the poem has been censured, upon the ground that Ludurad's conduct in thus forsaking his daughter is inconsistent with his affection for her. There is a passage in Mr. Milman's version of Nala and Damayanti so curiously resembling it in the situation of the two persons, that any one might suppose I had imitated the Sennert, if Kehama had not been published five-and-twenty years before Mr. Milman's most characteristic specimen of Indian poetry. Indeed, it is to him that I am obliged for pointing out the very singular coincidence.

Mighty is thy father's kingdom — once was mine as mighty, too;

Never will I there seek refuge — in my base extremity.
There I once appeared in glory — to the exulting of thy pride;
Shall I now appear in misery — to the increasing of thy shame?"
Nala thus to Damayanti — spake again, and yet again,
Comforting the noble lady — scant in half a garment clad.
Both together, by one garment — covered, rommed they here and there;
Weared out by heat and famine — to a cabin drew they near,
When they reached that lowly cabin — then did great Nishadha’s king

With the princess of Vidarbha — on the hard earth seat them down;
Naked, with no mat to rest on — wet with mire and stained with dust.
Weary then with Damayanti — on the earth he fell asleep.
Sank the lovely Damayanti — by his side sleep oppress’d,
She thus plunged in sudden misery — she the tender, the devout.

But while on the cold earth slumbered — Damayanti, all distraught,
Nala in his mind by sorrow — might no longer calmly sleep;
For the losing of his kingdom — the desertion of his friends,
And his weary forest wanderings — painful on his thought arose;
"If I do it, what may follow? — what if I refuse to do?
Were my instant death the better — or to abandon her I love.
But to me too deep devoted — suffers she distress and shame;
Reft of me, she home may wander — to her royal father’s house;
Faithful wandering ever with me — certain sorrow will she bear,
But if separated from me — chance of solace may be here."
Long within his heart he pondered — and again, again weighed over.
Best he thought it Damayanti — to desert, that wretched king.
From her virtue none dare harm her — in the lonely forest way.
Her the fortunate, the noble, my devoted wedded wife.
Thus his mind on Damayanti — dwelt in its perverted thought,
Wrought by Kali’s evil influence — to desert his lovely wife.
Of himself without a garment — and of her with only one
As he thought, approached he near her — to divide that single robe
"How shall I divide the garment — by my loved one unperceived?"
Pondering this within his spirit — round the cabin Nala went;
In that narrow cabin’s circuit — Nala wandered here and there,
There till he found another — a scabbard — shining, a well-tempered sword.
Then when half that only garment — he had severed and put on,
In her sleep Vidarbha’s princess — with wilder’d mind he doled.
Yet, his cruel heart relenting — to the cabin turns he back;
On the slumbering Damayanti — gazing, sadly wept the king;
"Thou that sun nor wind hath ever — roughly visited, my love.
On the hard earth in a cabin — sleepiest with thy guardian gone.
Thus attired in half a garment — she that eye so sweetly smiled,
Like to one distracted, Beaumont — how at length will she awake?
How will’t fare with Bhima’s daughter — lone, abandoned by her lord,
Wandering in the savage forest — where wild beasts and serpents dwell!
May the sun and the winds of heaven — may the genius of the woods,
Noblest, may they all protect thee — thine own virtue thy best guard."
To his wife of peerless beauty — on the earth, twas thus he spoke.
Then of sense bereft by Kali — Nala hastily set forth;
And departing, still departing — he returned again, again;
Dragged away by that bad demon — ever by his love drawn back.

Nala, thus his heart divided — into two conflicting parts,
Like a swing goes backward, forward — from the cabin, to and fro.
Torn away at length by Kali — flies afar the frantic king,
Leaving there his wife in slumber — making miserable moans.
Reft of sense, possessed by Kali — thinking still on her he left,
Passed he in the lonely forest — leaving his deserted wife.

Pullee. — V. 14, p. 575.

The first and greatest of the sons of Sevee is Pullee; he promises on marriage: the Indians build no house without having first erected Pullee on the temple’s height, where they sprinkle with oil, and throw flowers on it every day. If they do not invoke it before they undertake any enterprise, they believe that God will make them forget what they wanted to undertake, and that their labor will be in vain. He is represented with an elephant’s head, and mounted on a rat; but in the pagodas they place him on a pedestal, with his legs almost crossed. A rat is always put before the door of his chapel. This rat was a giant, called Gudja-mouga-chourin, on whom the gods had bestowed immortality, as well as great powers, with the house and land, and did much harm to mankind. Pullee, entreated by the sages and penitents to deliver them, pulled out one of his tasks, and threw it against Gudja-mouga-chourin; the tooth entered the giant’s stomach, and overthrew him, who immediately changed himself into a rat as large as a mountain, and came to attack Pullee, who sprang on his back, telling him, that henceforth he should ever be his carrier.

The Indians, in their admiration of this god, cross their arms, shut the fist, and in this manner give themselves several blows on the temple’s height, then, but always with the arms crossed, they take hold of their ears, and make three inclinations, bending the knee; after which, with their hands joined, they address their prayers to him, and strike their forehead. They have a great veneration for this deity, whose image they place in all temples, streets, highways, and in the country, at the foot of some tree; and all the world may have an opportunity of invoking him before they undertake any concern; and that travellers may make their adorations and offerings to him before they pursue their journey. — Sonnerat.


This word is altered from the Griechsers of Somner, who describes these celestial children of Cansaya as famons for their beauty; they have wings, they can fly, and fly in the air with their wives. I do not know whether they are the Gondharaa of the English Orientalists. The wings with which they are attired in the poem are borrowed from the neglected story of Peter Williams. At a recent sale of manuscripts, the author’s assignment of this book to Dodshay for ten guineas was brought to light, and it then appeared that his name, which till then had been unknown, was R. Pullock. Nothing more has been discovered concerning him. His book, however, is a work of great genius, and I know that both Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Cudor of thought as highly of it as I do. His winged people are the most beautiful creatures of imagination that ever were devised. I copy his minute description of the grannlec, as he calls it; — Stothard has made some delightful drawings of it in the Novellist’s Magazine. —

She first threw up two long branches, or ribs, of the wholarcha, as I called it before, (and indeed for several of its properties, as toughness, elasticity, and pliancess, nothing I have ever seen can so justly be compared to it,) which were jointed behind to the upper bone of the spine, and which, when not extended, lie bent under the shoulders on each side of the neck forwards, from whence, by nearer and nearer approaches, they just meet at the lower rim of the belly in a sort of point; but, when extended, they stand their whole length above the shoulders, not perpendicularly, but spreading outward, with a web of the softest, and most pliable and spongy membrane that can be imagined in the interstices between them, reaching from their root or joint on the back up above the hinder part of the head, and near half way their own length; but, when closed, the membrane falls down in the
middle upon the neck, like a handkerchief. There are also two other ribs, rising, as it were, from the same root, which, when open, run horizontally, but not so long as the others. These are filled up in the interstice between them and the upper ones with the same membrane; and on the lower side of this is also a deep fold of the membrane, so that the arms can be either above or below it in flight, and are always above it when open. The two last ribs, when closed in, run horizontally over the upper one, and also fills down with it before the waist; but it is not joined to the ribs below. Along the whole spine-bone runs a strong, flat, broad, glistening cartilage, to which are joined several other of these ribs, all which open horizontally, and are filled in the interstices between them, and are jointed to the ribs of the person just where the plane of the back begins to turn towards the breast and belly; and, when shut, wrap the body round to the joints on the contrary side, folding nearly one side over the other.

At the lower spine are two more ribs extended horizontally when open, jointed again to the hips, and long enough to meet the joint on the contrary side across the belly: and from the hip-joint, which is on the outermost edge of the hip-bone, runs a visible cartilage quite down the outside of the thigh and leg to the ankle; from which branch out divers other ribs, horizontally also when open, but, when closed, they encompass the whole thigh and leg, rolling inwards across the back of the leg and thigh, till they reach and just cover the cartilage. The interstices of these are filled up with the same membrane. From the lower spine-bone, there hangs down a sort of short apron, very full of pliats, from hip-joint to hip-joint, and reaches below the buttocks, half way or more to the hams. This has also several small linker ribs in it. Just upon the lower spine joint, and above the apron, as I call it, there are two other long branches, which when close, extend upon the back from the point they join at below to the shoulders, where each rib has a clasper, which reaching over the shoulders, just under the fold of the uppermost branch or ribs, hold up the two ribs flat to the back, like a Y, the interstices of which are filled up with the aforesaid membrane. This last piece, in flight, falls down almost to the ankles, where the two clasps, lapping under each leg within-side, hold it very fast; and then, also, the short apron is drawn up, by the strength of the ribs in it, between the thighs, forward and covers as far as the rim of the belly. The whole arms are covered also from the shoulders to the wrist with the same delicate membrane, fastened to ribs of proportionable dimensions, and jointed to a cartilage on the outside in the same manner as on the legs. It is very surprising to feel the difference of these ribs when open and when closed; this is as if a thin wall was put down for fear of wind, and, though the east is peremptorily under his care, yet his Olympus is Mero, or the North Pole, allegorically represented as a mountain of gold and gems. He is the Prince of the beneficent Genii.—Sir W. Jones.

A distinct idea of Indra, the King of Immortals, may be collected as a picture from a passage in the ninth section of the Gesta.

"These having, through virtue, reached the mansion of the king of Sema, feast on the exquisite heavenly food of the Gods; they who have enjoyed this lofty region of Swarga, but whose virtue is exhausted, revisit the habitations of mortals."

"He is the God of thunder and the five elements, with inferior Genii under his command; and is conceived to govern the eastern quarter of the world, but to preside, like the Genius or Agatidemon of the ancients, over the celestial lands, which are stationed on the summit of Mero, or the North Pole, where he solaces the Gods with nectar and heavenly music."

The Cossarcs are the male dancers in Swarga, or the Heaven of Indra, and the Aparas are his dancing girls, answering to the dancers called in the Koran khaari rgbh, or, with antelope's eyes.—Sir W. Jones.

I have seen Indra tremble at his prayers, and at his dreadful penances turn pale.—VI. 4, p. 577.

Of such penances Mr. Halhed has produced a curious specimen.

"In the wood Mihbo, which is on the confines of the kingdoms of Brego, Taraceo selected a pleasant and beautiful place for the successful devotion of the priests. There Casya, father of the immortals, ruler of men, son of Maricli, who spring from the self-existing and wise with his consort Amala, blessed in holy retirement.—We now enter the sanctuary of him who rules the world, and the groves which are watered by streams from celestial sources."

Dashmanta. I see the usual embonpoint both the pions and their awful retreat. It becomes, indeed, pure sport to feed on beholding a forest blossoming with trees of life; to bathe in its syed yellow with the golden dust of the lotus, and to fortify their virtue in the mysterious bath; to meditate in caves, the pebbles of which are unemblished gems; and to restrain their passions, even though nymphs of exquisite beauty frolick around them. In this grove alone is attained the summit of true piety, to which other hermits in vain aspire. —Saccartha.
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spot, adorned with verdure and blossoms, and there exercised himself in penance and mortification, externally with the sincerest piety, but in reality, the most malignant intention, and with the determined purpose of oppressing the Devas; penances such as credulity itself was astonished to hear; and they are here recounted:—

1. For a hundred years, he held up his arms and one foot towards heaven, and fixed his eyes upon the sun the whole time.

2. For a hundred years, he remained standing on tip toe.

3. For a hundred years more, he nourished himself with melting but water.

4. For a hundred years more, he lived upon nothing but air.

5. For a hundred years more, he stood and made his adorations in the river.

6. For a hundred years more he made those adorations buried up to his neck in the earth.

7. For a hundred years more, he was enclosed with fire.

8. For a hundred years more, he stood upon his head with his feet towards heaven.

9. For a hundred years more, he stood upon the palm of one hand resting on the ground.

10. For a hundred years more, he hung by his hand from the branch of a tree.

11. For a hundred years more, he hung from a tree with his head downwards.

When he at length came to a respite from these severe mortifications, a radiant glory encircled the devotee, and a flame of fire, arising from his head, began to consume the whole world.—From the Siva Purana, Maurice's History of Hindustan.

You see a pious Yogi, motionless as a pillar, holding his thick, bushy hair, and fixing his eyes on the solar orb. Mark—his body is half covered with a white un's edifice made of raised clay; the skin of a snake supplies the place of his sacerdotal thread, and port of it girds his loins; a number of knotty plants encircle and wound his neck, and surrounding birds nest almost conceal his shoulders.

Duckwanta. I bow to a man of his austerer devotion.—Sacred.

That corn Sceva's self, The highest, cannot grant and be secure.—VI. 4, p. 577.

It will be seen from the following fable, that Sceva had once been reduced to a very humiliating employment by one of Kehama's predecessors:—

Roeana, by his power and infernal arts, had subjigated all objects, and dominion, and forced them to perform menial offices about his person and household. Indra guarded mandalas of flowers to adorn him with; Azini was his cook; Serya supplied light by day, and Chanora by night; Varana purveyed water for the palace; Kerna furnished wash. The wife was more graver than any other devoted; she arranged herself into a ladder, by which they served as steps, the tyrant ascended his throne. Brahma (for the great gods were there also; and I give this anecdote as I find it in my memoranda, without any improved arrangement)—Brahma was a herald, proclaiming the giant's titles, the day of the week, month, &c. daily in the palace,—a sort of speaking abacæ: Mahadeva, (i. e. Sceva,) in his Avatara of Ksva- 

This Ksva-drava, performed the office of barber, and trimmed the giants' beards: Vishnu had the honorable occupation of instructing and drilling the barbarous fighting girls, and selecting the faircst for the royal family: Gworan had the care of the cows, goats, and herds: Voga swept the house; Uana washed the linen;—and in this manner were all the gods employed in the menial offices of Roeana, who relaxed and flagged them in default of industry and attention. Nor were the female divinities neglected for Bharavi, in her name and form of Satif, was head Ayu, or nurse, to Roeana's children; Lokshuti and Saraswuti were also among them, but it does not appear in what capacity.—Moore's Hindu Pantheon, p. 333.

Sceva was once in danger even of manslaughter. "In passing from the town of Silgut to Deonubly," says Colonel Wilks, "it became accidentally informed of a sect, peculiar, as I since understand, to the north-eastern parts of Myssur, the women of which universally undergo the amputation of the first joints of the third and fourth fingers of their right hand. On my arrival at Deonubly, after ascertaining that the requisite number had not yet given the required notice to the women, and that the operation had not been performed on these women; and, the same afternoon, seven of them attended at my tent. The sect is a subdivision of the Manjrao Reulk, and belongs to the fourth great class of the Hindus, viz. the Sauder. Every woman of the sect, previously to offering her eldest daughter, preparatory to her being betrothed in marriage, must necessarily undergo this mutilation, which is performed by the blacksmith of the village for a regulated fee, by a surgical process sufficiently rude. The finger to be amputated is placed on a block; the blacksmith makes a split over the articulation of the joint, and chops it off at a single blow. If the girl to be betrothed is motherless, and the mother of the boy have not been before subject to the operation, it is incumbent on her to perform the sacrifice. After satisfying myself with regard to the facts of the case, I inquired into the origin of so strange a practice, and one of the women related, with greatfacility, the following traditionary tale, which has since been repeated to me, with no material deviation, by several others of the sect.

A Rachas (or giant) named Price, and in after times Bra- man-oor, or the giant of the ashes, had, by a course of austerer devotion to Mahadev (Sceva,) obtained from him the promise of whatever boon he should ask. The Rachas accordingly demanded, that every person on whose head he should place his right hand might instantly be reduced to ashes; and Mahadev conferred the boon, without suspicion of the purpose for which it was bestowed. A Rachas, being one of the gods, was upon the ground, when a man arrived who reduced himself in the centre of a fruit, then called tunda pudoo, but since named linga tanda, from the resemblance which its kernel thereonforward assumed to the ling, the appropriate emblem of Mahadev.

The Rachas having lost sight of Mahadev, inquired of a husbandman, who was working in the adjoining field, whether he had seen the fugitive, and what direction he had taken. The husbandman, who had attentively observed the whole transaction, feared of the future resentment of Mahadev, and equally alarmed for the present vengeance of the giant, answered naively, that he had seen no fugitive, but pointed, at the same time, with the little finger of his right hand, to the place of Mahadev's concealment.

In this extremity, Vishnu descended, in the form of a beautiful damsel, to the rescue of Mahadev. The Rachas became all at once speechless with a great amazement, and might not be approached by the uncleen Rachas. By degrees she appeared to relent; and as a previous condition to further advances, enjoined the performance of his aubiums in a neighboring pool. After these were finished, the proceeding was repeated; and other purifications, the performance of the Samudr, a ceremony in which the right hand is successively applied to the breast, to the crown of the head, and to other parts of the body. The Rachas, thinking only of love, and forgetful of the powers of his right hand, performed the Samudr, and was himself reduced to ashes.

Mahadev now issued from the linga tanda, and, after the proper acknowledgments for his deliverance, proceeded to dismiss the guilt of the treacherous husbandman, and determined on the loss of the finger with which he had offended, as the proper punishment of his crime.

The wife of the husbandman, who had just arrived at the field with food for her husband, hearing this dreadful sentence, threw herself at the feet of Mahadev. She represented the certain ruin of her family, if her husband should be disabled for some months from performing the labors of the farm, and besought the Deity to accept two of her fingers, instead of one from her husband. Mahadev, pleased with so sincere a proof of conjugal affection, accepted the exchange, and ordained that her female posternity, in all future generations, should sacrifice two fingers at his temple, as a memorial of the transaction, and of their exclusive devotion to the God of the Ling.

* Marrone, or Marrme, in the Hala Canan, signifies rude, uncivilized;—

Wabuk, a Husbandman.

† Dogmus vindice nobis.
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The practice is, accordingly, confined to the supposed posterity of this single woman, and is not common to the whole stock of Bannana-Vulu. I ascertained the actual number of families who observed this practice in three successive districts through which I afterwards passed, and I conjecture that, within the limits of Myoor, they may amount to about two thousand and twelve.

The Hill of Sertes, in the talooj of Cedar, where the giant was destroyed, is (according to this tradition) formed of the ashes of Bannana-zoor. It is held in particular veneration by this sect, as the chief seat of their appropriate sacrifice; and the sect of its containing little or no moisture is held to be a miraculous proof that the ashes of the焚ned absorb the most violent and continued rain. This is a remarkable instance of easy credibility. I have examined the mountain, which is of a sloping form, and composed of coarse granite. — *Hast, Sketches of the South of India,* vol. i. p. 442.

The Ship of Heaven. — *VII.* i, p. 578.

I have converted the *Vimnu,* or self-moving Car of the Gods, into a Ship. Captain Wilford has given the history of its invention,—and, what is more curious, has attempted to settle the geography of the story.

"A most pious and venerable sage, named Rishi, was, being very far advanced in years, had resolved to visit, before he died, all the holy places of the earth. He having performed his resolution, he bathed at last in the sacred water of the Cali, where he observed some fishes engaged in amorous play, and reflecting on their numerous progeny, which would soon increase in the stream, he lamented the impropriety of leaving any children; but, since he might possibly be a father, even at his great age, he went immediately to the king of that country, Harayavarna, who had fifty daughters, and demanded one of them in marriage. So strange a demand gave the prince great uneasiness: yet he was unwilling to incur the displeasure of a saint who inspired him with holy deeds. He therefore, invited Ieri, or Viscon, to inspire him with a wise answer, and told the holy philosopher, that he should marry any one of his daughters, who, of her own accord, should fix on him as her bridegroom. The sage, The sage, relaxed, left the palace; but, calling to the two sons of Aswini, he hastened to their terrestrial abode, and requested that they would bestow on him both youth and beauty: they immediately conducted him to Abhimatada, which we suppose to be Apollis, in Upper Egypt; and, when he had bathed in the pool of Raptanyatna, he was restored to the flower of his age, and his hair assumed the form of Castra's.* On his return to the palace, he entered the secret apartments, called antah-par, where the fifty princesses were assembled; and they were all so transfigured with the vision of more abundant beauty, that they fell into an ecstasy, where the place was afterwards named Mahasthe, or Mahavana, and is, possibly, the same with Mahavan. They no sooner had recovered from their trance, than each of them exclaimed, that she would be his bride; and their altercation having brought Harayavarna into their apartment, he terminated the contest by giving them all in marriage to Rishi's sons, who became the father of a hundred sons; and, when he succeeded to the throne, built the city of Saccabkurabba, named vimdonas, or celestial, self-moving cars, in which he visited the gods, and made gardens, abounding in delights, which rivalled the bowers of Inora; but, having obtained the pleasure which he derived from Matoyanavguna, or the place where the fish were assembled, he resigned the kingdom to his eldest son Harayavirdhkh, and returned, in his former shape, to the banks of the Cali, where he chose his days in deviation." — *WILFORD. Asiatic Researches.*

Dushkanta. In what path of the winds are we now journeying?

*Matsi.* This is the way which leads along the triple river, heaven's brightest stream, and causes the luminaries to roll in a circle with diffused beams; it is the course of a gentle breeze which supports the floating forms of the gods; and this path was the second step of Vishnu when he confounded the proud Bali.

Dushkanta. The car itself instructs me that we are moving over clouds pregnant with showers; for the circumference of its wheels disperses a watery cloud.

Matsi. Such is the difference, O King! between the car and that of Indra. — *SACNTALLA.*

The Rainy Tree. — VII. p. 579

The island of Eire or is one of the most considerable of the Canaries; and I conceive that name to be given to it upon this account, that its soil, not affording so much as a drop of fresh water, seems to be from and, indeed, there is in this island neither river, nor rivulet, nor well, nor spring, save that only towards the sea-side, there are some wells; but they lie at such a distance from the city, that the inhabitants can make no use thereof. But the great Preserver and Sustainer of all remedied this inconvenience by a way so extraordinary, that a man will be forced to sit down and acknowledge that he gives in this an undeniable demonstration of his goodness and infinite providence.

For in the midst of the island, there is a tree, which is the only one of its kind, incometh as it hath no resemblance to other trees in this relation: the leaves of this tree are carried to us in Europe. The leaves of it are long and narrow, and continue a constant verdure, winter and summer; and its branches are covered with a cloud, which is never dispelled, but resolved into a moisture, which causes to fall from its leaves a very clear water, and that in such abundance, that the cisterns, which are placed at the foot of the tree to receive it, are never empty, but contain enough to supply both men and beasts. — *Mandello.*

Feyjoo denies the existence of any such tree, upon the authority of Pt. Tallois, the French Jesuit, (quoted in M. de Trevoux, 2713, art. 95,) who visited the island. "Ando au dedo," he adds, "que este Feix de las plantas es ten fagido como el de las aves." — Theat. Crit. Tom. ii. Disc. 2, § 60. What authority is due to the testimony of this French Jesuit I do not know, never having seen his book; but it appears, from the undoubted evidence of Glass, that the existence of such a tree is believed in the Canaries, and positively affirmed by the inhabitants of Eire or itself.

"There are," says this excellent author, "only three fountains of water in the whole island; one of them is called Ared, which, in the language of the ancient inhabitants, signifies river; a name, however, which does not seem to have been given it on account of its yielding much water, for in that respect it hardly deserves the name of a fountain. More to the northward is another called Hipio; and in the middle of the island is a spring, yielding a stream about a man's finger. This last was discovered in the year 1565, and is called the Fountain of Antonio Hernandez. On account of the scarcity of water, the sheep, goats, and swine here do not drink in the summer, but are taught to dig up the roots of fern, and chew them to quench their thirst. The great cattle are watered at these fountains, and at a place where water distils from the leaves of a tree. Many writers have made mention of this famous tree; some in such a manner as to make it appear miraculous; others again deny the existence of any such tree, or assign it among those in Father Feyjoo, a modern Spanish author, in his *Teatro Critico.* But he, and those who agree with him in this matter, are as much mistaken as they who would make it appear miraculous. This is the only island of all the Canaries which I have not been in; but I have sailed with natives of Eire or, who, when questioned about the existence of this tree, answered in the affirmative.

The author of the History of the Discovery and Conquest has given us a particular account of it, which I shall relate here at large. "The district in which this tree stands is called Figulae; near to which, and in the cliffs, or steep banks of the whole island, is a narrow gutter or gully, which commences at the sea, and continues to the summit of the cliff, where it joins or coincides with a

* In the Aasung dialect of the Lybiac tongue, Asul signifies a river.
valley, which is terminated by the steep front of a rock. On the top of this rock grows a tree, called, in the language of the ancient inhabitants, Garoe, *i.e.* Sacred or Holy Tree, which, for many years, has been preserved sound, entire, and fresh. Its leaves constantly distil such a quantity of water as is used, and filled with forenoon drinks for the living crew on the islands of Hierro; nature having provided this means for the draught of water from the island. It is situated about a league and a half from the sea. Nobody knows of what species it is, only that it is called Til. It is distinct from other trees, and stands by itself; the top of the trunk of the tree is about twelve spans, the diameter four, and in height, from the ground to the top of the highest branch, forty spans: The circumference of all the branches together is one hundred and twenty feet. The branches are thick and extended; the lowest commence about the height of an ell from the ground. Its fruit resembles those of the living crew like the kernel of a pine nut, but is softer and more aromatic. The leaves of this tree resemble those of the laurel, but are larger, wider, and more curved; they come forth in a perpetual succession, so that the tree always remains green. Near to it grows a thorn, which listens on many of its branches, and interweaves with them; and, at a small distance from the Garoe, are some beeche-trees, breses, and thorns. On the north side of the trunk are two large tanks, or cisterns, of rough stone, or rather one cistern divided, each half being twenty feet square, and sixteen feet deep. One of the cisterns is filled with water for the drinking of the inhabitants, and the other which they use for their cattle, washing, and such like purposes. Every morning, near this part of the island, a cloud or mist arises from the sea, which the south and easterly winds force against the steep cliffs, so that the cloud, having no vent but by the gutter, gradually ascends it, and from thence advances slowly to the extreme of the valley, where it is stopped and checked by the front of the rock which terminates the valley, and then rests upon the thick leaves and branches of the tree, so that during the summer, although it distills in drops during the remainder of the day, until it is at length exhausted, in the same manner that we see water drip from the leaves of trees after a heavy shower of rain. This distillation is not peculiar to the Garoe, or Til, for the beeche which grows near it likewise drops water; but their leaves being few and narrow, the quantity is so trifling, that, though the natives save some of it, yet they make little or no account of any but what distills from the Til; which, together with the water of some fountains, and what is saved in the winter season, is sufficient to serve them and their cattle. This tree yields most water when the Levan, or easterly winds have prevailed for a continuation; for by these winds only the clouds or mists are drawn higher from the sea. A person lives on the spot near which this tree grows, who is appointed by the Council to take care of it and its water, who removes a hose to a house to draw water, with a certain salary. He every day distributes to each family of the district seven pots or vessels full of water, besides what he gives to the principal people of the island. Whether the tree which yields water at this present time be the same as that mentioned in the above description, I cannot pretend to determine, but it is probable there has been a succession of them; for Pliny, describing the Fortunate Islands, says, "In the mountains of Osbrion are trees resembling the plant Furcula, from which water may be procured by placing a pot from the black kid is better, but that which the white yields is sweet and pleasant."—Glass's History of the Canary Islands.

Corderyo (Historia Insulana, lib. ii. c. 5) says, that this tree resembles what in other places is called the Til (Tilica) the Linden Tree; and he proceeds, from these three letters, to make it an emblem of the Trinity. The water, he says, was called the Agua Santa, and the tree itself the Santa Aurora,—appellations not ill bestowed. According to account the water was delivered out in stated portions.

It is a simile in Cockburn's Travels; but this I believe to be a work of fiction. Bernal Diaz, however, mentions one as growing at Nico, in Honduras, "Que en natal de la siesta, por revo sal que hispanes, parecia que la sombra d'el arbol refrescante al calor, cayendo del uno como revo muy dolgdo que confortase las cabezas."—

There may be some exaggerations like accounts of the Piereo Tree, but that the story has some foundation I have no doubt. The islanders of St. Thomas say, that they have a sort of tree whose leaves continually are distilling water. (Botch, in Churchle, 405.) It is certain that a dew falls in hot weather from the trees,—a fact of which any person may easily convince himself. The same property has been observed on the island of Crete under the following extract from the Monthly Magazine:

"In the beginning of August, after a sunny day, the air became suddenly misty about six o'clock. I walked, however, by the road-side from seven to eight, and observed, in many places, that a shower of big drops of water was falling under the large trees, although no rain fell elsewhere. The road and path continued dusty, and the fielt-gates showed no sign of being wetted by the mist. I have often noticed the like fact, but have not met with a satisfactory explanation of this power in trees, something like the heat in a piece of mist."

I am not the only poet who has availed himself of the Piereo Tree. It is thus introduced in the Columbus of Carrara,—a singular work, containing, amidst many extravagances, some passages of rare merit:—


"Nomine Carumiae, de quo tecqu insequi non rem. Virgo quia, ac in Cocehors Travee; sed hic fuit, account of a Piereo Tree, quam prorsum rara. Laude pudicitie, mirum quas pestose votum Couatuer, ut eac crem um genetrix et Virgo confest. At quia in Urbe autem futuro sortitu parentem Oetum rari Patrem, dicere maribus haurit Linse splig naturae, tenos hiber dah."

"Rem quidem a viro nepi conferre Urbes.
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Ex dare blandulias natu et summæ materæ
Viderat autem esse, ut mater amaret amoris.
Sapiens qui rerum factum est symphysis nova Domine,
Viderat atque Domi clamati commove caretum,
Eam Deo stultum, ne uterque ut mater amaret.
Sed qua adept avertit, non posse quod optat:
Non optare tamen, cras felix est amaret.
Non factus est uulgi: quæ esse non ualuit, hoc
Porta tenuit, Caelumque opulenscere Luhum,
O Deus, cui trivialis concorsa potuit regnus,
Puræ precor, dixit, si quæ amare proferet, non uam
Aeas præs: quæ non posse audire Danaa,
Calexit, Lutia nocto animum praebere.
Eo ibi Virginitas, fatae, nec charitas amaret,
Attamen, hic illustr, faciendo quæ ualuit
Nomina miscen, duplici de nomine quantum
Ambitiou forens; certe non pareat uoluptas.
Me expetit, coram si quæ me uelisset uatum
Si meum genit, oceanus locutor areris,
Cunque potest, quæquæque potest, ne esse ueret,
Cajus et in cultu malaec de mater eufera.
XI sanctum hominem uamne uamer lieue,
Fiat qui ratione potest; materque figuram
XI reflect, rudi campus et simile luxurie.

Anuit oranti fideles Dei: Virgine digna
Et quia vertit tali, Virgo probat. Emat regnus
De gregis Plantarum ligni quæ calvis essent.
Dictare Plataeas: si uero hostes
Caelii omnibus, sub tempus in uas factam
Tum carum esse vult, quum sit suæ haeret Phoebus.
Nec mora, possetu manti, ne uigint decessit
Certis dat, mutis falcibus erant frontis.
Virgo est etrea, caputque seroque corona
Tualis restitui dura procerundis libros.
Ipsoque miratur, cervix quæ cherrum, quatum
Ic Coelo, tantum tendunt in Torquate plante.
Et jam formosam de Virginitas ab uabo
Non novum minus, quod se non ueret potest
Par eboru fuerat, caudor quæque cortice maneat.
Sed doeat conquis uersus nos habuisse
Integre et calices, et Virginitatis amator,
Quæ fusafore foerit; retourn balheore petebat
Nunc hic, ab aere factum.
Quoque incursus et ideam
Purior et Instituta stelata nostre alumnia
Possent Hersephorus, sic Græae manus dixit,
Horem Hali. Quacumque die (qui creitur possess)
Tamquam ce conduci suo Sol alcutiamum esse,
Sphaeres sunt contraque
Labitur huc, nesciquic mariam amplim certe alia:
Quoque fabricated supera, perque post timens factam
Concepit, et parce post temperare portavit arbor.
Nulla perierium is nosecere: Convales fontana.
Qui non proper adit, ut que matura ducam
Augusto paciat, spectat materque patrumque
Letas uestigia gentium, tempus jam vasto capuit:
Illius optarit uulta se nuscrere, nuscrei.
Cernere ludendo se circum, ludere erat;
Hic uana uultris uultris quoque uorosuit,
Et materem seu dio dum murmaret, audit.
Nec modo Virginitas facienda est arboreus, ipsa
Sunt quoque facienda frondes, quaexi arbor.
Nam simul ac supra latentes eriderc tepentes,
Infusus accessus Phoebi flamma caleri.
Ceribling, parumque: arborique teminornu alic
Nomine Canarius, qui prime cucullae in avras,
Teneus inulace, caelique uultus, erudisce labore
Jam super extrarunt affecto scandere roaus,
Et frondes, quorum ualuit. Nulum inae sub illis
Collectavat arbor Sol hinc etiam implevit
Et saeclae quest: lactet hic, omnique magister
Arte cantat, maturoque repetit concentus aures.
Ab hoc uelutus reddet genitua causam,
Ubique palpabiles garnet in pretre collections,
Hic uultris aduerte isto uultris
Saeclum uultris: is ut non fastidiat Urbem.
Tecta celti, patentia uerum, nec divina arda
Graude superiorem metuot ualutis ualentes alumnas.
Iam loco adiamtem, nun ualentes incept esse.

Jum fit adulator, positum profecer paratus
In statione auctor, domini quad eccelit auctorem.
CARRARA, COLOMBO. Lib. III. pp. 55-57.

Nursed.—VII. 11, p. 579.

A very distinguished son of Brahma, named Nared, bears a strong resemblance to Hermes or Mercury; he was a wise legislator, great in arts and in arms, an eloquent messenger of the gods, either to one another or to favored mortals, and a musician of exquisite skill. His invention of the Vina, or instrument, which was the most admired in the poet entitled All the Best. "Nursed" watching from time to time his large Vina, which, by the impulse of the breeze, yielded notes that pierced successively the regions of his ear, and proceeded by musical intervals. — ABASTI BEHERDAES, Sir W. JONES.

The Vina is an Asiatic harp. The people of Ambayna have a different kind of Zedian instrument, which is thus described in the first account of D'Entrecasteaux's Voyage: "Being on the sea-shore, I heard some wind-instruments, the harmony of which, though, sometimes very correct, was intermixed with discordant notes that were by no means displeasing. These sounds, which were very musical, were introduced by two envoys, who, it seemed to come from such an island, that I for some time imagined the natives were having a concert beyond the roadstead, near a micrometer from the spot where I stood. My ear was greatly deceived respecting the distance, for I was not a hundred meters from the instrument. It was a harpous at least twenty meters in height, which had been fixed in a vertical situation by the sea-side. I remarked between each knot a slit about three centimeters long by a centimeter wide; these slits formed so many holes, which, when the wind introduced itself into them, gave agreeable and diversified sounds. As the knots of this long harpous were very numerous, care had been taken to make holes in different directions, in order that, on whatever side the wind blew, it might always meet with some of them. I cannot convey a better idea of the sound of this instrument, than by comparing them to those of the Harmonica." — LABILLARDIERE. Voyage de Starch of La Prours.

Nared, the mythological offspring of Sarasrati, patroness of music, is famed for his talents in that science. So great were they, that he became preeminent; and emulating the divine strains of Krishna, he was punished by having his Vina placed in the paws of a bear, whence it emitted sounds far sweeter than the minstrelsy of the mortified musician. I have a picture of this joke, in which Krishna is forcing his reluctant friend to attach to his rough-hewn rival, who is ridiculously touching the chords of the name Nareda's Vina, accompanied by a brother Braum on the cymbals. Krishna passed several practical jokes on his humble and affectionate friend: he metamorphosed him once into a woman, at another time into a bear. — MONUS's Hindu Poeticon, p. 364.

...... The sacrifice
That should, to men and gods, proclaim him Lord
And Sovereign Master of the usual World. — VII. 11, p. 589.

The Raison Yug, or Feast of Rajshs, could only be performed by a monarch who had conquered all the other sovereigns of the world. — HALIRED. Note to the Life of Cressohn.

Sole Rajsh, the Omnipotent below. — VII. 11, p. 589.

No person has given so complete a sample of the absurdity of Oriental titles as the Dutch traveller Struys, in his enumeration of "the proud and blasphemous titles of the King of Simm,—they will hardly bear sense," says the translator, in what he calls, by a happy blunder, "the idiocies of our tongue." The Alliance, written with letters of fine gold, being full of godlike glory, and the grandeur of the East, is a treatise of all wise sciences. The most Happy, which is not in the world among men. The Rest and most Certain that is in Heaven, Earth, and Hell. The greatest Sweet, and friendly Royal Word; whose powerful sounding properties and glorious fame range
through the world, as if the deed were raised by a godlike power, and wondrously partur’d from grossly and corporal corruption. At this both spiritual and sensual men admire, with a special joy, whereas no dignity may be herewith compared. Proceeding from a friendly, illustrious, incomparable, most mighty, and high Lord; and adorned with nine sorts of precious stones. The greatest, clearest, and most godlike of Lord unamulable: Souls. The most holy, seeing every where, and protecting Sovereign of the city Jesus, whose many streets and open gates are thereunto. And, is that third metropolis, which is the whole world, the royal throne of the earth, that is adorned with nine sorts of stones and most pleasant valleys. He who guides the rails of the world, and has a house more than the Gods of fine gold and of precious stones; they the godlike Lord, adorned and of fine gold; and the White, Red, and Sundry Elephant, — which excellent creatures are the chiefest of the nine sorts of Gods. To none hath the divine Lord given, in whose hand is the victorious sword; who is the forty-armed God of Battails, to the most illustrious.

The second is as blaphemous as the first, though hardly so far out of sense.

The highest Presbyter Sulivan, Naelmon Wellgaca, Nemochadin Magavitha, Jocken der Kauten Allaula Ylana, King of the whole world; who makes the water rise and flow. A King that is like a God, and shines like the sun at noon-day. A King that gives a glance like the Moon when it is set full. Elected of God to be worthy as the North Star, being of the race and offspring of the great Alexander; with a great understanding; as a round orb, that tumbles hither and thither, able to grasp at the depth of the great sea; and having ascended over the heavens, and parted Saints, and is as righteous as God, and of such power, that all the world may come and shelter under his wings. A King that doth right in all things, as the Kings of old have done. A King more liberal than all Kings. A King that hath many mines of gold, and God hath been to him; who hath built temples half gold and half brass; sitting upon a throne of pure gold, and of all sorts of precious stones. A King of the white Elephant, which Elephant is the King of all Elephants, before whom many thousands of other Elephants must bow and fall upon their knees. He whose eyes shine like the morning-star. A King that hath Elephants with four teeth, red, purple, and pied. Elephants, ag, and a Hymenaphex Elephant; for which God has given him many and divers sorts of apparel wrought with most fine gold, adorned with many precious stones; and, besides these, so many Elephants used in battle, having harnesses of iron, their teeth tippet with steel, and their harnesses laid over with shining brass. A King that has many hundred horses, whose trappings are wrought with fine gold, and adorned with precious stones of every sort that are found in the universal world round about him; which, besides so many hundred horses that are used in war of every kind. A King who has all Empires, Kings, Princes, and Sovereigns in the whole world from the rising to the going down of the sun, under subjection: — and such as can obtain his favor are by him promoted to great honor; but, on the contrary, such as revolts, he burns with fire. A King who can show the power of God, and whatever God has made.

And so, by this time, I hope you have heard enough of a King of Elephants and Horses, though not a word of his Asses. — Strut.

The Sacrifice. — VIII. p. 581.

The Aṣarnamasha, or sacrifice of a horse. Considerable difficulties usually attended that ceremony; for the consecrated horse was to be set at liberty for a certain time, and followeth at a distance by the owner, or his champion, who was usually one of his near kinsman; and, if any person should attempt to stop it in its rambles, a battle must inevitably ensue; besides, as the performer of a hundred Aṣarnamasha became exceedingly fat, the frequent looking at the watch, and generally carried off the sacred animal by force or by fraud. — Wilmot. A. S. Res. Mr. Halhed gives a very curious account of this remarkable sacrifice:

"The Assum-need-Jugg does not merely consist in the performance of that ceremony which is open to the inspection of the world, namely, bringing a horse and sacrificing him; but Assum-need is to be taken in a mystic signification, as implying that the sacrificer must look upon himself to be typified in that horse, such as he shall be described, because the true signification comprehends all those other religious duties, to the performance of which all the wise and holy direct all their actions, and by which all the sincere professors of every different faith aim at perfection: the mystic signification thereof is as follows:

1. The head of that unbroken horse is the symbol of the morning; his eyes are the sun; his breath the wind; his wide-opening mouth is the light-house, or that innate warmth which inures all the world; his body typifies one entire age; his back parades, his belly the plains; his hoofs this world; his four quarters of the heavens; the bones thereof the intermediate spaces between all the rest of his limbs represent all distinct matter; the places where those limbs meet, in his joints, imply the months and halves of the months, which are called peake (or fortnights); his feet signify night and day; and night and day is of four kinds.

2. The night and day of Bitham, 3. The night and day of angels. 4. The night and day of the world of the spirits of deceased ancestors. 4. The night and day of mortals; these four kinds are typified in his four feet. The rest of his bones are the constellations of the fixed stars, which are the twenty-eight signs in the Zodiac.

3. The body is as follows: and the history of this is most charming. The body is like Copper; the head is like gold; the flesh is like the clouds; his food the sand; his tenuity the river; his spleen and his liver the mountains; the hair of his body the vegetables, and his long hair the trees, the fore part of his body typifies the first half of the day, and the hinder part the latter half; the front part of his body the morning, the other part the evening; his turning himself is the thunder of the cloud; his urine represents the rain, and his mental reflection is his only speech.

The golden vessels, which are prepared before the horse is put, are the light of the day, and the place where those vessels are kept is a type of the Ocean of the West; these golden vessels which are prepared after the horse is let loose, are the light of the night; and the place where those vessels are kept is a type of the Ocean of the East; these vessels are always before and after the horse. The Arabic horse, which, on account of his swiftness, is called the Fly, is the performer of the journeys of angels; the Tujee, which is of the race of Persian horses, is the performer of the journeys of the Knudherps (or good spirits); the Wazha, which is of the race of the formidable Zorves horses, is the performer of the journeys of the Juns (or demons); and the Asoo, which is of the race of Turkish horses, is the performer of the journeys of mankind. This one horse, which performs these several services, on account of his four different sorts of riders, obtains the four different appellations. The place where this horse remains, is kept a type of the Ocean of the West, at that place is called Petra-Atna, or the Universal Soul, which proceeds also from that Petra-Atna, and is comprehended in the same Petra-Atna. The intent of this sacrifice is, that a man should consider himself to be in the place of that horse, and look upon all those articles as typified in himself, and, conceiving Petra-Atna (or divine soul) to be an ocean, should let all thought of self be absorbed in that Atma." — Halhed, from Darul Shekhah.

Compare this specimen of Eastern sublimity with the description of the sacrifices in Job: Compare also the account of the Bengal horses, in the very amusing work of Captain Williamson, — "which said horses," he says, "have generally Roman noses, and sharp, narrow foreheads, much white in their eyes, ill shaped ears, square heads, thin necks, narrow cheeks, shallow girths, lack bellies, cat knees, rose rumps, and tails, &c." — Oriental Sports, vol. ii. p. 216.

The honor that in its vessel floats. — VIII. 5. p. 581.

The day and night are here divided into four quarters, each of six hours, and these again into fifteen parts, of twenty-four minutes each. For a chronometer they use a kind of dish of thin brass, at the bottom of which there is a little hole: this is put into a vessel with water, and it runs full in a certain time. They begin their first quarter at six in the morning. They strike the quarters and subdivisions of time with a
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The marriage boxes. — IX. 4, p. 583

The Pandal is a kind of arbor or lower raised before the doors of young married women. They set up two or three poles, seven or eight feet in length, at an equal distance but the chief men of a district are allowed to leave a garural, and still they may not strike the first division of the first quarter, which is a privilege reserved to the nabob alone. Those who attend at these checks must be of the Brahm cast. — STAVRONIKETIS.

The market-flag. — IX. 6, p. 583.

Many villages have markets on particular days, when not only fruits, grains, and the common necessities of life are sold, but occasionally manufactures of various descriptions. These markets are well known to all the neighboring country, being on appointed days of the week, or of the lunar month; but, to remind those, who may be travelling, of their vicinity to the means of supply, a Nagaran, or large bell-drum, is beaten during the forenoon, and a small flag, usually of white linen, with some symbolical figures in colors, or with a colored border, is hoisted on a very long bamboo, kept upright by means of ropes fastened to pins driven into the ground. The huts of Hindoo villages are generally square and plain; those of the Mussalmans' towns are ordinarily triangular, and bear the type of their religion, viz. a double-bladed cimeter. — Oriental Sports, vol. 1. p. 109.

There, from the intolerable heat,

The buffaloe retreat. — IX. 7, p. 583.

About noon, in hot weather, the buffaloe throws herself into the water at noon of a tank, if there be one accessible at a convenient distance; and leaving nothing above water but her nose, continues there for five or six hours, or until the heat abates. — Buchanan.

In the hot season, when water becomes very scarce, the buffaloeavail themselves of any pond they may find among the cover, wherein they roll and rub themselves, so as in a very short time to change what was at first a shallow thin, into a deep pit, sufficient to conceal their own bulk. The humidity of the soil, even when the water may have evaporated, is particularly grateful to these animals, in the extreme heat, and which, if not indulged in a free access to the water, never thrive. — Oriental Sports, vol. 1. p. 259.

The buffaloe not only delights in the water, but will not thrive unless it have a swamp to wallow in. There, rolling themselves, they daily work deep holes and hollows, wherein they lay immersed. No place seems to delight the buffaloe more than the deep verdure on the confines of jiles and marshes, especially if surrounded by tall grass, so as to afford concealment and shade, while the body is covered by the water. In such situations they seem to enjoy a perfect ecstasy, having, in general, nothing above the surface but their eyes and nostrils, the horns being kept low down, and, consequently, entirely hidden from view. — Oriental Sports, vol. ii. p. 49.

Captain Bevan describes these animals as to be found during the heat of the day in the crevasses and on the shores of the Island of Bahama, almost totally immersed in water, little more than their heads appearing above it.

Mount Meru. — X. p. 584.

According to the orthodox Hindus, the globe is divided into two hemispheres, both called Meru; but the superior hemisphere is distinguished by the name of Sauver, which implies beauty and excellence, in opposition to the lower hemisphere, or Ouvver, which signifies the reverse: by Meru, without any adjunct, they generally mean the higher or northern hemisphere, which they describe, with a profusion of poetic imagery, as the seat of deities; while they represent Cauver as the habitation of demons, in some parts of it expanded and intensely cold, and in others so hot that the waters are continually boiling. In strict propriety, Meru denotes the pole and the polar regions; but it is the celestial north pole round
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which they place the gardens and metropolises of India, while Yuma holds his court in the opposite polar circles, or the station of Arun, who warred with the Saras, or gods of the floating islands, in the ocean, or sacrificial Beima.

In the Vaga Parshu, we are told, that the water or Ogha of the ocean, coming down from heaven like a stream of Arunta upon Meru, encircles it through seven channels, for the space of 81,000 Yajamas, and then divides into four vast streams, from the immense height of Mount Rishyabhar, rest themselves in four lakes, from which they spring over the mountains through the air, just brushing the summits. This wild account was not known in the west; for this passage is translated almost verbally, by Pliny and Q. Curtius, in several works.


The Swargara, or Mandacini, rises from under the feet of Yeeshna, at the polar star, and passing through the circle of the moon, it falls upon the summit of Meru; where it divides into four streams, flowing towards the four cardinal points. These four branches pass through four rocks, carved into the shape of the heads of different animals. The Ganges, running towards the south, passes through a cow's head; to the west is a horse's head, from which flows the Chasu or Oxus; towards the east, is the head of an elephant, from which flows the river Sita; and to the north, is a lion's head, from which flows the Bhadranusa.—Wilford. Az. Res. vol. viii. p. 317. Calc. edition.

The mountains through which the Ganges flows at Hardwar, present the spectator with the view of a grand natural amphitheatre; their appearance is ragged, and destitute of verdure; they run in ridges and bluff points, in a direction east and west; at the back of the largest range rise, towering to the clouds, the lofty mountains of Himaluahya, whose tops are covered with perpetual snow, which, on clear days, present a most sublime prospect. Their large jagged masses, broken into numerous India shapes, add to their stupendous height, impress the mind with an idea of antiquity and grandeur, coeval with the creation; and the eternal frost with which they are incrusted, appears to preclude the possibility of mortals ever attaining their summit.

In viewing this grand spectacle of nature, the traveller may easily yield his ascent to, and pardon the superstitions veneratiion of the, Hindoo votary, who, in the fervor of his imagina- tion, assigns the summit of these icy regions as the abode of the great Mahadeo, or First Cause, where, seated on his throne of ice, he is supposed to receive the homage of the surrounding universe.—Franklin's Life of George Thomas, p. 41.

At Gangottara, three small streams fall down from impassable snowy precipices, and unite into a small basin below, which is considered by the Hindus as the source of the Ganges, over which, at that place, a man can run. This is one of the five Tirthas, or stations, more eminently sacred than the rest upon this sacred river. Narayana Shastri, who gave this account, had visited it.—Bechana.

The mountain, called Cauless Cauver, is exceedingly lofty. On its summit there is a Bhujputj tree, from the root of which sprouts or pushes a small stream, which the people say is the source of the Ganges, and that it comes from Yeeshna, or Heaven, as is also related in the Puranas; although this source appears to the sight to flow from the spot where grows this new spring, quite, as it were, at an ascent of some miles; and yet above this there is a still loftier summit, where no one goes; but I have heard that, on that uppermost pinnacle, there is a fountain or cavity, to which a Jogii somehow penetrated, who, having immersed his little finger in it, it became poisoned with the poison of the Poolis. Hence it is called as Pooles, and condemned by the sectarians to the Brahmans.

Respecting the true source of the Ganges much uncertainty still prevails. In vain one of the most powerful sover- eigns of Indostan, the emperor Achar, at the close of the sixteenth century, sent a number of men, an army of disc- essers, armed with every necessary recommendation, to explore the course of the mighty river which adorned and fertilized the vast extent of his dominions. They were not able to penetrate beyond the famous Month of the Cow. This is an immense aperture, in a ridge of the mountains of Thibet, to which the natives of India have given this appellation, from the fancied or real resemblance of the rocks which form the summit of this stupendous chain, to the mouth of an animal esteemed sacred throughout Indostan from the remotest antiquity. From this opening, the Ganges, precipitating itself into a large and deep basin at the foot of the mountains, forms a cañaract, which is called Gangotri. The impracticability of exploring this formidabie pass, has prevented the tracing whence this rushing mass of water takes its primary rise.—Wilcocke. Nota et Sacrariums.


I am indebted to Sir William Jones's Hymns to Gange, for this fable:—

"Above the stretch of mortal ken, On bless'd Cauless Cauver's top, where every stem Glow'd with a vegetable gem, Mahus' stood, the dread and joy of men; While Pârvati, to gain a boon, Fix'd on his locks a beauteous moon. And his frankt eye in jocund play, With reluctant sweet delay. All nature straight was lock'd in dim eclipse, Till Bhagavan pure, wv, with hollow lips, And warbled prayers, restored the day; When Ganga from his brow, by heavenly fingers presc'd, Sprang radiant, and,descending, grasped the eavens of the west."

The descent of the Ganges is related in the Ramayana, one of the most celebrated of the sacred books of the Brahmans. This work the excellent and learned Baptist missionaries at Serampore are at this time employed in printing and translating; one volume has arrived in Europe, and from it I am tempted here to insert an extract of considerable length. The reader will be less disposed to condemn the fictions of Hinduism as extravagant, when he compares them with this genuine specimen of Hindu fable. He will perceive, too, that no undue importance has been attributed to the Horse of the Sacrifice in the Poem.

The son of Kushaka having, in mellifluous anecdotes, re- lated these things to Rama, again addressed the descendent of Kakoodtha. Formerly, O hero! there was a king of heaven, named Sugara, the Sovereign of Men, virtuous, desirous of children, but childless; O Rama! the daughter of Vidur- bahakeshine, virtuous, attached to truth, was his chief con- sort, and the daughter of Udrishthana, Soomuni, unequalled in beauty, his second spouse. With these two consorts, the great king, going to Himavat, engaged in sacred mysteries on the mountain in whose sacred stream Bhirgo was constantly bathed. A hundred years being completed, the sage Bhirgo, clothed with truth, rendered propitious by his virtues, granted him this blessing: O staid One! thou shalt obtain a most numerous progeny; thy fame, O chief of men! will be unparalleled in the universe. From one of thy consorts, O sire! shall spring the founder of thy race, and, from the other, sixty thousand sons.

The queen, pleased, approached the chief of men who was thus speaking, and, with hands respectfully joined, asked, O Brahman! who shall be the son, and who shall produce the multitude? We, O Brahman! desire to hear. May thy words be verified. Hearing their request, the most virtuous Bhirgo replied in these admirable words: Freely say which of these favors ye desire, whether the one, founder of the family, or the multitude of valiant, renowned, energetic sons. O Rama! son of Kughoa, Keshine hearing the words of the sage, in the presence of the king accepted the one, competed for by his consorts; and Soomuni, sister of Soopurna, accepted the sixty thousand sons, active and renowned. The king, O son of Kughoa! having respectfully circumambulated the sage, bowing the head, returned with his spouses to his own city.

After some time had elapsed, his eldest spouse Keshine bore to Sugura a son, named Usnuma; and Soomuni, O chief of men! brought forth a gourd, from which, on its being opened, came forth sixty thousand sons. These, carefully
NOTES TO THE CURSE OF KEHAMA.

hough up by their nurses, in jars filled with clarified butter, in process of time attained the state of youth; * and, after a long period, the sixty thousand sons of Sugura, possessed of youth and power, were born. The earliest offspring of Sugura, O son of Rughoog; I chief of men, seizing children; would throw them into the waters of the Suruggyo, and sport himself with their drowning page. This evil person, the distresser of good men, devoted to the injury of the citizens, was by his father expelled from the city. The son of Umu-
munja, the heroic Ungsoosuma, in conversation courteous and affectuosely, was esteemed by all.

"After a long time, O chief of men! Sugura formed the steady resolve, 'I will perform a sacrifice.' Versed in the Veda, the king, sitting by his instructors, having determined the things relating to the sacrificial work, began to prepare the sacrifice.

"Hearing the words of Vishua-mitra, the son of Rughoog, highly gratified in the midst of the story, addressed the sage, bright as the ardent flame, Bee to the Three: I desire, O Brahman, to hear this story at large, how my predecessors performed the sacrifice. Hearing his words, Vishuua-mitra, smiling, pleasantly replied to Rama: 'Attend then, O Rama! to the story of Sugura, repeated at full length. Where the great mountain Himunarat, the happy father-in-law of Shunkura, and the mountain Rughoog, erecting the country around, proudly vie with each other, there was the sacrifice of the great Sugura performed. That land, sacred and renowned, is the habitation of Rakshus. At the command of Sugura, the hero Ungsoosuma, O Rama! eminent in archery, a mighty charioteer, was thrown into (of the house.) While the king was performing the sacrifice, a serpent, assuming the form of Umuta, rose from the earth, and seized the sacrificial horse. The sacrificial victim being stolen, all the prisoners, O son of Rughoog! going to the king, said, Thy consecrated horse has been stolen by some one in the form of a serpent. Kill the thief, and bring back the sacred horse. This interruption in the sacrifice portends evil to us all. Take these steps, O king! which may lead to the completion of the sacrifice. Having heard the advice of his instructors, the king, calling his sixty thousand sons into the assembly, said, I perceive that the Rakshusas have not been to this great sacrifice. A sacrifice of the Naga is now performing by the sages, and some god, in the form of a serpent, has stolen the devoted horse. Whoever be, who, at the time of the Deeksha, has been the cause of this accollective circumstance, this unhappy event, whether he be gone to Patala, or whether he remain in the waters, kill him, O sons! and bring back my victim. May success attend you, O my sons! At my command, you traverse the sea-girt earth, digging with mighty labor, till you obtain a sight of the prisoner; each one piercing the earth to the depth of a yojana, so you in search of him who stole the sacred horse. Being consecreated by the Deeksha, I, with my grandsons, and my teachers, will remain with the sacrifice unfinished, till I again behold my devoted horse."

"Thus instructed by their father Sugura, they, in obedience to him, went with cheerful mind, O Rama! to the bottom of the earth. The strong ones, having gone over the earth without obtaining a sight of the horse, each of these mighty ones pierced the earth to the depth of a yojana, with their mighty arm, the stroke of which resembled the thunderbolt. Pierced by Kooddhasa, by Purighas, by Shoudas, by Mouseh, and Zoutkhas, * the earth cried out as in darkness. Then arose, O Rughoog! a dreadful cry of the serpents, the Gooras, the Rakshus, and other creatures, as beings suffering death. These angry youths, O son of Rughoog! I dig the earth's even to Patala, to the extent of sixty thousand yojana. Thus, O prince! the sons of the sovereign of men traversed Jambudweepa, enclosed with mountains, digging wherever they came. The gods now, with the Guhurwus and the great serpents, struck with astonishment, went all of them to Brumha, and, having even to the foot of the great spirit, they, full of terror, with dejected countenance, addressed him thus: 'O lord! the earth, covered with mountains and woods, with rivers and continents, the sons of Sugura are now digging up. At this diggmg, O Brumha! the mightiest beings are killed. This is the stracer of our conseqnerated victims; by this (our) fellow our horse was taken away. Thus saying, the sons of Sugura destroy all creatures. O most powerful! having heard this, it becomes thee to interpose, before these horse-seekers destroy all thy creatures ended with life.'"

Thus for the thirty-second Section, describing the digging of earth.

SECTION THIRTY-THREE.

"Hearing the words of the gods, the divine Brumha replied to those afflicted ones reproved with the Yama-like power of these youths: The wise Yama-deva, the great Madhava, who claims the earth for his spouse, that divine one, residing in the form of Kupila, supports the earth. By the fire of his wrath he will destroy the sons of the king. This piercing of the earth must, I suppose, he perceived by him, and he will (offset) the destruction of the long-existing earth. The thirty-three gods, enemy subduing, having heard the words of Brumha, returned home full of joy. The sons of Sugura highly renowned, thus digging the earth, a sound was produced resembling that of conflicting elements. Having encompassed and penetrated the whole earth, the sons of Sugura, returning to their father, said, The whole earth has been traversed by us; and all the powerful gods, the Danuvas, the Rakshusas, the Vishalakhas, the serpents, and hydras are killed; but we have not seen thy horse, nor the thief. What shall we do? Success be to this evil to be pleased to determine what more is proper. The virtuous king, having heard the words of his sons, O son of Rughoog! angrily replied, Again commence digging. Having penetrated the earth, and found the stealer of the horse, having accomplished your intention, return again. Attentive to the words of their father, the great Sugura, the sixty thousand descended to Patala, and there renounced their digging. There, O chief of men! they saw the elephant of that quarter of the globe, in size resembling a mountain, with distorted eyes, supporting with his head this earth, with all its mountains and woods, covered with various countries, and adorned with numerous cities. Where, for the sake of rest, O Kakootshu! the great elephant, through distress, refreshes himself by moving his head, an earthquake is produced."

Hearing respectively, the circumambulated this mighty elephant, guardian of the quarter, they, O Rama! praising him, penetrated into Patala. After they had thus penetrated the cast quarter, they opened their way to the south. Here they saw that great elephant Muha-pulma, equal to a huge mountain, sustaining the earth with his head. Reckoning him, they were filled with surprise; and, after the usual circumambulation, the sixty thousand sons of the great Sugura perforated the west quarter. In this thirty-nineteenth one the elephant Deeksha, of equal size. Having respectfully saluted him, and inquired respecting his appearance, the eminent ones digging, arrived at the north. This quarter, O chief of Rughoog! they saw the snow-white elephant Bhandara, supporting this earth with his beautiful body. Circumambulating him, they again penetrated the earth, and proceeding north-east to that returned quarter; all the sons of Sugura, through anger, pierced the earth again. There all those magnificent ones, tergible in swiftness, and of mighty prowess, saw Kupila, Vasodeva the eternal, and near him the horse feeding. Filled, O son of Rughoog! with unparalleled joy, they all, knowing him to be their horse, and crying aloud, Each of the horse, with eyes starting with rage, seeing their spauls and their ungulates, and even

* The Hinus call a child Bina, till it attains the age of fifteen years. Then, to the eighth year to the fifteenth, Vasooma, or a state of youth, is supposed to continue. Each of these has several names; to each there is often attached a period of time. For instance, Vasooma, one year, Vasooma, three years, and so on.

1 The horse intended for the sacrifice.

2 The Indian spade, formed like a hoe, with a short handle.

3 An instrument said to be formed like an ox's yoke.

4 A dart, or spear.

5 A club, or cress.

6 A weapon now unknown.

† The eight Yamas, the eleven Rudras, the twelve Adises, and Vishwakarma: the king of the magicians.

‡ This seems to have been spoken by these youths in the warmth of their imagination.

§ The Hinus say, that Kupila, or Vasudeva, is an incarnation of Vishuua, whom they describe as having been thus partially incarnate twenty-four times.
trees and stones, ran towards him full of wrath, calling out, Stop, stop! thou art the stealer of our sacrificial horse! Thou stupid one, know that we who have found thee are the sons of Rugho! Kupila, filled with excessive anger, uttered from his nostrils a loud sound, and instantly, O Kacorasñtha! by Kupila's information, all the twenty sons of Rugho were all the sons of Sugura turned to a heap of ashes."

Thus far the thirty-third Section, describing the interview with Kupila.

SECTION THIRTY-FOUR.

"O son of Rugho! Sugura, perceiving that his sons had been absent a long time, thus addressed his grandson, intentions by his own might: Thou art a hero, possessed of science, in proven conduct, a controller of the fate of thy paternal relatives, and the person by whom the horse was stolen, that we may arrange ourselves on these unstrategic beings, powerful and great. Take thy chariot and bow, O beloved one! and finding out thy deceased paternal relatives, destroy my adversary. The proposed end being thus accomplished, return. Bring me happily through this sacrifice.

"Thus particularly addressed by the great Sugura, Unghooman, swift and powerful, taking his bow and chariot, departed. Urged by the king, the chief men traversed the subterranean regions, and were round about the mighty mountain. One saw the elephant of the quarter, adored by the gods, the Damurs and Rukshuses, the Pishchus, the birds and the serpents. Having circumambulated him, and asked concerning his welfare, Unghooman inquired for his paternal relatives, and the elephant having given the works of the quarter hearing, replied, O son of Ummamûn! thou wilt accomplish thine intention, and speedily return with the horse. Having heard this, he, with due respect, inquired, in regular succession, of all the elephants of the quarters. Honored by all the quarters, on the eighth sides of the earth, acquainted with speech, and eminent in eloquence, he was told, Thou wilt return with the horse. Upon this encouraging declaration, he swiftly went to the place where lay his paternal relatives, the sons of Sugura, reduced to a heap of ashes. [At this sight] the sons of Ummamûn, overwhelmed with sorrow on account of their death, cried out with excess of grief. In this state of grief, the chief of men beheld, grasping near, the sacrificial horse. The illustrious one, desirous of performing the funeral obsequies of these sons of the king, looked around for a receptacle of water, but in vain. Extending his eager view, he saw, O Rugho! the sovereign of all lands, the uncle of his paternal relatives, Soopurna, in size resembling a mountain. Vinuteya, of mighty prowess, addressed him thus: Grieve not, O chief of men! this slaughter is approved by the universe. These great ones were reduced to ashes by Kupila of immovable nature. This is not proper for thee, O Rugho! for four common water upon these ashes. Gunga, O chief of men! is the eldest daughter of Himuvat. With her sacred stream, O valiant one! perform the funeral ceremonies for these ancestors. If the purifier of the world flow on them, reduced to a heap of ashes, these ashes being wettet by Gunga, the illuminator of the world, the sixty thousand sons of thy grandfather will be received into heaven. May success attend thee! Bring Gunga to the earth from the residence of the gods. If thou art able, O chief of men! possessor of the ample share, let the descent of Gunga be accomplished by thee. Take the horse, and go forth. It is thine, O hero! for to complete the great paternal sacrifice.

"Having heard these words of Soopurna, Unghooman, the heroic, speedily seizing the horse, returned. Then, O son of Rugho! being come to the king, who was still performing the initiatory ceremonies, he related to him the whole affair, and the advice of Soopurna.

"After hearing the terror-inspiring relation of Unghooman, the king finished the sacrifice, in exact conformity to the tenor and spirit of the ordinance; having finished his sacrifice, the sovereign of the earth returned to his palace. The king, however, was unable to devise any way for the descent of Gunga from heaven: after a long time, unable to fix upon any method, he departed to heaven, having reigned thirty thousand years. And Rugho, I paid the debt of nature, the people chose Unghooman, the pious, for their sovereign. Unghooman, O son of Rugho! was a very great monarch.

His son was called Bhugee-rutha. Having placed him on the throne, he, O Ragura! retiring to the pleasant top of Mount Himuvat, performed the most severe austerities. This excellent sovereign of men, as the immortals, was exceedingly desirous of the descent of Gunga; but not obtaining his wish, he, the mighty monarch, thus proceeded to heaven, after having abode in the forest sacred to austerities thirty-two thousand years. Bhugee-rutha, the highly energetic, being made acquainted with the slaughter of his paternal great uncles, was overwhelmed with grief; but was still unable to fix upon a way of deliverance. How shall I accomplish the descent of Gunga? How shall I perform the funeral oblations of these relatives? How shall I deliver them? In such cogitations was his mind constantly engaged. While these ideas filled the mind of the king, thoroughly acquainted with sacrifice, Bhugee-rutha, the most virtuous son, called Bhugee-rutha. The illustrious king Bhugee-rutha performed many sacrifices, and governed the kingdom for thirty thousand years; but, O chief of men! no way of obtaining the deliverance of his ancestors appearing, he, by a disease, discharged the debt of nature. Having installed his own son Bhugee-rutha in the kingdom, the lord of men departed to the paradise of Indra, through the merits of his own virtuous deeds.

"The prince, the royal sage, Bhugee-rutha, O son of Rugho! was childless. Desirous of offspring, yet childless, the great monarch intrusted the kingdom to the care of his counsellors; and, having his heart set on obtaining the descent of Gunga, engaged in a long course of sacred austerities upon the mountain Gokurna. With hands erected, he, O son of Rugho! called, O Bhugee-rutha! according to the prescribed ordinance in the cold season lying in water; and in the rainy season exposed to the descending clouds, feeding on fallen leaves, with his mind restrained, and his sensual feelings subdued, this valiant and great king continued a thousand years in the practice of the most severe austerities. The magnificent monarch of mighty arm having finished this period, the divine Brahman, the lord of creatures, the supreme governor, was highly pleased; and with the gods, going near to the great Bhugee-rutha, employed in sacred austerities, said to him, I am propitious, O performer of sacred vows! seek a blessing. The mighty, the illustrious Bhugee-rutha, with hands respectfully joined, replied to the sire of all, O divine one! if thou art pleased with me, if the fruit of my austerities may be granted, let all the sons of Sugura obtain water for their funeral rites. The ashes of the great ones being wettet by the water of Gunga, let all my ancestors ascend to the eternal heaven. Let a child, O divine one! be granted to us, that our family become not extinct. O God! let this great blessing be granted to the family of Ibshwako. The venerable sire of all replied to the king thus respecting in the presence of the monarchs: Bhugee-rutha, thou mighty charioteer, this great wise of thine heart acquainted. Let prosperity attend thee, thou increaser of the family of Ibshwako! Engage Hura, O king! to receive (in her descent) Gunga the eldest daughter of the mountain Himuvat. The earth, O king! cannot sustain the descent of Gunga, nor beside Shooder do I behold any one, O king! able to receive her. The creator having thus replied to the king, and spoke to Gunga, returned to heaven with Marroots and all the gods.

Thus far the thirty-fourth Section, describing the gift of the blessing to Bhugee-rutha.

SECTION THIRTY-FIVE.

"Prusa-puti being gone, Bhugee-rutha, O Ruma! with uplifted arm, without support, without a helper, immovable as a dry tree, and feeding on air, remained day and night on the tip of his great toe upon the afflicted earth. A full year having now elapsed, Bhugee-rutha, the lord of animals, who is reverenced by all worlds, said to the king, I am propitious to thee, O chief of men! I will accomplish thy

One towards each of the cardinal points, and the sun over his head, Broils white with the hair of nature, the heavens from which there can be no fall. The heavens from which there can be no fall. Shiva, from Shool, the spear which he held.
notestothecurseofkehama.

utmost desire. To him the sovereign replied, O Huna, receive Gongua! Blurga,* thus addressed, replied, I will perform thy desire; I will receive her on my head, the daughter of the mountain. Maheswara then, mounting on the summit of Huma, soared to the air, followed by the ever-lowering Gonga, the river flowing in the valley, saying, Descend, O Gongua! The eldest son of Blauga was adored by the universe, having heard the words of the lord of Oona, was filled with anger, and assuming, O Rama! a form of amazing size, with an incomparable efficacy, fell from the air upon the auspicious head of Shiva. The goddess Gongua, irresistible, thought within herself, I will bear down Shanka with my stream, and enter Putali. The divine Huma, the three-eyed God, was aware of her proud resolution, and, being angry, determined to prevent her design. The purifier, fallen upon the sacred head of Koodra, was obtained, O Rama! in the recesses of the orchard of his Jata, resembling Himavat, and was unable, by the greatest efforts, to descend to the earth. From the borders of the orb of his Jata, the goddess could not obtain regress, but wandered there for many series of ages. Thus situated, Blaugenee-ratha beheld her wandering there, and again engaged in severe austerities.

With these mysteries, O son of Raghu! Huna being greatly pleased, discharged Gongua towards the Like Vindoe. In her flowing forth seven streams were produced. Three of these streams, beautiful, filled with water conveying happiness, well-armed, direct the course eastward, while Soochukhoos,\*\* and Sindhoo,\*\* three perilous mighty rivers, flowed to the west. The seventh of these streams followed king Blaugenee-ratha. The royal sage, the illustrious Blaugenee-ratha, seated on a resplendent car, led the other four streams following pouring down from the sky upon the head of Shanka, and afterwards upon the earth, her streams rolled along with a shrill sound. The earth was willingly chosen by the fallen fishes, the turtles, the porpoises, and the birds. The royal sages, the Gondhuvas, Vakhus and the Brahma, beheld her fall down the one, and the other to the earth; yea, the gods, immovable in power, filled with surprise, came thither with chariots resembling a city, horses, and elephants, and litters, desirous of seeing the wonderful and unparalleled descent of Gongua into the world. Irritated by the descending gods, and the splendor of their ornaments, the cloudless atmosphere shone with the splendor of a hundred suns, while, by the uneasy porpoises, the serpents, and the fishes, the air was coruscated as with lightning. Through the whole form of the waters, spreading in a thousand dimensions, and the depths of the cloud, the atmosphere appeared filled with autumnal clouds. Gongua, with the descending effulgence, falling from the head of Shanka, and thence to the earth, ran in some places with a rapid stream, in others in a tortuous current; here widely spreading, there descending into caverns, and again spouting upward; in some places it moved slowly, stimulating all that beheld it; in others, it rose upwards, and again fell to the earth. Knowing its purity, the sages, the Gondhuvas, and the inhabitants of the earth, touched the water fallen from the body of Blurga.\*\*\* Those who, through a curse, had fallen from heaven to earth, having performed ablation in this stream, became free from sin; cleansed from sin by this water, and restored to happiness, they entered the sky, and returned again to heaven. By this illustrious stream was the world rejoiced, and by performing ablution in Gongua, became free from impurity.

The royal sage, Blaugenee-ratha, seated on a resplendent car, while Gongua followed after the gods, O Rama! with the sages, the Dityas, the Divas, the Kshiras, the chief Gondhuvas, and Vakhus, with the Kikurvas, the chief sages, and all the Upajivas, together, with aquatic animals, following the chariot of Blaugenee-ratha, attended Gongua. Whither king Blaugenee-ratha went, thither went the renowned Gongua, the chief of streams, the destroyer of all sin.

After this, Gongua, in her course, inundated this sacrificial ground of the great Juhnoo of ascending deities, who was then offering sacrifice. Juhnoo, O Blaugenee-ratha! perceiving her pride enraged, drank up the whole of the water of Gongua—a most astounding deed! At this the gods, the Gondhuvas, and the sages, exceedingly surprised, adored the great Juhnoo, the most excellent of men, and named Gongua the daughter of this great sage.

The illustrious chief of men, pleased, discharged Gongua from his ears. Having liberated her, he, recognizing the great Blaugenee-ratha, the chief of kings, then present, duly honored him, and returned to the place of sacrifice. From the deed Gongua, the daughter of Juhnoo, obtained the name Juhnowee.

Gongua now went forward again, following the chariot of Blaugenee-ratha. Having reached the sea, the chief of streams proceeded to Patala, to accomplish the work of Blaugenee-ratha. The wise and royal sage, having, with great labor, conducted Gongua thither, he befell his ancestors reduced to ashes. Then, O chief of Raghubar's race, that heap of ashes, bathed by the excellent waters of Gongua, and purified from sin, the sons of the king obtained heaven. Having arrived at the sea, the king, followed by Gongua, entered the subterraneous regions, where lay the sacred ashes. After these, O Rama! had been laved by the water of Gongua, Brahma, the lord of all, thus addressed the king: O chief of men! thy protectors, the sixty charmed sons of the great Sugra, are all delivered by thee; and the great and perennial receptacle of water, called by Sugra's name, shall henceforth be universally known by the appellation of Sugra.* As long, O king! as the waters of the sea continue in the earth, so long shall the sons of Sugra remain in heaven, in all the splendor of gods.

This Gongua, O king! shall be thy cherished daughter, known throughout the three worlds (by the name) Blaugenee-ratha; and because she passed through the earth, the chief of rivers shall be called Gongua throughout the universe. (She shall also be) called Tripura, on account of her entrance forward in three different directions, watering the three worlds. Thus she is named by the gods and sages. She is called Gongua, O sovereign of the Vashyas! on account of her flowing through Gongua,\* and her third name, O thou observer of cows! is Blaugenee-ratha. O, accomplished one! through the affection to thee, and regard to me, these names will remain; as long as Gongua, the great river, shall remain in the world, so long shall this yeathless fame live throughout the universe. O lord of men! O king! perform here the funeral rites of all! and, being possessed of merit of thelike, who wishes of theirs was not obtained by thine ancestors highly renowned, chief among the priests! not by Unghoosoo, unpaired in the universe, so earnestly desiring the descent of Gongua, O beloved one! I was this object of desire obtained. Nor, O possessed of a steady mind, that by this (Gongua) (obtained) by thine illustrious father Dwipeevas, the Rajputi eminently accomplished, whose energy was equal to that of a Muhueshe, and who, established in all the virtues of the Kshetras, in sacred austerities equalled myself. This great design has been fully accomplished by thee, O chief of men! Thy fame, the blessing so much desired, will spread throughout the world. O subject of enemies! this descent of Gongua has been effected by thee. This Gongua is the great abode of virtue; by this deed thou art become possessed of the divinity itself. In this thou art constantly here by thyself. O chief of men! Purified, O most excellent of mortals, on a pustaker of the fruit of holiness; perform the funeral ceremonies of all thy ancestors. May blessings attend thee, O chief of men! I return to heaven.

The renowned one, the sovereign of the gods, the sire of the universe, having thus spoken, returned to heaven.

King Blaugenee-ratha, the royal sage, having performed the funeral ceremonies of the descendants of Sugra, in proper order of succession, according to the ordinance; the renowned one having also, O chief of men! performed the customary

* Sugra is one of the most common names for the sea which the Hindoes have.

† From the root gam, supporting motion.

‡ The earth.

§ The end of thy vows is accomplished, therefore now relinquish thy vows of bringing an ascetic.
ceremonies, and purified himself, returned to his own city, where he governed the kingdom. Having (again,) O Rug- kara! possessed of abundant wealth, obtained their king, his people rejoiced; their sorrow was completely removed; they increased in wealth and prosperity, and were freed from disease.

"Thus, O Rama! has the story of Ganga been related at large by me. May prosperity attend thee; may every good be the lot of this Earth; may East receive him who causes this relation, securing wealth, fame, longevity, posti2city, and heaven, to be heard among the Brahmanas, the Kshatriyas, or the other tribes of men, his ancestors rejoice, and to him are the gods propitious; and he who hears this admirable story of the descent of Ganga, ensuring long life, shall obtain Kaśyapa-deva! all the wishes of his heart. All his sins shall be destroyed, and his life and fame be abundantly prolonged." 

End of the thirty-fifth Section, describing the descent of Ganga.

Parvati. — X. 2, p. 584.

A3 the Devatas, and other inhabitants of the celestial regions, being collected at the summits of Braçavat, to arrange the ceremonies of the marriage of Sceva and Parvati, first came Hanuman, mounted on his goose, with the Roysehes at his stirrup; next Veeshhu, riding on Garoot, his eagle, with the chank, the chakra, the club, and the pedive in his hands; Eesuna, also, and Yama, and Cvera, and Varuna, and the rivers Ganga and Jamna, and the seven Seas. The Gandavas also, and the Nymphs of the Yassowake, and other seigeants, in obedience to the commands of Sceva, all dressed in superb chains and habits of ceremony, were to be seen in order amidst the crowded and glittering cavalcade.

And now, Sceva, after the arrival of all the Devatas, and the completion of the preparations for the procession, set out, in the utmost pomp and splendor, from the mountain Kilas. His third eye flamed like the sun, and the crescent on his forehead assumed the form of a radiant diadem; his snakes were exchanged for chains and necklaces of pearls and rubies, his ashes for sandal and perfume, and his elephant's skin for a silken robe, so that none of the Devatas in brilliance came near his figure. The bridal attendants now spread wide abroad the carpet of congratulation, and arranged in order the banquets of bliss. Nature herself assumed the appearance of renovated youth, and the surrounding universe recalled its long forgotten happiness. The Gandavas and Aparnas began their melodious songs, and the Genes and Karcans displayed the magic of their various musical instruments. The earth and its inhabitants exulted with tongues of glorification and triumph; fresh moisture invigorated the withered victimes of time; a thousand happy and animating conceptions inspired the hearts of the intelligent, and enlightened the wisdom of the thoughtful: The kingdom of exterior forms obtained gladness; the world of intellect acquired brightness. The dwellers upon earth were exalted by the appearance of the personages of the universe; the jewels of the diadem, and the reverend pilgrims exchanged their beads for pearls. The joy of those on earth ascended up to heaven, and the Tree of the bliss of those in heaven extended its auspicious branches downwards to the earth. The eyes of the Devatas flamed like torches on beholding these scenes of rapture, and the hearts of the just kindled like torchwood on hearing these ravishing symphonies. Thus Sceva set off like a garden in full bloawe, and paradise was eclipsed by his motion. — MAHNI, from the Sceva-Purvan.

Then the heart of the Universe stood still. — X. 2, p. 584.

Long after these lines were written, I was amused at finding a parallel passage in a sermon:

Quando o Sol parou de vozes de Jósew, acontecerem no mundo todas aquellas conseqüencias, que para ele movimento celeste, consideram os Filósofos. As plantas por tudo aquello trampo nam ccrecem: as castanhas dos elecrnos, e dos miras, nam se alter- ram: a grageira e o depoimento que se conserva o mesmo: as artes e os exercícios de hum e outro Estoico estarem suspensos; as Antipodas nam trabalhem, porque, lhes falta a luz; os de eina consuntos de trem compósito de decidem o trabalho: estes passamem de verem o Sol que se nam movia:

Sura. — X. 16, p. 586.

Sura, the Sun. The poets and painters describe his car as drawn by seven green horses, preceded by Jeraun, or the Dawn who acts as his charioteer, and followed by thousands of genii, worshipping him, and modulating his praises. Surya is believed to have descended frequently from his car in a human shape, and to have left a race on earth, who are equally renowned in the Indian stories with the Heliod of Greece. It is very singular that his two sons, called Aswam of Aswamcaramer, in the Duhl, should be considered as twin brothers, and painted like Costor and Phoebus; but they each have the character of Acculletis among the gods, and are believed to have been born of a nymph, who, in the form of a Zara, was impregnated with sunbeams. — Sir W. Joves.

That sun, O daugher of Ganga! than which nothing is higher, to which nothing is equal, enlightens the summit of the sky, with the sky enlightens the earth — with the earth enlightens the lower worlds; enlightens the higher worlds, enlightens other worlds; — it enlightens the breasts, — enlightens all besides the breast. — Sir W. Jones, from the Vedas.

Forgetful of his Dragon foe. — X. 16, p. 586.

Rāhu was the son of Cusinya and Devi, according to some authorities; but others represent Sivakasi (perhaps the sphinx) as his natural mother. He had four arms; his lower ports ended in a tail like that of a dragon; and his aspect was grim and gloomy, like the darkness of the chase, whom he had also the name of Trasas. He was the adviser of all mischief among the Daityas, who had a regard for him; but among the De-

cetas it was his chief delight to sow dissolution; and when the gods had produced the amrit, by charging the ocean, he dis
guised himself like one of them, and received a portion of it; but the Sun and Moon having discovered his fraud, Vishnu severed his head and two of his arms from the rest of his monstrous body. That part of the nectarous fluid which he had to swallow secured his immortality; his trunk and dragon-like tail fell on the mountain of Mount, where Mini, a Brahman, carefully preserved them by the name of Cetus; and, as if a complete body had been formed from them, like a dis
membered polyhe, he is even said to have adopted Cetus as his own child. The head, being driven down to the sands of Barhara, where Prashna's was then walking with Sivashen, by some called his wife: They carried the Daitya to their palace, and adopted him as their son; whence he acquired the name of Prasen Vang. This extravagant fable is, no doubt, an astrological idea, since the lamps when the ascent of the Sun is rising, or the astrologers call the head and tail of the dragon. It is added, that they appeased Vishnu, and obtained re-admission to the firmament, but were no longer visible from the earth, their enlightened sides being turned from it; that Rāhu strives, during every rising and setting, in the Sun and Moon, who detected him; and that Cetus often appears as a comet, a whirlwind, a fiery meteor, a water-spout, or a column of sand. — WILFORD. Ancient Researches.

Suras. — X. 18, p. 586.

The word Sura, in Sanscrit, signifies both wine and true wealth; hence, in the first Chapter of the Rigavas of Vedic, it is expressly said that the Devarct, having received the Sura, acquired the title of Sura, and the Daityas that of Abara, from not having received it. The Vedas are represented as that wine and true wealth. — PATTESON. Ancient Researches.


Eternal Cam! or doth SMARU bright, Or proud Ananga, give the more delight? — Sir W. Joves.
He was the son of Max, or the general attracting power, and married to Retty, or Affection, and his bosom friend is Bees, or Spry. He is represented as a beautiful youth, sometimes emerging with his head from the mouth of a garry'se cup; sometimes riding by moonlight on a parrot or lary, and attended by dancing girls or nymphs, the foremost of whom bears his colors, which is a fish on a red ground. His favorite place of resort is a large tract of country round Ayra, and principally the plains of Mota, where Kenneth also, and the nine Gorga, who are clearly the Apollo and Mars of the Greeks, usually spend the night with music and dance. His bow of sugar cane or flowers, with a string of bees, and his fire arrows, each pointed with an Indian blossom of a heating quality, are altogether equally new and beautiful.

It is possible that the words Dipire and Cupid, which have the same signification, may have the same origin; since we know that the old Hebrews, from whom great part of the Roman language and religion was derived, and whose system had a near affinity with that of the Persians and Indians, used to write their lines alternately forwards and backwards, as arrows are made by the plough. — Sir W. Jones.

Mahadeva and Parvati were playing with dice at the ancient game of Chatarnaga, when they disputed, and parted in wrath; the dice were laid by the goddess upon the plough, properly belonging to Cashinadwip. They severely performed rigid acts of devotion to the Supreme Being; but the fires which they kindled blazed so venomously as to threaten a general conflagration. The Devas, in great alarm, hastened to Brahman, who held the fire of the universe in his hand, and supplicated him to come to Cashinadwip. He consented, and sent two thousand armed horses, but the crafty deity only answered, That she must come by her own free choice. They accordingly despatched Ganga, the river goddess, who prevailed on Parvati to return to him, on condition that his love for her should be restored. The celestial musketers then set out, and in a short time were rejoiced, a grove sprang up, which was named Cumavvans; and the receding god, in the character of Coimswan, consoled the afflicted Retti, the widow of Cam, by assuring her that she should rejoice her husband when he should be born again in the form of Pradyumna, son of Krishna, and should put Sambalm to death. This favorable prediction was in due time accomplished, and Pradyumna having sprung to life, he was instantly seized by the demon Sambala, who phrased him in a chest, which he threw into the ocean. His son and grand-daughter, a princess and a prince, were caught in a net, and carried to the palace of a tyrant, where the unfortunate Retti had been compelled to do menial service. It was her lot to open the fish, and seeing an infant in the fish, she nursed him in private, and educated him, till he had sufficient strength to destroy the malignant Sambala. He had before considered Retti as his mother; but the minds of them both being irradiated, the prophecy of Mahadeva was remembered, and the God of Love was again united with the Goddess of Pleasure. — Wilford. Asiatic Researches.

Eating his very core of life away. — XI. p. 582.

One of the wonders of this country is the Jeggerkarh, orLiver-eater. One of this class can steal away the liver of another by looks and incantations. Other accounts say, that, by looking at a person, he deprives him of his senses, and then steals from him something resembling the seed of a pomegranate, which he hides in the cuf of his leg. The Jeggerkarh brings the monsters then, and together with the cuf of his pants, for they are embroidered round with gold, are thrown over the neck of his victim. They often cut one cuf open on the magicians leg, extract the grain, and give it to the afflicted person to eat, he immediately recovers. These Jeggerkarhs are mostly women. It is said, moreover, that they can bring intelligence from a great distance in a short space of time; and if they are thrown into a river, with a stone tied to them, they nevertheless will not sink. In order to deprive any one of this wicked power, they bend the temple, and with every joint in his body, cramp his eyes with salt, suspend him for thirty days in a dark and cavern, and repeat over him certain incantations. In this state he is called Detche-rid. Although, after having undergone this discipline, he is not able to destroy the liver of any one, yet he retains the power of being discovered another Jeggerkarh, and is used for detecting those distant and insensible beings. They can also cure many diseases, by administering a potion, or by repeating an incantation. Many other marvelous stories are told of these people. — Aven Accery.

An Arabian old man named Abuk, was thrown in prison, on a charge of having bewitched, or being bewitched himself, or having bewitched another. He was the heart of a young native of Omrus, who had lately, from being a Christian, turned Mahomedan. The cause of offence was, that the young man, after keeping company some time with one of her daughters, had broken it: he himself, who was in a pitiable condition, and in danger of his life, was one of her accusers. This sort of witchcraft, which the Indians call eating the heart, and which is what we call bewitching as sorcerers do by their venemous and deadly looks, is not a new thing, nor unheard of elsewhere; for many persons practiced in the forest of Gauri, or wilders, especially among the country of the Tribals, as we learn from Orths, who took the account from Pliny, who, upon the report of Isigones, testifies, that this species of enchantment was much in use among these people, and many others whom he mentions, as it is at present here, and especially using them to inhabit the western hills of the Persian Gulf, where this art is common. The way in which they do it is only by the eyes and the mouth, keeping the eyes fixed steadily upon the person whose heart they desire to eat, and pronouncing, between their teeth, I know not what alphabetical words, and then they imagine they have possessed the whole body, and, by which, and by the operation of the devil, the person, how high and strong soever, falls immediately into an unknown and incurable disease, which makes him appear phthisical, consumes him little by little, and at last destroys him. And this takes place faster or more slowly, according to the size of the heart, and by which these persons or sorcerers can either eat the whole or a part only; that is, can consume it entirely and at once, or bit by bit, as they please. The vulgar give it this name, because they believe that the devil, acting upon the imagination of the witch when she mutters her wicked words, represents invisibly to her the heart and entrails of the patient, taken out of his body, and makes her devour them. In which these wretches find so delightful a task, that very often, to satisfy their appetite, without any impulse of resentment or envy, they will destroy human bodies, which are often the nearest relatives, as there is a report that our prisoner killed one of her own daughters in this manner.

This was confirmed to me by a similar story, which I heard at Jopahun, from the mouth of E. Sebastian de Jesus, a Portuguese-Augustinian, a man to be believed, and of singular virtue, who was prior of their convent when I departed. He assured me, that, in one of the places dependent upon Porto gal, on the confines of_Asia Felix, I know not whether it was at Mascate or at Omrus, an Arab having been taken up for a similar crime, and after he had confessed it, for he confessed all, for he confessed all, the captain, or governor of the place, who was a Portuguese, that he might better understand the truth of these black and devilish actions, of which there is no doubt in this country, made the sorcerer he brought before him before he was led to his punishment, and asked him, if he could cut the inside of a cucumber without opening it, as well as the heart of a man? The sorcerer said yes; and, in order to prove it, a cucumber was brought: he looked at it, never touching it, steadily for some time, with his usual enchantments, and then told the captain he had eaten that cucumber accordingly when it was opened, nothing was found but the rind. This is not impossible; for the devil, of whom they make use in these operations, having, in the order of nature, greater power than all inferior creatures, can, with God's permission, produce these effects, and others more marvelous.

The same father told me, that one of these sorcerers, whether it was the same or not I do not know, having been taken for a similar offence, was asked if he could eat the
heart of the Portuguese captain? and he replied no; for the Franks had a certain thing upon the breast, which covered them like a cuirass, and was so impenetrable, that it was proof against all his charges. This can be nothing else but the virtue of baptism, the armor of the faith, and the privileges of the sons of the church, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail.

To return, however, to my first subject:—This witch of Combrou made some difficulty at first to confess her guilt; but seeing herself pressed with threats of death, and being hot, in fact, to the public square, where I saw her with the sick young man, she said, that though she had not been the cause of his complaint, perhaps she could cure it, if they would let her remain alone with him, in his house without incuba- tion; by which she tacitly confessed her witchcraft: for it is held certain in those countries, that these wicked women can remove the malady which they have caused, if he be not come to the last extremity. And of many remedies which they use to restore health to the sufferers, there is one very extraor-dinary, which is, that the witch cutes something out of her mouth, like the grain of a pomegranate, which is believed to be a part of the heart she had eaten. The patient picks it up immediately, as part of his own intestines, and greedily swal-lows it; and by this means, as if his heart was replaced in his body, he recovers by degrees his health. I dare not as-sure you of these things as certainly true, not having myself seen them, surpassing as they do the course of nature. If they are as is said, it can be only in appearance, by the illus-sions of the devil; and if the afflicted recover actually their health, it is because the same devil ceases to torment them. Without dwelling longer upon these curious speculations, the witch having given hopes that she would cure the patient, the officers promised that she should receive no injury, and they were both sent home; but an archer was set over her as a guard, that she might not escape. — Pietro Bella Valle.

The Calis.— XI. 6, p. 588.

The Calis and Pandaris are the protectresses of cities; each city has its own. They address prayers to these tutelary divinities, and build temples to them, offering to them blood in sacrifice, and sometimes human victims. These objects of worship are not immortal, and they take their name from the city over which they preside, or from the form in which they are represented. They are commonly framed of a gigantic stature, having several arms, and the head surrounded with flames; several fierce animals are also placed under their feet. — Somner.

Sati, the dreadful God, who rules abroad
Upon the King of the Ravers. — XI. 6, p. 588.

Major Moor has a curious remark upon this subject:—

"Sati being among the astrologers of India, as well as with their ancient brethren of Europe, a planet of unquiet as-pects, the ill-omened raven may be deemed a fit Vaban for such a dreaded being. But this is not, I think, a sufficient reason for the conspicuous introduction of the raven into the mythological machinery of the Hindu system, so accurate, so connected, and so complete in all its parts; although the investigations that it hath hitherto undergone have not fully developed or reached such points of perfection. Now let me ask the reason, why, both in England and in India, the raven is so rare a bird? It breeds every year, like the crow, and is much longer alive; and while the latter bird abounds every where, to a degree bordering on nuisance, a pair of ravens, for they are seldom seen singly or in trios, are scarcely found duplicated in any place. Perhaps, take England or India over, two pair of ravens will not be found, on an average, in the extent of five hundred or a thousand acres. I know not, for I write where I have no access to books, if our naturalists have sought the theory of this; or whether it may have first occurred to me, which it did while contemplating the char-acter and attributes of this bird, the raven destroys brahmins, and if this nation he well founded, and on no other can I ac-count for the rareness of the annual-breeding, long-lived raven, we shall at once see the propriety of symbolizing it with Saturn, or Kronus, or Time, devouring or destroying his own offspring." — Moote's Hindu Panchen, p. 311.

"It is remarked by Naturalists, that young ravens are for-saken before they are fledged; and therefore they would starve, if Providence had not appointed that the scraps of raw meat dropped round the nest should engender maggots and worms which serve to support them till they are in a condition to rove for food. And thus it is he feedeth the ravens." — From an old Magazine.

A thousand eyes were quenched in endless night
To form that magic globe. — XI. 8, p. 588.

A similar invention occurs in Dr. Beaumont's Psyche, one of the most extraordinary poems in our language. I am far from claiming any merit for such inventions, which no man can value more cheaply, — but such as it is, I am not be-holden for it to this forgotten writer, whose strange, long, but by no means uninteresting work I had never read till after two editions of Kehama were printed:—

A stately mirror's all-ennamelled case
The second was; no crystal ever yet
Smiled with such rapture; never ladies' glass
He ever owned did attempt to smooth a cheat.
Nor could Narcissus' fount with such delight
Into his fair destruction he invite.
For he in that and self-love being drown'd,
Agone from him pluck'd his doting eyes,
And, shuddled in her fragments, having found
Old Jezebels, he stoke the dog's due price.
Goliah's staring hairc too he got,
Which he with Pharoah's all together put.

But not content with these, from Phaeton,
From Jao, Icarus, Nebuchadnezzar,
From Philip and his world-devouring son,
From Sylla, Catiline, Tullly, Pompey, Caesar,
From Herod, Chosamur, and Scipions,
From Agrrippan and Domitianus.

And many sturdy states, theirs he pull'd;
Whose proudest humors having drain'd out,
He identified in a large and polished mould;
Which up he siff'd with what from heaven he brought,
In extract of those books of Lucifer,
In which against his God he breathed war.

Then to the North, that glassy kingdom, where
Establish'd frost and ice forever reign,
He spid his course, and meeting Borea there,
Pray'd him this liquid mixture to restrain.
When lo! as Borea oped his mouth and blow
For his command, the slime all solid grew.

Thus was the mirror forg'd, and contain'd
The vigor of those self-admiring eyes
Agone's witchcraft into it had strain'd;
A dangerous juncture of proud fallacies;
Whose false looks so mesmer'd him, that he,
Thrice having kiss'd it, nam'd it Phialasty,

Inchant'd Psychic ravish'd was to see
The Glass herself upon herself reflect
With troubled majesty. The sun, when he
Is by Aurora's recent fingers deck'd,
Vews not his repercuss'd self so fair
Upon the eastern main, as she did here.

Be true unto yourselves. — XII. 3, p. 590.

The passage in which Moote exhorts a witness to speak the truth is one of the few sublime ones in his Institutes.

"The soul itself is its own witness; the soul itself is its own refuge; offend not thy conscious soul, the supreme internal witness of men! — The sinfull have said in their hearts, None see us. Yes, the gods distinctly see them, and so does the
spirit within their breasts.—The guardian deities of the
firmament, of the earth, of the waters, of the human heart, of
the moon, of the sun, and of fire, of punishment after death, of
the winds, of light, of both twilights, and of justice, perfectly
know the state of all spirits clothed with bodies—O friend to
virtue! that supreme Spirit, which thou believest one and
the same with thyself, resides in thy bosom perpetually, and is
an all-knowing inspector of thy goodness or thy wickedness.
If thou hast not at variance, by speaking falsely, with Yama,
the southerner of all, with Vaivasa wata the punisher, with that
great Divinity who dwells in thy breast, go not on a pil-
gregiance to the river Ganges, nor to the plains of Cura, for thou
hast no need of expiation.—Ca. viii. pp. 81, 85, 86, 91, 92.

The Annam Birds.—XII. 6, p. 500.

The Annamys act a considerable part in the history of the
Nella Rajah, an amusing romance, for a translation of which we
are indebted to Mr. Kindredley. They are milk-white, and
remariable for the gracefulness of their walk.

The Bambus Tree.—XIII. 5, p. 591.

The Berghid, or Bannian, often measures from twenty-four
to thirty feet in girth. It is distinguished from every other
tree bithiery known, by the very peculiar circumstance of
throwing out roots from all its branches. These, being pendi-
ent, and perfectly lux, in time reach the ground, which they
penetrate, and ultimately become substantial props to the very
massy horizontal boughs, which, but for such a support, must
either be stopped in their growth, or give way, from their own
weight. Many of these quoadum roots, changing their out-
ward appearance from a brown, rough rind to a regular bark,
not unlike that of the beech, increase to a great diameter.
They may be often seen from four to five feet in circumfer-
ce, and in a true perpendicular line. An observer, ignorant
of their nature, might think them artificial, and that they had
been placed for the purpose of sustaining the boughs from
which they originated. They proceed from all the branches
indiscriminately, whether near or far removed from the
ground. They appear like new swags, such as are in use on
board ships; however, few reach sufficiently low to take a
hold of the soil, except those of the lower branches. I have
seen some do so from a great height, but they were thin, and
did not promise well. Many of the ramifications pendent from
the higher branches are seen to turn round the lower branches,
but without any obvious effect on either; possibly, however,
you may derive sustenance even from that partial mode of
communication. The height of a full-grown Bannian may be
from sixty to eighty feet; and many of them, I am fully con-
dfident, cover at least two acres. Their leaves are similar to,
but rather larger than those of the laurel. The wood of the
trunk is used only for fuel; it is light and brittle; but the
pillars formed by the roots are valuable, being extremely
elastic and light, working with ease, and possessing great
toughness; it resembles a good kind of ash.—Orlntal Field
Sports, voL ii. p. 112.

The Lotus.—XIII. 6, p. 592.

The lotus abounds in the numerous lakes and ponds of the
province of Garh; and we had the pleasure of comparing
several varieties; single and full white, and tinged with deep
or with faint tints of red. To a near view, the simple ele-
geance of the white lotus gains no necessity of beauty from the
multiplication of its petals, nor from the tinge of gaudy hue;
but the richest tint is most pleasing, when a lake, covered
with full-blown lotus, is contemplated.—Journey from Mysore
to Nagpur.—Asiat. Annual Register, 1896.

They built them here a Boxer, &c.—XIII. 7, p. 592.

The materials of which these houses are made are always
easy to be procured, and the structure is so simple, that a
spacious, and by no means uncomfortable dwelling, suited to
the climate, may be erected in one day. Our habitation, con-
sisting of three small rooms, and a hall open to the north, in
little more than four hours was in readiness for our reception;
fifty or sixty laborers completed it in that time, and on emer-
gency could perform the work in much less. Bamboos, grass
for thatching, and the ground rattan, are all the materials
required; but no art is used in the whole, the strongest
strong bamboos, from eight to ten feet high, are fixed firm
in the ground, which describe the outline, and are the supporters
of the building; smaller bamboo are then tied horizontally, by strips of the ground, to these upright posts; the walls, composed of bamboo mats, are fastened to the sides with similar ligatures: bamboo rafters are quickly raised, and a roof formed, over which thatch is spread in regular layers, and bound to the roof by filaments of ratan. A floor of bamboo pavement is next laid in the inside, elevated two or three feet above the ground; this flooring is supported on bamboo, and covered with mats and carpets. Thus ends the process, which is not more simple than effectual. When the workmen take pains, a house of this sort is proof against very inclement weather. We experienced, during our stay at Monday, a severe storm of wind and rain, but no water penetrated, nor thatch escaped: and if the tempest should blow down the house, the inhabitants would run no risk of having their brains knocked out, or their bones broken; the full of the whole fabric would not crush a lady's hip-dog. — Styer's Embassy to Asia.

Jungle-grass.—XIII. 7, p. 592.

In this district the long grass called jungle is more prevalent than I ever yet noticed. It rises to the height of seven or eight feet, and is topped with a beautiful white down, resembling a swan’s feather. It is the mantle with which nature here covers all the uncultivated ground, and at once vells the indolence of the people and the nakedness of their land. It has a fine showy appearance, as it undulates in the wind, like the waves of the sea. Nothing but the want of greater variety to its color prevents it from being one of the finest and most beautiful objects in that rich store of productions with which nature spontaneously supplies the imprisoning natives. — TENNANT.

In such libations, poured in open glades, beside clear streams and solitary shades, The Spirit of the virtuous debut delight. — XIII. 7, p. 592.

The Hindoos are enjoined by the Veda to offer a cake, which is called Pedana, to the ghosts of their ancestors, as far back as the third generation. This ceremony is performed on the day of the new moon in every month. The offering of water is in like manner enjoined to be performed daily; and this ceremony is called Turpan, to satisfy, to appease. The souls of such men as have left children to continue their generation, are supposed to be transported, immediately upon quitting their bodies, into a certain region called the Pitres Log, where they may continue in proportion to their former virtues, provided these ceremonies be not neglected; otherwise they are precipitated into Nisk, and doomed to be born again in the bodies of unclean beasts; and until, by repeated regeneration, all their sins are done away, and they attain such a degree of perfection as will entitle them to what is called Moksha, eternal salvation, by which is understood a release from future transmigration, and an absorption in the nature of the godhead, which is called Braham. — Willkins. Note to the Bhagvat Gata.

The divine manes are always pleased with an oblation in empty glades, naturally clean, on the banks of rivers, and in solitary spots. — Inst. of Men.

Parn potenn Monez; pictus pro dicele grata est
Manze; non auratus Styx habet ima Dios.

Ovid. Fast. II. 535.

Vonaducre. — XIII. 8, p. 592.

This wife of Yezshmo is the Goddess of the Earth and of Patience. No direct adoration is paid her; but she is held to be a silent and attentive spectator of all that passes in the world. — Kindebrey.

Tassel-grass.—XIII. 11, p. 592.

The Surpat, or tassel-grass, which is much the same as the guinea-grass, grows to the height of twelve or fourteen feet. It's stem becomes so thick as to resemble in some measure a reed. It is very strong, and grows very luxuriantly: it is even used as a fence against cattle; for which purpose, it is often planted on banks excavated from ditches, to enclose fields of corn, &c. It grows wild in all the uncultivated parts of India, but especially in the lower provinces, in which it occupies immense tracts; sometimes mixing with, and rising above, coppices; affording an asylum for elephants, rhinoceroses, &c. They frequently is laid by high winds, of which breaking saws fail not to take advantage, by forming their nests, and concealing their young under the protrude grass. — Oriental Sports, vol. i. p. 32.

Lo! from his trunk, upward, aloft he flights The grateful choicer; and saw
Plucking the broad-leasted boughs.

Of yonder plane, he moves it to and fro. — XIII. 11, p. 592.

Nature has provided the elephant with means to cool its heated surface, by enabling it to draw from its throat, by the aid of its trunk, a copious supply of saliva, which the animal sports with force very frequently all over its skin. It also sucks up dust, and blows it over its back and sides, to keep off the flies, and may often be seen fanning itself with a large bough, which it uses with great ease and dexterity. — Oriental Sports, vol. i. p. 100.

Till his strong temples, bathed with sudden flows, Their fragrance of delight and love diffus was. — XIII. 11, p. 592.

The Hindoo poets frequently allude to the fragrant juice which exudes, in certain stones, from small ducts in the temples of the male elephant, and is useful in relieving him from the redundant moisture, with which he is oppressed; and they even describe the bees as altered by the scent, and mistaking it for that of the sweetest flowers. When Krishna visited Srezla-dvipa, and had destroyed the demons who infected that delightful country, he passed along the bank of a river, and was charmed with a delicious odor, which its waters diffused in their course. He was eager to view the source of so fragrant a stream, but was informed by the natives that it flowed from the temples of an elephant, immensely large, milk-white, and beautifully formed; that he governed a numerous race of elephants; and that the odorous fluid which exuded from his temples in the season of love had formed the river; that the Devas, or inferior gods, and the Apeans, or nymphs, bathed and sported in its waters, impassioned and intoxicated with the liquid perfume. — Wilford. Asiatic Researches.

The native Monkeys, whose wild gambols late Shook the whole wood. — XIII. 12, p. 593.

They are so numerous on the island of Balma, says Capt. Beever in his excellent book, that I have seen on a calm evening, when there was not an air sufficiently strong to agitate a leaf, the whole surrounding wood in so much motion, from their playful gambols among its branches, as if it had blown a strong wind.

Not that in earful skill that sworest bird Her rival strain would try. — XIII. 12, p. 593.

I have been assured by a credible eye-witness, that two wild antelopes used to often come from their woods to the place where a more savage beast, Sirajuddubba, entertained himself with concert, and that they listened to the strains with an appearance of pleasure till the monster, in whose soul there was no music, shot one of them, to display his art. A learned native of this country told me that he had frequently seen the most venomous and malignant snakes leave their holes, upon hearing tones on a flute, which, as he supposed, gave them peculiar delight. An intelligent Persian, who repeated his story again and again, and permitted me to write it down from his lips, declared, he had more than once been present when a celebrated lutanist, Nirza Mohammed, surkuned Balbali, was playing to a large company, in a grove near Shiraz, where he distinctly saw the nightingales trying to vie with the musician; sometimes waving on the trees, some-
No idle ornaments deface
Her natural grace.—XIII. 13, p. 593.

The Hindoo Wife, in Sth William Jones’s poem, describes her own toilet tasks:—

Nor were my night thoughts, I confess,
Free from solicitude for dress;
How best to bind my flowing hair
With art, yet with an artless air,—
My hair, like musk in scent and hue,
Oh! blacker far, and sweeter too!
In what nice head, or glossy curl,
To fix a diamond or a pearl,
And where to smooth the love-spread braid
With cord or jasmine’s fragrant coil?
How to adjust the golden Tiara,
And most adorn my forehead sleek;
What could I Should emblaze my ears,
Like Selia’s | waves, or Selia’s | tears;
How elegantly to dispose
Bright circlets for my well-formed nose;
With strings of rubies how to deck,
Or emerald rows, my stately neck;
While some that ebon tower embraced,
Some pendant sought my slender waist;
How next my parted well to choose
From silken stores of varied hue,
Which would attract the roving view,
Pink, violet, purple, orange, blue;
The lovliest mantle to select,
Or unembellished’d or bedeck’d;
And how my twisted scarf to place
With most inimitable grace,
(Too thin its warp, too fine its woof,
For eyes of males not beauty-proof?)
What skirt the mantle best would suit,
Ornate, with stars, or tinted fruit;
The flower-embroider’d or the plain,
With silver or with golden vein;
The Cherry | bright, which gayly shows
Fair alpaca-embroidery;
How each smooth arm, and each soft wrist,
By richest Caun’s | might be kis’d,
While some my tapers ankles round,
With sunny radiance tinged the ground

See how he kisses the lip of my rival, and imprints on her forehead an ornament of pure musk, black as the young antelope on the lunar orb! Now, like the husband of Reti, he fixes white blossoms on her dark locks, where they gleam like flashes of lightning among the turban curls. On her breasts, like two tunicaments, he places a string of gems like a radiant constellation; he binds on her arms, graceful as the stalks of the water-lily, and adorned with hands glowing like the petals of its flower, a bracelet of sapphires, which resemble a cluster of beams. Ah! see how he ties round her waist a rich girtle illumined with golden bells, which seem to laugh as they tinkle, at the inferior brightness of the leafy garlands which javers hang on their brows, to propitiate the god of desire. He places her soft foot, as he reclines by her side, on her marble couch, and clasps it with the ruddy hue of Yavan. —

Sandal-streak. — XIII. 13, p. 593.

The Hindoos, especially after bathing, paint their faces with ochre and sandal-wood ground very fine into a pulp.

The custom is principally confined to the male sex, though the women occasionally wear a round spot, either of sandal, which is of a light dun color, or of saffron; that is, a preparation of vermillion, between the eyebrows, and a stripe of the same running up the front of the head, in the narrow made according to the general practice of dividing all the frontal hair equally to the right and left, where it is rendered smooth, and glazed by a thin varnish, made by steeping linseed for a while in water. When dry, the hair is all firmly matted together, and will retain its form for many days together. —


Nor arm nor ankling— XIII 13, p. 593.

Glass rings are universally worn by the women of the Deccan, as an ornament on the wrists; and their applying closely to the arm is considered as a mark of delicacy and beauty, for they must of course be passed over the hand. In doing this, a girl seldom escapes without drawing blood, and rubbing part of the skin from her hand; and as every well-dressed girl has a number of rings on each arm, and as these are frequently breaking, the poor creatures suffer much from their love of admiration. — Buchanam.

The dear retreat. — XIII. 13, p. 593.

There is a beautiful passage in Statius, which may be quoted here: it is in that poet’s best manner:—

Quae vicina valueris jam sedula partes,
Jamque timetas quod fuisse domum suspenderat inuenas,
Providet hic ventus, hic anniae modi ansus,
Hinc homines; tandem dulcis plantam umbra, novitque
Vitae stolat iuvant, et protunus arbore amat.

Achill. ii. 312.

Jaga-Newt. — XIV. p. 593.

This temple is to the Hindoos what Meeca is to the Mahomedans. It is resorted to by pilgrims from every quarter of India. It is the chief seat of Brahminical power, and a strong-hold of their superstition. At the annual festival of the Butt Jatta, seven hundred thousand persons (as has been computed by the Pundits in College) assemble at this place. The number of deaths in a single year, caused by voluntary devotion, by imprisonment for non-payment of the demands of the Brahmins, or by the scarcity of provisions for such a multitude, is incredible. The precincts of the place are covered with bones. — Claudius Buchanam.

Many thousands of people are employed in carrying water from Hardwar to Juggernaut, for the uses of that temple. It is there supposed to be peculiarly holy, as it issues from what is called the Cow’s Mouth. This superstitious notion is the cause of as much host labor as would long since have converted the largest province of Asia into a garden. The numbers thus employed are immense; they travel with two flasks of the water hung over the shoulder by means of an elastic piece of bamboo. The same quantity which employs perhaps, fifteen thousand persons, might easily be carried down the Ganges in a few boats annually. Princes and families of distinction have this water carried to them in all parts of Hindostan; it is drunk at feasts, as well as upon religious occasions. —

The near river near Kinsouge is held by some as even more efficacious in washing away moral defilement than the Ganges itself. Dr. Tennant says, that a person in Ceylon drinks daily of this water, though at the distance of, perhaps, three thousand miles, and at the expense of five thousand rupees per month.

No distinction of castes is made at this temple, but all, like a nation descended from one common stock, eat, drink, and make merry together. — Stavorinus.
The seven-headed Idol. — XIV. 1, p. 593.

The idol of Juggernaut is in shape like a serpent, with seven heads; and on the cheeks of each head it has the form of a wing, upon each cheek, which wings open, and shut, and flap, as it is moved by a specially chariot, and the idol in the midst of it; and one of the magsit sits behind it in the chariot, upon a convenient place, with a canopy, to keep the sun from injuring it.

When I, with horror, beheld these strange things, I called to mind the eighteenth chapter of the Revelations, and the first verse, and likewise the sixteenth and seventeenth verses of the said chapter, in which places there is a beast, and such idolatrous worship mentioned; and those sayings in that text are herein truly accomplished in the sixteenth verse; for the Brahmins are all marked in the forehead, and likewise all that come to worship the idol are marked also in their foreheads. — Bruton. Churchill's Collection.


The size of the chariot is not exaggerated. Speaking of another such, Niecnap says, Cerras tam horrenda conspicuus sunt ut vel aliae homines utrue trahisse videantur. — V. i. 16, § 18.

They have built a great chariot, that goeth on sixteen wheels of a side, and every wheel is five feet in height, and the chariot itself is about thirteen feet high. In this chariot, on their great festival days, at night, they place their wicked god Juggernaut; and all the Brahmins, being in number nine thousand, then attend this great idol, besides of women, and factotum some thousands, or more than a good many.

The chariot is most richly adorned with most rich and costly ornaments; and the auros wishes are placed very complete in a round circle, so artificiously that every wheel doth its proper office without any impediment; for the chariot is aloft, and in the centre between the wheels; they have also more than two thousand lights with them. And this chariot, with the idol, is also drawn with the greatest and best men of the town; and they are so eager and greedy to draw it, that whosoever, by shouldering, crowding, shoving, holding, thrusting, or any violent way, can but come to lay a hand upon the ropes, they think themselves blessed and happy; and when it is going along the city, there are many that will offer themselves as a sacrifice to this idol, and desperately lie down on the ground, that the chariot-wheels may run over them, whereby they are killed outright; some get broken arms, some broken legs; so that many of them are destroyed, and by this means they think to merit heaven. — Bruton. Churchill's Collection.

These devils lie in the track of this machine a few hours before its arrival, and, taking a soporific draught, hope to meet death asleep. — Claudio Buchanan.

A harlot-band. — XIV. 8, p. 594.

There are in India common women, called Wives of the Idol. When a woman has made a vow to obtain children, if she brings into the world a beautiful daughter, she carries her to Bod, so their idol is called, with whom she leaves her. This girl, when she is arrived at a proper age, takes an apartment in the public place, hangs a curtain before the door, and waits for those who are passing, as well Indians as of other sects among whom this debauchery is permitted. She prostitutes herself for a certain price, and all she can thus acquire she carries to the priest of the idol, that he may apply it to the service of the temple. Let us say, the Mohammedan relater, bless the Almighty and glorious God, that he has chosen us, to exempt us from all the crimes into which men are led by their unbelief. — Arabicans Relatiohs.

Invited, commendably, says Mr. Serres, by the hieroglyphic emblem of vice so conspicuously elevated, and so strikingly pointed in the temples of Mahomed, the priests of that deity indiscriminately selected the most beautiful females that could be found, and, in their tenderest years, with great pomp and solemnity, consecrated them (as it is improperly called) to the service of the presiding divinity of the pagoda.

They were trained up in every art to debase and to delight; and to the fascination of external beauty, their artful betrayers added the attractions arising from mental accomplishments. Thus was an invariable rule of the Hindoos, that women have no concern with literatus; dispensed with upon this infamous occasion. The said voluptuous virgins, with a character of sanctity, they fell victims to the lust of the Brahmins. They were early taught to practise the most alluring blandishments, to roll the expressive eye of wanton pleasure, and to invite to criminal indulgence, by stealing upon the beholder the tender look of voluptuous languishing. They were instructed to mould their elegant and airy forms into the most exciting attitudes and the most lascivious gestures, while the rapid and graceful motion of their feet, adorned with golden bells, and glittering with jewels, kept unison with the exquisite melody of their voices. Every pagoda has a band of these young sirens, whose business, on great festival days to lead in public before the idol, to sing hymns in his honor, and in private to enrich the treasury of that pagoda with the wages of prostitution. These women are not, however, regarded in a dishonorable light; they are considered as exalted to the idol, and they partake of the venery paid to him. They are forbidden ever to desert the pagoda where they are educated, and are never permitted to marry; but the offspring, if any, of their criminal embraces are considered as sacred to the idol; furthermore the daughter was taught to play on the sacred instruments used at the festivals, devoted to the abandoned occupations of their mothers. — Indian Antiquities.

These impostors take a young maid, of the fairest they can meet with, to be the bride, (as they speak and bear the be- stowed people in hand,) of Juggernaut, and they leave her all night in the temple (whilst they have carried her) with the idol, making her believe that Juggernaut himself will come and embrace her, and appointing her to ask him, whether it will be a fruitful year, what kind of possessions, feasts, prayers, and alms he demands to be made for it. In the mean time one of these lustful priests enters at night by a little back door into the temple, destitute of this young maid, and makes her believe any thing he please; and the next day, being transported from this temple into another, with the same magnificence she was carried before upon the chariot of triumph, on the side of Juggernaut, her bridegroom; these Brahmins make her say adieu, before all the people, whatsoever she has been taught of these cheats, as if she had learnt it from the very mouth of Juggernaut. — Bernard.


The fifth incarnation was in a Bramin dwarf, under the name of Vamen; it was wrought to repress the pride of the giant Boly. The latter, after having conquered the gods, especially from Sorgen, was geneious, truthful, just, and word, compassionate, and charitable. Vickenom, under the form of a very little Bramin, presented himself before him while he was sacrificing, and asked him for three ponds of land to build a hut. Boly ridiculed the apparent imbecility of the dwarf, in telling him that he ought not to limit his demand to a request so trifling; that his generosity could bestow a much larger donation of land. Vamen answered, that being of so small a stature, what he asked was more than sufficient. The prince immediately granted his request, and, to ratify his donation, poured water into his right hand; which was no sooner done, than the dwarf grew so prodigiously, that his body filled the universe! He measured the earth with one pace, and the heavens with another, and then summoned Boly to give him his word for the third. The prince then recognized him as the second, and presented his hand to him; but the god, satisfied with his submission, sent him to govern the Padalon, and permitted him to return every year to the earth, the day of the full moon, in the month of November. — Senkerly's Voyages, vol. 1. p. 21.

The Sacred Cord. — XIV. 4, p. 506.

The Brahman who officiate at the temple generally go with their heads uncovered, and the upper part of the body naked. The Zenuor, or sacred string, is tied round the body
from the left shoulder: a piece of white cotton cloth is wrapped round the loins, which descends under the knee, but lower on the left side than on the other. And in colder weather they sometimes cover their bodies with a shawl, and their heads with a red cap. The Zemnar is made of a particular kind of Jumal cotton, called fakri in it; it is composed of a certain number of threads of a fixed length. The Zemnar worn by the Khatri has fewer threads than that worn by the Brahman; and that worn by the Blysse fewer than that worn by the Khatri; but those of the Soutra caste are excluded from this distinction, none of them being permitted to wear it. —CRADFORD.

The city of Boly. — XV. 7, p. 598.
Ruins of Mahabalipour, the City of the great Boly.

A rock or rather hill of stone, is that which first engrosses the attention on approaching the place; for it rises abruptly out of a level plain of great extent, consists chiefly of one single stone, and is situated very near to the sea-beach, it is such a kind of object as an inquisitive traveller would naturally turn aside to examine. Its shape is also singular and romantic, and, from a distant view, has an appearance like some kind of party and holy edifice. On coming near to the foot of the rock from the north, works of ancient sculpture crowd so thick upon the eye, as might seem to favor the idea of a petrified town, like those that have been hewed in different parts of the world, by too curious travellers. Proceeding on to the foot of the hill, on the side facing the sea, there is a poga rising set out of the ground, of one solid stone, about sixteen or eighteen feet high, which seems to have been cut upon the spot, out of a detached rock, that has been found of a proper size for that purpose. The top is arched, and the style of architecture, according to which it is formed, different from any now used in parts of the world. A little farther on, there appears upon a huge surface of stone that just out a little from the side of the hill, a numerous group of human figures, in bas-relief, considerably larger than life, representing the most remarkable persons whose actions are celebrated in the Mahabalipour, each of them in an attitude, or with weapons, or other insignia, expressive of his character, or of some one of his most famous exploits. All these figures are doubtless much less distinct than they were at first; for upon comparing there and the rest of the sculptures that are exposed to the sea, it will be found that, though some are made like this, others have received from them protection from that element, the difference is striking — the former being everywhere much defaced, while the others are fresh as recently finished. An excavation in another part of the east side of the great rock appears to have been made to the same purpose. As a rock for the same purpose, the Chourens are usually built in that country, that is to say, for the accommodation of travellers. The rock is hollowed out to the size of a spacious room, and two or three rows of pillars are left, as a scaling support to the mountainous mines of stone which forms the rock.

The ascent of the hill on the north is, from its natural shape, gradual and easy at first, and in other parts rendered more so by very excellent steps, cut out in several places where the communication would be difficult or impracticable without them. This leading stait of this sort leads to a kind of temple cut out of the solid rock, with some figures of idols in high relief upon the walls, very well finished. From this temple there are flights of steps, that seem to have led to some edifice formerly standing upon the hill; nor does it seem absurd to suppose that this may have been a palace, to which this temple may have appartained; for besides the small detached rows of pillars that are here and there cut in the rock and seem as if they had once led to different parts of one great building, there appear in many places small water channels cut also into the rock, as in the floor of a house, and the whole top of the hill is strewn with small round pieces of brick, which may be supposed, from their appearance, to have been worn down to their present form during the lapse of many ages. On a plain surface of the rock, which may once have served as the floor of some apartment, there is a platform of stone, about eight or nine feet long, by three or four wide, in a situation rather elevated, with two or three steps leading up to it, perfectly resembling a couch or bed, and a man very well executed at the upper end of it, by way of pillow: the whole of one piece being part of the hill itself. Thus the Brahmin, inhabitants of the place, call the bed of Bhoomaraj, or Judithnar, the eldest of the five brothers, whose heads are also hewn out of the Mahbalipour.

Tell at a considerable distance from this, at such a distance, indeed, as the apartments of the women might be supposed to be from that of the men, is a bath, excavated also from the rock, with steps in the inside, which the Brahmins call the Bath of Drupedy, the wife of Judithnar and his brothers. How much credit is due to this tradition, and whether this stone couch may not have been anecdotically used as a kind of throne, rather than a bed, is matter for future inquiry. A circumstance, however, which may seem to favor this idea, is, that a throne, in the Sanscrit and other Hindoo languages, is called Saghkun, which is compounded of Sag, a lion, and koun, a seat.

But though these works may be deemed stupendous, they are surpassed by others that are to be seen at the distance of about a mile, or a mile and half, to the south of the hill. They consist of two pagodas, of about thirty feet long, by twenty feet wide, and about as much in height, cut out of the solid rock, and each consisting originally of one single stone. Their form is different from the style of architecture according to which idol temples are now built in that country. These sculptures approach more nearly to the Gothic taste, being surmounted by arched roofs or domes, but semicircular, but composed of two segments of circles meeting in a point at top. Near these also stand an elephant full as big as life, and a lion much larger than the natural size, both hewn also out of one stone.

The great rock is about fifty or one hundred yards from the sea; but close to the sea are the remains of a pagoda built of brick, and dedicated to Shiva, the greatest part of which has evidently been swallowed up by that element; for the door of the innermost apartment, in which the idol is placed, and before which there are always two or three spacious courts surrounded with walls, is now washed by the waves, and the pillar used to discover the meridian at the time of founding the pagoda, is seen standing at some distance in the sea. In the neighborhood of this building there are some detached rocks, washed also by the waves, on which appear sculptures, though now much worn and defaced. And the natives of the place declared to the writer of this account, that the more aged people among them remembered to have seen the tops of several pagodas far out to the sea, which, being covered with copper (probably gilt) were particularly visible at sunrise, as their shining surface used then to reflect the sun’s rays, but that now that effect was no longer produced, as the copper had since become incrusted with mould and mouldgris. — CHAMBERS. Asiatic Researches.

Thus hast been call’d, O Sleep! the friend of Woe,
But to the happy who have call’d thee so. — XV. 12, p. 597.

Daniel has a beautiful passage concerning Richard II. sufficiently resembling this part of the poem to be inserted here:

To Flint, from thence, into a restless bed,
That miserable night he comes conveyed;
Poorly provided, poorly followed,
Uncourted, unexpected, unloved;
Where, if uncertain Sleep but lowered
Over the drooping ears that heavy weigh’d,
Millions of figures Fantasy presents
Unto that sorrow waken’d grief augment.

His now misfortune makes deluded Sleep
Say ‘twas not so: — false dreams the truth deny.
Whencewith he starteth; feels waking cares do creep
Upon his soul, and give his dreams the lie,
Then sleeps again; — and then again as deep
Decrees of darkness mock his misery.
NOTES TO THE CURSE OF KEHAMA.

The Aulay. — XVI. 3, p. 598.

This monster of Hindoo imagination is a horse with the trunk of an elephant, but bearing about the same proportion to the elephant in size, that the elephant itself bears to a common sheep. In one of the prints to Mr. Kinderley's "Specimens of Hindoo Literature," an aulay is represented taking up an elephant with its trunk.

Did the Ocean wage
His war for love and envy, not in rage,
Otho' fair City, that he spared thee thus? — XVI. 3, p. 598.

Malecheren, (which is probably another name for Baily,) in an excursion which he made one day alone, and in disguise, came to a garden in the environs of his city Mahaldilipor, where was a fountain so inviting, that two celestial nymphs had come down to bathe there. The Rejih because enamoured of one of them, who descended to allow of his attachment to her; and she and her sister nymph used them beforehand to have frequent interviews with him in that garden. On one of those occasions they brought with them a male inhabitant of the heavenly regions, to whom they introduced the Rejih, and between him and Malecheren a strict friendship ensued in consequence of which he agreed, at the Raja's earnest request, to carry him in disguise to see the court of the divine Indra — a favor never before granted to any mortal. The Raja returned from thence with new ideas of splendor and magnificence, which he immediately adopted in regulating his court and his retinue, and in beautifying his seat of government. By this means Mahaldilipor became soon celebrated beyond all the cities of the earth; and an account of its magnificence having been brought to the gods assembled at the court of Indra, their jealousy was so much excited at it, that they sent orders to the God of the Sea to loaf his billows, and overflow a place which improperly pretended to vie in splendor with their celestial mansions. This command he obeyed, and the city was at once overflown by that enormous element; nor has it ever since been able to resist its head. — Chambers Asiatice Researches.

Round those strange waters they repair. — XVI. 6, p. 599.

In the Bahia dos Artifices, which is between the river Jaguaribe and St. Miguel, there are many springs of fresh water, which may be seen at low tide, and these springs are frequented by fish and by the sea-cow, which they say come to drink there. — Noticia do Brasil, MISS. I. 8.

The inhabitants of the Ferio Islands seek for cod in places where there is a fresh water spring at the bottom. — LANDT.

The Shekora. — XVIII. 1, p. 692.

This weapon, which is often to be seen in one of the whale-spoke hands of a Hindoo god, resembles a quoit; the external edge is sharp; it is held in the middle, and being whirled along, cuts wherever it strikes.

The writing which, at thy nativity,
All-knowing Nature wrought upon thy brain.

Brahma is considered as the immediate creator of all things, and particularly is the dispenser of each person's fate, which he inscribes within the skull of every created being, and which the gods themselves cannot avert. — Kinderley, p. 21. Mecanies, vol. I. p. 10, 57.

It is by the sutures of the skull that these lines of destiny are formed. See also a note to Thalassin (Book V. p. 273,) upon a like superstition of the Mahommedans.

Quand on leur reproche quelque vice, ou qu'on les reprend d'une mauvaise action, ils répondent fre quematre, que cela est écrit sur leur tête, et qu'elle n'est pas faite autrement. Si vous paraiissez étonné de ce langage nouveau, et que vous demandiez à voir où cela est écrit, ils vous montrent les diverses jointures du crâne de leur tête, prenant que les sutures mêmes sont les caractères de cette écriture mystérieuse. Si tous les peuples de déshériter ces caractères, et de vous faire connaître ce qu'ils signifient, ils ne vous diront qu'ils ne le peuvent pas. Mais puisque vous ne serez pas livré à cette curiosité à ces gens étranges, qui est-ce donc qui nous la laissera? — dit ce que vous en explique le surnom, et qui vous fait connaître ce qu'ils contiennent? D'ailleurs ces prétendus caractères étant les mêmes sur la tête de tous les hommes, d'où vient qu'ils agissent si différemment, et qu'ils sont si contraire les uns aux autres dans leurs vues, dans leurs dessins, et dans leurs projets?

Les Brunos n’écoutaient de sang froid, et sans s’impatienter ni des contradictions où ils tombaient, ni des conséquences ridicules qu’ils étaient obligés d’arrêter. Finalement, lorsqu’ils se sentaient incorrigibles, un certain mystère se construisait en eux, et leur ressource était de se retirer sans risque dire. — P. MAOUT. Lettres Edifiantes, t. x. p. 245.

The Seven Earths. — XIX. 6, p. 605.

The seas which surround these earths are, 1. of salt water, enclosing our loftiest earth; 2. of fresh water; 3. of tye, curdled milk; 4. of ghee, clarified butter; 5. of cauhs, a liquor drawn from the palus scept; 6. of liquid sugar; 7. of milk. The west system is enclosed in one broad circumference of pure gold, beyond which reigns impenetrable darkness. — KindcrscL

I know not whether the following fable was invented to account for the saltness of our sea; —

"Asvagasya had been very low in stature; and one day, previously to the rectifying the too oblique posture of the earth, walking with Vasuvma on the shore of the ocean, the insolent Deep asked the god who that dwarf was strutting by his side. Vasuvma replied, it was the patriarch Asvagaya going to restore the earth to its true balance. The sea, in utter contempt of his pygmy form, dashed him with his spray as he passed along; on which the sage, greatly incensed at the designed affront, scooped up some of the water in the hollow of his hand, and drank it off; he again and again repeated the draught nor disdained till he had drained the bed of the ocean of the entire volume of its waters. Ablamed at this effect of his holy indignation, and dreading an universal drought, the Devas made intercession with Asvagaya to relent from his anger, and again restore an element so necessary to the existence of nature, both animate and inanimate. Asvagaya, paria, granted their request, and discharged the lubelled liquid in a way becoming the histories of a gross physical people to relate, but by no means proper for this page; a way, however, that evinced his sovereign power, while it marked his infallibility for the vile fury of an element, contending with a being armed with the delegated power of the Creator of all things. After this miracle, the earth being, by the same power, restored to its just balance, Asvagaya and Vasuvmio separated; when the latter, to prevent any similar accident occurring, commanded the great serpent (that is, of the sphere) to wind its enormous form round the seven continents, of which, according to Sanscrit geography, the earth consists, and appointed, as perpetual guardians, to watch over and protect it, the eight powerful genii, so renowned in the Hindoo system of mythology, as presiding over the eight points of the world." — MAUNCE.

The Parauies (said Ramachandra to Sir William Jones) will tell you that our earth is a plane figure, studded with eight mountains, and surrounded by seven seas of milk, milk, and other fluids, that the part which we inhabit is one of seven islands, to which eleven smaller islands are subordinate; that a god, residing on a huge elephant, guards each of the eight regions; and that a mountain of gold rises and gleams in the centre. — Asiatice Researches.

"Eight original mountains and seven seas, Bhumis, Idras, the Seven, and Rupas, these are permanent; not thou, nor I, not thou, or that people. Wherefore then should anxiety be raised in our minds?" — Asiatice Researches.

Mount Cagisag. — XIX. 6, p. 605.

The residence of Idras is upon the silver mountain Cagisag, to the south of the famous mountain Mahameru, being a most
NOTES TO THE CURSE OF KEHAMA.

He is a consuming fire, and who can dwell in everlasting burnings? who could abide in devouring flames? Our backs are not bent, nor our shoulders, to walk with God in heaven." — Dispute between the Woman and the Powers of Darkness.

The Sun himself had seemed
A speck of darkness there. — XIX. 12, p. 605.

"There the sun shines not, nor the moon and stars: these lightnings flash not in that place: how should even fire blaze there? God irradiates all this bright substance, and by its effulgence the universe is enlightened." — From the Yajurveda. Astadhyayi.

Hoc aut, et ace radiorum morte suavem Chaudit inaequum. — Cæsara.

Who eradicat from some tree
Unnatural hands surprised. — XXI. 5, p. 607.

I heard a voice crying out under my window; I looked out and saw a poor young girl lamenting the unhappy ease of her sister. On asking what was the matter, the reply was, Boot Laggers, a demon has seized her. These unhappy people say Boot Laggers, if a child newly born will not suck; and they expose it to death in a basket, hung on the branch of a tree. One day, as Mr. Thomas and I were riding out, we saw a basket hung in a tree, in which an infant had been exposed, the skull of which remained, the rest having been devoured by ants. — Periodical Accounts of the Baptist Missionaries.

That strong Indian Bird.

The Chatookee. 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. 309.

The footless Fowl of Heaven.

— XXI. 6, p. 607.

There is a bird that falls down out of the air dead, and is found sometimes in the Molucca islands, that has no feet at all. The bigness of her body and bill, as likewise the form of them, is much the same as a swallow’s; but the spreading out of her wings and tail has no less compass than an eagle’s. She lives and breeds in the air, comes near the earth but for her burial, for the largeness and lightness of her wings and tail sustain her without lassitude. And the laying of her eggs, and breeding of her young, is upon the back of the male, which is made hollow, as also the breast of the female, for the more easy incubations. Also two strings, like two shoemaker’s cords, come from the hinder parts of the male, wherewith it is conceived that he is fastened closer to the female, while she hatches her eggs on the hollow of his back. The dew of heaven is appointed her for food, her region being too far removed from the approach of flies and such like insects.

This is the entire story and philosophy of this miraculous bird in Caridan, who professes himself to have seen it no less than thrice, and to have described it accordingly. The contrivances whereof, if the matter were certainly true, are as evident arguments of a Divine Providence, as that copperring, with the Greek inscription upon it, was an undoubted monument of the artifice and finger of man.

But that the reproach of overmuch credulity may not lie upon Caridan alone, Stedinger, who lay at catch with him to take him tripping wherever he could, cavils not with anything in the whole narration but the bigness of wings and the littleness of the body; which he undertakes to correct from one of his own which he sent him by Oresamos from Java. Nay, he confirms what his antagonist has wrote, partly by history

"The inscription runs thus: Εἰς έκείνην ίδχα τάσση λήμνη προκοπεριστασθήσεται ὅλη γάρ τὸ κεφαλής τῆς ἑαυτοῦ τῆς χειρός εἰς τῇ ημέρᾳ τοῦ Οὐρανοῦ πάντας. a. e. l. This plate was taken about Haldieu, the imperial city of Syria, in the year 1477. — Gener.
and partly by reason: affixing, that himself, in his own
garden, found two little birds with marvelous wings ut-
turned their heads, and their front was that of a hut.
Nor is he deterrèd from the belief of the perpetual 
flight of the Manuculidz, by the gaping of the feathers of her wings, 
which seem thereby less fit to sustain her body, but further 
makes the narration probable by what he has observed in kite 
hawks: that they live, for a whole hour together, without flapping of her wings, or changing place. And he 
has found also how she may sleep in the air, from the 
example of fishes, which he has seen sleeping in the water without 
shaking themselves to the bottom, and without changing place, but 
with stock still, and, without fluttering any 
meditation, only wagging a little their fans, as heedlessly and 
unconcernedly as horses while they are asleep wag their ears to 
displace the flies that sit upon them. Wherever Scalleger 
admiring that the Manuculidz is perpetually on the wing in 
the air, he must of necessity admit also that manner of incu-
bation that Cardan describes, else how could their generations 
continue? 

Franciscus Hernandez affirms the same with Cardan ex-
pressly in every thing; as also Eusebius Niemenbergus, who is 
so taken with the story of this bird, that he could not ab-
stain from celebrating her miraculous properties in a short 
but elegant copy of verses; and does after, though confidently 
assert, the main matter again in prose.

Such are the suffrages of Cardan, Scaliger, Hernenac, 
Niembergus, Scaligerus, &c. Aldrovandus, in his last 
Table of Birds, assigns feeding on the dew of heaven, and of 
her incubation on the back of the male, with much scorn and 
indignation. And as for the former, his reasons are no ways contemptible, he al-
leging that dew is a body not perfectly enough mixed, or 
homogeneously constituted; nor the hardhill of the 
bird made for such use, on account of the 
slaw soft moisture.

To which I know not what Cardan and the rest would 
answer, unless this, that they mean by dew the more 
unctuous moisture of the air, which as it may not be alike every where, 
so they may be sufficient, fitted with a natural efficacy to find it 
out whereabouts it is. That there is dew in this some day and 
night, (as well as in the morning) and in all seasons of the 
year; and therefore a constant supply of moisture and spirits 
for their perpetual flying, which they more copiously inhabit 
by reason of their exercise: That the thicker parts of this 
moisture stick and convert into flesh, and that the lightness 
of their feathers is so great, that their pains in sustaining 
themselves are not overmuch. That what is homogenetical and sim-
ple to our sight is fitted enough to be the rudiments of genera-
tions, all animals born of a kind, and clear crystalline 
liquors; and that, therefore, it may be also of nutrition; that 
seas and sea-like honours are nourished and grown, being 
hung in the air, and that dock-weed has its root no deeper than 
neather the upper parts of the water; and,Lastly, that the kids 
of these birds are for their own nourishment, and for better ordering, but 
not for the rectifying, also and composing of their feathers, while they swim in the 
air with as much ease as swans do in rivers.

To his great impiety against their manner of incubation, 
they would happily return this answer: That the way is not 
rudious; but it may be rather necessary from what Abro-
vandus himself not only acknowledges but contends for, name-
ly, that they have no feet at all. For hence it is manifest that 
they cannot light upon the ground, nor any where rest on 
their legs, and that they cannot creep out of holes of rocks, as swifts and such like 
short-footed birds can, they having no feet at all to creep 
with.

Besides, as Aristotle well argues concerning the long 
legs of certain water-fowl, that they were made so long, be-
cause they were to wade in the water and catch fish, adding 
that excellent sphæritis, Τα ἁμα διαγώνια πρὸς τὸ ἔλος ἡ 
φόνες ποιεῖ ἀλὰ ἡ ἔλος πρὸς τὸ διαγώνια, so we 
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of these water-fowl imply a design of their haunting the water, 
so want of legs in these imply a design to come down to the earth, because they can neither stand 
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his presumption from the five several Manuculidz that he 
saw, and seen, was that of a hot-water bird, that
and Aristotle, upon whom she has bestowed such large and strong wings, and a power of flying so long and swift, as in giving no legs at all to the Macaemmtata, who has still a greater power of winging and lightness of body.

And as for the cavities on the back of the male and in the bristles of the female, is it not a hope about the human heart, and body, that is not more certain and plain than in the genital parts of the male and female in all kinds of animals? What greater argument of counsel and purpose of fitting one thing for another can be there than that? And if we should make a more inward search into the contrivances of those sex, (for the human breeds are endued in this bow or by what force an egg so great a growth and bigness is transmitted from the ovarium through the infundibulum into the processes of the uteri,) the membranes bearing so thin and the passage so very small, to see the principle of that ministerial thought in this divine part.

And if you would compare the protruberant paps of teats in the females of beasts with that cavity in the breast of the che-Macaemmtata, whether of them, think you, is the plain plunger of a knowing and designing Providence.

And, lastly, for the strings that are conceived to hold together the male and female in their inculcation, what a toy is it, if compared with those invisible links and ties that engage ordinary birds to sit upon their eggs, they having no visible allurement to such a tedious service? — Heaven won't take His Feud against Abraham, Heber.

"Mankind," says Jeremy Taylor, "new taken in its whole constitution and design, are like the Birds of Paradise, which travellers tell us of in the Moluccas Islands, born without legs, but by a celestial power they have a compose made to them for that defect, and they always hover in the air and fed on the dew of Heaven; so are we Birds of Paradise, but cast out from thence, and born without legs,—without strength to walk in the laws of God, or to go to Heaven; but by a Power from above, we are adopted in our new birth to a celestial recreation; we live on the dew of Heaven; 'the just do live by faith,' and breathes in this new life by the Spirit of God." — Vol. ix. 339. Heber's edition.

Yemen. — XXIV. 4, p. 699.

Yemen was a child of the Sun, and thence named Fatamastet; another of its titles was Dharmacaya, or King of Justice; and a third, Patipeti, or Lord of the Patriarchs; but he is chiefly distinguished as Judge of departed souls; for the Hindus believe that, when they lose its body, it immediately repairs to Yemures, or the city of Yemen, where it receives a just sentence from him, and thence either ascends to Surya, or the first Heaven; or is driven down to Nixona, the region of serpents; or assumes on earth the form of some animal, unless it has been such, in which case it is condemned to a vegetable, or even to a mineral prison. — Sir W. Jones.

There is a story concerning Yemen which will remind the reader, in its purport, of the fable of Love and Death. — A famous penitent, Moregaundamegraci, by name, having, during a long series of years, served the gods with uncommon and most exemplary piety. This very virtuous man, having no children, was extremely desirous of having one, and therefore daily besought the god Yemen, or (Senna,) to grant him one. At length the god heard his desire, but, before he fulfilled it, he asked him, whether he would have several children, who should be long-lived and wicked, or one virtuous and prudent, who should die in his sixteenth year. The penitent chose the latter: his wife conceived, and was happily delivered of the promised son, whom they named Marcemend. The boy, like his father, zealously devoted himself to the worship of Yemen; but as soon as he had attained his sixteenth year, the officers of Yemen, god of death, were sent on the earth, to remove him from this world.

Young Marcemend, being informed on what errand they were come, told them, with a resolute air, that he was resolved not to die, and that they might go back, if they pleased. They returned to their master, and told him the whole affair. Yemen immediately mounted his great baffle, and set out. Being come, he told the youth that he set very early in refusing to leave the world, and it was unjust in him, for Yemen had promised him a life only of sixteen years, and the term was expired. But this reason did not satisfy Marcemend, who persisted in his resolution not to die; and, fearing lest the god of death should attempt to take him away by force, he ran to his oratory, and taking the Lignum, chiseled it to his breast. Meanwhile Yemen came down from his baffle, threw the head of the god into the neck, and laid the body, which also, as the Lignum, which Marcemend grasped with all his strength, and was going to drug them both into hell, when Yemen issued out of the Lignum, drove back the head of the god, and gave him so furious a blow that he killed him on the spot.

"The god of death being thus slain, mankind multiplied so that the earth was no longer able to contain them. The gods represented this to Yemen, and he, at their entreaty, restored Yemen to life, and to all the power he had before enjoyed. Yemen immediately despatched a herald to all parts of the world, to summon all the old men. The herald got drunk before he set out, and, without staying till the times of the wine were discelled, mounted an elephant, and rode up and down the world, pursuant to his commission; and, instead of publishing this order, he declared, that it was the will and pleasure of Yemen that, from this day forward, all the leaves, fruits, and flowers, whether ripe or green, should fall to the ground. This proclamation was no sooner issued than men began to yield to death. But before Yemen was killed, only the old were deprived of life, and now people of all ages are summoned indiscriminately." — Picary.

And Brama's region, where the heavenly Hours Weave the vast circle of his age-long day.

XXIII. 5, p. 611.

They who are acquainted with day and night know that the day of Braham is as a thousand revolutions of the Yoga, and that his night extendeth for a thousand more. On the coming of that day all things proceed from invisibility to visibility; so, on the approach of night, they are all dissolved away in that which is called invisible. The universe, even, having existed, is again dissolved: and now again, on the approach of day, by divine necessity, it is reproduced. That which, upon the dissolution of all things else, is not destroyed, is superior and of another nature from that visibility: it is invisible and eternal. He who is thus called invisible and incorruptible is even he who is called the Supreme Abode; which men having once obtained, they never more return to earth: that is my opinion. — Karnapray, in the Digest of Gora.

The guess, that Brama and his wife Saraswati may be Abraham and Sarah, has more letters in its favor than are usually to be found in such guesses. — Niecamp, p. i. 10, § 2.

The true cause why there is no idol of Brama, (except the heel, which is his shoe in the Trimoutret,) is probably to be found in the conquest of his sect. A different reason, however, is implied in the Vedas: "Of Him, it says, whose glory is so great, there is no image: He is the incomprehensible Being which illumines all, delights all, whence all proceeded; — that by which they live when born, and that to which all must return." — Moon's Hindu Pantheon, p. 4.

Two forms inseparable in unity,

Hath Yemen. — XXV. 13, p. 612.

The Dharma-Reja, or king of justice, has two connotations; one is mild and full of benevolence; those alone who abound with virtue see it. He holds a court of justice, where are many assistants, among whom are many just and pious kings; Chaitragupta acts as chief secretary. These holy men determine what is dharma and adharma, just and unjust. His (Dharma-Reja's) servant is called Curema: he brings the righteous on celestial ears, which are of themselves, whenever holy men are to be brought in, according to the directions of the Dharma-Reja, who is the sovereign of the Pātrī. This he calls his divine counsellors, and the righteous alone do see it. His other counsellors, or form, is called Yemen; this the wicked alone can see. It is at home to the large body of the world. Yemen is the god of Patala; there he orders some to be beaten, some to be cut to pieces, some to be devoured by
NOTES TO THE CURSE OF KEHAMA.

monsters, &c. His servant is called Cookendra, who, with ropes round their necks, drag the wicked over rugged paths, and throws them headlong into hell. He is unmerciful, and hard is his heart; every body trembles at the sight of him. — Wilford. Asiatic Researches.

Black of aspect, red of eye. — XXIII. 13, p. 613.

Punishment is the Magistrate; Punishment is the Inspirer of Terror; Punishment is the Defender from Calamity; Punishment is the Guardian of those that sleep; Punishment, with a black aspect and a red eye, tempts the guilty. — HALKA'S Gentoo Cole, ch. xxi. sect. 8.

Argyora. — XXIII. 13, p. 613.

In Patna (or the infernal regions) resides the sovereign Queen of the Nagain, (large snakes or dragons;) she is beautiful, and her name is Argyora. There, in a cave, she performed Tapasya with such rigorous austerity, that fire sprang from her body, and formed numerous agnimiti places of sacred fire) in Patna. These fires, forcing their way through the earth, waters, and mountains, formed various openings or mouths, called from thence the flaming mouths, or jaya mundi. By Soma, a daughter was united to her, called Rama-devi. She is most beautiful; she is La eshmi; and her name is Ayotserasha, or Ayotserishta. Like a jewel she remains concealed in the Ocean. — Wilford. Asiat. Res.

He came in all his might and majesty. — XXIV. 2, p. 613.

What is this to the coming of Sceva, as given by Mr. Macius, from the Sceva Pauana?

"In the place of the right wheel blazed the Sun, in the place of the left was the Moon; instead of the brazen nails and bolts, which firmly held the ponderous wheels, were distributed Brannias on the right hand, and Reysvigh on the left; in lieu of the canopy on the top of the chariot was over spread the vault of Heaven; the counterpart of the wheels was on the east and west, and the four Semoroids were instead of the cushions and hoisters; the four Vedas were placed as the horses of the chariot, and Sarasvati was for the bell; the piece of wood by which the horses are driven was the three-lettered Mantra, while Brahma himself was the charioteer, and the Naschatras and stars were distributed about it by way of ornaments. Samara was in the place of a bow, the serpent Seschaniga was stationed as the string, Veschum instead of an arrow, and fire was constituted its point. Ganges and other rivers were appointed as its processes; and the setting out of the chariot, with its appendages and furniture, one would affirm to be the year of twelve months gracefully moving forwards."

"When Sceva, with his numerous troops and prodigious army, was mounted, Brahma drove so furiously, that thought itself, which, in its rapid career,compasses Heaven and Earth, could not keep pace with it. By the motion of the chariot Heaven and Earth were put into a tempest; and, as the Earth was not able to bear up under this burden, the Cow of the Earth, Kam-deva, took upon itself to support the weight. So the Sceva went with intention to destroy Treepeor; and the multitude of Devatas, and Reysvighes, and Aparvas who waited on his stirrup, opening their mouths, in transports of joy and praise, exclaiming, Jaya! Jaya! so that Parvat, not being able to bear his absence, set out to accompany Sceva, and in an instant was up with him; while the light which brightened on his countenance, on the arrival of Parvat, surpassed all imagination and description. The Genii of the eight regions, armed with all kinds of weapons, but particularly with arrows, or fire darts, like moving mountains, advanced in front of the army; and Eendra and other Devatas, some of them mounted on elephants, some on horses, others on chariots, or on camels or buffalos, were stationed on each side, while all the other order of Devatas, to the amount of some haks, formed the centre. The Mussicahars, with long hair on their heads, like Sannasis, loosing their staves in their hands, danced as they went along; the Syddhbas, who revolve about the heavens, opening their mouths in praise of Sceva raised showers upon his head; and the vaulted heaven, which is like an inverted gilded, being appointed in the place of a drum, exalted his dignity by its majestic resounding."

Throughout the Hindoo fables there is the constant mistake of bulk for sublimity.

By the attribute of Dirty, self multiplied,

The Almighty Man appears on every side. — XXIV. 5, p. 613.

This more than polytop power was once exerted by Krishna on a curious occasion.

It happened in Devar, a splendid city built by Vivavarana, by command of Krishna, on the sea-shore, in the province of Gucrat, that his musical associate, Narela, had no wife or substitute; and he hinted to his friend the decency of sparing him one from his long catalogue of ladies. Krishna generously told him to win and wear any one he chose, not immediately in requisition for himself. Narela accordingly went wowing to one house, but found his master there; a second, he was again forestalled; a third, the same; to a fourth, fifth, the same: in fine, after the round of sixteen thousand of those domiciliary visits, he was still forced to sigh and keep alone. For Krishna was in every house, variously employed, and so domesticated, that each lady congratulated herself on her exclusive and uninterrupted possession of the ardent deity. — Moica's Hinda Punshon, p. 994.

"Eight of the chief gods have each their sitting, or energy, proceeding from them, differing from them in sox, but in every other respect exactly like them, with the same arms, the same deceptions, the same weapons, and the same vehicles. — Asiut. Res. Vof edit. vol. vii. pp. 68, 82.

The manner in which this divine power is displayed by Kehama, in his combat with Yamen, will give some reminder of the Irishman, who brought in four prisoners, and being asked how he had taken them, replied, he had surrounded them.

The Anucreta, or Drink of Immortality. — XXIV. 9, p. 614.

Mr. Wilkins has given the genuine history of this liquor, which was produced by chewing the sea with a mountain.

"There is a hill and stately mountain, and its name is Meroc, a most exalted name of glory, reflecting the sunny rays from the splendid surface of its gilded horns. It is clothed in gold, and is the respected haunt of Deves and Gandharvas. Its summit is never to be encompassed by sinful man, and it is guarded by dreadful serpents. Many celestial medicinal plants adorn its sides; and it stands, piercing the heaven with its aspiring summit, a mighty hill, inaccessible even by the human mind. It is adorned with trees and pleasant streams, and resoundeth with the delightful songs of various birds."

"The Savus, and all the glorious hosts of heaven, having ascended to the summit of this lofty mountain, sparkling with precious gems, and for eternal ages raised, were sitting in solemn assembly, meditating the discovery of the Anucreta, the Water of Immortality. The Dvac Nirayan being also there, spoke unto Brekaiva, whilst the Savus were thus consulting together, and said, 'Let the Ocean, as a pot of milk, be clarified by the united labor of the Savus and Anucretes; and when the mighty waters have been stirruped, the Anucreta shall be found. Let them collect together every medicinal herb, and every precious thing, and let them stir the Ocean, and they shall discover the Anucreta.'"

"There is also another mighty mountain, whose name is Mondor, and its rocky streams are like towering clouds. It is cloathed in a net of the entangled tendrils of the twining creeper, and resoundeth with the harmony of various birds. Innumerable savage beasts infest its borders; and it is the respected haunt of Kennaws, Deves, and Anucretes. It standeth eleven thousand steps above the earth, and eleven thousand more below its surface.

"As the united hands of Deves were unable to remove this
mountain, they went before Vrekhana, who was sitting with Brahma, and they asked him, 'O master! Will you bestow upon us one of your utmost superior wisdom to remove the mountain and employ your utmost power for our good.'

Vrekhana and Brahma having said, 'It shall be according to your wish,' he with the lotus eye directed the King of Sesa to destroy the mountain. And after these words was produced from the unassailable mass the jewel Kavasvabh, that glorious sparkling gem worn by Narayan on his breast; and Parejati, the tree of plenty, and Jwaarabhi, the cow that granted every heart's desire.

The moon, Soors, the goddess of Ser, and the Horse, as swift as thought, instantly marched away towards the Dove, keeping in the path of the Sun.

Then the Dve Dokhunatar, in human shape, came forth, holding in his hand a white vessel filled with the immortal juice Ananta. When the Ananta beheld these wondrous things appear, they raised their tumultuous voices for the Ananta, and each of them charmanently explained, 'This of right is mine.'

In the mean time Tread, a mighty elephant, arose, now kept by the god of thunder; and as they continued to churn the ocean more than enough, that deadly poison issued from its bed, burning like a raging fire, whose dreadful flames in a moment spread throughout the world, confounding the three regions of the universe with the mortal stench, until Ser, at the word of Brahma, swallowed the fatal dung, to save mankind; which, remaining in the throat of that sovereign Dve of magic form, from that time he hath been called Rej-Karej, because his throat was stained blue.

When the Ananta beheld this miraculous deed, they became desolate, and the Ananta and the goddess Ser became the source of endless misery to all the world.

Then Narayan assumed the character and person of Vreekhana, the power of enchantment, in a female form of wonderful beauty, and stood before the Ananta, whose minds being fascinated by her presence, and deprived of reason, they seized the Ananta, and gave it unto her.

The Ananta now clothed themselves in costly raiment, and seizing their various weapons, rush on together to attack the Soors. In the mean time Narayan, in the female form, having obtained the Ananta from the hands of their leader, the hosts of Soors, during the tumult and confusion of the Ananta, drank of the living water.

And it so fell out, that whilst the Soors were quenching their thirst for immortality, Rahoo, an Ananta, assumed the form of a Soor, and began to drink also; and the water had not reached his throat, when the Sun and Moon, in friendship to the Soors, discovered the deceit; and instantly Narayan cut off his head as he was drinking, with his splendid weapon Chakra. And the gigantic head of the Ananta, emblem of a mountain's summit, being thus separated from his body by the Chakra's edge, fell on the Chandra's edge, and the Chandra's edge on the Sun's, and the Sun's on the Moon's, and the Moon's on the Earth's, and the Earth's on the fire's, and the fire's on the wind's, and the wind's on the water's, and the water's on the mountain's, and the mountain's on the earth's, and the earth's on the sky's, and the sky's on the universe's breast; and immediately the universe fell down into the brahman shower.

It was from this milk-like stream of juices, produced from those trees and plants and a mixture of melted gold, that the Soors obtained their immortality.

The waters of the Ocean now being assimilated with those of the Brahma, and from that milk a kind of butter was presently produced; when the heavenly bands went again into the presence of Brahma, the granter of boons, and addressed him, saying, 'Except Narayan, every other Soor and Ananta is fattiged with his labor, and still the Ananta doth not appear; wherefore the churning of the Ocean is at a stand.' Then Brahma said unto Narayan.

'Endue them with recruited strength, for thou art their support.' And Narayan answered and said, 'I will give fresh vigor to such as cooperate in the work. Let Manjire be whirled about, and the ocean be kept steady.'

When they heard the words of Narayan, they all returned again to the work, and began to stir about with great force that butter of the ocean, when there presently arose from out the troubled deep, first the Moon, with a pleasing countenance, shining with the beauty of the ocean; next followed Soors, the goddess of fortune, whose seat is the white of the waters; then Soors-Dveer, the goddess of wine, and the white horse called Obhicher. And after these there was produced from the unassailable mass the jewel Kavasvabh, that glorious sparkling gem worn by Narayan on his breast; and Parejati, the tree of plenty, and Suvarabhi, the cow that granted every heart's desire.

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yet terrible to behold: and being arrived, glowing like the sacrificial flame, and spreading terror around, Nirejan, with his right arm armed like the elephantine trunk, hurled forth the ponderous arrow, the speedy messenger and glorious ruin of hostile towns; who, raging like the final all-destroying fire, shot bounding with desolating force, killing thousands of the Accords in his rapid flight, burning and involving, like the incandescent flames, and cutting down all that would oppose him. Amon he eludes the heavens, and now again descends into the field like a French, to feast in blood.

"Now the dauntless Accords strive, with repeated strength, to crush the Soors with rocks and mountains, which, hurled in vast numbers into the heavens, appeared like scattered clouds, and fell, with all the trees thereof, in millions of fear-exciting torrents, striking violently against each other with a mighty noise; and in their fill the earth, with all its fields and forests, is driven from its foundation: they thunder furiously at each other as they roll along the field, and spend their strength in mutual conflict.

"Now Amon, seeing the Soors overwhelmed with fear, filled up the path to Heaven with showers of golden-headed arrows, and split the mountain summits with his unerring shafts; and the Accords, finding themselves again sore pressed by the Soors, precipitately fly; some rush headlong into the briny waters of the ocean, and others hide themselves within the bowels of the earth.

"The rage of the glorious Chakan, Soudbaran, which for a while burst like the oil-fed fire, now grew cool, and he retired into the heavens from whence he came. And the Soors having obtained the victory, the mountain Mundar was carried back to its former station with great respect, whilst the waters also retired, filling the firmament and the heavens with their dreadful roarings.

"The Soors guarded the Aarreta with great care, and rejoiced exceedingly because of their success. And Eandra, with all his immortal bands, gave the water of life unto Nirejan, to keep it for their use." — Mahabharat.

Anrinit, or Immortal, is, according to Sir William Jones, the name which the mythologists of Tibet apply to a celestial tree, bearing ambrosial fruit, and adjoining to four vast rocks, from which as many sacred rivers derive their several streams.

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Roderick, the Last of the Goths;
A TRAGIC POEM.

Tanto aceror apud majores, sicut virtutibus gloria, its flagitiis praestitit, fuit. Sed hoc aliqua, ex veteri memoria petita, quoties res luceaque exempla recti, aut solata mai, possit, haud absurde memorabilus.

Tacitus Hist. lib. 3, c. 51.

TO GROSVENOR CHARLES BEDFORD,
THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,
IN LASTING MEMORIAL OF A LONG AND UNINTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP,
BY HIS OLD SCHOOLFELLOW,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

As the ample Moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty Grove,
Burles like an uncomsuming fire of light
In the green trees; and kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrae, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene;—like power abides
In Man's celestial Spirit; Virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful and silent fire,
From the encumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment,—may, from guilt;
And sometimes, so relenting Justice wilts,
From palpable oppressions of Despair.
Wordsworth.

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PREFACE.
This poem was commenced at Keswick, Dec. 3, 1809, and finished there July 14, 1814.

A French translation, by M. B. de S., in three volumes 12mo., was published in 1820, and another by M. le Chevalier ***, in one volume 8vo., 1821. Both are in prose.

When the latest of these versions was nearly ready for publication, the publisher, who was also the printer, insisted upon having a life of the author prefixed. The French public, he said, knew nothing of M. Southey, and in order to make the book sell, it must be managed to interest them for the writer. The Chevalier represented as a conclusion for not attempting any thing of the kind, that he was not acquainted with M. Southey's private history. "Would you believe it?" says a friend of the translator's, from whose letter I transcribe what follows: "this was his answer verbatim: 'N'importe, écrivez toujours; brodez, brodez-la un peu; que ce soit vrai ou non ce ne fait rien; qui prendra la peine de s'informer?'" Accordingly a Notice sur M. Southey was composed, not exactly in conformity with the publisher's notions.
of biography, but from such materials as could be
collected from magazines and other equally munau-
thentic sources.
In one of these versions a notable mistake occurs,
onocasioned by the French pronunciation of an
English word. The whole passage indeed, in both
versions, may be regarded as curiously exemplifying
the difference between French and English po1try.
"The lamps and tapers now grew pale,
And through the eastern windows slanting fell
The roseate ray of morn. Within those walls
Returning day restored no cheerful sounds
Or joyous motions of awakening life;
But in the stream of light the speckled motes
As if in mimicry of insect play,
Floated with many movement. Slipping 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 Pelagio, 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 grounds
Of dying penitence, nor my bitter prayers
Before thy mercy-seat, be heard in vain!
And thou, poor soul, who from the dolorous 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 past! Our mother-hand
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."

Il se tirait à toutes ces réflexions, quand la
lumière des lampes et des écrevisses commença à pâlir,
et que les premières trêves de l'aurore se montèrent à
travers les hautes croyances tourmentées vers l'orient.
Le retour du jour ne vameut point dans ces murs
des sous joyeux ni les mouvements de la vie qui se
réveillaient; les seuls papillons de nuit, agissant leurs
ailes pesantes, bourdonnèrent encore sous les voûtes
auréolées.
Bien tout le premier rayon du soleil
glissant obliquement par-dessus l'un tel, vint s'arro-
er sur la tombe de la femme pécheresse, et la lumière
du ciel assourdissait.
"Que ce présage s'accomplisse," s'écria Pelage, qui absorba dans ses médi-
ditations, fixant en ce moment ses yeux sur le tombeau
de sa mere; "Dieu de miséricorde, qu'il en soit ainsi! Puissat tu bonté vivifiante verser de même le pardon!
Que les sanglots de la pénitence expirante, et que mes
prières unies ne montent point en vain devant le
trône éternel. Et toi, pauvre âme, qui de ton
soirωur douloureux de souffrances et de tourments,
expireras en moi pour abréger et volonter ton supplice,
temporairement, pardonne ma dureté, sans ces habitus et
dans cette nuit, débouvrez mes pénétrées sur d'autres
dérives.
Notre patrie commune a exigé de moi ce
sacrifice, et ton fils doit donc parvenir accomplir plus
d'une ville dans la profondeur des déserts sur la cime
des monts, dans ces plaine couvertes de ténèbres, ob-
servant, pour l'amour de l'Espanique, la marche des
astez de la nuit, et préparant l'auronage de sa journée
avant que le soleil ne commence sa course."—T. i.
pp. 175—177.

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

Consumées dans des soins parmi les rapides heures
s'écoulaient, les lampes et les torches commençaient
tà pâlir, et l'oblique rayon du matin dorait déjà
les vitres écumés qui regardaient vers l'Orient;
le retour du jour ne commençait point, dans cette sombre
ceinture, les sous joyeux, ni le tableau mouvant de
la vie qui se réveilla; mais, tombant d'un haut, le
cléétait rayon, passant au-dessous de l'autel, vint frap-
per le tombeau de la femme pécheresse.
"Ainsi soit-il," s'écria Pelage; "ainsi soit-il, ô dieu
Créateur! Puisse ta virginiante bonte verser ainsi
le pardon en ce lieu! Que les génisences d'une
mort pénitente, que mes âmes prières ne soient
pas arrêtées en vain devant la tréne de miséricorde!
Et toi, qui, de ton séjour de souffrances et de tourments,
regarde vers ton fils, pour abrégé et soulager tes
pâmes, pardonne, si d'autres derouls ont rempli les
heures que cette nuit et rejet habitoing de te
consoullir! Notre patrie exigent ce sacrifice,
deautres vigiles n'attendent dans les bois et les
défilés de nos montagnes; et bientôt sous la lune,
it me faudra veiller, le soir, avant que le ciel ne se
couvre d'étoiles, être prê pour le travail de la
journée, avant que le soleil ne commence sa course."—Pp.
89, 90.

A very good translation, in Dutch verse, was
published in two volumes, 8vo, 1823—4, with this
title:—"Rodrigo de Goth, Koning van Spanje.
Naar het Engelsch van Southey gevolgd, door
Vrouwe Katharina Wilhelmina Bilderdijk. Te
'S Gravenliage." It was sent to me with the
following epistle from her husband, Mr. Willem
Bilderdijk.

"Roberto Southey, viro spectatissimo,
Guilhelmus Bilderdijk, S. P. D.

"Etsi ea nunc temporis passim invaleri opinio,
poetarum genius quam maxima gloriam capilli-
flagrare, mili tamen contraria semper insulit per-
susio, qui divinse Poësos altitudinem veramque
laudem non nisi ab ipsis cognosci putavi quorum
praecesseris meliori luto flexerit precordia Titan,
neque aut vero aut justus judicari valmi nisi ab
his qui eodem satislo movantur. Sexagesimam autem
jam agitur annus ex quo et ipse muet inter eque\nees et reputus poetica salutum, cumque locum
quem incum adventae adolescents occupare contigist,
hunc neque diem remissam video, popularis auro
mumquam captator, quin imum perpetuum contemptor;
parus ipse laudator, censor gravis et nonnumquam molestus.
Teun vero nomen, Vir celeberrime ac spectatissime, jam anteac veneratus, perlecto tuo de Roderico rege poëmate, non potui non summis extolliere laudibus, quo docissimo simul ac venustissimo opere, si minus divinam Aeside, saltem immortalis Tassonis Epicam Tentasse, quin et certo respectu ita superasse vidéris, ut majorum perpauços, equálium neminem, cum vera fide ac pictate in Deum, tum ingenio omniique poëticae dote tibi comparandum existimem. Ne mireris itaque, carminis tui gratitutae ac dulcedine captam, moeque judicio fultam, non illaudatam in nostrábus Musam tuum illud nobile poëma flammea manu sed non insueto labore attactasset, Belgicoque sermone reddidisse. Hanc certe, per quadrantem seculi et quod experiri felíssimo communi mihi junctam, meamque in Divina arte alumnam ac sociam, nimium in eo sibi sumpssisse nemo facile arbitrarit, cui vel minimum Poësos nostrum sensum usurpare contigerit; nec ego hos ejus conatus quos illustri tuo nominis dicandos pulatvi, tibi mea ovam offerre dubitaram. Hac itaque utriusque nostrum in te observatórum spectaculum accipe, Vir illustissime, ac si quod commùnium studiorum, si quod verum pictatis est vinculum, nos tibi ex animo habe addic-tissimos. Vale.

"Dabam Lugduni in Batavis. Ipsiis idib. Februarii, Cl.ioccccxiv."  

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 addressed it to me in some very affecting stanzas. It so happened, that on my arrival in that city, I was laid up under a surgeon's care; they took me into their house, and made the days of my confinement as pleasant as they were memorable. I have never been acquainted with a man of higher intellectual power, nor of greater learning, nor of more varied and extensive knowledge than Bilderdijck, 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 preceding autumn,) giving me an account of his endeavors to procure a favorable notice of the poem in the Edinburgh Review.

"Edinburgh, Dec. 15, 1814.

"My dear Sir,

"I was very happy at seeing the post-mark of Keswick, and quite proud of the pleasure you make me believe you "Wake " has given to the beautiful and happy group at Greata 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 patrimony 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 of the age. I have had some correspondence and a good deal of conversation with Mr. Jeffery about it, though he does not agree with me in every particular. He says it is too long, and wants elasticity, and will not, he fears, be generally read, though much may be said in its favor. 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 his neighbor 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 stopped 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 pursuing 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 M—— joined us at the instant; short as her remark was, it seemed to make more impression on Jeffery than all our arguments: — "Oh, I do love Southey!" that was all.

"I have no room to tell you more. But I beg that you will not do any thing, nor publish any thing that will nettle Jeffery for the present, knowing, as you do, how omnipotent he is with the fashionable world, and seemingly so well disposed toward you.

"I am ever yours most truly,

"James Hogg."

"I wish the Notes may be safe enough. I never looked at them. I wish these large quartoes were all in hell burning."

The reader will be as much amused as I was with poor Hogg's earnest desire that I would not say any thing which might tend to frustrate his friendly intentions.

"but what success the Shepherd met, Is to the world a secret yet."

There can be no reason, however, for withholding what was said in my reply of the crushing re-
view which had been given to Mr. Wordsworth's poem:—"He crush the Excursion!! Tell him he might as easily crush Skiddaw!"

Keswick, 15 June, 1838.

ORIGINAL PREFACE.

The history of the Visigoths for some years before their overthrow is very imperfectly known. It is, however, apparent that the enmity between the royal families of Chindaswintho 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. Theodred and Favila were younger sons of King Chindaswintho; King Witiza, who was of Wamba's family, put out the eyes of Theodred, 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 Theodred, recovered the throne, and put out Witiza's eyes in vengeance for his father; but he spared Orpas, the brother of the tyrant, as being a Priest, and Ebba and Sisibert, the two sons of Witiza, by Pelayo's mother. It may be convenient thus briefly to premise these circumstances of an obscure portion of history, with which few readers are supposed to be familiar; and a list of the principal persons who are introduced, or spoken of, may as properly be prefixed to a Poem as to a Play.

Witiza,............ King of the Visigoths; dethroned and blinded by Roderick.
Theodred,........ son of King Chindaswintho, blinded by King Witiza.
Favila,........... his brother; put to death by Witiza.
The Wife of Favila, Witiza's adulterous mistress.
(These four persons are dead before the action of the poem commences.)

Roderick,........ the last King of the Visigoths; son of Theodred.
Pelayo,........... the founder of the Spanish Monarchy; son of Favila.
Gaciosa,........... his wife.
Guthila,........... his sister.
Favila,........... his son.
Hernandes,........ his daughter.
Rusilla,........... widow of Theodred, and mother of Roderick.
Count Pedro,........ powerful Lords of Cantabria.
Count Ercio,........
Alphonso,........ Count Pedro's son, afterwards King.
Urban,........... Archbishop of Toledo.
Romano,........... a Monk of the Cauitan Schools, near Merida.
Abdalazis,........ the Moorish governor of Spain.
Eblona,........... formerly the wife of Roderick, now of Arabacem.
[Abdalazis.
Alcajian,........
Atur,........... Moorish Chiefs.
Jerahim,........
Magued,...........]

ORDERIK, THE LAST OF THE GOTH.

I.

RODERICK AND ROMANO.

Long had the crimes of Spain cried out to Heaven:
At length the measure of offence was full.
Count Julian call'd the invaders; not because Inhuman priests with unoffending blood Had stain'd their country; not because a yoke Of iron servitude oppress'd and gall'd
The children of the soil: a private wrong Roused the remorseless Baron. Mad to wreak His vengeance, for his violated child,
On Roderick's head, in evil hour for Spain, For that unhappy daughter, and himself,— Desperate apostate!—on the Moors he call'd; And like a cloud of locusts, whom the South Wars from the plains of wasted Africa, The Mussulmen upon Iberia's shore Descend. A countless multitude they came; Syrian, Moor, Saracen, Greek renegade, Persian, and Copt, and Tatar, in one bond Of erring faith conjoin'd,—strong in the youth And heat of zeal,—a dreadful brotherhood, In whom all turbulent vices were let loose; While Conscience, with their impious creed accr's d
Drunk as with wine, had sanctified to them All bloody, all abominable things.

Thou, Calpe, saw'st their coming; ancient Rock Renn'd, no longer now shall thou be call'd From Gods and Heroes of the years of yore, Kronos, or hundred-handed Briareus, Bacchus, or Herocles; 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 whiteen round their keels; Their swarthy myriads darkening o'er thy sands. 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 armor, shields engrav'd With gold, and cimeters of Syrian steel; And gently did the breezes, as in sport,
Curl their long flags outrolling, and display
The blazon’d scrolls of blasphemy. Too soon
The gales of Spain from that unhappy land
Waffled, as from an open charnel-house,
The taint of death; and that bright sun, from fields
Of slaughter, with the morning dew drew up
Corruption through the infected atmosphere.

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 spectre 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 perfidy
Prevailing to their overthrow, they sunk
Defeated, not dishonor’d. On the banks
Of Chrysus, Roderick’s royal car was found,
His battle-horse Orelio, and that helm
Whose horns, amid the thickets 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 cursed
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 cimeter
Glanc’d from his helmet. Is the shield of Heaven,
Wretch that I am, extended over me?
Cried Roderick; and he dropp’d Orelio’s reins,
And threw 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 innest heart
There answer’d him a secret voice, that spake
Of righteousness and judgment after death,
And God’s redeeming love, which fain 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 dropp’d,
Whether with human impulse, or by Heaven
Struck down, he knew not; loose’nd from his wrist
The sword-claim, and let fall the sword, whose lilt
Clung to his palm a moment ere it fell,
Glued there with Moorish gore. His royal robe,
His horned 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 favor him. All night
He fled, the sound of battle in his ear
Ringing, and sights of death before his eyes,
With forms more horrible of eager fiends
That seem’d to hover round, and guls 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 Savior 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, forever flow’d.
No hart e’er panted for the water-brooks
As Roderick thirsted there to drink and live;
But Hell was interpos’d; 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; whereasoe’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 babies,
And widows with their infants in their arms,
Hurdied along. Nor royal Festival,
Nor sacred pageant, with like multitudes
E’er fill’d the public way. All whom the sword
Had spared were heir to bed-rid infirmity
Alone was left behind; the cripple plied
His crutches; with her child of yesterday
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 throned
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 travelling 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,
Fast by the Cauilian Schools. It was the hour
Of vespers; but no vesper-bell was heard,
Nor other sound, than of the passing stream,
Or stork, who, flapping with wide wing the air,
Sought her broad nest upon the silent tower.
Brethren and pupils thence alike fled fast
To save themselves within the embattled walls
Of neighboring Merida. 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 misbelievers, and lay down
His life, a willing martyr. So he staid
When all were gone, and duly fed the lamps,
And kept devotedly the altar dress'd,
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 betray'd the senseless stone.
He had not wept till now; and at the gush
Of these first tears, it seem'd as if his heart,
From a long winter's icy thrill let loose,
Had open'd to the genial influences
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 raised 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,
Spake comfort, and adjured 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 serv'd the altar: not in all those years
Hath such a contrite and a broken heart
Appear'd 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 represst'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 explain'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:
In the same posture motionless he knelt,
Arms straighten'd down, and hands outspread, and
eyes
Raised to the Monk, like one from whom 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
Its 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.

Fear not but we shall find a resting-place;
The Almighty's hand is on us.

They went forth;
They cross'd the stream; and when Romano turn'd
For his last look toward the Cauilian towers,
Far off the Moorish standards in the light
Of morn were glittering, where the miscreant host
Toward the Lusitanian capital
To lay their siege advanced; the eastern breeze
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 Zebre,
They from Albardos' hoary height beheld
Fine-forest, fruitful vale, and that fair lake
Where Alcmon 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,
RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs.

II.

RODERICK IN SOLITUDE.

Twelve months they sojourn’d in their solitude, And then beneath the burden of old age Romano sunk. No brethren were there here To spread the sackcloth, and with ashes straw That penitential bed, and gather round To sing his requiem, and with prayer and psalm Assist him in his hour of agony. He lay on the bare earth, which long had been His only couch; beside him Roderick knelt, Moisten’d from time to time his blacken’d lips, Received a blessing with his latest breath, Then closed his eyes, and by the nameless grave Of the fore-tenant of that holy place Consign’d him, earth to earth.

Two graves are here; And Roderick, transverse at their feet, began 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 labor’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 aghast. Then, too, as on Romano’s grave he sat And porod 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 fam’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 pangs to spare For trifles such as these, — 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 Its 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 waking with the effort of his prayers, The dream assid’l him still.

A wilder form Sometimes his poignant penitence assumed, Starting with force revived from intervals Of calmer passion, or exhausted rest; When floating hack upon the tide of thought Remembrance to a self-excusing 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 Return’d 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, ’Tis the feelings, which within his breast repell’d And chill’d, had shrunk, should open forth like flowers After cold winds of night, when gentle gales Restore the genial sun? If all were known, Would it indeed be not to be forgiven?— (Thus would he lay the accusation 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-controll’d; Treacherous occasion, human frailty, fear Of endless separation, worse than death,— The purpose and the hope with which the Fiend Tempted, deceived, and madmen’d him; — but then As at a new temptation would he start, Shuddering beneath the intolerable shame,
And clinch in agony his matted hair;  
While in his soul the perilous thought arose,  
How easy ’twere to plunge where yonder waves  
Invited him to rest.

Oh for a voice  
Of comfort,—for a ray of hope from Heaven!  
A hand that from these billows of despair  
May reach and snatch him ere he sink ingull’d!  
At length, as life, when it hath lain long time  
Oppress’d beneath some grievous malady,  
Seems to rouse up with re-collected strength,  
And the sick man doth feel within himself  
A second spring, so Roderick’s better mind  
Arose to save him. Lo! the western sun  
Fames o’er the broad Atlantic; on the verge  
Of glowing ocean rests; retiring then  
Draws with it all its rays, and sudden night  
Fills the whole cope of heaven. The penitent  
Knelt by Romano’s grave, and falling prone,  
Clasp’d with extended arms the funeral mould.  
Father! he cried; Companion! only friend,  
When all beside was lost! thou too art gone,  
And the poor sinner whom from utter death  
Thy providential hand preserved, once more  
Totters upon the gulf. I am too weak  
For solitude,—too vile a wretch to hear  
This everlasting commune with myself.  
The Tempter hath assail’d me; my own heart  
Is leagued with him; Despair hath laid the nets  
To take my soul, and Memory, like a ghost,  
Haunts me, and drives me to the toils. O Saint,  
While I was bless’d with thee, the hermitage  
Was my sure haven! Look upon me still,  
For from thy heavenly mansion thou canst see  
The suppliant; look upon thy child in Christ.  
Is there no other way for penitence?  
I ask not martyrdom; for what am I  
That I should pray for triumphs, the fit meed  
Of a long life of holy works like thine;  
Or how should I presumptuously aspire  
To wear the heavenly crown resign’d by thee,  
For my poor sinful sake? Oh point me thou  
Some humblest, painfullest, severest path,—  
Some new austerity, unheard of yet  
In Syrian fields of glory, or the sands  
Of holiest Egypt. Let me bind my brow  
With thorns, and barefoot seek Jerusalem,  
Tracking the way with blood; thence, day by day,  
Inflict upon this guilty flesh the scourge,  
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,  
Labor, 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 burden’d heart  
With passionate prayer; thus pour’d his spirit forth,  
Till, with the long, impetuous effort spent,  
His spirit fail’d, and, laying on the grave  
His weary head as on a pillow, sleep  
Fell 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 beatitude, had breathed that prayer;—  
Not if the grave had spoken, had it pierced  
So deeply in his soul, nor wrung his heart  
With such 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 Theodofred  
Rusilla laid aside; but in her face  
A sorrow that bespake 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 sweat  
Which still his tortures forced from every pore;  
Cool’d his scorch’d lids with medicinal herbs,  
And pray’d the while for patience for herself  
And him, and pray’d for vengeance too, and found  
Best comfort in her curses. In his dream,  
Groaning he kneelt before her to beseech  
Her blessing, and she raised her hands to lay  
A benediction on him. But those hands  
Were chain’d, and casting a wild look around,  
With thrilling voice she cried, Will no one break  
These shameful fetters? Pedro, Thedemir,  
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!—  
Why tardiest thou, Deliverer?—But with that  
She broke her bonds, and, lo! her form was  
changed!  
Radiant in arms she stood! a bloody Cross  
Gleam’d on her breastplate; in her shield display’d,  
Erect a lion ramp’d; her helmed head  
Rose like the Bercyntian Goddess crown’d  
With towers, and in her dreadful hand the sword  
Red as a firebrand blazed. Anon the tramp  
Of horsemen, and the din of multitudes  
Moving to mortal conflict, rang around;  
The battle-song, the clang of sword and shield,  
War-eries, and tumult, strife, and hate, and rage,  
Blaspheous prayers, confusion, 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 rejoicing: starting then,  
As his own effort burst the charm of sleep,  
He found himself upon that lonely grave  
In moonlight and in silence. But the dream  
Wrought in him still; for still he felt his heart  
Pant, and his wither’d arm was trembling still;  
And still that voice was in his ear which call’d  
On Jesus for his sake.
Oh, might he hear
That actual voice! and if Rusilka 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'd into his heart
Prayers and forgiveness, which like precious balm
Would heal the wounded soul. Not to herself
Less precious, or less healing, would the voice
That spake forgiveness flow. She wept her son
Forever 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 confirm'd
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.

III.

ADOSINDA.

'Twas now the earliest morning; soon the Sun,
Rising above Alharbos, pour'd his light
Amid the forest, and with ray adant
Entering its depth, illum'd the branchless pines,
Brighten'd their bark, tinged with a redder hue
Its rusty stains, and cast 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 respite, 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 casled 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 crier stood, and with his sohoreous voice
Fill'd the delicious vale where Lena winds
Through groves and pastoral meads. The sound, the sight
Of turban, girdle, robe, and cimeter,
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 hag'd 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,
Seeing 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 Musulman
Shrunk at the ghastly sound, and magnified
The name of Allah as he hasten'd on.
A Christian woman, spinning at her door,
Beheld him, and, with sudden pity touch'd,
She laid her spindle by, and running in,
Took bread, and following after, call'd him back,
And placing in his passive hands the loaf,
She said, Christ Jesus for his mother's sake
Have mercy on thee! With a look that seem'd
Like idiotcy he heard her, and stood still,
Staring awhile; then, bursting into tears,
Wept like a child, and thus relieved his heart,
Full even to bursting else with swelling thoughts.
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 stary 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 leaf;
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;
And journeying on, he gread him 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 press'd,
He ask'd for alms: slight supplication served;
A countenance so pale and woe-begone
Moved all to pity; and the marks it bore
Of rigorous penance and austerest life,
With something, too, of majesty that still
Appear'd 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
Broke 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 entreated him
To lay his healing hands upon her child.
For with a sore and hopeles.se 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
Montego, too, he cross'd, not yet renown'd
In poet's amorous lay; and left behind
The walls at whose foundation pious hands
Of Priest, and Monk, and Bishop meekly toil'd,—
So had the insulting Arius 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 Biyar receive
The knighthood which he gloried 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 Mussulman,
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!—Oh years of pride!
In undiscoverable futurity,
Yet unrevolved, your destined glories lay;
And all that Roderick in these fated scenes
Beheld, was grief and writhedness,—the waste
Of recast war, and that more meanful 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 strown them, lay amid the field
Bleaching in sun or shower, that wrung his heart
With keener anguish; 'twas when he beheld
The terror's traitor show his shameless front
In the open eye of Heaven,—the renegade,
On whose base, brutal nature, unredem'd,
E'en black apostasy itself could stamp
No deeper reprobation at the hour
Assign'd fall prostrate; and unite the names
Of God and the Bishopsmer,—insipid prayer,—
Most insipid, when from unbelieving lips
The accursed utterance came. Then Roderick's heart
With indignation burst, 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 look'd
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.

Rent with thoughts like these.
He reach'd that city, once the seat renown'd
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 delaced and fallen.
Still benignant nature o'er the lovely vale,
Where like a Queen rose Bracara august,
Pour'd forth her gifts profound; yerennial springs
Flow'd for her habitants, and genial suns,
With kindly showers to bless the happy chime,
Combined 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 piles
Yet undecay'd, the mighty monuments
Of Roman pomp, Barbaric palaces,
And Gothic halls, where haughty Barons late
Gladien'd their faithful vassals with the feast
And flowing bowl, alike the spoiler's now.

Leaving these captive scenes behind, he cross'd
Cavado's silver current, and the banks
Of Lima, through whose groves, in after years,
Mournful yet sweet, Dogro's amorous love
Prolong'd its tuneful echoes. But when now,
Beyond Armoy's tributary tide,
He came where Minho roll'd its ample stream
By Auri'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 bestrown,
Helmet and turban, cinerar and sword,
Christian and Moor in death promiscuous lay,
Each where they fell; and blood-dales, parch'd
And crack'd
Like the dry slime of some receding flood;
And half-burnt bodies, which allured from far
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 Roderick. 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,
O people excellently brave, he cried,  
True Goth’s ye fell, and faithful to the last;  
Though over-power’d, triumphant, and in death  
Unconquer’d! Holy be your memory!  
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 spoke  
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,  
Heap’d rudely from the ruins round, enclosed  
A narrow space: and there upon the ground  
Four bodies, decently composed, were laid,  
Though horrid all with wounds and clotted gore:  
A venerable ancient, by his side  
A comely matron, for whose middle age,  
(If ruthless slaughter had not intervened,)  
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’d 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  
Vull, overflowing vengeance!  

While she spake,  
She raised her lofty hands to Heaven, as if  
Calling for justice on the Judgment-seat;  
Then laid them on her eyes, and, leaning on,  
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 funereal use,  
They roof’d the vault; then, laying stones above,  
They closed it down; last, rendering all secure,

Stones upon stones they piled, till all appear’d  
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 show mercy to thee, she exclaim’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 scathed the fruit and blossom of my youth;  
One hour hath orphan’d me, and widow’d me,  
And made me childless. In this sepulchre  
Lie buried all my earthward hopes and fears,  
All human loves and natural charities;—  
All womanly tenderness, all gentle thoughts,  
All female weakness too, I bury here,  
Yea, 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 Alcanman’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 mov’d him, —they who from this race  
Accurs’d 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 quench’d, and let out the central fire,  
Before whose all-involving flames wide Heaven  
Shall shrivel like a scroll, and be consumed,  
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 daliance,—me!—me in my agonies!  
But when I found for what this miscreant child  
Of Hell had snatch’d me from the butchery,  
The very horror of that monstrous thought  
Saved me from madness; I was calm at once, —  
Yet 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 revolted nature; I compos’d  
My garments, and bound up my scatter’d 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
Knelt on the ground, and bowed my face to earth;
But when the neighboring tents had ceased their
stir,
The fires 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 cimeter, 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 spirit that she breathed,
Mute and enwrapt he stood, and motionless;
The vision rose before him; and that shout,
Which, like a thunder-peal, victorious Spain
Sent through the welkin, rung within his soul
Its deep, prophetic echoes. 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 alter'd visage and the thoughts
Which thus transfigured him. Ay, she exclaim'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 well'd and vow'd
To pass my days in holiness and peace;
Nor yet between sepulchral walls immersed,
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 pity, 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,
Therewith 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 Savior, 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!

A YEAR.

THE MONASTERY OF ST. FELIX.

Tutus 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
Who raisest 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-fruits 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 at length
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 nights,—this flesh, this blood, this life,

Yea, this whole being, do I here devote
For Spain. Receive the vow, all Saints in Heaven,
And prosper good end! — Clap now your wings,
The Goth with louder utterance, as he rose,
Exclaim'd,—clap now your wings exultingly,
Ye ravenous fowl of Heaven; and in your dens
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,—yea, verily of Heaven!
But who art thou who hast profess'd with 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 Gods 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 it 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, Maccabeus, 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 hearts
And altars, for her cradles and her graves,
Hast thou thyself devoted. Let us now
Each to our work,—among the neighboring 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 Baroneage,
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 Jordan, saw that elder prophet mont
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 so
Had her inspiring presence left infused
The spirit which she breathed. Gazing he stood,
As at a heavenly visitation there
Vouchsafed 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 Hierzo his obedient way. [vale
Sil's ample stream he cross'd, where through the

Of Ornas, from that sacred land it bears
The whole collected waters; northward then,
Skirting the heights of Aguiar, he reach'd
That consecrate pile amid the wild,
Which sainted Fructuoso in his zeal
Rear'd to St. Felix, on Visonia's banks.

In commune with a priest of age mature,
Whose thoughtful visage and majestic mien
Bespeak authority and weight of care,
Odoar, the venerable Abbot, sat,
When ushering Roderick in, the Porter said,
A stranger came from Auria, and required
His private ear. From Auria? said the old man;
Commit 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 woman, whom the Moors had borne
Captive away; but she, by Heaven inspired
And her good heart, with her own arm had wrought
Her own deliverance, smiling in his tent
A lustful Moorish miscreant, as of yore
By Judith's holy deed the Assyrian fell.
And that same spirit which had strengthen'd her
Work'd in her still. Four walls with patient toil
She rear'd, wherein, as in a sepulchre,
With her own hands she laid her murder'd babe,
Her husband and her parents, side by side;
And when we cover'd in this shapeless tomb,
There, on the grave of all her family,
Did this courageous mourner dedicate
All thoughts and actions of her future life
To her poor country. For she said, that Heaven,
Supporting her, in mercy had vouchsafed
A foretaste of revenge; that, like the grace
Of God, revenge had saved her; that in it
Spain must have her salvation; and henceforth
That passion, thus sublimed and sanctified,
Must be to all the loyal sons of Spain
The pole-star of their faith, their rule and rite,
Observances and worthiest sacrifice.
I took the vow, unworthy as I am,
Her first sworn follower in the appointed rule;
And then we parted; she among the hills
To reunite the vassals of her father's house;
I at her bidding lutherward, to ask
Thy counsel, who, of our old Baronage,
Shall place upon his brow the Spanish crown.

The Lady Adosinda? Odoar cried.
Roderick made answer, So she call'd herself.

Oh, none but she! exclaim'd the good old man,
Clasping his hands, which trembled as he spoke,
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,
IV. **RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHES.**

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

Repe'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 hearths, 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 rightly 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 him,
Who shared his secret thoughts, Thou knowest,
he said,
O Urban, that they have not fallen in vain;
For by this virtuous sacrifice they shunn'd
Alcianum'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

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 countenance
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 misspent; 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?
Sacaru, Theudemir, Athanagild,
All who survived that eight-days' obstinate fight,

When e'ggs'd with bodies, Chrysus scarce could
force
Its bloody stream along? Witiza's sons,
Bad offspring of a stock accurs'd, I know,
Have put the furban on their reverent 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 scan'd his countenance, but not a trace
Betray'd the Royal Goth: sunk was that eye
Of sovereignty, and on the eunacian cheek
Had penitence and anguish deeply drawn
Their furrows premature, — forestalling time,
And shedding upon thirty's brow more snows
Than three score winters in their natural course
Might else have sprinkleed there. It seems indeed
That thou hast pass'd thy days in solitude,
Replied the Abbot, or thou wouldst not ask
Of things so long gone by. Athanagild
And Thendemir have taken on their necks
The yoke. Sacaru play'd a nobler part.
Long within Merida did he withstand
The invader's hot assault; and when at length,
Hopeless of all relief, he yielded up
The gates, disdaining in his fathers' land
To breathe the air of bondage, with a few
Found faithful till the last, indignantly
Did he toward the ocean bend his way,
And shacking from his feet the dust of Spain,
Took ship, and hoisted sail through seas unknown:
To seek for freedom. Our Cantabrian Chiefs
All have submitted, but the wary Moor
Timidly not all alone. At his own Court
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 meditates 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,
Only Pelayo.

If, as we believe,
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 desires
How in Pelayo should the purposes
Of Heaven be best accomplish'd. 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 fail'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 Aura's sacrifice, and all they ask
Is 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 last 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 with'er'd cheek grew paler, and his limbs
Shook. As thou goest among the infidels,
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 succor 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 mayst 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!

And light discourse: the talk which now went round
Was of the grief that press'd on every heart;
Of Spain subdued; the sceptre of the Goths
Broken; their nation and their name effaced;
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 miserable'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 weal 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 clinching, as he spake, his hoary locks,
He cursed King Roderick's soul.

Oh, curse him not! Roderick exclaim'd, all shuddering as he spake.
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 sat 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
Reader 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 fleecy 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 Mussulmen, in their career,
Would ne'er have overleap'd the gulf which parts
Iberia from the Mauritannian 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.

Touch not on that,
Shrinking with inward shiverings at the thought, 
The penitent exclain'd—Oh, if thou lovest 
The soul of Roderick, touch not on that deed! 
God, in his mercy, may forgive it him, 
But human tongue must never speak his name 
Without reproach and utter infancy, 
For that abhorred act. Even thou—But here 
Siverian taking up the word, brake off, 
Unwittingly, the ineptious speech. Even I, 
Quoth he, who nursed in his father's hall,— 
Even I can only for that deed of shame 
Offer in agony my secret prayers. 
But Spain hath witness'd other crimes as foul: 
Have we not seen Pavila'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 
Pelayo, 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 Theodofred, 
As through the streets I guided his dark steps, 
Roll mournfully toward the noon-day sun 
His blank and senseless eyeballs? Spain saw this, 
And suffered 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 Chindsuntho's house, his sword 
Had not for mercy turn'd aside its edge, 
Oh what a day of glory had there been 
Upon the banks of Chrysus! 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 imprecations strike 
The caiffls, 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 viperous brood. With that they talk'd 
How Sinibert 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 Hispalis, 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 exclain'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, 
[say 
Having been what she had been! And who could 
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 uncleast, 
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 cankering 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 painfulest anxiety 
The sight of that old, venerable man 
Awoke. A sickening fear came over him: 
The hope which led him from his hermitage 
Now seem'd forever gone; for well he knew 
Nothing but death could break the ties which bound 
That faithful servant to his father's house. 
She then for whose forgiveness he had yearn'd, 
Who in her blessing would have given and found 
The peace of Heaven,—she then was to the grave 
Gone down disconsolate at last; in this, 
Of all the woes of her unhappy life 
Unhappiest, that she did not live to see 
God had vouchsafed repentance to her child. 
But then a hope arose that yet she lived; 
The weighty cause which led Siverian here 
Might draw him from her side; better to know 
The worst than fear it. And with that he bent 
Over the ambers, and with head half raised 
Aslant, and shadow'd by his hand, he said, 
Where is King Roderick's mother? lives she still? 

God hath upheld her, the old man reply'd; 
She bears this last and heaviest of her griefs, 
Not as she bore her husband's wrongs, when hope 
And her indignant heart supported her: 
But patiently, like one who finds from Heaven 
A comfort which the world can neither give 
Nor take away. —Roderick inquired no more; 
He breathed a silent prayer in gratitude, 
Then wrapt his cloak around him, and lay down 
Where he might weep unseen. 

When morning came, 
Earliest of all the travellers he went forth, 
And linger'd for Siverian by the way, 
Beside a fountain, where the constant fall 
Of water its perpetual gurgling made, 
To the wayfaring or the musing man 
Sweetest of all sweet sounds. The Christian hand, 
Whose general charity for man and beast 
Built it in better times, had with a cross 
Of well-hewn stone crested the pious work, 
Which now the misbelievers had cast down, 
And broken in the dust it lay defiled. 
Roderick beheld it lying at his feet, 
And gathering reverently the fragments up, 
Placed them within the cistern, and restored 
With careful collocation its dear form,— 
So might the waters, like a crystal shrine,
Preserve it from pollution. Kneeling then,
O'er 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 confound thee! And as Roderick turn'd
His face, the miscreant spurn'd him with his foot
Between the eyes. The indignant 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 smil'd a blow [arm,
At Roderick's breast. But Roderick caught his
And closed, and wrench'd the dagger from his
hold,—
Such timely strength did those emaciate limbs
From indignation draw,—and in his neck
With mortal stroke he drove the avenging steel
Hilt deep. Then, as the thirsty sand drank in
The expiring miscreant's blood, he look'd around
In sudden apprehension, lest the Moors
Had seen them; but Siverian was in sight,
The only traveller, and he smote his mule,
And lasten'd up. Ah, brother! said the old man,
Thine is a spirit of the ancient mould!
And would to God a thousand men like thee
Had fought at Roderick's side on that last day
When treason overpower'd him! Now, alas!
A manly Gothic heart doth ill accord
With these unhappy times. Come, let us hide
This carrion, while the favoring hour permits.

So saying, he alighted. Soon they scoop'd
Amid loose-lying sand a hasty grave,
And level'd over it the easy soil.
Father, said Roderick, as they journey'd on,
Let this thing be a seal and sacrament
Of truth between us. Wherefore should there be
Concealment between two right Gothic hearts
In evil days like ours? What thou hast seen
Is but the first fruit of the sacrifice,
Which on this injured and polluted soil,
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
Provoked: but I am bound for Cordoba,
On weighty mission from Visonia sent,
To breathe into Pelayo's ear a voice
Of spirit-stirring power, which like the trump
Of the Archangel, shall awake dead Spain.
The northern mountaineers are unsubdued;
They call upon Pelayo for their chief;
Odoar 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 search'd
The wan and wither'd features of the King.
Thy 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, Maccabee;
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
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
Designed, yet such as well may work with thine.
My noble mistress sends me to avert
The shame that threatens his house. The renegade
Nunian, he who, for the infidels,
Oppresses Gegio, insolently woos
His sister. Moulded in a wicked womb,
The unworthy Guilda 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 house,
Knowing his generous spirit ne'er will brook
The base alliance. Guilda lewdly 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 se's;
Wherefore these valiant and high-minded dames
Send me to Cordoba; that, if the Prince
Cannot, by timely interdiction, stop
The irrecoverable act of infamy,
He may, at least, to his own safety look,
Being timely warn'd.

Thy mistress sojourns then
With Gaudiosa, in Pelayo's hall?

With Siverian, in Pelayo's hall?

Said Roderick. 'Tis her natural home, rejo'in'd
Siverian: Chindasuintio's royal race
Have ever shared one lot of woe or woe;
And she who hath beheld her own fair shoot,
The goodly 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, Betsol ride his glittering stream,
In many a silvery winding traced afar
Amid the ample plain. Behind the walls
And stately piles, which crown’d its margin, rich
With olives, and with sunny slope of vines,
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 goodly vision, would have loved
To linger, seeking with insatiate sight
To treasure up its image, deep impress’d,
A joy for years to come. O 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 wait not from the immortal bower’s
Odors 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, overcharged,
And I, false servant, should lie down to rest
Before my work is done.

Hard by their path,
A little way without the walls, there stood
An edifice, whereeto, 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 duteous 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? O 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 Theodored 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, proclaims’d to Spain
The gospel-tidings; and in health and youth,
There mindful of mortality, he saw
His sepulchre prepared. Witiza took
For his adulterous kinsman and himself
The stately pile: but to that sepulchre,
When from captivity and darkness death
Enlarged him, was Theodred consigned;
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,
Implored 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 sad shrieks with hopeless vows,
And uttering frantically Pelayo’s name,
And crying out for mercy in despair,
Here had she made her dreadful end, and here
Her wretched body was deposited.
That presence seem’d to desecrate the place:
Thenceforth the usurper shunn’d it with the heart
Of conscious guilt; nor could Rusila bear
These groves and bower’s, which, like funereal shades,
Oppress’d her with their monumental forms:
One day of bitter and severe delight,
When Roderick came for vengeance, she endured,
And then forever left her bridal halls.

Oh, when I last beheld you princely pile,
Exclaim’d Siverian, with what other thoughts
Full, and elate of spirit, did I pass
Its joyous gates! The weedery which through
The interstices of those neglected courts
Uncheck’d had flourish’d long, and seeded there,
Was trampled then and bruised beneath the feet
Of thronging crowds. Here, drawn in fair array,
The faithful vassals of my master’s house,
Their javelins sparkling to the morning sun,
Spread their triumphant banners; high-plumed helms
Rose o’er the martial ranks, and prancing steeds
Made answer to the trumpet’s stirring voice;
While yonder towers shook the dull silence off
Which long to their deserted walls had clung,
And with redoubling echoes swell’d the shout
That hail’d victorious Roderick. Louder rose
The acclamation, when the dust was seen
Rising beneath his chariot-wheels far off;
But nearer as the youthful hero came,
All sounds of all the multitude were hush’d,
And from the thousands and ten thousands here,
Whom Cordoba and Hispalis sent forth,—
Yea, whom all Betica, all Spain pour’d out
To greet his triumph,—not a whisper rose
To Heaven, such awe and reverence master'd them;
Such expectation held them motionless.
Conqueror and King he came; but with no joy
Of conquest, and no pride of sovereignty
That day display'd; for at his father's grave
Did Roderick come to offer up his vow
Of vengeance well perform'd. Three coal-black steeds
Drew on his ivory charriot: by his side,
Still wrapt in mourning for the long-deceased,
Rusilla sat; a deeper paleness blanch'd
Her fad'd countenance, but in her eye
The light of her majestic nature shone.
Bound, and expecting at their hands the death
So well deserved, Witiza follow'd them;
Aghast and trembling, first he gazed around,
Wildly from side to side; then from the face
Of universal execration shrunk,
Hanging his wretched head abased; and poor
Of spirit, with unnanys tears deplored
His fortune, not his crimes. With bolder front,
Confiding in his priestly character,
Came Orpas next; and then the spurious race
Whom in unhappy hour Favilla's wife
Brought forth for Spain. O mercy ill bestow'd,
When Roderick, in compassion for their youth,
And for Pelayo's sake, forbore to crush
The brood of vipers!
Err perchance he might,
Replied the Goth, suppressing, as he spake,
All outward signs of pain, though every word
Went like a dagger to his bleeding heart;—
But sure, I ween, that error is not placed
Among his sins. Old man, thou mayst regret
The mercy ill deserved, and worse return'd,
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 then,— not even on that glorious day,
When on the field of victory, elevate
Amid the thousands who acclaim'd him King,
Firm on the shield above their heads upraised,
Erect he stood, and waved his bloody sword—
Why dost thou shake thy head as if in doubt?
I do not dream, nor fable! Ten short years
Have scarcely past away, since all within
The Pyrenean hills, and the three seas
Which girded Spain, echoed in one response
The acclamation from that field of light—
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 awake 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 seat
Rusilla rose, her arm, as down she stepp'd,
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 valor 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 suffice
Whate'er he omen'd. Oh that time, I cried,
Would give the strength of mankind to this arm,
Already would it find a manly heart
To guide it to its purpose! And I swore
Never again to see my father's face,
Nor ask my mother's blessing, till I brought,
Dead or in chains, the Tyrant to thy feet.
Boy as I was, before all Saints in Heaven,
And highest God, whose justice slumbereth not,
I made the vow. According to thy prayer,
In all things, O my father, is that vow
Perform'd, ahs, too well! for thou didst pray,
While, looking up, I felt the burning tears
Which from thy sightless sockets stream'd, drop
down,—
That to thy grave, and not thy living feet,
The oppressor might be led. Behold him there,
Father! Theodofred! no longer now
In darkness, from thy heavenly seat look down,
And see before thy grave thine enemy
In bonds, awaiting judgment at my hand!

Thus while the hero spake, Witiza stood
Listening in agony, with open mouth,
And head, half-raised, toward his sentence turn'd;
His eyelids stiffen'd and pursed up,— his eyes
Rigid, and wild, and wide; and when the King
Had ceased, amidst 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! he 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 leprous as thou art with crimes,
Is mercy. — Take him hence, and let him see
The light of day no more!

Such Roderick was
When last I saw these courts,—his theatre
Of glory;—such when last I visited
My master’s grave! Ten years have hardly held
Their course; ten little years,—break, break, old heart—
Oh, why art thou so tough?

As thus he spake,
They reach’d the church. The door before his hand
Gave way; both blinded with their tears, they went
Straight to the tomb; and there Siverian knelt,
And bow’d his face upon the sepulchre,
Weeping aloud; while Roderick, overpower’d,
And calling upon earth to cover him,
Throw himself prostrate on his father’s grave.

Thus as they lay, an awful voice, in tones
Severe, address’d them. Who are ye, it said,
That with your passion thus, and on this night,
Disturb my prayers? Starting they rose; there stood
A man before them of majestic form
And stature, clad in sackcloth, bare of foot,
Pale and in tears, with ashes on his head.

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 prayers; all guilty as she was,
Sure he had not been human, if that cry
Had fail’d to pierce him. When he heard the tale,
He bless’d the messenger, even while his speech
Was faltering,—while from head to foot he shook
With icy feelings from his most heart
Effused. It changed the nature of his woe,
Making the burden more endurable:
The life-long sorrow that remain’d, became
A healing and a chastening grief, and brought
His soul, in close communion, nearer Heaven.
For he had been her first-born, and the love
Which at her breast he drew, and from her smiles,
And from her voice of tenderness imbued,
Gave such unnatural horror to her crimes,
That when the thought came over him, it seem’d
As if the milk which with his infant life
Had blended, thrill’d like poison through his frame.

It was a woe beyond all reach of hope,
Till with the dreadful tale of her remorse
Faith touch’d his heart; and ever from that day
Did he for her who bore him, night and morn,
Pour out the anguish of his soul in prayer:
But chiefly as the night return’d, which heard
Her last expiring groans of penitence,
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 her grave he offer’d 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.

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
Awhile 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, exclaim’d, 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,
Wept at beholding him for grief and joy.

Siverian! cried the chief,—of whom hath Death
Bereaved me, that thou comest to Cordoba?
Children, or wife? — or hath the merciless scythe
Of this abbott’s and jealous tyranny
Made my house desolate at one wide sweep?

They are as thou couldst wish, the old man replied,
Wert thou but lord of thine own house again,
And Spain were Spain once more. A tale of ill
I bear, but one that touches not the heart
Like what thy tears forebode. The renegade
Numaician woes thy sister, and she lends
To the vile slave, unworthy, her car:
The Lady Gaudiosa hath in vain
Warn’d her of all the evils which await
A union thus accrues’d: she sets at nought
Her faith, her lineage, and thy certain wrath.

Pelayo, hearing him, remain’d awhile
Silent; then turning to his mother’s grave,—
O thou poor dust, hast then the infectious taint
Survived thy dread remorse, that it should run
In Guiula’s veins? he cried; — I should have heard
This shameful sorrow any where but here? —
Humble thyself, proud heart; thou, gracious
Heaven, —
Be merciful! — it is the original flaw,—
And what are we? — a weak, unhappy race,
Born to our sad inheritance of sin
And death! — He smote his forehead as he spake,
And from his head the ashes fell, like snow
Shaken from some dry beech-leaves, when a bird
Lights on the bending spray. A little while
In silence, rather than in thought, he stood
Passive beneath theorrow: turning then,
And what doth Gaudiosa counsel me?
He ask'd the old man; for she hath ever been
My wise and faithful counsellor.— He replied,
The Lady Gaudiosa bade me say
She sees the danger which on every part
Beats her husband's house.— Here she had ceased;
But when my noble Mistress gave in charge,
How I should tell thee that in evil times
The bravest counsels ever are the best,
Then that high-minded Lady thus join'd: —
Whatever be my Lord's resolve, he knows
I bear a mind prepared.

Brave spirits! cried
Pelayo, worthy to remove all stain
Of weakness from their sex! I should be less
Than man, if, drawing strength where others find
Their 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, exclaimed; —
O 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 quenched, 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 hatred. 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 fulfilment; 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 armed sons thy name.
And doth not thou that hot impatient goads
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,
Which with unwearable endurance still
Hath striven against its mightier enemies,
Roman or Carthaginian, Greek or Goth;
So often by superior arms oppress'd,
More often by superior arts beguiled;
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 suckcloth robe, which late, with folded arms,
Against his heart was press'd; and stretching forth
His hands toward the crucifix, exclaimed,
My God and my Redeemer! where but here,
Before thy awful presence, in this garb,
With penitential ashes thus bewrorn,
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 unchange'd and steady countenance
He spake; but when Siverian follow'd him,
The old man trembled as his lips pronounced
The faltering vow; and rising he exclaimed,
God grant thee, O my Prince, a better fate
Than thy poor kinman's, who in happier days
Received thy homage here! Grief choked his speech,
And, bursting into tears, he sobb'd aloud.
Tears too advow Pelayo's manly check
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.
Of all the Gothic baronage, the Moors
Watch'd with regard of wary policy,—
Knowing his powerful name, his noble mind,
And how in him the old Iberian blood,
Of royal and remotest ancestry,
From undisputed source flow'd undecifled;
His mother's after-guilt attainting not
The claim legitimate he derived from her,
Her first-born in her time of innocence.
He, too, of Chinadauzintho's regal line
Sole remainant now, drew after him the love
Of all true Gods, uniting in himself
Thus, by this double right, the general heart
Of Spain. For this the renegade crew,
Wretches in whom their conscious guilt and fear
Eugenator'd cruellest hatred, still advised
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 rancor in the Moorish chief;
Their only danger, ever he observed,
Was from Pelayo; root his lineage out,
The Caliph's empire then would be secure,
And universal Spain, all hope of change
Being lost, receive the Prophet's conquering law.
Then did the Arch-villain urge the Moor at once
To cut off future peril, telling him
Death was a trusty keeper, and that none
E'er broke the prison of the grave. But here
Keen malice overshot its mark; the Moor,
Who from the plunder of their native land
Had bought the recreant crew that join'd his arms,
Or cheapheld with their own possessions bribed
Their sordid souls, saw through the flimsy show
Of policy wherewith they sought to cloak
Old enmity and selfish aims: he scorn'd
To let their private purposes incline
His counsels, and believing Spain subdued,
Smiled, in the pride of power and victory,
Disdainful at the thought of further 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 heart
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 favor from the Moor
Ask'd and vouchsafed he pass without the walls,
Keeping his yearly vigil: on this night,
Therefore, the princely Spaniard could not fly,
Being thus in strongest bonds by honor held;
Nor would he by his own escape expose
To stricter bondage, or be like to death,
Count Pedro's son. The ancient enmity
Of rival houses from Pelayo's heart
Had, like a thing forgotten, past away;
He pitied child and parent, separated
By the stern mandate of unfeeling power,
And almost with a father's eyes beheld
The boy, his fellow in captivity.

For young Alphonso was in truth an heir
Of nature's largest patrimony: rich
In form and feature, growing strength of limb,
A gentle heart, a soul affectionate,
A joyous spirit fill'd with generous thoughts,
And genius heightening and ennobling all;
The blossom of all manly virtues made
His boyhood beautiful. Shield, gracious Heaven,
In this ungenial season perilous,—
Thus would Pelayo sometimes breathe in prayer
The aspirations of prophetic hope,— [let
Shield, gracious Heaven, the blooming tree! and
This goodly promise, for thy people's sake,
Yield its abundant fruitage. When the Prince,
With hope, and fear, and grief, and shame, disturb'd,
And sad remembrance, and the shadowy light
Of days before him, thronging as in dreams,
Whose quick succession fill'd and overpower'd
Awhile the unsuspecting faculty,
Could, in the calm of troubled thoughts subdued,
Seek in his heart for counsel, his first care
Was for the boy; how best they might evade
The Moor, and renegade's more watchful eye;
And leaving in some unsuspicious guise
The city, through what unfrequented track
Safrarist pursuit with speed their dangerous way,
Consumed in cares like these, the fleeting hours
Went by. The lamps and tapers now grew pale,
And through the eastern window slanting fell
The roseate ray of morn. Within those walls
Returning day restored no cheerful sounds
Or joyous motions of awakening life;
But in the stream of light the speckled motes,
As if in miniscule of insect play,
Float'd 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 prayers
Before thy mercy-seat, be heard in vain!
And thou, poor soul, who, from the dolorous 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 past! 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 Mountainier, 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 reverted oft.
He, springing forward when he heard the door
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
Scatter'd the flying shades; but woe is me,
For on the towers of Cordova the while
That balzaf crescent glitter'd in the morn,
And with its insolent triumph seem'd to mock
The moon that had found. — Last night I dream'd
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'erspread
His cheek, and starting tears again suffused
The brightening lustre of his eyes. The Prince
Regarded 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
Kindle with solemn thoughts, expressing now
High purposes of resolute hope. He gazed
All eagerly to hear what most he wish'd.
If, said the Prince, thy dream were verified,
And I indeed were in the field in arms
For Spain, wouldest thou be at Pelayo's side? —
If I should break these bonds, and fly to rear
Our country's banner on our native hills,
Wouldst thou, Alphonso, share my dangerous
flight?
Dear boy, — and wilt thou take thy lot with me
For death, or for deliverance?

Shall I swear?
Replied the impatient boy; and laying hand
Upon the altar, on his knee he bent,
Looking towards Pelayo with such joy
Of reverential love, as if a God
Were present to receive the eager vow.
Nay, quoth Pelayo: what hast thou to do
With oaths? — Bright emanation as thou art,
It were a wrong to thy unsullied soul,
A sin to nature, were I to require
Promise or vow from thee! Enough for me
That thy heart answers to the stirring call.
Alphonso, follow thou in happy faith
Always the indwelling voice that counsels thee;
And then, let fall the issue as it may,
Shall all thy paths be in the light of Heaven,
The peace of Heaven be with thee in all hours.

How then, exclaim'd the boy, shall I discharge
The burden of this happiness, — how ease
My overflowing soul? — Oh gracious God,
Shall I behold my mother's face again, —
My father's hall, — my native hills and vales,
And hear the voices of their streams again,—
And free as I was born amid those scenes
Beloved, maintain my country's freedom there, —
Or, failing in the sacred enterprise,
Die as becomes a Spaniard? — Saying thus,
He lifted up his hands and eyes toward
The image of the Crucified, and cried,
O Thou who didst with thy most precious blood
Redeem us, Jesu: help us while we seek
Earthly redemption from this yoke of shame,
And misbelief, and death.

The noble boy
Then rose, and would have knelt again to clasp
Pelayo's knees, and kiss his hand in act
Of homage; but the Prince, preventing this,
Bent over him in fatherly embrace,
And breathed a fervent blessing on his head.

IX.

FLORINDA.

There sat a woman like a suppliant,
Muffled and cloak'd, before Pelayo's gate,
Awaiting when he should return that morn.
She rose at his approach, and bow'd her head,
And, with a low and trembling utterance,
Besought him to vouchsafe her speech within
In privacy. And when they were alone,
And the doors closed, she knelt and clasp'd his
knees,
Saying, A boon! a boon! This night, 0 Prince,
Hast thou kept vigil for thy mother's soul:
For her soul's sake, and for the soul of him
Whom once, in happier days, of all mankind
Thou heldest for thy chosen bosom friend,
Oh, for the sake of his poor suffering soul,
Refuse me not!

How should I dare refuse,
Being thus adjoined? he answer'd. Thy request
Is granted, woman, — be it what it may,
So it be lawful, and within the bounds
Of possible achievement: — aught unilf
Thou wouldst not with these adjurations seek.
But who then art, I marvel, that dost 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 abused
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 womanhood,
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,
Rais'd her, and would have spoken; but his tongue
Fail'd in its office, and could only speak
In under tones compassionate her name.

The voice of pity soothe'd and melted her;
And when the Prince bade her be comfort'd,
Foolering his zealous aid in whatsoever
Might please her to appoint, a feeble smile
Pass'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 save'd me too, and made
A temple of this ruin'd tabernacle,
Wherein redeeming God doth not disdain.
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 offend'd Heaven.
This I have borne resign'd: but other ills,
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.
Obdurate as he is, the wretch profanes
My sacred woe, and woe's me to his bed,
The thing I am,—the living death thou see'st!

Miscreant! exclaim'd Pelayo. Might I meet
That renegado, sword to cimeter,
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 favor his demand? —
Julian, who hath so passionately loved
His child, so dreadfully revenged her wrongs!

Count Julian, she reply'd, hath none but me,
And it hath, therefore, been his heart's desire
To see his ancient line by me preserved.
This was their covenant when, in fatal hour
For Spain, and for themselves, in traitorous 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 naughty hope,
Versed as he was in treasons, to direct
The invaders by his secret policy,
And at their head, sild by Julian's power,
Reign as a Moor upon that throne to which
The priestly order else had bared his way.

The African hath conquer'd for himself;
But Orpas coveteth Count Julian's lands,
And claims to have the covenant perform'd.
Friendless, and worse than fatherless, I come
To thee for succor. 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 comfort'd! the Prince reply'd; but when
He spake of comfort, twice did he break off
The idle words, feeling that earth had none
For grief so irremediable as hers.
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 honor, 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 anger,
In this most awful crisis of my fate.

X.

RODERICK AND FLORINDA.

With sword and breastplate, 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 perceiv'd
The boy was not alone; he not for that
Delay'd the summons, but lest need should be,
Laying hand upon his sword, toward him bent
In act soliciting speech, and low of voice
Inquired, if friend or foe. Forgive me, cried
Alphonso, that I did not tell thee this,
Full as I was of happiness, before.
'Tis Hoya, 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 favoring moon arose,
To guide them on their flight through upland paths
Remote from frequented, 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;
The timorous blackbird, starting at their step,
Fled from the thicket with shrill note of fear;
And far below them in the peopled dell,
When all the soothing sounds of eve had ceased,
The distant watch-dog's voice at times was heard,
Answering the nearer wolf. All through the night
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,
They from the burden and the bit relieved
Their patient bearers, and around the fire
Partook of needful food and grateful rest.

Bright rose the flame replenish'd; it illum'd
The cork-tree's furrow'd rind, its rifts, and swells,
And redder scars,— and where its aged boughs
O'erbower'd the travellers, cast upon the leaves
A floating, gray, unrealizing gleam.
Alphonso, light of heart, upon the heath
Lay carelessly dispers'd, in happy dreams
Of home; his faithful Hoya slept beside.
Years and fatigue to old Sivieran brought
Easy oblivion; and the Prince himself,
Yielding to weary nature's gentle will,
Forgot his cares awhile. Florinda sat
Beholding Roderick with fix'd eyes intent,
Yet unregardant of the countenance
Whereon they dwelt; in other thoughts absorb'd,
Collecting fortitude for what she yearn'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
One startling recollection when she spake,
So altered were its tones.

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 Jesu's name,
The burden 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 ordain'd,
And kneeling by him, Father, dost thou know
The wretch who kneels beside thee? she inquired.
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,
Ceased 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 suffus'd his frame.
Their presence help'd him to subdue himself;
For else, had none been nigh, he would have fallen
Before Florinda prostrate on the earth,
And in that mutual agony belike
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 reproach,
And with their curses persecute his soul.—
Why shouldst thou tell me this? explain'd the Goth,
From his cold forehead wiping, as he spake,
The death-like moisture; — why of Roderick's guilt
Tell me? or think'st thou I know it not?
Ah! who hath not heard the hideous tale
Of Roderick's shame! Babes learn it from their nurses,
And children, by their mothers unapproved,
Link their first excursions to his name.
Oh, it hath caught a tint of infancy,
That, like Iscariot's, through all time shall last,
Reeking and fresh forever!

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-loved,
Not to arraign another, do I come;— I come a self-accuser, self-condemn'd
To take upon myself the pain deserved;
For I have drank the cup of bitterness,
And having drank therein of heavenly grace,
I must not put away the cup of shame.
Thus as she spake she falter'd at the close, 
And in that dying fall her voice sent forth
Somewhat of its original sweetness. Thou! —
Thou self-abused! exclaimed the astonish'd King; —
Thou self-condemn'd! — The cup of shame for thee!
Thee — thee, Florida! — But the very excess
Of passion check'd his speech, restraining thus
From further transport, which had haply else
Master'd him; and he sat 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,
Frail creatures as we are, that we should sit
In judgment, man on man! and what were we,
If the All-merciful should mete to us
With the same rigorous measure wherewithal
Sinner to sinner metes? But God beholds
The secrets of the heart,—therefore his name
Is Merciful. Servant of God, see thou
The hidden things of mine, and judge thou then
In charity thy brother who hath fallen. —
Nay, hear me to the end! I loved the King,—
 Tenderly, passionately, madly loved him.
Sinful it was to love a child of earth
With such entire devotion as I loved
Roderick, the heroic Prince, the glorious Goth! 
And yet methought this was its only crime,
The imaginative passion scendi'd 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 flourish'd in his light.
Oh, hear me not 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 repeats. 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
With whatsoe'er is noble, whatsoe'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-omen'd, this accursed love,
To his most lamentable fall betray
And utter ruin. Thus it was: The King,
By persons of cold statesmen ill-advis'd,
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 graver's hands,
Deformity and hollowness beneath
The rich external? For the love of pomp
And emptiest vanity, hath she not incur'd
The grief and wonder of good men, the jibes
Of vulgar ribaldry, the reproach of all;
Profaning the most holy sacrament
Of marriage, to become chief of the wives
Of Abdalaaziz, of the Infidel,
The Moor, the tyrant-enemy of Spain!
All know her now; but they alone who knew
What Roderick was, can judge his wretchedness,
To that light spirit and unfeeling heart
In hopeless bondage bound. No children rose
From this unhappy union, towards whom
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 worm!
And the slight bias of untoward chance
Makes his best virtue from the even line,
With fatal declination, swerve aside.
Ay, thou mayst groan for poor mortality,—
Well, Father, mayst 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, reverence Father, for I touch
Upon the point, and this long prologue goes,
As justice bids, to palliate his offence,
Not mine. The passion, which I fondly thought
Such as fond sisters for a brother feel,
Grew day by day, and strengthen'd in its growth,
Till the beloved presence had become
Needful as food or necessary sleep,
My hope, light, sunshine, life, and every thing.
Thus lap'd 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 griefs
Which 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 repining thought arose,
That if Florida had been Roderick's Queen,
Then might domestic peace and happiness
Have bless'd his home and crown'd our wedded
Loves.

Too often did that sinful thought recur,
Too feebly the temptation was repell'd.

See, Father, I have probe'd 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 condemn'd.
One eye, as in the bowers which overhang
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 discourse
At fits constrain'd, betrays a heart 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 consciously
Together fell absah'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 endure'd,
A fruitful wife and crown of earthly joys!
Thou too shouldst then have been of womankind
Happiest, as now the loveliest. — And with that,
First giving way to passion first disclosed,
He press'd upon my lips a guilty kiss,—
Alas! more guiltily received than given.
Passive and yielding, and yet self-reproach'd,
Trembling I stood, upheld in his embrace;
When coming steps were heard, and Roderick said,
Meet me to-morrow, I beseech thee, here,
Queen of my heart! Oh meet me here again,
My own Florinda, meet me here again! —
Tongue, eye, and pressure of the impassion'd hand
Solicited and urged the ardent suit,
And from my hesitating, hurried lips
The word of promise fatally was drawn.
O Roderick, Roderick! hadst thou told me all
Thy purpose at that hour, from what a world
Of woé had thou and I — The bitterness
Of that reflection overcame her then,
And chok'd her speech. But Roderick sat the while
Covering his face with both his hands close-press'd, his head bow'd down, his spirit to such point
Of suffering knit, as one who patiently
Awaits the uplifted sword.
Till now, said she,
Resuming her confession, I had lived,
If not in innocence, yet self-deceived,
And of my perilous and sinful state
Unconscious. But this fatal hour reveal'd
To my awakening soul her guilt and shame:
And in those agonies with which remorse,
Wrestling with weakness and with cherish'd sin,
Doth triumph o'er the lacerated heart,
That night — that miserable night — I vow'd,
A virgin dedicate, to pass my life
Immured; and, like redeemed Magdalen,
Or that Egyptian penitent, whose tears
Fretted the rock, and moisten'd round her cave
The thirsty desert, so to mourn my fall.
The struggle ending thus, the victory
Thus, as I thought, accomplish'd, I believed
My soul was calm, and that the peace of Heaven
Descended to accept and bless my vow;
And in this faith, prepared to consummate
The sacrifice, I went to meet the King.
See, Father, what a snare had Satan laid!
For Roderick came to tell me that the Church
From his unjustified bed would set him free,
And I should be his Queen.

O let me close
The dreadful tale! I told him of my vow;
And from sincere and scrupulous piety,
But more, I fear me, in that desperate mood
Of obstinate will perverse, the which, with pride,
And shame, and self-reproach, doth sometimes make
A woman's tongue, her own worst enemy,
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, he 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 dispersed 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 possess'd—
For Hell too surely at that hour prevail'd,
And with such subtle toils envelop'd him,
That even in the extremity of guilt
No guilt he purported, but rather meant
An amplest recompense of life-long love
For transitory wrong, which fate perversé—
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 exclaimed;
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 thou
What reparation 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,
Forever 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.

Paus'd thus, 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 unallay'd,
Sinn'd not from vicious 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'creame 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,
Wilt thou join with me for his soul in prayer?
He said, and troubled as he spoke.
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 un pitying judge;
One whose stern virtue, feeling in itself
No flaw 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 wide-spread;
Where castus shrubs sole seen exhaled at noon
Their fine balsamic odor all around;
Sown'd with their blossoms, frail as beautiful,
The thirsty soil at eve; and when the sun
Rolamed the gladden'd earth, opening anew
Their stores exuberant, prodigal as frail,
White'd again the wilderness. They left
The dark Sierra's skirts behind, and cross'd
The wilds where Ana, in her native hills,
Collects her sister springs, and hurries on
Her course melodious amid loveliest glens,
With forest and with fruitage overbower'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
Pendent, 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
Paredoom'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,
Thrice-greatest Hercules built, so fables say,
Now subjugate, but fated to behold
Erelong the heroic 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,
Preaminent, 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 cager 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! perchance
The long'd-for meeting may be yet far off
As earth from heaven. Sorrow, in these long months
Of separation, may have l Ind 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 wherefore is his brow
Thus overcast 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 sat upon his lips, his eye
Retain'd its troubled speculation still.
For long had he look'd wistfully 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 goatherd could he see, nor traveller,
Nor huntsman early at his sports afield,
Nor angler following up the mountain glen
His lonely pastime; 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 favorite kiding beats unheard;
The next stands open, and the sparrow there
Boldly pass in and out. Thither he turn'd
To seek what indications were within;
The chestnut-bread was on the shelf, the churn,
As if in haste forsaken, full and fresh;
The recent fire had moulder'd on the hearth;
And broken cobweb mark'd the whiter space
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. Erolong
Perceptible above the ceaseless sound
Of yonder stream, a voice of multitudes,
As if in loud achain, 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,
Maids, mothers, helpless infancy, weak age,
And wondering children, and tumultuous boys,
Hot youth, and resolute manhood gather'd there,
In upror upon the moving mass
Falls in half circle back; a general cry
Bursts forth; exultant arms are lifted up,
And caps are thrown aloft, as through the gate
Count Pedro's banner came. Alphonso shriek'd
For joy, and smote his steed and gallop'd on.

Fronting the gate, the standard-bearer holds
His precious charge. Behind, the men divide
In order'd files; green boyhood presses there,
And waning eld, pleading a youthful soul,
Entreats admission. All is ardor here,
Hope, and brave purposes, and minds resolved.
Nor where the weaker sex is left apart
Doth ought of fear find utterance, though perchance
Some paler cheeks might there be seen, some eyes
Big with sad bodings, and some natural tears.
Count Pedro's war-horse in the vacant space
Strikes with impatient hoof the trodden turf,
And gazing round upon the martial show,
Proud of his stately trappings, flings his head,
And snorts 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 thee!
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 certain 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.
Not for our lives I speak then,—were they worth
The thought of preservation;—Nature soon
Must call for them; the sword that should cut short
Sorrow's slow work were merciful to us.
But spare Alphonso! there is time and hope
In store for him. O thou who gavest him life,
Seal not his death, his death and mine at once!

Peace! he replied: thou know'st there is no
choice;
I did not raise the storm; I cannot turn
Its course aside; but where you banner goes
Thy Lord must not be absent! Spare me then,
Favinia, lest I hear thy honor'd name
Now first attainted with deserved reproach.
The boy is in God's hands. He who of yore
Walk'd with the sons of Judah in the fire,
And from the lions' den drew Daniel forth
U 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 break their ranks
And gather round to greet him; from his horse
Precipitate and panting off he springs.
Pedro grew pale, and trembled at his sight;
Favinia clasped her hands, and looking up
To Heaven as she embraced the boy, exclaim'd,
Lord God, forgive me for my sinful fears;
Unworthy that I am,—my son, my son!

XI.

THE VOW.

Always I knew thee for a generous foe,
Pelayo: said the Count; and in our time
Of cunning, thou too, I know, didst feel
The feud between us was but of the house,
Not of the heart. Brethren in arms henceforth
We stand or fall together; nor will I
Look to the event with one misgiving thought,—
That were to prove myself unworthy now
Of Heaven's benignant providence, this hour,
Scarce by less than miracle, vouchsafed.
I will believe that we have days in store
Of hope, now risen again as from the dead,—
Of vengeance,—of portentous victory,—
Yea, manage all unlikelihoods,—of peace.
Let us then here indissolubly knit
Our ancient houses, that those happy days,
When they arrive, may find us more than friends,
And bound by closer than fraternal ties.
Thou hast a daughter, Prince, to whom my heart
Years now, as if in winning infancy
Her smiles had been its daily food of love.
I need not tell thee what Alphonso is,—
Thou know'st the boy.
Already had that hope,
Replyed Pelayo, risen within my soul.
O Thou, who, in thy mercy, from the house
Of Moorish bondage hast deliver'd us,
Fulfill the pious purposes for which
Here, in thy presence, thus we pledge our hands!

Strange hour to plight espousals! yielding half
To superstitious thoughts, Favinia cried,
And these strange witnesses!—The times are strange,
With thoughtful speech composed her Lord replies;
And what thou seest accord with them. This day
Is wonderful; nor could auspicious Heaven
With fairer or with fitter omen gift
Our enterprise, when, strong in heart and hope,
We take the field, preparing thus for works
Of piety and love. Unwillingly
I yielded to my people's general voice,
Thinking that she who with her powerful words
To this excess had roused and kindled them,
Spake from the spirit of her griefs alone,
Not with prophetic impulse. Be that sin
Forgiven me! and the calm and quiet faith
Which, in the place of incredulity,
Hath fill'd me, now that seeing I believe,
Doth give of happy end to righteous cause
A presage, not presumptuous, but assured.

Then Pedro told Pelayo how from vale
To vale the exalted Adosinda went,
Exciting sire and son, in holy war
Conquering or dying, to secure their place
In Paradise; and how reluctantly,
And mourning for his child by his own act
Thus doom'd to death, he bade with heavy heart
His banner be brought forth. Devout alike
Of purpose and of hope himself, he meant
To march toward the western Mountainers,
Where Odoar by his counsel might direct
Their force conjoint. 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 armor 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 pursued,
This day above all other days is blest,
From whence, as from a birth-day, thus wilt date
Thy life in arms!

Rejoicing in their task,
The servants of the house, with emulous love,
Dispute the charge. One brings the cuirass, one
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 armor, 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 ardor, 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,
Hateful to mothers, pass'd across her mind,
The ill 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 rites
Omitted now,—here, in the face of Heaven,
Before the vassals of his father's house,
With them in instant peril to partake
The chance of life or death, the heroic boy
Dons his first arms; the coated scales of steel
Which o'er the tunie to his knees depend,
The hose, the sleeves of mail; bareheaded then
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 honor what in form it lacks.
The Prince from Hoyo's faithful hand receiv'd
The sword; he girt it round the youth, and drew
And placed it in his hand; unheathing then
His own good falchion, with its burnish'd blade
He touch'd Alphonso's neck, and with a kiss
Gave him his rank in arms.

Thus long the crowd
Had look'd intently on, in silence hush'd;
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 incirrating 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,
Young Baron, he began, must do my part;
Not with prerogative of earthly power,
But as the servant of the living God,
The God of Hosts. This day thou promisest
To die, when honor calls thee, for thy faith,
For thy liege Lord, and for thy native land;
The duties which at birth we all contract,
Are by the high profession of this hour
Made thine especially. Thy noble blood,
The thoughts with which thy childhood hath been fed,
And thine own noble nature more than all,
Are sureties for thee. But these dreadful times
Demand a further pledge; for it hath pleased
The Highest, as he tried his Saints of old,
So in the fiery furnace of his wrath
To prove and purify the sons of Spain;
And they must knit their spirits to the proof,
Or sink, forever lost. Hold forth thy sword,
Young Baron, and before thy people take
The vow which, in Toledo's sacred name,
Poor as these weeds bespeak me, I am here
To minister with delegated power.

With reverential awe was Roderick heard
By all, so well authority became
That mien, and voice, and countenance austere.
Pelayo with complacent eye beheld
The unlook'd-for interpos'd, and the Count
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 is 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,
But that the sword shall be from this day forth
Thy children's portion, to be handed down
From sire to son, a sacred heritage,
Through 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
Forever; —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 of Heaven,
As by a new baptismal sacrament,
To wage hereditary, holy war,
Perpetual, patient, persevering war,
Till not one living enemy pollute
The sacred soil of Spain.

So, as he ceased,
While yet toward the clear, blue firmament
His eyes were raised, he lifted to his lips
The sword, with reverent gesture bending then,
Devoutly kiss'd its cross.

And ye! exclaimed
Roderick, as, turning to the assembled troop,
He motion'd with authoritative hand,—
Ye children of the hills and sons of Spain!

Through every heart the rapid feeling ran,—
For us! they answer'd all with one accord,
And at the word they knelt: People and Prince,
The young and old, the father and the son,
At once they knelt; with one accord they cried,
For us, and for our seed! with one accord
They cross'd their fervent arms, and with bent head
Inclined toward that awful voice from whence
The inspiring impulse came. The Royal Goth
Made answer, — I receive your vow for Spain
And for the Lord of Hosts: your cause is good;
Go forward in his spirit and his strength.

Ne'er in his happiest hours had Roderick
With such commanding majesty dispensed
His princely gifts, as dignified him now,
When, with slow movement, solemnly upraised,
Toward the kneeling troop he spread his arms,
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.
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 fervor of their zeal inspired. The Mountaineers,—the presence of their Chiefs, The sight of all dear objects, all dear ties, The air they breathed, the soil wherein they trod, Duty, devotion, faith, and hope, and joy. And little had the misbelievers seen’d
In such impetuous onset to receive
A greeting deadly as their own intent; Victims they thought to find, not men prepared And eager for the fight; their confidence Therefore gave way to wonder, and dismay. Effected what astonishment began. Scatter’d before the impetuous Mountaineers, Buckler, and spear, and cimeter they dropp’d, As in precipitate rout 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
Two Africans had stood, who held in charge
Count Eudon. When they saw their countrymen, Falter, 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! am’d against his neck
The money felonion’s point. His comrade raised
A hasty hand, and turn’d it’s edge aside,
Yet so that o’er the shoulder glancing down,
It scar’d him as it pass’d. The murderous Moor,
Not tarrying to secure his vengeance, fled;
While he of milder mood, at Eudon’s feet
Fell and embraced 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 Alphonse, and the Prince
Stood on a little rocky eminence
Which overlook’d the vale. Pedro had put
His helmet off, and with somberous horn
Blow the recall; for well he knew what thoughts,
Calm as the Prince appear’d and undisturb’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, reechoing far and wide.
Slow and unwillingly his men obey’d
The swelling horn’s reiterated call;
Repining 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 strung
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 favor manifest
Illustrated a first essay in arms!
They bless’d the father from whose loins he sprung,
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 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 quail’d Count Eudon’s heart, and made his
Limbs
Quiver, were of his own unworthiness,
Oblivious, and that he stood in power
Of hated and hereditary foes.
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 slain me:—see, I bleed! The Moor
Can witness that a Moorish cimenter
Inflicted 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 repress’d 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 cimenter
Aside, and trust that life will be the need
For life by me preserved.

Nor shall thy trust,
Rejoin’d the Count, be vain. Say further 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 hear thee hence in bonds. A messenger
From Cordoba, whose speed denoted well
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 wove.
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 de
stroy'd,—

Our towns subdued,— our country overrun,—
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 honorable terms?

Terms! cried Pelayo, cutting short at once
That dastard speech, and checking, ere it grew
Too powerful for restraint, the inop'rant wretch
Which in indignant murmurs breathing round,
Rose like a gathering storm, learn thou what terms
Asturias, this day speaking by my voice,
Doth constitute to the law between
Thee and thy Country. Our portentous age,
As with an earthquake's desolating force,
Hath loosen'd and disjointed the whole frame
Of social order, and she calls not now
For service with the force of sovereign will.
That which was common duty in old times,
Becomes an arduous, glorious virtue now;
And every one, as between Hell and Heaven,
In free election must be left to choose.

Asturias asks not of thee to partake
The cup which we have pledged; she claims from none
The dauntless fortune, the mind resolved,
Which only God can give; — therefore such peace
As thou canst find where all around is war,
She leaves thee to enjoy. But think not, Count,
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 fight beneath our banners, and our wars
Shall from thy lands, as from a patrimony
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

Which in this land for weakness must be paid
While civil stars prevail. And mark me, Chief!
Fear is a treacherous counsellor! I know
Thou think'nest that beneath his horses' hoofs
The Moor will trample our poor numbers down;
But join not, in contempt of us and Heaven,
His multitudes! for if thou shouldest be found
Against thy country, on the readiest tree
Those recruent bones shall rattle in the wind,
When the birds have left them bare.

As thus he spake,
Count Eudon heard and trembled: every joint
Was loos'en'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 fervor, not of grief.
The sun was verging to the western slope
Of Heaven, but they till midnight travell'd on;
Renewing then 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
Ponia'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 eried, thy will be done!

XIV.

THE RESCUE

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 whatsoever 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,  
Sate in her children may be doom’d to feel,  
Will never make that steady soul repent  
Its virtuous purpose. I, too, did cast  
My single life into the lot, but knew  
Those dearer pledges 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. We must rest  
Perforce, and wait what tidings night may bring,  
Haply of comfort. Ho, here! Kindle fires,  
And see if aught of hospitality  
Can yet within these mournful walls be found!  

Thus while he spake, lights were descried 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 flash’d on Sella’s rippling stream;  
Now gleam’d through chestnut groves, emerging now,  
Over their huge boughs and radiated leaves  
Cast broad and bright a transitory glare.  
That sight inspired with strength the mountainers;  
All sense of weariness, all wish for rest  
At once were gone; impatient in desire  
Of second victory alert they stood;  
And when the hostile symbols, which from far  
Imagination to their wish had shaped,  
Vanish’d in nearer vision, 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 horses’ feet  
The torch-light floated, with its hovering glare  
Blackening the incumbent and surrounding night.  
Helmet and breastplate 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 vainly there  
Sought he with wistful eye the well-known forms  
Beloved; and plainly might it now be seen,  
That from some bloody conflict they return’d  
Victorious,—for at every saddle-bow  
A gory head was hung. Anon, they stopp’d,  
Levelling, in quick alarm, their ready spears.  
Hold! who goes there? cried one. A hundred tongues
RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs.

XV.

RODERICK AT CANGAS.

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, gray
And massy, motionless they spread; here shine
Upon the crests, deepening with blacker night
Their chasms; and there the glittering argentry
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.

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 Auseva 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 moonlight well nigh
quench'd

Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
Draw on, with elevating influence,
Toward eternity the attemp'r'd mind.
Musing on worlds beyond the grave he stands,
And to the Virgin Mother silently
Prefers his hymn of praise.

The mountaineers
Before the castle, round their moulder'g fires,
Lie on the heath outstretched. 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.

Withal the while he lay, yet more by hope
Than grief for 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;
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 upfront renegade than to wait
His wooing: how, as guilt to guilt led on,
Spurning at gentle admonition first,
When Gaudiosa hopelessly forbore
From further 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
How foul. Despightful thus she grew, because
Humbled, yet unrepentant. Who could say
To what excess bad passions might impuls
A woman thus possess'd? She could not fail
To mark Siverian's absence, for what end
Her conscience but too 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 hour,
Nor gathering danger weigh his spirit down.
The anticipated meeting put to flight
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 behelds Favila's form
In opening youth robust, and Hermesind,
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 Piona took his way
Toward Auneva. Heavily 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 pensive pace upon Piona's side
Wandering alone and slow.
For he had left
The weariness of his unrest, that morn
With its cold dews might bathe his throbbing brow;
And with its breath, the feverish heat
That burnt within. Also! 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 Siverian 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 knelt his suffering spirit to the proof.

He went resolved to tol his Mother all,
Fall at her feet, and drinking the last dregs
Of bitterness, receive the only good
Earth had in store for him.Resolved for this
He went; yet was it a relief to find
That painful resolution must await
A fitter season, when no eye but Heaven's
Night witness to their mutual agony.
Count Julian's daughter with Rusilla sat;
Both had been weeping, both were pale, but calm.
With head as for humility abased
Roderick approach'd, and bending, on his breast
He 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 reprove the inconsiderate tongue,
That in the anguish of its spirit pour'd
A curse upon my poor unhappy child.
O Father Maccabae, this is a hard world,
And hasty in its judgments! Time has been,
When not a tongue within the Pyrenees
Dared whisper in dispraise of Roderick's name,
Lest, 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 so long had to this hour look'd on,
That when the actual point of trial came,
Torpid and numb'd it found him; cold he grew,
And as the vital spirits to the heart
Retreated o'er his wither'd countenance,
Deathy 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,
O venerable Lady, he reply'd,
It 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,
She hath forgiven him; and thy blessing now
Were all that he could ask,—all that could bring
Profit or consolation to his soul,
If he had been, as sure we may believe,
A penitent sincere.

Oh, had he lived,
Replied Rusilla, never penitence
Had equall'd his! full well I know his heart,
Vehement in all things. He would on himself
Have wreak'd such penance as had reach'd the height
Of fleshly suffering,—yea, which being told
With its portentous rigor should have made
The memory of his fault, o'erpower'd and lost
In shuddering pity and astonishment,
Fade like a febler horror. Otherwise
Seem'd good to Heaven. I murmur not, nor doubt
The boundless mercy of redeeming love.
For sure I trust that not in his offence
Harden'd and reprobat was my lost son,
A child of wrath, cut off!—that dreadful thought,
Not even amid the first fresh wretchedness,
When the ruin burst around me like a flood,
Assail'd my soul. I ever deem'd his fall
An act of sudden madness: and this day
Hath in unlook'd-for confirmation given
A livelier hope, a more assured faith.
Smiling benignant then amid her tears,
She took Florinda by the hand, and said,
I little thought that I should live to bless
Count Julian's daughter! She hath brought to me
The last, the best, the only comfort earth
Could minister to this afflicted heart,
And my gray 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 sustain'd, the woes they bear,
Pass not that holy threshold, where Death heals
The broken heart. O Lady, thou mayst trust
In humble hope, through Him who on the Cross
Gave his atoning 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 endures!—that grief hath lost
Its sting:—I have a keener sorrow here,—
One which,—but God foreclosed that dire event,
May pass with me the portals of the grave,
And with a thought, like sin which cannot die,
Imbitter 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 saw’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, repairable 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 Russila’s feet, crying him long
And wistfully, had recognized at length,
Changed as he was and in these 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-withheld caress.
A feeling uncommix’d with sense of guilt
Or shame, yet painfulest, thrill’d through the King;
But he to self-control now long inured
Repress’d 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, yet so that still
He shunn’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,
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’erburden’d nature, from all eyes
Apart, he cast himself upon the ground,
And threw his arms around the dog, and cried,
While tears stream’d down, Thou, Theron, then
last known
Thy poor lost master,—Theron, none but thou!

XVI.

COVADONGA.

MEANETIME Pelayo up the vale pursued
Eastward his way, before the sun had climb’d
Auseva’s brow, or shed his silvery beams
Upon Europa’s summit, where the snows
Through all revolting 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 wanton 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 overbrow’d,
Or spreading to the sun their trellised vines;
Through orchards now, and now by thymy banks,
Where wooden hives in some warm nook were hid
From wind and shower; and now through shadowy
paths,
Where hazels fringed Ponia's vocal stream;
Till where the lofier hills to narrower bound
Confine the vale, he reach'd those hills 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
Blazon'd; but most by him illustrated,
Avid of gold, yet greedier of renown,
Whom not the spoils of Atabálpa
Could satisfy insatiate, nor the fame
Of that wide empire overthrown appease;
But he to Florida's disastrous shores
In evil hour his gallant courages 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 refining rest,
In the great river's midland bed he left
His honor'd bones.

A mountain rivulet,
Now calm and lovely in its summer course,
Held by those hills its everlasting way
Towards Ponia. They, whose flocks and herds
Drink of its water, call it Deva. Here
Pelayo southward up the ruder vale
Traced it, his guide mounting. Amid heaps
Of mountain wreck, on either side thrown high,
The wide-spread traces of its wintry might,
The tortuous channel wound; o'er beds of sand
Here silently it flows; here, from the rock
Rebuilt, curls and caddies; plunges here
Precipitate; here roaring among crags,
It leaps, and foams, and whirls, and hurries on.
Gray alders here and bushy hazels hid
The mossy side; 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.

Soon had the Prince
Behind him left the farthest dwelling-place
Of man; no fields of waving corn were here,
Nor wicker storehouse for the autumnal grain,
Vineyard, nor bowery fig, nor fruitful grove;
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 Mussulman were here, he cried,
With all his myriads! While thy day endures,
Moor! thou mayst 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
From lofty thoughts of elevating joy;
For love and admiration had their part,
And virtuous pride. Here then thou hast retired,
My Gandiosi! in his heart he said;
Excellent woman! ne'er was richer boon
By fate begiin to favor'd man indulged,
Than when thou went, before the face of Heaven,
Given me to be my children's mother, brave
And virtuous as thou art! Here thou best fled,
Thou, who rest in palaces, to dwell
In rocks and mountain caves!—The thought was
proud,
Yet not without a sense of imminent pain;
For never had Pelayo, till that hour,
So deeply felt the force of solitude.
High over head, the eagle soared serene,
And the gray 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 flow
Of Deva, and the rushing of its springs,
Long in the distance heard, which nearer now,
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 eminently, 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 heathery 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, dress'd,
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
The arching rock disclosed, above the springs,
A cave, where huestest son of giant birth,
That e'er of old in forest of romance
'Gainst knights and ladies waged discourteous war,
Erect within the portal, might have stood.
The broken stone allow'd for hand and foot
No difficult ascent, above the base
In height a tall man's stature, measured thrice.
No holier spot than Covadonga Spain
Boast in her wide extent, though all her realms
Be with the noblest blood of martyrdom,
In elder or in later days, eaeri'd,
And glorified with tales of heavenly aid
By many a miracle made manifest;
Nor in the heroic annals of her fame
Doth she show forth a scene of more renown.
Then, save the hunter, drawn in keen pursuit
Beyond his wonted haunts, or shepherd's boy,
Following the pleasure of his straggling flock,
None knew the place.

Pelayo, when he saw
Those glittering sources and their sacred cave,
Took from his side the bugle, silver-tipt,
And with a breath long drawn, and bow expired,
Sent forth that strain, which, echoing from the walls
Of Cangas, wont to tell his glad return
When from the chase he came. At the first sound
Favila started in the cave, and cried,
My father's horn!—A sudden flush suffused
Hermesind's cheek, and she with quicken'd eye
Look'd eager to her mother silently.
But Gandiosa trembled and grew pale,
Doubting her sense deceived. A second time
The bugle breathed its well-known notes abroad;
And Hermesind around her mother's neck
Throw her white arms, and earnestly exclaim'd,
'Tis he!—But when a third and broader blast
Rung in the echoing archway, ne'er did wand,
With magic power enchi'd, call up a sight
So strange, as sure in that wild solitude
It seem'd, when from the bowels of the rock
The mother and her children hastened forth;
She in the sober charms and dignity
Of womanhood mature, nor verging yet
Upon decay; in gesture like a Queen,
Such inborn and habitual majesty
Ennobled all her steps,—or Priestess, chosen
Because within such faultless work of Heaven
Inspiring deity might seem to make
Its habitation known,—Favila such
In form and stature as the Sea Nymph's son,
When that wise Centaur from his cave well pleased
Beheld the boy divine his growing strength
Against some shaggy lionet essay,
And fixing in the half-grown mane his hands,
Roll with him in fierce daintance intertwined.
But like a creature of some higher sphere
His sister came; she scarcely touch'd the rock,
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: yea, she seem'd
Angel, or soul beatified, 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 a while
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 recur'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 drank 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,
Erst 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 sunbeam visited, or breath
Of vivifying morning came to cheer.
No light was there but that which from above
In dim reflection fell, or found its way,
Broken and quivering, through the glassy stream,
Where through the rock it gush'd. That shadowy light
Suffice 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 breathe
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 ringdove choose
In so secure a nook her hiding-place,
Or build a warmer nest? 'Tis fragrant too,
As warm, and not more sweet than soft;—for thyme
And myrtle with the elastic heath are laid,
And, over all, this dry and pillowy moss,—
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!—
Fither, lie thought, such chamber might beseech
Some hermit of Hilirion's school austere,
Or old Antonius, he who from the hell
Of his bewildering dream, a phantasy saw scenes
In actual vision, a fool through grotesque
Of all his fantastic shapes and forms obscure
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 perceived the things to come,
Would there have filled 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 Hermione 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 overflow'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 swollen
With such emotions as Pelayo felt
That hour. O Gaudiessa, he exclaimed,
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 infancy,
And tenfold guilt, if I despair'd of Spain?
In all her visitations, favoring 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 press'd 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,
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.

RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS.

RODERICK AND SIVERIAN.

O holiest Mary, Maid and Mother! thou
In Corudonga, at thy rocky shrine,
Hast witness'd whatso'er of human bliss
Heart can conceive most perfect! Faithful love,
Long cross'd by envious stars, hath there attain'd
Its crown, in endless matrimony given;
The youthful mother there hath to the font
Her first-born borne, and there, with deeper sense
Of gratitude for that dear babe redeem'd
From threatening death, return'd to pay her vows.
But ne'er on 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,
O'er whom the mighty Spirit of the Land
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 unalloyed 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 Gaudiessa 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,
Illumining and quickening all its powers.

But on Ponia's side meantime a heart
As generous, and as full of noble thoughts,
Lay stricken with the deadliest bolts of grief.
Upon a smooth gray stone sat Roderick there;
The wind above him stir'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 repose something like repose;
And then the quiet sound of gentle winds
And waters with their hushing consonance
Beguiled 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 fann'd his cheek, — the stream's perpetual
flow,
That, with its shadows and its glancing lights,
Dimples and thread-like motions infinite,
Forever 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.
What matters change of state and circumstance,
Or lapse of years, with all their dread events,
To him? What matters it that Roderick wears
The crown no longer, nor the sceptre wields? —
It is the dear-loved hand, whose friendly touch
Had hither'd him so oft; it is the voice,
At whose glad summons to the field so oft
From slumber he had started, shaking off
Dreams of the chase, to share the actual joy;
The eye, whose recognition he was wont
To watch and welcome with exultant tongue

A coming step, unheard by Roderick, roused
His watchful ear, and turning he beheld
Siverian. Father, said the good old man,
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 uncorrected 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 regain 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 exusive speech,
Thinking to draw the old man's mind from what
Might touch him else too nearly, and himself
Disposed to follow on the lare he threw,
As one whom such imaginations led
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,
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 fled
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,
Save 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 drove from his mind
All other thoughts. The good old man replied,
Of human judgments 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 sin'd against than sinning.

As with that
He clasps'd his hands, and, lifting them to Heaven,
Cried, Would 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 vindicate his name!

Did he say this?
The Prince? Pelayo? in astonishment
Roderick exclaim'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 Savior, 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 reverence to imbody the dear hope:
Fain would he have it strengthen'd and assured
By this concordant judgment, yet he fear'd
To have it chil'd in cold accord. At length
Venturing, he brake with interrupted speech
The troubled silence. Father Maccabæus,
I cannot rest till I have bid 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 lived,
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
Clinched 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 this sure
mark
Ye should have known him, if sought else re-
main'd,
That his whole body had been gore'd 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 ardor 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.

Soon the old man
Paraded 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, 'twas in some wilderness,
Where, in some savage den inhum'd, he drags
The weary load of life, and on his flesh,
As on a mortal enemy, inflicts
Fierce vengeance with immitigable 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 believe,
Joy would accomplish then what grief hath fail'd
To do with this old heart, and I should die
Clasping his knees with such intense delight,
That when I woke in Heaven, even Heaven
itself
Could have no higher happiness in store.

Thus fervently he spake, and copious tears
Ran down his cheeks. Full oft the Royal Goth,
Since he came forth again among mankind,
Had trembling lest some curious eye should read
His luminaments 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
Corroborate, made him steadily repress
His yearning nature. Whether Roderick live,
Crying 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 these imaginations rob
His soul of thy continual prayers, whose aid
Too surely, in whatever world, he needs.
The faithful love that mitigates his fault,
Heavenward address'd, may mitigate his doom.
Living or dead, old man, be sure his soul,—
It were unworthy else, — doth hold with thine
Entire communion? Doubt not he relies
Firmly on thee, 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 in-
tervene.

Lost as he is, to Roderick this must be
Thy first, 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.

THE ACCLAMATION.

Now, when from Covadonga, down the vale
Holding his way, the princely mountaineer
Came with that happy family in sight
Of Cangas and his native towers, far off
He saw before the gate, in fair array,
The assembled land. Broad banners were dis-
play'd,
And spears were sparkling to the sun; shields shone,
And helmets glitter'd, and the blaring horn,
With frequent sally of impatient joy,
Provoked the echoes round. Well he areads,
From yonder ensigns and augmented force,
That Odor and the Prinate from the west
Have brought their aid; but wherefore all were
thus
Instructed as for some great festival,
He found not, till Favila's quicker eye
Catching the ready buckler, the glad boy
Leap'd up, and clapping his exultant hands,
Shouted, King! King! my father shall be King
This day! Pelayo started at the word,
And the first thought which smote him brought a
sigh
For Roderick's fall; the second was of hope,
Deliverance for his country, for himself
Enduring fame, and glory for his line.
That high prophetic forethought gather'd strength,
As looking to his honor'd mate, he read
Her soul's accostant angrily; her eyes
Brighten'd; the quicken'd action of the blood
Tinged with a deeper hue her glowing cheek,
And on her lips there sat a smile which spoke
The honorable pride of perfect love,
Rejoicing, for her husband's sake, to share
The lot he chose, the peril he defied,
The lofty fortune which their faith foresaw.

Roderick, in front of all the assembled troops,
Held the broad buckler, following to the end
That sturdy purpose to which his zeal
Had this day wrought the Chiefs. Tall as himself,
Erect it stood beside him, and his hands
Hung resting on the rim. This was an hour
That sweeter'd life, repaid and recompensed
All losses; and although it could not heal
All griefs, yet laid them for a while to rest.
The active, agitating joy that fill'd
The vale, that with contagious influence spread
Through all the exulting mountaineers, that gave
New ardor to all spirits, to all breasts
Inspired fresh impulse of excited hope,
Moved every tongue, and strengthen'd every limb,—
That joy which every man reflect'd saw
From every face of all the multitude,
And heard in every voice, in every sound,
Reach'd not the King. Abo' from sympathy,
He from the solitude of his own soul
Beheld the busy scene. None shared or knew
His deep and incommunicable joy;
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-weigh'd choice, in arduous time,
To arduous office the consenting Church
Had call'd when Simered, 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 ignominy, 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 his 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 deposed,
One day to be the boast of yet unborn
Oriedo, and the dear idolatry
Of multitudes unborn. To things of state
Then giving thought mature, he held advice
With Odeo, whom of counsel competent
And firm of heart he knew. What then they
plann'd,
Time and the course of overruled 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 sacring now
One form must serve, more solemn for the breach
Of old observances, whose absence here
Deeper impress'd the heart, than all display
Of regal pomp and wealth pontifical,
Of vestments radiant with their gems, and stuff
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 auriphragiate; bare of head
He stood, all else in arts complete, and o'er
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,
Replete 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 crossier richly wrought
With silver foliature, the elaborate work
Of Greek 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, unsheeld, even as it grew
On the near oak that morn.
Mutilate aside
Of royal rites was this solemnity.
Where was the rubied crown, the sceptre where,
And where the golden pome, the proud array
Of ermines, aureate vests, and jewelry,
With all which Leuwigild for after kings
Left, ostentation of his power? The Moor
Had made his spoil of these, and on the field
Of Xeres, where contending multitudes
Had tramph'd 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 afflicted 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,
Roderick, the Last of the Goths

XVIII.

Came like a deluge rolling o'er the world,
Made head, and in the front of battle broke
His forces, till then irresistible; which so oft
Had with alternate fortune braved the Frank;
Driven the Byzantine 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;
Botted from human records is it now
As it had never been. So let it rest
With things forgotten! But Oblivion ne'er
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 sateate rage, and drunk
With blood and fury? Did the auguries
Which open'd on thy spirit bring with them
A perilous consolation, deadening heart
And soul, yea, worse than death— that thou
through all
Thy checker'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 repel'd,
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 shout
Which he had heard when on Romano's grave
The joy of victory woke him from his dream,
And sent him with prophetic hope to work
Fulfilment of the great events ordain'd,
There in imagination's inner world
Prefigured to his soul.

Alone, advanced
Before the ranks, the Goth in silence stood,
While from all voices round, liquouious joy
Mingled its buzz continuous with the blast
Of horn, shrill pipe, and tinkling cymbals' clash,
And sound of deafening drum. But when the
Prince
Drew nigh, and Urban, with the Cross upheld,
Stepp'd 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 woodland undisturb'd
The ringdove's wooing, and the quiet voice
Of waters warbling near.

Son of a race

Of Heroes and of Kings! the Primate thus
Address'd him, Thou in whom the Gothic blood,
Mingling with old Iberia's, hath restored
To Spain a ruler of her native line,
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 forever, O my countrymen!
Replied Pelayo; and so deal with me
Here and hereafter, thou Almighty God,
In whom I put my trust!

Lord God of Hosts,
Urban pursued, of Angels and of Men
Creator and Disposer, 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
And Moon nurture for man, the precious stores
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 now
Mourneth in desolation, I thee wed:
For weal or woe thou takest her, till death
Dispart the union. Be 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 honord office: Round the shield
Standing, they lower it for the Chieflain'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 Red; 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 vales.
The wild ass starting in the forest glade
Ran to the covert; the affrighted wolf
Skulk'd through the thickets to a closer brake;
The sluggish bear, awakened 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 virile 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 fall
Embracing with a martyr's love your death
And all the flames of Aura; and all ye
Victims innumerable, whose cries unheard
On earth, but heard in Heaven, from all the land
Went up for vengeance; not in vain ye cry
Before the eternal throne! — Rest, innocent blood!
Vengeance is due, and vengeance will be given.
Rest, innocent blood? The appointed age is come!
The star that harbingers a glorious day
[here
Hath risen!  Lo, there the Avenger stands!  Lo,
He brandishes the avenging sword!  Lo, there
The avenging banner spreads its argent field
Refulgent with auspicious light! — Rejoice,
O Leon, for thy banner is displayed;
Rejoice with all thy mountains, and thy vales
And streams! And thou, O Spain, through all thy realms,
For thy deliverance cometh! Even now,
As from all sides the miscreant hosts move on; —
From southern Bethis; from the western lands,
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 Vardulia call'd,
But in their castellated strength erelong
To be design'd Castille, a deathless name,
From midland regions where Toledo reigns
Proud city on her royal eminence,
And Tagus bends his sickle round the scene
Of Roderick's fall; from rich Rioja's fields;
Dark Ebro's shores; the walls of Saldua,
Seat of the Sedetanians old, by Rome
Cesarian and August denominate,
Now Zaragoza, in this later time
Above all cities of the earth renown'd
For duty perfectly perform'd; — East, West,
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 there presentient of their food obscene,
Following the accursed armies, whom too well
They know their purveyors long.  Pursue their march,
Ominous attendants! Ere the moon hath fill'd
Her horns, these purveyors shall become the prey,
And ye on Moorish, not on Christian flesh
Wearying your beaks, shall clog your scaly 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!
Terror and flight shall with that flag go forth,
And Havock and the Dogs of War and Death
Thou Covadonga with the tainted stream
Of Deva, and thus now rejoicing vale,
Soon its primatial triumphs will behold!
Nor shall the glories of the noon be less
Than such miraculous promise of the dawn:
Witness Clavijo, where the dreadful cry
Of Santiago, then first heard o'erpower'd
The Akbar, and that holier name blasphemed
By misbelieving lips! Simancas, thou
Be witness!  And do ye your record bear,
Tolosan mountains, where the Almohade
Beheld his myriads scatter'd and destroy'd,
Like locusts swept before the stormy North!
Thou too, Salado, on that later day
When Africa received her final soil,
And thy swollen stream incarnadined, roll'd back
The invaders to the deep, — there shall they toss
Till, on their native Mauritanian shore,
The waves shall cast their bones to whiten there.

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.  He met her eye,
For it was singing 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.
Entering in treasurable haste, he closed the door,
And turn'd to clasp her knees; but lo, she spread
Her arms, and catching him in close embrace,
Fell on his neck, and cried, My Son, my Son! —
Erelong, controlling that first agony
With effort of strong will, backward she bent,
And gazing on his head, now shorn and gray,
And on his furrow'd countenance, exclam'd,
Still, still my Roderick! the same noble mind!
The same heroic heart!  Still, still my Son! —
Chang'd, — yet not wholly fallen, — not wholly lost,
He cried, — not wholly in the sight of Heaven
Unworthy, O my Mother, nor in thine!
She lock'd her arms again around his neck,
Saying, Lord, let me now depart in peace!
And bow'd her head again, and silently
Gave way to tears.

When that first force was spent,
And passion in exhaustion 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 unerringly where reason fails, —
The voice, the eye, — a mother's thoughts are quick,—
Miraculous as it seem'd, — Sieverian's tale,
RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs.

XIX.

Whatever there is given us to enjoy,
That we enjoy forever, still the same.
Much might Count Julian’s sword achieve for Spain
And me, but more will his dear daughter’s soul
Effect in Heaven; and soon will she be there,
An Angel 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!

O tempt me not,
Mother! he cried; nor let ambition take
That specious form to cheat us! What but this,
Fallen as I am, have I to offer Heaven?
The ancestral sceptre, public fame, content
Of private life, the general good report,
Power, reputation, happiness, — whatever
The heart of man desires to constitute
His earthly weal, — unerring Justice claim’d
In fornication. I with submitted soul
Bow to the righteous law and kiss the rod.
Only while thus submitted, suffering thus,
Only while offering up that name on earth,
Perhaps in trial offer’d to my choice,
Could I present myself before thy sight;
Thus only could endure myself, or fix
My thoughts upon that fearful pass, where Death
Stands in the Gate of Heaven! — Time passes on,
The healing work of sorrow is complete;
All vain desires have long been weeded out,
All vain regrets subdued; the heart is dead,
The soul is ripe and eager for her birth.
Bless me, my Mother! and come when it will
The inevitable hour, we die in peace.

So saying, on her knees he bow’d his head;
She raised her hands to Heaven and bled her child
Then bending forward, as he rose, embraced
And clasp’d 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
Fresh showers upon the coast of wretched Spain;
Lured from their hungry deserts to the scene
Of spoil, like vultures to the battle-field,
Fierce, unremitting, habited in crimes,
Like hidden guests the misanthropic ruffians flock
To that free feast which in their Prophet's name
Rapine and Lust proclaim'd. Nor were the chiefs
Of victory less assured, by long success
Elate, and proud of that overwhelming strength,
Which, surely they believed, as it had roll'd
Thus far uncheck'd, would roll victorious on,
Till, like the Orient, the subjected West
Should bow in reverence at Mahomed'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 Abuleneem came, a man
Immitigable, long in war renown'd.
Here Mangues comes, who on the conquer'd walls
Of Cordoba, by treacherous fear betray'd,
Planted the meany 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 maintain'd,
And to the Alpuxarras given in trust
His other name, through them preserved in song.
Here too Alcachán, vaunting his late deeds
At Auria, all her children by the sword
Cuts off, her halftakes razed, her towers laid low,
Her dwellings by devouring flames consumed,
Bloody and hard of heart, he little ween'd,
Vain-bold 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 Sissibert;
A spurious brood, but of their parent's crimes
True heirs, in guilt begetten, 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
Witiza's guilty ghost, efface the shame
Of their adulterous birth, and one crime more
Crowning a hideous course, emanieate
Thenceforth 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, he of all the crew
Who in this fatal visitation fell,
The foulest and the falsest wretch that e'er
Renounced his baptism. From his cherish'd 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 favoring season ventured, he possess'd
The leader's mind; then, subtly fostering
The doubts himself had sown, with bolder charge
He bade him warily regard the Count,
Lest underneath an outward show of faith
The heart uncircumcised were Christian still;
Else, wherefore had Florida not obey'd
Her dear-loved sire's example, and embraced
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 Calif's power;—for who could doubt
That in his company she fled, perhaps
The mover of his flight? What if the Count
Himself had plan'd the evasion which he reign'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 Abuleneem's ear his schemes
Of murderous malice; and the course of things,
Erelong, in part approving his discourse,
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'nd 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
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 in burn't. Something he sought
In quick excuse to say of common fame,
Lightly believed and hastily diffus'd,
And that no enmity had moved his speech
Repeating rumor's tale. Julian replied,
Count Eudon, neither for thyself nor me
Excuse is needed here. The path I tread
Is one wherein there can be no return,
No pause, no looking back! A choice like mine
For time and for eternity is made,
Once and forever! and as easily
The breath of vain report might build again
The throne which my just vengeance overthrew,
As in the Calif and his Captain's mind
Affect the opinion of my well-tried truth.
The tidings which thou givest me of my child
Touch me more vitally; bad though they be,
A secret apprehension of aught worse
Makes me with joy receive them.

Then the Count
To Abulcaecem turn'd his speech, and said,  
I pray thee, Chief, give me a messenger  
By whom I may to this unhappy child  
Despatch 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 favor. But his heart  
Approved him now, where love, too long restrain'd,  
Resumed its healing influence, 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 signally 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,  
Reveaged and honor'd best. My word was given  
Truly, nor did I cease to use all means  
Of counsel or command, entreating her  
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 rigor 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 verily I fear'd, until this hour,  
My rigor to some fearfuller resolve  
Than flight, had driven my child. Chiefs, I appeal  
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 upon thy daughter's mind  
The truths of Islam.  

Julian knit his brow,  
And scowling on the insidious renegade,  
He answer'd, By what reasoning my poor mind  
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.  
Thy lessons I repeated as I could;  
Of graven images, unnatural vows,  
False records, tainting creeds, and juggling priests,  
Who, making sanctity the cloak of sin,  
Laugh'd at the fools on whose credulity  
They fatt'n'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 pry  
And question me for lurking flaws of faith.  
We Musulmwn, 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  
Withdrawing then his alter'd eyes, he said,  
Too much of this! Return we to the sun  
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 discharged.  

The Moor replied,  
Well hast thou said, and rightly mayst assure  
Thy daughter that the Prophet's holy law  
Forbids compulsion. Give thine errand now;  
The messenger is here.  

Then Julian said,  
Go to Felayo, 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,  
Will 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  
His days are number'd, and beseeches her  
By that dear love, which from her infancy  
Still he hath bore her, growing as she grew,  
Nursed in our race 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 those
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 Abulecceem, in the Caliph's name
Exhorteth them: Repeat and be forgiven!
Nor think to stop the dreadful storm of war,
Which, conquering and to conquer, must fulfil
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 holy Mecca's creed; the Crescent shines
Triumphant o'er the eternal pyramids;
On the cold altars of the worshippers
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 unsheath'd,
Let Auria witness how that dreadful sword
Accomplishest its work! They little know
The Moors, who hope in battle to withstand
Their valor, 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 the Lord's?
And we, his chosen people, whom he sends
To conquer and possess it in his name?

XXI.

THE FOUNTAIN IN THE FOREST.

The second eve had closed upon their march
Within the Asturian border, and the Moors
Had pitch'd their tents amid an open wood
Upon the mountain side. As day grew dim,
Their scatter'd fires shine with distincter light
Among the trees, above whose top the smoke
Diffused itself, and stain'd the evening sky.
Ere long the stir of occupation ceased,
And all the murmur of the busy host,
Subsiding, died away, as through the camp
The crier, from a knoll, proclaim'd the hour
For prayer appointed, and with sonorous voice,
Thrice, in melodious modulation full,
 Pronounced the highest name. There is no God
But God, he cried; there is no God but God!
Mahommed is the Prophet of the Lord!

Come ye to prayer! to prayer! The Lord is great!
There is no God but God!— Thus he pronounced
His ritual form, mingling with holiest truth
The audacious name accursed. The multitude
Made their ablutions in the mountain stream
Obedient, then their faces to the earth
Bent in formality of easy prayer.

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'er canopied the spring; its fretted roots
Emboss'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,
Save 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
Fell from the oak's high bower. The mountain roe,
When, having drank there, he would bound across,
Drew 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 hastened to the glen below.
Diana might have loved in that sweet spot
To take her nointide rest; and when she stoop'd
Hot from the chase to drink, well pleased had seen
Her own bright crescent, and the brighter face
It crown'd, reflect'd there

Beside that spring
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
Towards him; rightly then his heart pressed,
And ere he could behold her countenance,
Florinda knelt, and with uplifted arms
Embraced her sires. He raised 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, O 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, exclaimed, Oh, never more,
Here or hereafter, never let us part!
And breathing then a prayer in silence forth,
The name of Jesus trembled 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’d for his turban, that he might not lack
Some outward symbol of apostasy;
For still in war his wonted arms he wore,
Nor for the cemetery had changed the sword
Accustomed to his hand. He covered now
His short, gray hair, and under the white folds,
His swarthy brow, which gather’d as he rose,
Darken’d. Oh, frown not thus! Florinda said;
A kind and gentle counsellor is this,
One who pours balm into a wounded soul,
And mitigates the griefs he cannot heal.
I told him I had vow’d to pass my days
A servant of the Lord, yet that my heart,
Hearing the message of thy love, was drawn
With powerful yearnings back. Follow thy heart—
It answers to the call of duty here,
He said, nor canst thou better serve the Lord
Than at thy father’s side.

Count Julian’s brow,
While thus she spake, insensibly relax’d.
A Priest, cried he, and thus with even hand
Weigh vows and natural duty in the scale?
In what old heresy hast he been train’d?
Or in what wilderness hath he escaped
The domineering Prelate’s fire and sword?
Come hither, man, and tell me who thou art!

A sinner, Roderick, drawing nigh, replied,
Brought to repentance by the grace of God,
And trusting for forgiveness through the blood
Of Christ in humble hope.

A smile of scorn
Julian assumed, but merely from the lips
It came; for he was troubled while he gazed
On the strong countenance and thoughtful eye
Before him. A new law hath been proclaim’d,
Said he, which overthrows in its career
The Christian altars of idolatry.
What think’st thou of the Prophet?— Roderick
Made answer, I am in the Moorish camp,
And he who asketh is a Mussulman.
How then should I reply?— Safely, rejoind
The renegade, and freely mayst 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 knits 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 Grecoan search’d by lantern light,
In open day, the city’s crowded streets;
So rare he deem’d the virtue. Honesty,
And sense of natural duty in a Priest!
Now for a miracle, ye Saints of Spain!
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
The virtue of a prayer! So saying, she raised
Her hands, in fervent action clasped, to Heaven,
Then as, still clasped, they fell, toward her sire
She turn’d her eyes, beseeching him through tears
The look, the gesture, and that silent weep,
Soften’d her father’s heart, which in this hour
Was open to the influences of love.

Priest, thy vocation were a blessed one,
Said Julian, if its mighty power were used
To lessen human misery, not to swell
The mournful sum, already all-too-great.
If, as thy former counsel should imply,
Thou art not one who would for his craft’s sake
Fret with corrosives and inflame the wound,
Which the poor sufferer brings to thee in trust
That thou with virtuous balm wilt bind it up,—
If, as I think, thou art not one of those
Whose villainy makes honest men turn Moors,
Thou wilt answer with unbiased mind
What I shall ask thee, and exorcise thus
The sick and feverish conscience of my child,
From inbred phantoms, fiend-like, which possess
Her innocent spirit. Children we are all
Of one great Father, in whatever clime
Nature or chance hath cast the seeds of life,
All tongues, all colors; neither after death
Shall we be sorted into languages
And tints,—white, black, and tawny, Greek and Goth.

Northmen and offspring of hot Africa,
The All-Father, He in whom we live and move,
He the indifferent Judge of all, regards
Nations, and hues, and dialects alike;
According to their works shall they be judged,
When even-handed Justice in the scale
Their good and evil weighs. All creeds, I wren,
Agree in this, and hold it orthodox.

Roderick, perceiving here that Julian paused,
As if he waited for acknowledgment
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 colors, being but accident,
Are therefore in the scale imponderable;—
Thou seest my meaning; — That from every faith,
As every clown, 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!
That were a triumph of Redeeming Love,
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 judgment, not thy prayers:
Be not displeased!
In gentle voice subdued 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 known.
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,
Willoful 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

Priest-like! the renegade replied, and shook
His head in scorn. — What is not in the craft
Is error, and for error there shall be
No mercy found in Him whom yet ye name
The Merciful!

Now God forbid, rejoind
The fallen King, that one who stands in need
Of mercy for his sins should argue thus
Of error! Thou hast said that thou and I,
Thou dying in name a Mussulman, and I
A servant of the Cross, may meet in Heaven.
Time was when in our fathers’ ways we walk’d
Regardlessly alike; faith being to each —
For so far thou hast reason’d rightly — like
Our country’s fashion and our mother-tongue,
Of mere inheritance, — no thing of choice
In judgment fix’d, nor rooted in the heart.
Me have the arrows of calamity
Sore stricken; sinking underneath the weight
Of sorrow, yet more heavily oppress’d
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,
Who saith, Forgive, as ye would be forgiven;
And, that the Moorish sword might do thy work,
Received the creed of Mecca: with what fruit
For Spain, let tell her cities sack’d, her sons
Slaughter’d, her daughters than thine own dear
child
More foully wrong’d, more wretched! — For thyself,
Thou hast had thy fill of vengeance, and, perhaps,
The cup was sweet, but it hath 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 Now, what is it, Count, but fear, —
However bravely thou mayst bear thy front, —
Danger, 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.

Thus Roderick spake, and spread his arms as if
He offer’d to the sword his willing breast,
With looks of passionate persuasion fix’d
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
Disarm’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 pronkest 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,
Trembled 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!

My father, say not thus! Florinda cried;
I have forgiven him! I have pray’d for him!
For him, for thee, and for myself I pour
One constant prayer to Heaven! In passion then
She knelt, and bending back, with arms and face
Raised toward the sky, the supplicant exclaim'd,
Redeemer, heal his heart! It is the grief
Which fester there that hath bewilder'd him!
Save him, Redeemer! by thy precious death
Save, save him, O my God! Then on her face
She fell, and thus with bitterness pursued
In silent throes her agonizing prayer.

Afflict not thus thyself, my child, the Count
Exclaim'd; O dearest, be thou comforted;
Set but thy heart at rest, I ask no more!
Peace, dearest, peace! — and weeping as he spake,
He knelt to raise her. Roderick also knelt;
Be comforted, he cried, and rest in faith
That God will hear thy prayers! they must be
heard.
He who could doubt the worth of prayers like thine,
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 sat. The moon had risen,
And that thir spring lay blackened 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
pole
As monumental marble. Friend, said he,
Whether thy faith be fabulous, or seditious
Indeed from Heaven, its dearest gift to man,
 Thy heart is true: and had the mitred Priest
Of Seville been like thee, or lustest thou hold
The place he fill'd?—but this is idle talk, —
Things are as they will be; and we, poor slaves,
Fret 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 seestkest to assuage
Thy wounded spirit with that deadly drug,
Hell's sublimest 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!

Whate'er it be
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; wheresoe'er
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 wouldst 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 corporal gifts and wealth of mind,
Honour and fame attending him abroad,
Peace and all dear domestic joys at home,
And sunshine to 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 fate! thought, were this world all!
Oh! who could bear the haunting mystery,
If death and retribution did not solve
The riddle, and to heaven'shest harmony
Reduce the seeming chaos?—Here we see
The water at its well-head; clear it is,
Not more transcendent 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 widening nostrils, there
Invigorated draws his copious draught;
And there, amid its flags, the wild boar stands,
Nor suffering wrong nor meditating hurt.
Through woodlands wild and solitary fields,
Unsubdued it holds its bounteous course;
But when it reaches the resorts of men,
The service of the city there defiles
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, mingles there
In the wide world of waters. So it is
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 chooseth 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 sat contemplating. Florinda too
Was calm'd. If sordid experience may be thought
To teach the uses of adversity,
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 opake 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 sat,  
Beholding with fix’d eyes that lovely orb,  
Till quiet tears confused in dazy light  
The broken moonbeams. They too by the toil  
Of spirit, as by travail of the day  
Subdued, were silent, yielding to the hour.  
The silver cloud diffusing slowly past,  
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 have 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,  
Whose murmur, as the wind arose or fell,  
Fuller or fainter reach the ear attuned.  
And now the nightingale, not distant far,  
Began her solitary song, and pour’d  
To the cold moon a richer, stronger strain  
Than that with which the lyric bard salutes  
The new-born day. Her deep and thrilling song  Seem’d with its piercing melody to reach  
The soul, and in mysterious unison  
Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.  
Their hearts were open to the healing power  
Of nature; and the splendor of the night,  
The flow of waters, and that sweetest lay  
Came to them like a copious evening dew  
Falling on vernal herbs which thirst for rain.

XXII.

THE MOORISH COUNCIL.

Thus they beside the fountain sat, of food  
And rest forgetful, when a messenger  
Summon’d Count Julian to the Leader’s tent.  
In council there, at that late hour, he found  
The assembled Chiefs, on sudden tidings call’d  
Of unexpected weight from Cordoba.  
Jealous that Abdalaiz had assumed  
A regal state, affecting in his court  
The forms of Gothic sovereignty, the Moors,  
Whom artful spirits of ambitious mould  
Stir’d up, had risen against him in revolt:  
And he who late had in the Caliph’s name  
RULED from the Ocean to the Pyrenees,  
A mutidle 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 Abdalaiz after, and to both  
Alike unhappy, shared the ruin now  
Her counsels had brought on; for she had led  
The infaluate Moor, in dangerous vaunttery,  
To these aspiring forms,—so should he gain  
Respect and honor from the Mussulman,  
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,  
Shuddr’d with human horror at her fate.  
Ayub was heading the wild anarchy;  
But where the counsels of authority  
Is wanting, all things there are dislocate:  
The mutinous soldier, by every cry  
Of rumor set in wild career, were driven  
By every gust of passion, setting up  
One hour, what in the impulse of the next,  
Equally unreasoning, they destroy’d; thus all  
Was in misrule where uprour gave the law,  
And ere from far Damascen they could learn  
The Caliph’s pleasure, many a moon must pass.  
What should be done? should Abdalaiz march  
To Cordoba, and in the Caliph’s name  
Assume the power which to his rank in arms  
Rightly devolved, restoring thus the reign  
Of order? or pursue, with quicken’d speed,  
The end of this great armament, and crush  
Rebellion first, then to domestic ills  
Apply his undivide’d mind and force  
Victorious? What, in this emergency,  
Was Julian’s counsel, Abdalaiz ask’d;  
Should they accomplish soon their enterprise?  
Or would the insurgent infidels prolong  
The contest, seeking by protracted war  
To weary them, and trusting in the strength  
Of these wild hills?

Julian replied, The Chief  
Of this revolt is wary, resolute,  
Of approved worth in war: a desperate part  
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  
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  
Deem’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 Gregio, leaving them so mann’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 then with time your covenant. Old feuds
May disunite the chiefs: some may be gain'd
By fair entreaties, others by the stroke
Of nature, or of policy, cut off.
This was the counsel which in Cordova
I offer'd Abdulaziz: 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 Muza would not now have mourn'd his age
Left childless, nor had Arab dared defy
The Caliph's represented power. The case
Calls for thine instant presence, with the weight
Of thy legitimate authority.

Julian, 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 forti'tude of lands
In marriage with Numacien: 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 smite
Pelayo and his dangerous race, I ween,
That a thin kerchief will dry all the tears
The Lady Guisla shed!

'Tis the old taint!
Said Julian mournfully; from her mother's womb
She brought the inbred wickedness which now
In ripe infection blossoms. Woman, 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 succor now! Like silly birds,
By fear betray'd, they fly into the toils;
And this Pelayo, who, in lengthen'd war
Balling 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.

Enough, the Leader said;
This unexpected work of favoring Fate
Opens an easy way to our desires,
And renders further counsel needless now.
Great is the Prophet whose protecting power
Goes with the faithful forth! The rebels' days
Are number'd; Allah hath deliver'd them
Into our hands!

So saying he arose;
The Chiefs withdrew; Orpas alone remain'd
Obedient to his indicated will.
The event, said Abulcacem, hath approved
Thy judgment in all points; his daughter comes
At the first summons, even as thou saidst;
Her errand with the insurgents done, she brings
Their well-concerted project back, a safe
And unexpected messenger: — the Moor
The shallow Moor — must see and not perceive;
Must hear and understand not; yea, must bear,
Poor easy fool, to serve their after-mirth,
A part in his own undoing! But just Heaven
With this unlook'd-for incident hath marr'd
Their complots, and the sword shall cut this web
Of treason.

Well, the renegade replied,
Thou knowest Count Julian's spirit, quick in wiles,
In act audacious. Bafiled now, he thinks
Either by instant warning to apprise
The rebels of their danger, or preserve
The hostages when fallen into our power,
Till secret craft contrive, or open force
Win their enlargement. Haply, too, he dreams
Of Cordoba, the avenger and the friend
Of Abdulaziz, in that cause to arm
Moor against Moor, preparing for himself
The victory o'er the enfeebled conquerors.
Success in treason hath inboden'd him,
And power but serves him for fresh treachery,
False to Roderick first, and to the Caliph now.

The guilt, said Abulcacem, is confirm'd,
The sentence past; all that is now required
Is to strike sure and safely. He hath with him
A veteran force devoted to his will,
Whom to provoke were perilous; nor less
Of peril lies there in delay: what course
Between these equal dangers should we steer?

They have been train'd beneath him in the wars
Of Africa, the renegade replied;
Men are they, who, from their youth up, have found
Their occupation and their joy in arms;
Indifferent to the cause for which they fight,
But faithful to their leader, who hath won
By license largely given, yet temper'd still
With exercise of firm authority,
Their whole devotion. Vainly should we seek
By proof of Julian's guilt to pacify
Such martial spirits, unto whom all creeds
And countries are alike; but take away
The head, and forthwith with 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 Mountaineers,
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 meed of thy fidelity:
His daughter thou mayst take or leave. Go now
And find a faithful instrument to put
Our purpose in effect! — And when 'tis done, —
The Moor, 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,
Infests 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 aught 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 Pelayo'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 noon tide rite,
Then hurryingly repeat the Impostor's prayer.
Here they divide; the Chieflain halts with half
The host, retaining Julian and his men,
Whom where the valley widon'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 Alcahman led,
Whom Guisha guided up Fonia'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,
Wecus the vain Mountaineer, who puts his trust
In dens and rocky fastnesses, how close
Destruction is at hand! Belike he thinks
The Ilumma's happy wings have shadow'd him,
And therefore Fate with royalty must crown
His chosen head! Pity the cincheter
With its rude edge so soon should interrupt
The pleasant dream!

There can be no escape
For those who in the cave seek shelter, cried
Alcahman; yield they must, or from their holes
Like bees we smoke them out. The Chief perhaps
May reign awhile King of the wolves and bears,
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 unsurpassing 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 Mussulman
With all his myriads; therefore had he look'd
To Covadonga as a sanctuary
Apt for concealance, easy of defence;
And Guisha'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 Mussulmen 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 skilfully been pled; and trees and stones,
A dreadful 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; —
Scarce 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 Mountaineers await their certain prey;
Yet mindful of their Prince's order, off!
And solemnly enforced, with eagerness
Subduced 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
Be lifted; on obedience all depends.
Their march before with noise of horse and foot,
And happily with theclang 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 Mountaineers
With frequent and impressive charge enforced
The needful exhortation. This alone
He doubted, that the Mussulmen might see
The perils 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 thraldom, 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'ercast,
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,
Scarce heavier than the summer's evening dew,
Descended, — through so still an atmosphere,
That every leaf upon the moreless trees
Was studded o'er with rain-drops, bright and full,
None falling till from its own weight o'erswollen
The motion came.

Low on the mountain side
The fleecy vapor hung, and in its veil,
With all their dreadful preparations, wrapp'd
The Mountaineers; — in breathless hope they lay,
Some blessing God in silence for the power
This day vouchsafed; others with fervency
Of prayer and vow invoked the Mother-Maid
Beseeching her that in this favoring hour
She would be strongly with them. From below,
Meantime, distinct they heard the passing tramp
Of horse and foot, continues as the sound
Of Deva's stream, and barbarous tongues commix'd
With laughter, and with frequent shouts, — for all
Exultant came, expecting sure success;
Blind wretches, over whom the rain hung!

They say, quoth one, that though the Prophet's
soul
Doth, with the black-eyed Houris bathe in bliss,
Life hath not left his body, which bears up
By its miraculous power the holy tomb,
And holds it, at Medina, in the air,
Buoyant between the temple's floor and roof;
And there the Angels fly to him with news
From East, West, North, and South, of what befalls
His faithful people. If, when he shall hear
The tale of this day's work, he should, for joy,
Forget that he is dead, and walk abroad, —
It were as good a miracle as when
He sliced the moon! Sir Angel, hear me now,
Who'er thou be'st who art about to speed
From Spain to Araby! when thou hast got
The Prophet's ear, be sure thou tell'st him
How bravely Ghauleh did his part to-day,
And with what special reverence he alone
Desired thee to commend him to his grace! —
Fie on thee, scoffer that thou art! replied
His comrade; thou wilt never leave those gibes
Till some commission'd arrow through the teeth
Shall nail the offending tongue. Hast thou not heard
How, when our clay is leaven'd first with life,
The ministering Angel brings it from that spot
Whereon 'tis written in the eternal book
That soul and body must their part take,
And earth to earth return? How knowest thou
But that the spirit who compounded thee,
To distant Syria from this very vale
Bore thy component dust, and Azrael here
Awaits thee at this hour? — Little thought he
Who spake, that, in that valley, at that hour,
One death awaited both!

Thus they pursued
Toward the cave their auspicious way.
Weak childhood there, and ineffective age,
In the chambers of the rock, were placed secure;
But of the women, all whom with the babes
Maternal care detain'd not, were afoot
To aid in the destruction; by the side
Of fathers, brethren, husbands, station'd there,
They watch and pray. Pelayo in the cave,
With the venerable priest, took his post.
Ranged on the rising cliffs, on either hand,
Vigilant sentinels, with eye intent,
Observe his movements, when to take the word
And pass it forward. He, in arms complete,
Stands in the portal; a stern majesty
Reign'd in his countenance severe that hour,
And in his eye a deep and dreadful joy
Shone, as advancing up the vale he saw
The Moorish banners. God hath blinded them! He said; — the measure of their crimes is full.'
O Vale of Deva, famous shaft thou be
From this day forth forever; and to those
Thy springs shall unborn generations come
In pilgrimage, and hallow with their prayers
The cradle of their native monarchy!

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 crane a voice
Pronounced his name,— Alcahman! Hoa, 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 fowl’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, Misericant, Murderer, Child of Hell, this hour
I summon thee to judgment! — 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 sacred 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 forthwith,
On either side, along the whole defile,
The Asturians, shouting in the name of God,
Set the whole ruin loose! Huge trunks and stones,
And loose’d crags, down, down they roll’d with
rush,
And bound, and thundering force. Such was the
fall,
As when some city, by the laboring 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, commix’d with sounds
More dreadful, shrieks of horror, and despair,
And death,— the wild and agonizing cry
Of that whole host in one destruction whelm’d.
Vain was all valor there, all martial skill;
The valiant arm is helpless now; the feet
Swift in the race avails not now to save;
They perish; all their thousands perish there,—
Horsemen and infantry, they perish all,—
The outward armor 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 immutagile 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.

Trot hast been 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 eaves
Hung their long tresses down. White lichens
Clothed the sides, where save 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 shoots
The double niche; and climbing to the cross,
Wreath’d it, and half conceal’d its sacred form
With bushy 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,
Pitched for her use hard by. He at the board
Sat with his trusted Captains, Gunderick,
Felix and Miro, Thureded and Paul,
Basil and Gottila, and Virinar,
Men through all fortunes faithful to their Lord, And to that old and tried fidelity, By personal love and honor held in ties Strong as religious bonds. As there they sat, In the distant vale a rising dust was seen, And frequent flash of steel,—the flying fight Of men who, by a fiend's course pursued, Put forth their courser at full speed, to reach The aid in which they trust. Up sprang the Chieftains, And hastily taking helm, and shield, and spear, sped to their post.

Amid the chestnut groves
On Selia's side, Alphonso had in charge
To watch the foe: a prowling band came nigh, Whom, with the arder of impetuous youth, He charged, and followed them in close pursuit: Quick succors join'd them; and the stride 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 Alcalman had secured The easy means of certain victory)—

Could reach the spot. Both thus in their intent According, somewhat had they now alay'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 errand fatally perform'd For Julian, for the Chief, and for himself, And all that host of Mussulman he brought; For while with well-dissembled words he hired The warrior's ear, the dexterous ruffian mark'd The favoring moment and unguarded place, And plunged a javelin in his side. The Count Fell, but in falling called to Cottiba,— Trenchery! the Moor! the Moor!—He too on whom He call'd had seen the blow from whence it came, And seiz'd the Murderer. Miserant! he explain'd, Who set thee on? The Mussulman, who saw His secret purpose baffled, undismayed, Replies, What I have done is authorized; To punish treachery and prevent worse ill, Orpas and Abalacceus sent me here;
The service of the Caliph and the Faith Required the blow.

The Prophet and the Fiend
Reward thee then! cried Cottiba; meantime Take thou from me thy proper earthly need; Villain!—and lifting, as he spoke, the sword, He smote him on the neck; the trenchant blade Through vein and artery pass'd and yielding bone; And on the shoulder, as the assassin dropp'd, His head half-sever'd fell. The curse of God Fall on the Caliph, and the Faith, and thee! Stamping for anguish, Cottiba 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 fouly 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 Mountaineers, and tell their Chiefs That Julian's veteran army joins this day Pelayo's standard! The command devolves On Gunderick. Fellow-soldiers, who so well Redress'd the wrongs of your old General, Ye will not let his death go unrevenged!— 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, And let me see my daughter ere I die.

Scarcely had he spoken when the pitying throng Divide before her. Eagerly she came; 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, Draw 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 burden bore, and in the Church Before the altar laid him down, his head Upon Florinda's knees. Now, friends, said he, Farewell. I ever hoped to meet thy death Among ye, like a soldier, —but not thus! Go join the Asturians; and in after-years, When of your old commander ye shall talk, How well he loved his followers, what he was In battle, and how basely he was slain, Let not the tale its fit completion lack, But say how bravely was his death revenged. Vengeance! in that good word doth Julian make His testament; your faithful swords must give The will its full performance. Leave me now; I have done with worldly things. Comrades, farewell, And love my memory!

They with copious tears
Of burning anger, grief exasperating
Their rage, and fury giving force to grief,
Hasten'd to form their ranks against the Moors.
Julian meantime toward the altar turn'd
His languid eyes. 'That Image, is it not
St. Peter? he inquired; he who denied
His Lord, and was forgiven?' — Roderick rejoin'd,
It is the Apostle; and that same Lord,
O Julian, to thy soul's salvation bless
The seasonable thought!

The dying Count
Then fix'd upon the Goth his earnest eyes.
No time, said he, is this for bravery,
As little for dissemblance. I would fain
Die in the faith wherein my fathers died,
Whereunto they pledged me in mine infancy.
A soldier's habits, he pursued, have steel'd
My spirit, and perhaps I do not fear
This passage as I ought. But if to feel
That I have sinn'd, and from my soul renounce
The Imposter's faith, which never in that soul
Obtain'd a place, — if at the Savior's feet,
Laden with guilt, to cast myself and cry,
Lord, I believe! help thou my unbelief!
If this in the sincerity of death
Sufficeth, — Father, let me from thy lips
Receive the assurances with which the Church
Doth bless the dying Christian.

Roderick raised
His eyes to heaven, and crossing on his breast
His open palms— Mysterious are thy ways
And merciful, O gracious Lord! he cried,
Who to this end hast thus been pleased to lead
My wandering steps! O Father, this thy son
Hath sinn'd and gone astray; but hast not Thou
Said, When the sinner from his evil ways
Turneth, that he shall save his soul alive,
And Angels at the sight rejoice in Heaven?
Therefore do I, in thy most holy name,
Into thy family receive again
Him who was lost, and in that name absolv
The Penitent. — So saying, on the head
Of Julian solemnly he laid his hands.
Then to the altar tremblingly he turn'd,
And took the bread, and breaking it, pursued —
Julian! receive from me the Bread of Life!
In silence reverently the Count partook
The reconciling rite, and to his lips
Roderick then held the consecrated cup.

Me too! exclaim'd Florinda, who till then
Had listen'd speechless; thou Man of God,
I also must partake! The Lord hath heard
My prayers! one sacrament, — one hour, — one
grave, —
One resurrection!

That dread 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, Julian, 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 thee here,
And prays to be forgiven!

Roderick! exclaim'd
The dying Count. — Roderick! — and from the floor
With violent effort half he raised himself;
The spear hung heavy in his side, and pain
And weakness overcame him, that he fell
Back on his daughter's lap. O Death, cried he, —
Passing his hand across his cold, damp brow, —
Thou tempest the strong limb, and conquerest
The stubborn heart! But yesterday I said
One Heaven could not contain mine enemy
And me; and now I lift my dying voice
To say, Forgive me, Lord, as I forgive [eyes
 Him who hath done the wrong! — He closed his
A moment; then with sudden impulse cried,
Roderick, thy wife is dead, — the Church hath
power
To free thee from thy vows, — the broken heart
Might yet he heal'd, the wrong redress'd, the throne
Rebuilt by that same hand which pull'd it down,
And those cursed Africans — Oh for a month
Of that waste life which millions misbestow! —
His voice was passionate, and in his eye
With glowing animation while he spake
The vehement spirit shone: its effort soon
Was past, and painfully, with feeble breath,
In slow and difficult utterance he pursued, —
Vain hope, if all the evil was ordain'd,
And this wide wreck the will and work of Heaven,
We but the poor occasion! Death will make
All clear, and, joining us in better worlds,
Complete our union there! Do for me now
One friendly office more: — draw forth the spear,
And free me from this pain! — Receive his soul,
Savior! exclaim'd the Goth, as he perform'd
The fatal service. Julian 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 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,
Lifting her hands, thou hast restored me all,
All — in one hour! — and round his neck she
threw
Her arms, and cried, My Roderick! mine in
Heaven!
Groaning, he clasp'd her close, and in that act
And agony her happy spirit fled.

XXV.

RODERICK IN BATTLE.

Erearr thousand men had to Asturias march'd
Beneath Count Julian's banner; the remains
Of that brave army which in Africa
So well against the Mussulman made head,
Till sense of injuries insupportable,
And raging thirst of vengeance, overthrew
Their leader's noble spirit. To revenge
His quarrel, twice that number left their bones,
Slain in unnatural battle, on the field
Of Xeres, when the sceptre from the Goths
By righteous Heaven was reft. Others had fallen
Consumed in sieges, alway by the Moor.
To the front of war opposed. The policy,
With whatsoever show of honor cloak'd,
Was gross, and this surviving band had oft
At their carousals, of the flagrant wrong,
Held such discourse as stirs the mounting blood,
The common danger with one discontent
Affecting chiefs and men. Nor had the bonds
Of rooted discipline and faith attach'd
Thus long restrain'd them, had they not known
well
That Julian in their just resentment shared,
And fix'd their hopes on him. Slight impulse now
Sufficed to make these fiery martialists
Break forth in open fury; and though first
Count Pedro listen'd with suspicious ear
To Julian's dying errand, deeming it
Some new decoy of treason, — when he found
A second legate follow'd Virimai,
And then a third, and saw the turbulence
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, Cottha and Paul,
Basil and Miro, Theuderid, Gunderick,
Felix, and all who held authority;
The zealous services of their brave host
They proffer'd, and besought him instantly
To lead against the African their force
Combined, and in good hour assist 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 condemn 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 menacing imprecation from the troops
Arose; for Orpas, by the Moorish Chief
Sent to alyay the storm his villany
Had stirr'd, came hastening on a milk-white steed,
And at safe distance having check'd the rein,
Beckon'd for pauley. "Twas Orelio
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,
Bareheaded, 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, ex-
claim'd,
What, could no steed but Roderick's serve thy
to:n!
I should have thought some sleek and sober mule,
Long train'd in shackles to processionpace,
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 astonished renegade, and stoop'd,
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,
Orello! old companion, — my good horse, —
Off with this recreant burden! — And with that
He raised 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 Witzia 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 expiring miscreant's neck they saw
That Roderick took the shield, and round his own
Hung it, and vaoled in the seat. My horse!
My noble horse! he cried, with flattering hand
Patting his high-arch'd neck! the renegade —
I thank him for't — hath kept thee daintily!
Orolo, thou art in thy beauty still,
Thy pride and strength! Orolo, my good horse,
Once more thou hastest to the field thy Lord,
He who so oft hath fed and cheerful hast thee,
He for whose sake, wherever thou art seen,
Thou wert by all men honored. Once again
Thou hast thy proper master! Do thy part
As thou wert wont; and bear him gloriously,
My beautiful Orolo,—to the last
The happiest of his fields!—Then he drew forth
The cimeter, and waving it aloft
Rode toward the troops; its unaccustomed shape
Disliked 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 dipp'd, would not to-day be mistowed
On this right hand!—Go, some one, Gunderick cried,
And bring Count Julian's sword. Who'er thou art,
The worth which thou hast shown avenging him
Entitles thee to wear it. But thou goest
For battle unequalp'd;—haste there, and strip
Yon villain of his armor!
Late he spake,
So fast the Moors came on. It matters not,
Replied the Goth; there's many a mountaineer,
Who in no better armor cas'd this day
Than his wond'ring leathern gipion, will be found
In the hottest battle, yet bring off untouched
The unguarded life he ventures.—Taking then
Count Julian's sword, he fitted round his wrist
The chain, and eyeing the elaborate steel
With stern regard of joy—The African
Under unhappily was born, he cried,
Who tastes thy edge!—Make ready for the charge!
They come—they come!—On, brethren, to the field!—
The word is, Vengeance!
Vengeance was the word;
From man to man, and rank to rank it pass'd,
By every heart enforced, by every voice
Sent forth in loud defiance of the foe.
The enemy in shrier sounds return'd
Their Akbar and the Prophet's trusted name.
The horsemen lower'd their spears, the infantry,
Deliberately, with slow and steady step,
Advanced; the bow-strings twang'd, and arrows hiss'd,
And javelins hurled by. Anon the hosts
Met in the shock of battle, horse and man
Conflicting; shield struck shield, and sword, and mace,
And curlcaxe on helm and buckler rang;
Armor was riven, and wounds were interchanged,
And many a spirit from its mortal hold
Hurr'd 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, Orolo 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,
Appall'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 Kad'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 sits
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 affronts
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 bless'd
Above all other lands its favor'd Spain;
Choosing 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 proclaimed,
The light which o'er the fields of Bethlehem shone,
Irradiated whole Spain? not just display'd,
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 imbathed 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 cast
In wrath the unhallow'd cimeter 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! Hew 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'erlooked 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 examine the cause up,
From Covadonga flying, and the rear
Of that destruction, scarce with breath to tell
Their dreadful tale. When Abulacem heard
Stricken with horror, like a man bereft
Of sense, he stood. O Prophet, he exclain'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
Fate'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 was 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 his brother's face; but thence
We found her flying at the overthrow,
And visiting the treason on her head,
Fiercely with wounds. — Poor vengeance for a host
Destroyed! said Abulacem 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 Ebba, he continued thus in thought,
Their uncle's fate forever 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 fiercely raged
The conflict, and more frequent cries of death,
Mingling with supplications and with prayers,
Rose through the din of war.

By this the blood
Which Deva down her fatal channel pour'd,
Purple 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 begun,
Pelayo led his troops. On foot they came,
Chiefains and men alike; the Oaken Cross
Triumphant, borne on high, precedes 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 mar
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 Orello breathe.
Siverian, quoth Pelayo, if mine eyes
Deceive me not, you horse, whose recking sides
Are red with slaughter, is the same on whom
The apostate Orpas in his vauntury
Wont to parade the streets of Cordoba.
But thou shouldst not know him best; regard him well;
Is't not Orello?

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 Maccabei? rejoin'd 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 further. But enough had pass'd,
For old Siverian 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 stablisi'd, and the wrongs of Spain revenged.
Orpas, the accursed, 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 Visiola by 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 gone to rest.
Deal honorably 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 at 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
Laid hold upon his bridle, and look'd up
In his master's face, weeping and silently.
Thereat the Goth, with fervent pressure, took
His hand, and bending down toward him, said,
RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTH.

My good Siverian, go not this day
To war! I charge thee keep thyself from harm!
Thou art past the age for combat, and with whom
Hereafter should thy mistress talk of me.
If thou were gone? — Thou seest I am unarm'd;
Thus disarray'd as thou beholdest me.
Clean through thy miscreant army have I cut
My way unhurt; but being once by Heaven
Preserved, I would not perish with the guilt
Of having wilfully provoked my death.
Give me thy helmet and thy cuirass! — Nay, —
Thee wert not wont to let me ask in vain,
Nor to oppose 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. Roderick alighted there,
And in the old man's armor digb himself.
Dost thou not marvel by what wondrous chance,
Said he, Orello to his master's hand
Hath been restored? I found the renegade
Of Seville on his back, and hurl'd him down
Headlong to the earth. The noble animal
Rejoicingly obey'd my hand to shake
His recreant burden off, and trample out
The life which once I spared in evil hour.
Now let me meet Witiza's vipers sons
In yonder field, and then I may go rest
In peace, — my work is done!
And nobly done! Exclaim'd the old man. Oh! thou art greater
now
Than in that glorious hour of victory
When groveling in the dust Witiza lay,
The prisoner of thy hand! — Roderick 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 steer 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 Roderick 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 rejoind the host. On, comrades, on! Victory and Vengeance! he exclain'd, 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 acclam.

The astonish'd Mussulmen, on all sides charged,
Hear that tremendous cry; yet manfully
They stood, and every where, 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 valor. Sisibert
Beheld Pelayo in the field afoot,
And twice essay'd to bear 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,
Son of Witiza, cried the indignant chief,
Lest I forget what mother gave thee birth!
Go meet thy death from any hand but mine!
He said, and turn'd aside. Fittest from me!
Exclaim'd a dreadful voice, as through the throng
Orello forced his way: fittest from me
Receive the rightful death too long withheld!
'Tis Roderick strikes the blow! And as he spoke,
Upon the traitor's shoulder fierce he drove
The weapon, well-beswo'd. He in the seat
Totter'd and fell. The Avenger hasten'd on
In search of Ebba; and in the heat of fight
Rejoicing, and forgetful of all else,
Set up his cry, as he was wont in youth —
Roderick the Goth! — his war-cry known so well.
Pelayo eagerly took up the word,
And shouted out his kinsman's name beloved —
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!
Roderick and Vengeance! Odoar gave it forth;
Urban repeated it, and through his ranks
Count Pedro sent the cry. Not from the field
Of his great victory, when Witiza fell,
With louder acclamations had that name
Been borne abroad upon the winds of heaven.
The unreflecting throng, who yesterday,
If it had pass'd their lips, would with a curse
Have clag'd it, of all that it could say
From some celestial voice in the air, reveal'd
To be the certain pledge of all their hopes.
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!
Roderick and Vengeance! O'er the field it spread,
All hearts and tongues uniting in the cry;
Mountains, and rocks, and vales resoched round,
And he, rejoicing in his strength, rode on,
Laying on the Moors with that good sword, and
smote.
And overthrow, 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 Victory!
Roderick and Vengeance!

Thus he made his way,
Smiting and slaying, through the astonished ranks,
Till he beheld, where, on a fiery Barb,
Ebba, performing still a soldier's part,
Dealt to the right and left his deadly blows.
With mutual rage they met. The renegade
Displays a cimeter, the splendid gift
Of Walid from Damascus sent; its hilt
Emboss'd with gems, its blade of perfect steel,
Which, like a mirror sparkling to the sun
With dazzling splendor, flash'd. The Goth objects
His shield, and on its rim received the edge
Driven from its aim aside, and of its force
Diminish'd. Many a frustrate stroke was dealt
On either part, and many a foim and thrust
Aim'd and rebated; many a deadly blow
Straight, or reverse, delivered and repel'd.
Roderick at length with better speed hath 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,
Reel'd in the saddle; and with sidelong step
Backing Orelio, drew him to the ground.
He shrieking, as beneath the horse's feet
He fell, forgot his late-learnt creed, and called
On Mary'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,
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 Victory!
Roderick and Vengeance!—Woefully for Africa!
Woefully for the circumsised! Woefully for the faith
Of the lying Ishmaeleite that hour! The Chiefs
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,
Instructed 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 overtaken! — Join'd in bonds of faith
Accurs'd, the most flagitious of mankind
From all parts met are here; the apostate 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 focusts on the peopled plain
May settle and prepare their way. Conjoined
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 imputable things,
The righteous, the immitigable sword
Exacts 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 darkèd, but the avenging sword
Turn'd not away its edge till night had closed
Upon the field of blood. The Cibetains then
Blew the recall, and from their perfect work
Return'd rejoicing, all but he for whom
All look'd with most expectation. He fully sure
Had thought upon that field to find his end
Desired, and with Florida 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 piercèd him not; the cimeter
Glancèd from his helmet; he, when he beheld
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
And flanks incarnadine, his p'oital smeared
With froth, and foam, and gore, his silver mane
Sprinkled with blood, which hung on every hair,
Aspersed like dew-drops; trembling there he stood
From the toil of battle, and at times bent forth
His tumultuous voice far echoing loud and shrill,
A frequent, anxious cry, with which he seem'd
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 wall.
A humble tomb was found, which bore inscribed
In ancient characters King Roderick's name.

NOTES.

Count Julian called the invaders. — L. p. 629. col. 2.
The story of Count Julian and his daughter has been treated
as a fable by some authors, because it is not mentioned by the
three writers who lived nearest the time. But those writers
state the mere fact of the conquest of Spain as briefly as pos-
sible, without entering into particulars of any kind; and the
best Spanish historians and antiquaries are persuaded that
there is no cause for disbelieving the uniform and concurrent
tradition of both Moors and Christians.

For the purposes of poetry, it is immaterial whether the
story be true or false. I have represented the Count as a man
both slain against and sinning, and equally to be commiser-
ated and condemned. The author of the Tragedy of Count
Julian has contemplated his character in a grander point of
view, and represented him as a man self-justified in bringing
an army of foreign auxiliaries to assist him in delivering his
country from a tyrant, and foreseeing, when it is too late to recede, the evils which he is thus bringing upon her.

Not vict'ry that o'er-shadow him, sees he! No airy and slight passion stirr'd abroad To ruflle or to smother him; all are quell'd Beneath a mightier, sternest, stress of mind: Wretched he sits, and lovely and unmoved. Beyond the arrows, vows, or shouts of men: As oftentimes an eagle, when the sun Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray, Stands solitary, stands immovable Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eyes, Clear, constant, unobscur'd, unabsor'd. In the cold light, above the dews of morn. — Act 5, Scene 2.

Paits of this tragedy are as fine in their kind as any thing which can be found in the whole compass of English poetry. Juan de Mena places Count Julian with Orpsis, the renegado Archbishop of Seville, in the deepest pit of hell.

No buenas maneras to go out of Church. Se oye en el valle mas hondo de afém, Que no se redéme jamas por bienes: Qual no era cosa posible indignar A render en da las tierras y legos. De Espaia, las guadas pejus de monts. En años a bastos no pudo cobrar, Copia 91.

A Portuguese poet, Andre de Saiya Mascarenhas, is more indulgent to the Count, and seems to consider it as a mark of degeneracy in his own times, that the same crime would no longer provoke the same vengeance. His account of women who have become famous by the evil of which they have been the occasion, begins with Eve, and ends with Anne Boleyn.

Lawer se pode ao Conde o sentimiento De effusam se sua honestidade, Se a apan viracoper ca errando Disbarbate da Hispana Christiamidade: Se hoje auersa etapors cesto e cesto Nada nossa festas lasciva idade, Noa se perdera mas a forte Espaia, Que o crime frequentado num se estranha.

Por mulheres parecem se tem perdido Noites veryas da outra e desta vida; Por Eor se perdera o Ceo sobrada, Por Helenon a Asia censurada; Por Cleopatra a Egypia foi rendida, Asstaria por Samirnianos perdida; Por Cava se perdera a forte Espaia, E por Anna Bolena a Gran Bretanha. Destruyim de Espaia, p. 9.

Inhuman priests with unquenchable blood Had stain'd their country.— 1, p. 649, col. 2.

Never has any country been so caused by the spirit of persecution as Spain. Under the Heathen Emperors it had its full share of suffering, and the first fatal precedent of appealing to the secular power to punish heresy with death, occurred in Spain. Then came the Arian controversy. There was as much bigotry as much rancor, as little of the spirit of Christianity, and as much intolerance, on one part as on the other: but the successful party were better politicians, and more expert in the management of miracles. Next to the city of Oren, or Orel, there was a famous Catholic church, and more famous baptistry, which was in the form of a cave. On Holy Thursday every year, the bishop, the clergy, and the people assembled there, saw that the baptistry was empty, and enjoyed a marvellous fragrance, which differed from that of any, or all, flowers and spices, for it was an odor which comes as the vesture of the divine virtue that was about to manifest itself. Then they fastened the doors of the church, and sealed them. On Easter Eve the doors were opened, the baptistry was found full of water, and all the children born within the preceding twelve months were baptiz'd. Then carded, an Arian king, set his seal also upon the doors for two successive years, and set a guard there. Still the miraculous baptistry was filled. The third year he suspected pipes, and ordered a trench to be dug round the building; but before the day of trial arrived, he was murdered, as opportunely as Arius himself. The trench was dry, but the workmen did not dig deep enough, and the miracle was continued. When the victory of the Catholic party was complete, it was no longer necessary to keep it up. The same baptistry was employed to convince the Spaniards of their error in keeping Easter. In Brito's time, a few rains, called Osela, were shown near the river Cambrin; the broken baptistry was then called the Bath, and some wild superstitions which the old story related bore traces of the original legend. The trick was not unpractical; it was practised in Sicily and in other places. The story, however, is of some value, as showing that baptism was administered only once a year, (except in cases of danger,) that immersion was the manner, and that infants were baptiz'd.

Arianism seems to have linger'd in Spain long after its defeat. The names Pelayo (Pelegrino) and Arias certainly appear to indicate a cherished heresy, and Brito must have left this when he deduced the former name from Santa Pelayo of the tenth century; for how came the Saint by it, and how could Brito have forgotten the founder of the Spanish monarchy?

In the latter half of the eleventh century, the Count of Barcelona, Ramon Berenguer, Cap de estops, as he was called, for his bushy head, made war upon some Christians who are said to have turned Arians, and took the castles into which they retired. The number of their castles, which he gave to those chiefs who assisted him in conquering them, they appear to have been numerous. It is not improbable that these people were really what they are called; for Arian has never been, like Manichaeus, a sect so ignorantly and indiscreetly given to heretics of all descriptions; and there is no heresy which would be so well understood in Spain, and so likely to have reviv'd there.

The feelings of the triumphant party toward their opponents are well mark'd by the manner in which St. Isidore speaks of the death of the emperor Valens. Thracium ferro incendioque depopulatum, delictoque Romanorum cura est quum Valentem jacto vulneratum, in quadam villa flagrantem succedentem, ut merito quoque eis viciss triumphum certamen incedant, qui tum postea in hostem suas ignas extrae tertiarie. If the truth of this opinion should be doubted, there is a good Athanasian miracle in the Chronicle 11 of St. Isidore and Melitius, to prove it. A certain Arian, by name Olympius, being in the bath, blasphemed the Holy Trinity, and, behold! how struck a miraculous sight by his eyes, while he was in the midst of baptism. With regard to the Arians, the Catholics only did to the others as the others would have done to them; but the persecution of the Jews was equally unprovoked and inhuman. They are said to have betrayed many towns to the Moors; and it would be strange indeed if they had not, by every means in their power, assisted in overthrowing a government under which they were miserably oppressed. St. Isidore has a memorable passage relating to their cruel persecution and compulsory conversion under Iscàbal; Qui initio regni Iulianonis in Iberim Christus Pater atque generosus aurantium equidem etiam sacrum, sed non omnium scientiam: potestatem enim compellere, quos provocaret futilis ratione aperiret. Sed etsi est scriptum sive per occasionem sive per veritatem, Christus non asecurat, ut hoc gaudere et gaudem- bo.— St. Isidore, Christ. Goth. Espan Sagrada, l. 892.

The Moorish conquest pro cured for them an interval of repose, till the Inquisition was established, and by its damnable

* In the seventeenth and last council of Toledo, it was decreed that the baptismal shrine should be tombs, and sealed with the episcopal oval, during the while year, till Good Friday; on that day the bishop in his pontifical, was to open it with great solemnity, in token that Christ, by his passion and resurrection, had made the place to be heaven for the faithful, so that the day was hoped of obtaining of redemption through the Holy Eucharist as a man of baptism. — Moratol, 16, 62, 3.

† Monarchia Lusitana, 2, 7, 19.
‡ Per Theod. Speculum, p. 426.
§ Hist. Goth. apud Ferata, Espan Sagrada, t. 5, 455.
∥ Espan Sagrada, t. 6, 474.
NOTES TO RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTIS, 711

got put all former horrors out of remembrance. When Toledo was recovered from the Moors by Alonso VI., the Jews of that city were put upon the conqueror, and assured him that they were part of the ten tribes whom Nebuchadnezzar had transported into Spain; not the descendants of the Jerusalem Jews who had crucified Christ. Their ancestors, they said, were entirely innocent of the crucifixion, for when Caiaphas gave the Jews an opportunity to excommunicate their divine Master, they refused to do so; and when the Spanish profession of faith was made in the original Hebrew, and in Arabic, as it had been translated by command of King Galilee. Alonso gave ear to the story, but had the letter rendered into Latin and Castilian, and deposited it among the archives of Toledo. The letter version is thus printed by Sandoval:

"Lerv Archibasganco, e Samuel, et Joseph, hones honos de Al-
jamin de Toledo, a Erazel Mayol gran Sacerdote, e Samuel Cassel, y Anos, y Cuypahas, hones hones de la Alhama de la Terra Santa, Salud in Dios de Israel.

Atras was eso mate, mate en ley nos alza las cartas que vos nos chambianos, por las que nos facas sobre sacos pasarelas por la facienda dende que vina Yezcar, que facie muchos avance scenas. Colo por esta ella, nos ha mucho, por cierto Samuel, fil de Annemias, et fabio museo, et recanto muchos bondades deste home, que, ye que es home bonito et amos, que fabio con los labrador, que vos vos a bien, et que faconada al el mal, el nos facio con los tenoz, que es casa facio sin la bondades, et son los muchos suenos de rematar se, de por queso estas escenas, por que fasunto esto, le acusa mala volentaid. Es perquinias deste home, en que oño, o mes o die, aun nacido; et que nos lo tricesimos: fulanos que el dia de la su Nachtidel fue vistos en estas partes tres sobre mucha muerte este, fizeron solidemente un sol et cuenca mucho poderes eitaron estos suenos, anudaron dizer que colo el Almocherc nacieron, et que por aventura era ya nacido. Catol hermanos si por aven-
tura ha ya venido et no les aya elacitado. Relataba también el encondo home, que el caso por ye rememor, que ciertos Magos, hones de mora sazonaita, en la su Nachtidel llegaron a tierra santa, perquiriendo lugar donde el mes azucar era nacido; y que Merodas sey Rey se anan, et dipuesto junto a hones sabios de su ella, et perquirio donde nacieron el Infante, por queso per-
quiriun Mago, et le respondieron, en Betoum de Juda, segun que Nicholas expresso profeta. Et que discribene aquellos Mago, qui una estralia de gran erudicion, de lunes anse elos anses: catol non cas cada quella profecia, eiterans Reyes, et anudaron en erudicion de la su Nachtidel. Otros, endl המשה presidentes al que foranos tembals mucho haver et recobar de ben talmas. Mando ento en de su Nachtidel dende alta con diferencias que nin por consejo, nin por nuna alecrina eiteran en consuetudin de la su anse. Ca, si nos esto esenciales, lugo sera nacelan, que la profecia que diz, conegregarse de conosido contra el Salomar, et contra el su Messiah. Etenmos con eso consejo, mujeran sabes hones de malg sazon, que tenganla grande aumentación sobre tamañu faizitora, porque el Dios de Israel enali-
 jaloo con vngeo, nos destruio cada seguna de ranzado seguna templo. Ca espicietl cargo, eco ha de ser destruido: et por esta razo noso intergusos, que oiteron de espierrera de Babylonia, atendio en Capitaneo Peryo, que envoi Rey Coro, et eno mucho mugtas rigoras que tallo de Babylonia el ano de ascenso et muere de caviertitio, et fueron recibidos en Toledo de Gentiles que y movieron, et oiteron una grande Alams, et nos oitieron sobre a Jerusalem otra seguna a edificio Temple, ardiendo ser destrozada otra seguna. De Toledo entera unse el mes Novu, Eva de Curo dies y och, y de Augustan Octaviano atenido en unto. 

-Sandoval, 71.

Here Alonso being zealous as some of his Gothic prede-
cessors, or as his own Christian successors, he might have found a fair pretext in this letter for ordering all the Jews of Toledo to the font, unless they would show cause why they should adhere to the opinion of Calpinhas and the Jerusalem Jews, rather than to that of their own ancestors.

General Vallon believes that the Spanish Jews were brought to the Peninsula by Nebuchadnezzar, and admits these Tribes as authority. He quotes Count de Geland, and refers to those who were put in execution, and threatened with the most terrible penalties in the case of the death of Christ; and they were known by this, that they were in continual motion, hands and feet, and could not rest; neither could their spirit ever be still, and they had very little shame. The second were the descendents of those who put in execution and assisted at the various parts of the sufferings and death of Christ, and they never could look any man in the face, nor could they, without great diffi-
culty, ever look up to heaven. The third were the children of David, who did all they could to prevent the death of Christ, and who themselves rose up in the temple that they might not witness it. These are affable, good men, who love their neighbors; a quiet, peaceful race, who can look any where.

Thomas Timonius de Vargas, the editor of the spurious Lut-
zerian, says, that not only many Hebrew words are mixed with the old Spanish, but that, 'propter?' the black and stinking Jewish blood had been mingled with the most pure blood of the Spaniards. (p. 95.) They were very anxious, he says, to intermarry, and spoil the pure blood. And he adds, that the Spaniards call them Jutos, quos patet.

"Put," says Mr. Thomas Brown, that an ungodly or godly, or national to the Jews, we cannot well concede. And if, (ac-
cording to good relations,) where they may freely speak it, they forbear not to boast that there are at present many thou-
sand Jews in Spain, France, and England, and some dispersion without even to the degree of priestlocal, it is a matter very considerable, and could they be smelled out, would much ad-
vantage not only the church of Christ, but also the coffer of princes. —The ground that begat or propagated this assertion might be the distastefulness of the Christian from the Jews upon the death of Christ. Furthermore, they add but fact, which they esteem abomi-
nable, and 'stick' in the nostrils of all men. 1 Which real practice and metaphorical expression did after proceed into a literal construction, but was a fraudulent fiction; for such an evil savors their Father Jacob acknowledg'd in himself, when he said his sons had made him stink in the land, that is, to be abominable unto the inhabitants thereof. Another cause is urged by Campeggius, and much received by Christians; that this ill savors a curse derived upon them by Christ, and stands as a badge or brand of a generation that renounced their Salvation. Fals, for they were not known by any other fact, which makes them abomina-
able, and 'stick' in the nostrils of all men. 1 Which real practice and metaphorical expression did after proceed into a literal construction, but was a fraudulent fiction; for such an evil savors their Father Jacob acknowledg'd in himself, when he said his sons had made him stink in the land, that is, to be abominable unto the inhabitants thereof. Another cause is urged by Campeggius, and much received by Christians; that this ill savors a curse derived upon them by Christ, and stands as a badge or brand of a generation that renounced their Salvation. Fals, for they were not known by any other fact, which makes them abomina-

1 Vulgar Errors, Book iv. ch. 16.

The Melchoranes also hold a like opinion of the unavow-
erness of the Jews, and account for it by this legend, which is generally believed to be founded upon the original story given by Suidas, or others. According to this story the survivors of their dwellings because of a pestilence, or, as others say, to avoid servitude in a religious war; but as they fled, God struck them all dead in a certain valley. About eight days or more, after their bodies were corrupted, the Prophet Ezekiel happening to pass that way, at the sight of the dead, God gave him to know, and to them, O Ezekiel, and I will restore them to life. And accordingly, on the prophet's call, they all arose, and lived several years after; but they retained the color and stanch of dead corpses as long as they lived, and the clothes they were wont to wear, as black as pitch, which qualifies them to transmit their posterity. 2

One of our own travellers* tells us of a curious practical application of this belief in Barbary. "The Moors of Tan-
gier," he says, "when they want rain, and have prayed in vain for it, set the Jews to work, saying, that though God would not grant it to the prayers of the faithful, he would to the Jews, in order to be rid of their stink." Ludicrous as this is, South has a passage concerning the Jews, which is little more reasonable, in one of his sermons. "The truth is," he says, "they were once held, toward sort of people, and such as God seems to have chosen, and (as the Prophets sometimes place it) to have exposed to himself, upon the very same account that Socrates exposed Xanthippus, only for her extreme ill conditions, above all that he could possibly find or pick out of that sex; and so the strictest argument both to

* Her. of the Captivity of Thomas Pellow, p. 337.
impeto comenzado: a manera que los tropiezos en este punto, los picarescos y vergonzas de correr, y de no mostrar fuerza era cosa mucho mas frecuente, que por la parte de los hombres, como por parte de las bestias. El Grigorio Aragones de 421, parece porque para las yeguas, tanto que muchas vezes lo probaban también ellos a recuerda de los Españoles, como quien que jamás pudieron tener aquella ligereza ni ligereza, ni recuerda que tenían estos otros para dormir con sus yeguas. Y dado que las tales yeguas corrianse harto furiosas, y las enseñaban muchos dias antes a seguir estas parejas, cuanto mejor entendían a la verdad, ni las de los unos, ni las de los otros corrian tanto después que saltaban ellas, como cuando los traían cocina, y así las habían que los Grigores en aquella estación pasaron a pie hablaban eran también na por otro en qué conformes en los Andalcúes Españoles en su lengua provincial, nombrándolos Calpos, Calpes, Calpos a la canton, que fue palabra Grigros, compuesto de dos vocábulos: vna Calos, que significa como hermosa, ligera y agraciada: otro Pus, que quiere decir piez, como que las llamaban pies agraciados, a pie desenmasticadas y ligeras, y por abreviar mas el cuello, para que sus yeguas lo pudiesen mas pronto sentir, acostándose con unas letras menos en el medio, y en lugar de nombrándoles Calpes, los dicen Calpos, que significan lo mismo Calopes: lo que palabras me parecen no daban todavía hasta nuestro siglo presente, donde pocas letras wandadas, por en el Calpos a Calpes, lo pronunciaciones Calpos, cuando las caballos y yeguas, o aquellos otros animales, no corren a todo poder sino trozo largo seguido. Vino de esto que los mismos fees y manera del juego se nombraron Calpos: dado que para cuando bastaba sobre la victoria darse de esto, en el juego de percibir y yeguas, era tambien tomar de nuevo Calpos a Calo, sin audivel que hablaban a los yeguas, pues aquellos primero comprendiendo bastante la razon de este vocablo. Pero si todavia fuere cierto que los dicen aquellas palabras cuando corrian sus parejas, nungania cosa daño destar los aqui puedan. — Cronicon General de España, c. 36.

Famine and Pestilence had wasted them.—1. p. 650, col. 1.

In the reign of Eginas, Witiza's father,—plaga insensate innumerae pestilenter illiberata.
(Ind., Facenis.) And for two years before the Moorish invasion,—habia habido continuo hambre y pestilencia en España, con que se habian debilitado mucho los cuerpos, sin lo que el año las habia enfeudizado.— Morales, 12, 62, 5.

St. Isidore, in his History of the Goths, distinctly describes the Northern Lights among the signs that announced the war of Attila.—Multa multae temporis est et terra signa praebetur, quantum praebuit tamen credo beneiu signifigantur. Sunt tantum ferae noctum facienda, ut egi sunt ut suavissim, effectus est, pessimissimo omnium nucleo clarissimur. Supra que in largam cantoriam adrovem intum angustissimae magnitudee fulget. Aquilones plagis corum rubrum, sive ignis aut singular, effectus est, pessimissimo omnium nucleo clarissimur. Supra que in largam cantoriam adrovem intum angustissimae magnitudee fulget. — España Sagrada, t. vi, 491.

And, worst of enemies, their Sins were avenged Against them.—1. p. 650, col. 1.

The following description of the state of the Christian world when the Saramacos began their conquests, is taken from a singular manuscript, that where in the history of the Crusades and of all the Mahommedan emperors from A. D. 555, to A. D. 1588, is gathered out of the Chronicles of William Archibald of Tyucs, the protoscribe of Palestine, of Basilius Johannes Heraklos, and sundry others, and reduced into a poem epique by Robert Barret, 1619. The author was an old soldier, whose language is a compound of Josuah Sylvester and King Cambysses, with a strong relish of Ancient Pastoral.

Now in this sin-flood age not only in East
Did the impious imp the faithful persecute,
But like affliction they pursued in West,
And in all parts the good trod under foot.
For faith in some was cold, from others fled,
And Fear of God dissolved out human hearts.
NOTES TO RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHES. 713

De la luna alteró las blanquas tez;
Y tanto dió la mortal pelay.
El sol y las estrellas por jueves,
En España diero, sin dudar el fin
Mas en su libertad, que en franquilla.
Bofillena, El Bernardo, t. ii. 255.

Roderick’s royal ear. — I. p. 568, col. 1.

"Roderico, the first day after the batallye, observing the ancient guise of his countrey, came into the field apparell’d in a gowne of beaten golde, having also on his head a crown of gold, and gold of other sort, and all his other apparell set with rich peeces and precious stones, ryding in a horse-litter of ioire, drawne by two goofy horses; which order the Gothes used always in battelles for this consideration, that the soul-diers, well-knowing their king could not escape away by flight from them, should be assured that there was none other way but either to die together in that place, or else to winne the victorie; for it had been a thing most shamefull and reprochfull to forsake their prince and anointed soveraigne. Which custome and manner many free confederate cities of Italie following, trimmed and adorned for their princes a certaine charyre of cattel of statute, wherein were set the peeces and ensigns of all the confederates; this charye, in battalle, was drawn by many oxen, whereby the whole houset was gouen to understand that they could not with any homely fiye, by reason of the shew pacc and marveillerly view of those heap'd banners." — A Notable Historie of the Saracens, drawn out of Augustine Curcio, and sumery other good Authours. By Thomas Newton, 1575.

The author of the chivalrous Chronicle of King Don Rodrigo gives a singular description of this car, upon the authority of his pretended original Esteastas; for he, seeing that calamities went on increasing, and that the destruction of the Goths was at hand, thought that if things were to end as they then began, it would be a marveil if there should be in Spain any king or lord of the lineage of the Goths after the death of King Don Rodrigo; and therefore it imported much that he should leave behind him a remembrance of the customs of the Gothic kings, and of the manner in which they were wont to enter into battle, and how they went to war. And he says, that the king used to go in a car made after a strange fashion. The wheels of this car were made of the bones of elephants, and the axle-tree was of fine silver, and the perch was of fine gold. It was drawn by two horses, who were of great size and gentle; and upon the car there was pitched a tent, so large that it covered the whole car, and it was of fine cloth of gold, upon which were wrought all the great feasts in arms which had been achieved until that time; and the pillars of the tent was of gold, and many stones of great value were set in it, which sent forth such splendor, that by night there was no need of any other light therein. And the car and the horses bore the same adornments us the king, and these were full of pearls the largest which could be found. And in the middle of the car there was a seat placed against the pillar of the tent; and this seat was of great price, inso much that the value of it cannot be summed up, so many and so great were the stones which were set in it; and it was wrought so subtly, and of such rare workmanship, that they who saw it marvelled thereat. And upon this seat the king was seated, being lifted up so high that all in the host, little or great, might behold him. And in this manner it was appointed that the king should go to war. And round about the car there were to go a thousand knights, who had all been knighted by the hand of the king, all armed; and in the day of battle they were to be on

Eight summer days, from morn till latest eve,

Ocho veces la lampara fbea
Salio clamoroso el mundo, y ocho veces
La negra sombra de la noche feu

90
foot round about the car; and all plighted homage to the king not to depart from it in any manner whatsover, and that they would rather die, or have their heads cut off, than go from their place beside the car. And the king had his crown upon his head. And in this guise all the kings of the Goths, who had been lords of Spain, were to go to battle; and this custom they had all observed till the King Don Rodrigo; but he, because of the great grief which he had in his heart, would never ascend the car, neither did he go in it to the battle."

Part i. c 135.

Entró Rodrigo en la batalla, y
Amuralló y blanqueó un arco dorado,
El yelmo coronado de una esfera
Que en luzes conoce el circulo estrellado;
En unas ricas armas, & litera
Que al hijo de Cávaro despierto
Engañaron mejor que el carro de oro
De augual peligro, y de mayor tesor.

La purpurea real las armas cubre,
El grage vaostr en magnesto le baña,
El ceñyo por quien era el desdarme
Rodrigo último Gato Rey de España
Mas de la suerte que en ilusiana Osbre
Lo vede que le veste ya compañía,
Asumida al alma blanca, ronque y quita
Vulturo agraed, que al inmerto hechís.

Cora las hojas sobre el agua clara
Que le bañará el pie, y el armamento
Del tronco imita nuestra edad que para
En su primero humilde funicamente.

Desierta queda la frontera, var
Sigue la rama, en el ciento,
Que la aparata del arból, que seita
Su blanca, verde, y poblada libre.

Así Rodrigo el miserable día
Último de esta guerra desdichada,
Quedó en el campo, donde ya tenía
La magnéstico del ombró derivada.
Aíll la reta purpurá güía
Tihó en sangre, y en audor cohónde.
Aíll el verde laurel, y el ceñyo de oro,
Siendo el arból en cuerpo, el ciento el Mora.

LOPE DE VEGA. Jerusalem Conquistada, l. vi. l. 136.

That helm
Whose bears, amid the Oldest of the froy
Eminent, had mark'd his presence. — 1. p. 650, col. 1.

Morales describes this horned helmet from a coin. "Tiene de la una parte su rostro, harto diferente de los que en las otras Monedas de estos Reyes parece. Tiene numeros de estar armado, y sostengo por cuesa de la edad unas puentes como cuecos pequeños y derechos por ambos lados, que la hacen extraña y espantable". Flora has given this coin in his Medallas de España, from the only one which was known to be in existence, and which was then in the collection of the Infante D. Gabrís. It was struck at Egipcia, the present Isma, and, like all the coins of the Visigoth kings, is of the rudest kind. The lines in which Morales describes are sufficiently apparent, and if they are not intended for horns, it is impossible to guess what else they may have been meant to represent.

"These Gothic coins," says P. D. Jeronymo Contador de Argote, "have thousand barbarisms, as well in their letters as in other circumstances. They mingle Greek characters with Latin ones; and in what regards the relief or figure, nothing can be more dissimilar than the representation to the thing which it is intended to represent. I will relate what happened to me with one, however. I asked Hugo of Alber
nes of Macedo may reprehend me for it in his Parecer An-
chronico. Valerio Pinto de Sa, an honorable citizen of Braga, of whom, in various parts of these Memoirs, I have made well-deserved mention, and of whose friendship I have been proud ever since I have been in that city, gave me, some six or seven years ago, a gold coin of King Leovigildo, who was the first of the Gothic kings of Spain that coined money, for till then both Gods and Suevos used the Roman. I examined it, and truly, there was a cross on the one side upon some steps, and some ill-shaped letters around it; and on the reverse something, I knew not what: It seemed to me like a tree, or a stake which shot out some branches: Round about were some letters, more distinct; I could not, however, ascertain what they signified. It happened about that time that I had the honor of a visit from the most illustrious Sr. D. Francisco de Almeida, then a most worthy Academician of the Royal Academy, and at present a most dis

He takes the chronology of Pelayo's accession in the same
taste.

Era el pontificado del Segundo Gregorio; Emperador Lcza Tercero del Monte Cigüeño y del Pescador isomano, Zuleyan Miroamalamuo guerreor;

Co de los Musas, p. 109.
The arrows passed him by to right and left. — I. p. 605, col. 1.

The French Jesuits relate of one of their converts in Can- da à Huron, by name Jean Arnaud Amondorrenah, that once en route en guerre escaboué au combat, il s'enfonce si avanz dans les bêtes et les fêtes des croyants, qu'a été chauvonné des secours et jamais dans le plus de la mediate, et sit plus qu'au temps de Dieu; solvant pour lors un secours et présent, que de depuis, appuyé sur cette mesure cou- fonce, il est victoire le premier et le plus avant dans les péris, et jamais ne s'afait, pour quelque dangere qu'il en vienne. Je voyais dit- il, comme une grande de fêtes veoir fouler sur moy; je n'auré point d'autre bouclier pour les arretter, que l'ivrogne seule que Deus disponant de ma vie, il en ferait selon sa volonté. C'est étrange! les fêtes sécrétantes à neu deux contes, ainsi, dis-til, que fait l'eau lors qu'elle resurgit de la pointe d'un voisin qui va contre ma rés. — Relation de la N. France, 1642, p. 129.

He found himself on Ace's bank, Fast by the Cautian schools. — I. p. 631, col. 1.

The site of this monastery, which was one of the most flourishing seminaries of that age, is believed to have been two leagues from Merida, upon the Cautiana, where the Ermita, or Chapel of Cubillana, stood at present, or was standing a few hundred years before. The legend, from which I have taken such circumstances as might easily have happened, and as suited my plan, was invented by a race of men who, in the talent of invention, have left all poets and romancers far behind them. Flores refers to Brito for it, and excuses himself from relating it, because he is not necessary to his subject; — in reality he neither believed the story, nor chose to express his objec- tions to it. His disbelieb was probably founded upon the sus- picious character of Brito, who was not at that time so de- cidedly condoned by his countrymen as he is at the present. I give the legend from the most veracious Cistercian. Most of his other fabrications have been exploded, but this has given rise to a popular and fashionable idolatry, which still maintains its ground.

The monk did not venture to leave him alone in that dis- consolidate state, and taking him apart, besought him by the passion of Jesus Christ to consent that they twain should go together, and save a venerable image of the Virgin Mary our Lady, which in that convent flourished with great miracles, and had been brought from the city of Nazareth by a Greek monk, called Cyrilus, at such a time as a heresy in the parts of the East arose against the use and venerating of images; and with it a relte of the Apostle St. Bartholomew, and another of St. Bras, which were kept in an ivory covey, for it would be a great sacrifice to leave them. Brito, according to public fame, left neither temple nor sacred place which they did not profane, casting the images into the fire, and dragging them at their horses' tails for a greater opprobrium to the baptized people. The King, seeing himself thus conjured by the passion of our Redeemer Jesus Christ, in whom alone he had consolation and hope of remedy, and considering the piety of the thing in which he was chosen for companion, he himself be overcame by his entreaties; and taking in his arms the little image of our Lady, and Romano the covey with the relics, and mounted on his horse, in the journey, they struck into the middle of Portugal, having their faces always towards the west, and seeking the coast of the ocean sea, because in those times it was a land more solitary, and less frequented by people, where they thought the Moors would not reach so soon, because, as it were there no countries to com- petition in those parts, there was no occasion which should lead them thither. Twenty-and-six days the two companions travelled without touching at any inhabited place, and after enduring many difficulties in crossing mountains and fording rivers, they sighted of the sea on the 29th of December, being the day of the Virgin Martyr St. Cecilia; and as if in that place they should have an end of their labors, they took some comfort, and gave thanks to God, for that they had saved them from the hand of their enemies. The place which they reached is in the Cotos de Almora, near to the eastern side of which there see the town of Pedrera, on the eastern side of which there see the

... in the midst of certain sands, a hill of rock and firm sand, somewhat prolonged from north to south, so lofty and well proportioned that it seemed miraculously placed in that site, being surrounded on all sides with plains covered with sand, without heightiness, to which it appears sedentary. And so much as the manner thereof draws to it the eyes of who- soever beholds this work of nature, the king and the monk desired to ascend the height of it, to see whether it would afford a place for them in which to pass their lives. They found there a little hermitage with a holy crucifix, and no other sign of man, save only a plain tomb, without writing or epitaph to declare whose it might be. The situation of the place, which, according to a notable height, gives a prospect by way and by land as far as the eyes can reach, and the sudden sight of the place caused in the mind of the said king such excite- ment and so great consolation, that, embracing the foot of the cross, he lay there melting away in rivers of tears, not new of grief for the kingdoms and dominions which he had lost, but of consolation in seeing that in exchange the same Jesus himself had in this solitary mountain offered himself to him, in whose company he resolved to pass the remainder of his life; and this he declared to the monk, who, to content him, and also because he saw that the place was convenient for contemplation, approved the king's resolve, and abode there with him some days during which, possibly he did some inconveniences in living upon the summit of the mountain, from whence it was necessary to descend with much labor, whenever they would drink, or seek for herbs and fruits for their food; and moreover, understanding that it was the king's de- sire to remain upon that place, he advised himself in tears and exclamations, which he made oftentimes before the image of Christ, he went with his cognate to a place little more than a mile from the mountain, which being on the one side smooth and of easy approach, lounge on the other over the sea with so huge a precipice, that it is impossible to comprehend in particular height, from the top of the rock to the water. There, be- tween two great rocks, each of which projects over the sea, hanging suspended from the height in such a form, that they seem to threaten destruction to him who sees them from the beach, Romano entered the little cave, made naturally in the cliff, which he enlarged with some walls of loose stone, built up with his own hands, and having thus made a sort of hermitage, he placed therein the image of the Virgin Mary of Nazareth, which he had brought from the Cautiana current, and which being small, and of a dark color, with the infant Jesus in its arms, hath in the countenance a certain perfection, with a modesty so remarkable, that at first sight it presents something miraculous; and having been known and venerated so great a number of years, during many of which it was in a place which did not protect it from the injuries of time, it has never been painted, neither hath it been found necessary to renew it.

The situation of this hermitage was, and is now, within sight of the mountain where the king dwelt; and though the me- morials from whence I am deriving the circumstanced of these events do not specify it, it is to be believed that they often saw each other, and held such divine communion as their mode of life and the holiness of the place required; especially consid- ering the great temptations of the Devil which the king suffered at the beginning of his penitence, for which the counsels and instructions of the monk would be necessary; and the fact of his prayers, and the presence of the relics of St. Bartholomew, which miraculously saved him many times from various illu- sions of the enemy. And in these our days there are seen upon the top of the mountain, in the living rock, certain human foot- steps, and others of a different form, which the common people, without knowing the person, affirm to be the footsteps of St. Bartholomew and the Devil, who was there defeated and his illusions comfounded by the saint, coming in aid of a devout man who called upon him in the force of his tribulation. This must have been true, (though the people know it not), whom the saint thus visibly aided, and he chose that for a memorial of this aid, and of the power which God has given him over the evil spirits, these marks should remain impressed upon the living rock. And the ancient stones being taken up and changed into that of the Apostle, and is called at present St. Bartholomew's; and the hermitage which remains upon the top of it is under the invocation of the same saint and of St. Bras, which must have arisen from the relics of these two saints that Romano brought with him and left

* Espana Sagrada, t. xii. p. 342.
with the king for his consolation, when he withdrew with the image of Our Lady to the place where we have spoken, when he lived little more than a year; and by knowing the time of his death, he communicated it to the king, beseeching him that, in requital for the love with which he had accompanied him, he would remember to pray to God for his soul, and would give his body to the earth, from which it had sprung; and, looking to depart, he would not leave there the image and the relics, in such manner as he should dispose them before he died. With that Roderico departed to enjoy the reward deserved by his labors, leaving the king with fresh occasion of grief for want of so good a companion. Of this place, some of the traditions and tribulations which he endured at the end of his life, there is no authentic historian, nor memorial which should certify them, more than some relations mingled with fabulous tales in the ancient Chronicle of King Don Rodrigo, where, among the truths which are taken from the Moor Rasis, there are many things notoriously impossible; such as the journey which the king took, being guided by a white cloud till he came near Viseo; and the penance in which he ended his life there, enclosing himself alive in a certain tomb with a serpent which he had reared for that purpose. But as these are things difficult to believe, we shall pass them over in silence, leaving to the judgment of the curious the credit which an ancient picture deserves, still existing near Viseo, in the church of St. Michael, over the tomb of the said King Don Roderick, in which is seen a serpent pointed with two heads; and in the tomb itself shall be staked, pole, though on which they say that the snake entered. That which is certain of all this, as our historians relate, that the king came to this place, and in the hermitage of St. Michael, which we now see near Viseo, ended his days in great penance, no man knows for certain. Then I think that there is no other memorial clearer than that in process of time a writing was found upon a certain tomb in this church with these words: Hic requiescit Rodericus ultimus Rex Gothorum, Hic restat Roderick, the last King of the Goths. I remember to have seen ancient words written upon an arch of the wall, which is over the tomb of the king, although the Archbishop Don Rodrigo, and they who follow him, give a longer inscription, not observing that all which he has added are his own curios and imprecaisons upon Count Don Julian, (as Ambrosio de Morales has properly remarked, following the Bishop of Sancheu and others,) not parts of the same inscription, as they make them. The church in which is the tomb of the king is at present very small, and of great antiquity, especially the first chapel, joined to which on either side is a cell of the same length, but narrow, and dark also, having no windows or light; it is joined with clouds of sinister atmosphere engaging to the east. In one of these cells (that is on the south side) it is said that a certain hermit dwelt, by whose advice the king governed himself in the course of his penance; and at this time his grave is shown close to the walls of the chapel, on the Epistle side. In the other cell (which is on the north) the king passed his life, paying now, in the strictness of that place, for the largeness of his palaces, and the liberties of his former life, whereby he had offended his Creator. And in the wall of the chapel which answers to the Gospel side, there remains a sort of arch, in which the tomb is seen, wherein are his bones; and it is devoutly visited by the natives, who believe that through his means the Lord does miracles there upon persons afflicted with agues and other like maladies. Under the said arch, in the part answering to it in the inside of the cell, I saw painted on the wall the hermit and the king, with the serpent with two heads, and I read the letters which are given above, all defaced by time, and bearing marks of great antiquity, yet so that they could distinctly be seen. The tomb is flat, and made of a single stone, in the same body which contains within it the body of the saint, and is worn from both sides. When I saw it, it was open, the stone which had served to cover it not being there, neither the bones of the king, which they told me had been carried into Castille some years before, but in what manner they knew not, nor by whose order; neither could I discover, by all the inquiries which I made among the people of that place, the reason or to be acquainted with a thing of so much importance, if it were as certain as some of them affirmed it to be."—Brito, Monarchia Lusitania, P. ii. 7. c. 3.

"The great venerableness of the image of our Lady of Nazareth which the king left hidden in the very place where Romans in his lifetime had placed it, and the continual miracle which it has produced, is the subject to which the learned Mauro de Brito continne to continue the history of this Image, which, no doubt, he did the more willingly because he bears a part in it himself. In the days of Augusto Henriques, the first king of Portugal, this part of the country was governed by D. Fons Rompilho, a knight famous in the Portuguese chronicles, who resided in the castle at Porto de Mos. This Don Fins, when he saw the land secure from enemies, used often to go out hunting among the sands and thickets between the town and the sea, where, in those days, there used to be great store of game, and where the king had left some of his relics; for which reason it is still some; and as he followed this exercise, the proper just-time of noble and spirited men, and came sometimes to the sea-shore, he came upon that remarkable rock, which, being level on the side of the north, and on a line with the flat country, ends towards the south in a precipice over the waves of the sea, of a prodigious height, causing the greater admiration to him who, going over the plain country without finding any irregularity, finds himself, when least expecting it, suddenly on the summit of such a height. And as he was curiously regarding this natural wonder, he observed between the two biggest cliffs which stand out from the ground and project over the sea, a sort of house built of stones which, from its form and antiquity, made him go himself to examine it; and descending by the chasm between the two rocks, he entered into it. And then he saw the wall enclosing this per- fect image of the Virgin Mary of Nazareth, being of such perfection and modesty as are found in very few images of that size. The Catholic King venerated it with all submission, and would have removed it to his castle of Porto de Mos, to have placed it in a veneration, but that he feared to offend it if he should take it from a place where it had abode for so many years. This consideration made him leave it for the present in the same place and manner in which he found it; and although he visited it afterwards when in course of the chase he came to those parts, nevertheless he never took it in hand to improve the image, which he supposed he would have done it, if the Virgin had not saved him from a notorious danger of death, which, peradventure, God permitted as a punishment for his negligence, and in this manner to make the virtue of the Holy Image manifest to the world. It was thus, that going to his ordinary exercise of the chase, in the month of September, in the year of Christ 1182, and on the 10th of the month, being the day on which the church celebrates the festival of the Exaltation of the Cross upon which which Christ redeemed the human race, as the day rose thick with more heavy clouds, the king, who was riding through the country round about could not be seen by reason of the clouds, save for a little space, it befell that the dogs put up a stag, (if indeed it were one,) and Don Fins pressing his horse in pursuit, without fear of any danger, because he thought it was all plain ground, and the mist hindered him from seeing where he was, found himself upon the very edge of the rock on the precipice, two hundred fathoms above the sea, at a moment when it was no longer in his power to turn the reins, nor could he do any thing more then invoke the succours of the Virgin Mary, whose image was in that place; and where she saved him in such a manner, that less than two palms from the edge of the rock, on a long and narrow point thereof, the horse stopped as if it had been made of stone, the marks of his hoofs remaining in proof of the miracle imprinted in the living rock, such as at this day they are seen by all strangers and persons on pilgrimage, who go to visit the Image of Our Lady; and it is a notable thing, and deserving of serious consideration, to see that in the midst of this rock, upon which the miracle happened, and on the side towards the east, and inscribed in the rock, in the exact part where it is most visible, there is a sign improbable that any human being could reach. Nature herself has impressed a cross as if nailed to the narrowness of the rock, as though she had sanctioned that cliff therewith, and marked it with that holy sign, to be the theatre in which the miraculous circumstance was to be celebrated; which, by reason that it took place on the day of the Exaltation of the Cross, seemed as if it showed the honor and glory which should from thence redound to the Lord who redeemed us thereon. Don Fins, seeing himself delivered from so great danger, and knowing
NOTES TO RODRICK, THE LAST OF THE GYTHS.

from whence the grace had come to him, went to the little hermitage, where, with that great devotion which they had been taught of their father, and the devotion which he himself had preserved, he gave infinite thanks to Our Lady, acceing himself before her of having neglected to repair the house, and promising all the amend which his possibility permitted. His huntsmen afterwards arrived, following the track of the horse, and knowing the marvel which had occurred, they proclaimed it before the presence of Our Lady, adding with their astonishment to the devotion of Dom Funs, who, hearing that the stag had not been seen, and that the dogs had found no track of him in any part, though one had been represented before him to draw him to it, concluded that it was an illusion of the Devil, seeking by that means to make him persist uncritically. All these considerations enhanced the greatness of the miracle, and the obligations of Dom Funs, who, tarrying there some days, made workmen come from Leyria and Porto de Mos, to make other hermitage, in which the Lady should be more venerated; and as they were demolishing the first, they found placed between the stones of the altar a little box of ivory, and within it reliks of St. Brus, St. Bartholomew, and other saints, with a parchment, wherein a relation was given of how and at what time those relics and the ivory were brought there, according as has been aforesaid. A vaulted chapel was soon made, after a good form for times so ancient, over the very place where the Lady had been; and to the end that it might be seen from all sides, it was left open with four arches, which in the time of theCCCCCC...
NOTES TO RODERIC, THE LAST OF THE GOTH.

Spreading his hands, and lifting up his face, &c. 1. p. 651, col. 2.

My friend Walter Scott's Vision of Don Rodriguez supplies a singular contrast to the picture which is represented in this passage. I have great pleasure in quoting the stanzas; if the context had been intentional, it could not have been more complete.

But, far within, Toledo's Prelate lent

Full on the Prelate's face, and silvery hair,

But Rodric's vision, though his head was bare,

And Conscience seeks in speech a respite from Despair

This part of the story is thus nakedly stated by Dr. Andrés da Sylva Musearenos, in a long narrative poem with this title

A destruction of España, Restauragam Summaria de mecum.

Achoube o pobre Rey em Caulinia

Eras as frases fádivas do Mosteiro

Perguntahou quem era, e desde vinhe,

Como entender o bom Religioso

Dias vinte e sete do passagem

Quelle e outra que Rey que por estranhas

Vienne com a sua esquadra e a sua armada, e

Terra nova rato e lucrivo,

Quem tivesse tambem a barco consigo

A oitros e poderia ser inusitante

Por soco no desterro e no perigo. — P. 278.

The fourth week of their painful pilgrimage.— I. p. 651, col. 2.

Dias vinte e seis do passagem

Gastaram, desviándose do humano

Trato, e mais encontros que este mundo

A quem busca o bem profundo.

Destruição de Espanha, p. 279.

Some new austerity, unheard of yet

In Syrian fields of glory, or the sands


Egypt has been, from the earliest ages, the theatre of the most abrupt and absurd superstitions, and very little benefit
and

and

and

ii. that the heart must bleed for sin; and, consequently, that in their whole course they are like men out of their way; let them lash on never so fast, they are not at all the nearer to their journey's end; and however they deceive themselves and others, they may as well expect to have a soul to Heaven by such means."

In those needs Which never, from the hour when to the grace She follow'd her dear lord Theofred, Roscella laid aside. — H. p. 633, col. 2.

Vide supra ipsa in Hispania constat et admiratam sum ante quam haec novit; ubi Hispaniae audebant observant; mortuis

was produced by a conclusion which exchanged crocodiles and

monkeys for moral mountebanks.

The first monastery is said to have been established in that country by St. Anthony the Great, towards the close of the third century. He who rests in solitude, said the saint, is saved from three conflicts,—from the war of hearing, and of speech, and of sight; and he has only to struggle against his own heart. (Acta Sanctorum, i, ii, p. 143.) Indulgence was not the only virtue which he and his disciples introduced into the catalogue of Christian perfections. S. Euthraxia entered a convent consisting of a hundred and thirty nuns, not one of whom had ever washed her hair after baptism; the very mention of the bath was an abomination to them. (Acta Sanctorum, March 13.) St. Macarius had renounced most of the decencies of life; but he returned one day to his convent, humbled and mortified, excluding:—I am not yet a monk; but I have seen monks! for he had met two of those wretches stark naked. — Acta Sanctorum, i, p. 107.

The principles which these madmen established were, that every indulgence is sinful; that whatever is gratifying to the body, must be injurious to the soul; that in proportion as men inflict torments upon himself, he pleases his Creator; that the ties of natural affection wean the heart from God; and that every social duty must be abandoned by him who would be perfect. The doctrine of two principles has never produced such practical evils in any other system as in the Romanish. Monks, indeed, sometimes all evil to the equal power of the Evil Principle, (that power being only for a time,) and some of the corrupted forms of Christianity actually exclude a good one.

There is a curious passage in the Bibliothecas Orientalis of Ausonius, in which the deserts are supposed to have been originally intended for the use of these saints, compensating for their sterility by the abundant crop of virtues which they were to produce. In ulla vero soli constat, quia procul a XXII ripis quaquerentur laesiones propterque, non erubis, non dominici, non apergi, non ubertas, non adscendit, non tamen tamen hunc terram portem (ut Ecclerix verbitur) sustulere, et in honorationem dimitis Deus, quos in primordiis veram omnia in specularia facit, et singula quoque fatares unicas aedas distingueret; et cantus non magis prodestis magistrisque, quod fatares pro- spectavit cerius, cerius, ut arbitror, Sanctorum Evan. parentis. Crede, his illius locupletissim fructibus voluit, et pro indigentiarum natue veri, hanc Sanctorum duxerat etiam, ut singe praeclare fines deserti: Et quum irrigiuri de improvidis suis mortus, abaptizetique multe duplicatae frago convivis luxuriae etcurrere unde, si non habitat, eum bone, habiti, eum habitat, eum. If the ways of religion? says Smith, are ways of pleasantness, such as are not ways of pleasantness are not truly and properly ways of religion. Upon which ground it is easy to see what judgment is to be passed upon all those affected, unchristianized, and unchristianized, as they are by some of the Romanish. Pilgrimages, going barefoot, hair-shirts and whips, with other such gospel-artillery, are their only help to devotion; things never enjoined, either by the prophets under the Jewish, or by the apostles under the Christian economy, who yet surely understood the proper and the most efficacious instruments of piety, as well as any confessor or friar of all the order of St. Francis, or any casuist whatsoever.

7 It seems that with them a man sometimes cannot be a penitent unless he also turns vagabond, and foots it to Jerusalem, or wanders over this or that part of the world to visit the shrines of such or such a pretended saint, though perhaps in his life ten times more ridiculous than themselves. Thus, that which was Cain's error, is become their religion. He that thinks to expiate a sin by going barefoot, only makes ear-

The history of Europe during the dark ages abounds with examples of consecration, as it was called by those writers who endeavored, towards the middle of the 17th century, to introduce the style-ornate into our prose after it had been hitherto from poetry. In the East, the practice is still continued. When Alphonse took possession of Oranz, he sent to Portugal fifteen of his former kings, whom he had found there, each of whom, in his turn, had been deposed and blinded. In the semi-barbarous stage of society, any kind of personal blemish seems to have been considered as disqualifying a prince from the succession, like the law of the Normans by the son of Owen Gwynedd, was set aside in Wales because of his broken nose; Count Oliva, in Barcelona, because he could not speak till he had stamped with his foot three times like a goat. Auctor Oliva fratre de Conte in Griffo non era a drete de se mens. Cur ilo dix Oliva jamos no podia parlar, ilo primer no donaus capa ab lo pen en tera quart o sine vegant, aix coms fos cabra; e per acesta radlo li fos impost lo nom, dient il Oli- 

The trend of our thought in the history of Henry V. and Charles VI. of France, by which Henry was appointed King of France after Charles's decease, was that decreed that the French should sweare to become liege men and vassals to our said sun King Henry, and obey him as the true King of France, and without any opposition or dispute shall receive him as such, and never pay obedience to any other as king or regent of France, but to our said sun King Henry, unless our said sun should lose life or limb, or be attacked by a mortal disease, or suffer diminution in person, state, honor, or property.

Lope de Vega alludes to the blindness of Theofred in his Jerusalem Coquinstad: —

Crepues con otras bellas damas

Floridas bellas,

NOTES TO RODÉRICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS.

Esto vio Rodrigo besichado,
Ay si como su padre fuera ciego!
Suro sus ojos Witsa agrade;
Viera jarfar las de Rodrigo lucra;
Gloria Española el timbre coronado
De sus castillos en mayor sonorío
Que le dio Lewiguido, y no se viera
Estampa de Africana en su ribera.

L. vii. ff. 131.

A remarkable instance of the inconvenient manner in which the b and e are indiscriminately used by the Spaniards, occurs here in the original edition. The e not being used in that language, it would naturally be represented by r; and here, the printer, using most unluckily his typographical license, has made the word Ptolon.

"The Spaniards," says that late worthy John Stamford, some time fellow of Magdalen college, in Oxford, (in his Spanish Grammar, 1624), "do with a kind of wantonness so confound the sound of b with e, that it is hard to determine when and in what words it retains its vulgar letter b, which gave just cause of laughter at that Spaniard who, being in conversation with a French lady, and minding to command her children for fair, said unto her, using the Spanish liberty in pronouncing the French,—Madame, paruez ence nue e-fosse, trilling her that she had calved to her children, instead of saying, bonne enfosse, fair children. Neither can I well justify him who wrote beneficio for beneficio."

Conimbriga, whose ruined towers
Bear record of the fierce Alans' wrath,— III. p. 555, col. 1.

The Roman Conimbriga stood about two leagues from the present Coimbra, on the site of Condaxa Veja. Ataces, king of the Alans, won it from the Sueves, and, in revenge for its obstinate resistance, dispersed it, making all its inhabitants, without distinction of persons, work at the foundation of Coimbra where it now stands. Hennemérico, the king of the Sueves, attacked him while thus employed, but was defeated and pursued to the Douro; peace was then made, and Sãohélinda, daughter of the conqueror, gave in marriage to the conqueror. In memory of the pacification thus effected, Ataces bore upon his banners a damsel in a tower, with a drawn sword at one side, and a lion roughe on the other, that gave just cause of laughter at that Spaniard who, being in conversation with a French lady, and minding to command her children for fair, said unto her, using the Spanish liberty in pronouncing the French,—Madame, paruez ence nue e-fosse, trilling her that she had calved to her children, instead of saying, bonne enfosse, fair children. Neither can I well justify him who wrote beneficio for beneficio."

Manumadam. — III. p. 655, col. 1.

Gaspar Estapo has shown that this is the name of the founder of Guimates; and that it is not, as some writers had supposed, erroneously thus written, because the words Monna and Dona followed each other in the deeds of gift wherein it is preserved; the same being frequently found with its title affixed thus, Dona Monumada.

 discriminatory and in sweetness of diction, that the whole appear like the works of one author.

Auria itself is now but one wide tomb
For all its habitants. — III. p. 656, col. 1.

The present Oronco. The Moors entirely destroyed it; despugnata apera ad salern, are the words of one of the old brief chronicles. In 582, Alonzo el Casto found it too completely ruined to be restored. — España Sagrada, xvii. p. 46.

That consecrated pile amid the wild,
Which seemed Francesca, in his seat,
Rer'd to St. Felix, on Visonna's banks.

IV. p. 656, col. 2.

Of this saint, and the curious institutions which he formed, and the beneficent tract of country in which they were placed, I have given an account in the third edition of Letters from Spain and Portugal, vol. i. p. 103.

Sacaur, ... indignantly
Did he toward the ocean bend his way,
And, skaking from his feet the dust of Spain,
Took ship, and belated sail through seas unknown
To seek for freedom. — IV. p. 659, col. 2.

This tale, which is repeated by Bleda, rests on no better authority than that of Abulacaem, which may, however, be admitted, so far as to show that it was a prevalent opinion of his time.

The Antonlo Galvan, in his Tratado dos Desenobromientos Antiguos e Modernos, relates a current, and manifestly false story, which has been supposed to refer to Sacaur, and the companions of his emigration. "They say," he says, "that at this time, A. D. 1447, a Portuguese ship sailing out of the Straits of Gibraltar, was carried by a storm much further to the west than she had intended, and came to an island where there were seven cities, and where our language was spoken; and the people asked whether the Moors still occupied Spain, from whence they had fled after the loss of King Don Rodrigo. The commander of the ship said, that he brought away a little sand from the island, and sold it to a goldsmith in Lisbon, who extracted from it a good quantity of gold. It is said that the Infante D. Pedro, who governed at that time, ordered these things to be written in the Casa do Tombo. And some will have it that those lands and islands at which the Portuguese seamen, were those which are now called the Antilhas and New Spain." (P. 94.)

Thus Antilia, or Island of the Seven Cities, is laid down in Martin Belloeim's map; the story was soon improved by giving seven bishoprics to the seven cities; and Galvan has been accused by Horinias of having invented it to give his countrymen the honor of having discovered the West Indies! Now, it is evident that Antonio Galvan relates the story as if he did not believe it,—content they relate,— and, dit, it is said,— never affirming the fact, nor making any inference from it, but merely stating it as a report; and it is certain, which perhaps Horinias did not know, that there never lived a man of purer integrity than Antonio Galvan; a man whose history is disgraceful, not to his country, but to the government under which he lived, and whose uniform and unassailed virtue entitles him to rank among the best men that have ever done honor to human nature.

The writers who repeat this story of the Seven Islands and their bishops, have also been pleased to find traces of Sacaur in the new world, for which the imaginary resemblance to Christianity which were found in Yucatan and other places, serve them as proofs.— Gregorio Garcia, Origen de los Indianos, 1. iv. c. 20.

The work of Abulacaem, in which the story first appears, has been roundly ascertained to be the forgery of the translator, Miguel de Laus. The Portuguese academican, Contador de Argute, speaking of this romantic history, acquires him of the

* C. 12.
NOTES TO RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS. 721

fraud, which law with little reflection been laid to his charge. Pedroça, he says, in the Grandezas de Granada, and Rodrigo Curo, in the Grandezas de Sevilla, both affirm that the original Arabics exist in the Escurial, and Escalona asserts the same, although he figures only six or seven books with the catalogus of them. Libraries do not make mention of any such book. If Luna had forg'd it, it would not have had many of those blunders which are observed in it; nor is there any reason for imputing such a fraud to Luna, a man well skilled in Arabic, and of good reputation. What I suspect, that the book was composed by a Granadan Moor, and the reason which induces me to form this opinion is, the minutness with which he describes the compotest which Tariff made of those parts of the kingdom of Granada, of the Alpujarras and the Sierra Nevada, pointing out the etymologies of the names of places, and other circumstances, which any one who reads with attention will observe. As to the time in which the composer of this amusing romance flourished, it was certainly after the reign of Bedecci Aben Hilbur, who governed, and was Lord of Granada about the year 1018, as Mormolor relates, after the Arabian writers; and the reason which I have for this assertion is, that in the romance of Ababolien the story is told which gave occasion to the said Bedecci Aben Hilbur to set up in Granada that famous vane, which represents a knight upon horseback in bronze, with a spear in the right hand, and a club in the left, and these words in Arabic, Bedecci Aben Hilbur says, that in this manner Andalusia must be kept! the figure moves with every wind, and veers about from one end to another. — Memorias de Braga, t. iii. p. 120.

In the fabulous Chronicle of D. Rodriga, Segurana, as he is called, there is a conspicuous personage; but the tale of his emigration was not then current, and the author kills him before the Moors appear upon the stage. He seems to have designed him as a representation of perfect generosity.

All too long.
Here in their own inheritance, the sons
Of Spain have groaned beneath a foreign yoke.
IV. p. 659, col. 2.

There had been a law to prohibit intermarriages between the Goths and Romans; this law Recesvivano annulled, observing, in his edict, that the people ought in no slight degree to rejoice at the repeal. It is curious that the distinction which had existed so long; but it is found also in a law of Wumano's, and doubtless must have continued till both names were lost together in the general wreck. The vile principle was laid down in the laws of the Visigoths, that such as escape the law must be made to care for the children of slaves, slaves also.

Many men well versed in history, says Contador de Argoz, (Memorias de Braga, 2, 274,) think, and think rightly, that this was a civil war, and that the monarchy was divided into two factions, of which the least powerful availed itself of the Arabs as auxiliaries; and that these auxiliaries made themselves masters, and easily effected their intent by means of the divisions in the court.

The natives of Spain, says Josam de Harros, never bore much love to the Goths, who were strangers and comings, and when they came had no right there, for the whole belonged to the Roman empire. It is believed that the greater part of those whom the Moors now were Goths, and it is said that, on one side and on the other, in the course of two years there were slain by the sword seven hundred thousand men. The Christians who escaped chose that the name of Goths should be lost; and though some Cartilhanas complain that the race should be extinguished, saying with Don Jorge Manrique,

Pues la sangre de los Godos
y el linage y la nobleza tan crecida,
por quantas vidas y modos se traz en su grande altura en esta vida.

* Fuero Juzgo, l. 3, tit. 1, leg. 1.

I must say that I see no good foundation for this; for they were a proud nation and barbarous, and were a long time heretics of the sects of Arius and Eutychius and Pelagius, and can be praised as nothing except as warriors, who were so greatly for dominion, that after they reached they laid every thing bare like locusts, and therefore the emperor ceded to them this country. The people who dwelt in it before were a better race, always praised and feared, and respected by the Romans, loyal and faithful and true and reasonable; and if the Goths afterwards were worthy of any estimation they became so here: for as plants lose their bitterness and improve by being planted and translated into a good soil, (as is said of peaches,) so does a good land change its inhabitants, and of rustic and barbarous make them polished and virtuous.

The Moors did not say that they came against the Christians, but against the Goths, who had usurped Spain; and it appears that to the people of the land it mattered little whether they were under Goths or Moors; or indeed it might not be too much to say that they preferred the Moors, not only because all new things and changes would be pleasing, but because they were exasperated against the Goths for what they had done against the Christians, (i.e. the Catholics,) and for the bad government of King Wiliad. [2]

'You are not to think,' says the Chronicle, 'that Count Don Julian and the Bishop Don Orpes came of the lineages of the Goths, but of the lineages of the Casaraz, and therefore they were not grieved that the good lineages should be destroyed.'

— Chr. del R. D. Rodrigo, p. i. c. 518.

Furila. — V. p. 661, col. 1.

Barrios, taking a punster's license in orthography, plays upon the name of Pelyo's father:

. . . del gran Furila (que castella significa) Pelyo, merozal liaus, restante el Leonza regio con aquella luz que alcanzo la victoriana causa.

Cora de las Mulas, p. 102.

The Queen two, Eglinia, — Was she not married to the enemy.

The Moor, the Mobileker? — V. p. 661, col. 1.

For this fact there is the unquestionable testimony of Isidorus Pcenecis. Per idem tempus in aed. 735, anno imperii dixit Illo, Abahard, abutitum Hispam con terrae dominum, debuit oppido Hispami postea in terram sub cenobia jago pacis, cum Hispoll diversorum et hanom fascibus cum Regina Hispaniae in congegno conspitata, filias Regum de Principium pelletatis, et imprudente dictowne extau- ret, sedesque sororum fortis, av chronic non, consulis Aedaha, saecular. — Reliquiae e historiae regum, anno domino 661, et regum et hispanum et isabat renascerit, cui de morte Abahad, in haec dicetur, ut quasi consulis Egliniae Regis congegno quantum Roderici regis, quam subiacentur, jugam Arabicum a sua serva converti aceriter, et Regina in eumab populam schismat recuperaret. — Esquiva Cexereto, l. viii. 292.

There relates the story in the words of the old translation of an Arabic original imputed to Basset. "When Belkizan, the son of Musa, remained for Lord of Spain, and had ordered his affairs right well, they told him tidings of Ulca, who had been the wife of King D. Rodrigo, that she was a right worthy dame, and right beautiful, and of a great lineage, and that she was a native of Africa; whereupon he set forth, and ordered that beasts should be given her, and much property, and men-servants and maid-servants, and all things that she could require till she could come to him. And they brought her unto him, and when he saw her, he was well pleased with her, and said, Ulca, tell me of thy affairs, and conceal nothing from me; for thou knowest I may do with thee according to my will, being my captive. And when she heard this, she told him the grief which she had in her heart, and her sorrow was such, that she had well nigh fallen dead to the ground, and she replied weeping and said, Baron, what wouldst thou know more of my affairs? For doth not all the world know, that I, a young damsel, being married with King
D. Rodrigo, was with him Lady of Spain, and dwelt in honor and in all pleasure, more than I deserved; and therefore I did all that they should have no longer. A now I am in dishonor greater than ever was done of such high estate: For I am plundered, and have not a single palm of inheritance; and I am a captive, and brought into bondage. I also have been mistress of all the land that I hold. Therefore, Sir, have pity upon my misfortunes; and in respect of the great lineage which you know to be mine, suffer not that wrong or violence be offered me by any one; and, Sir, if it be your grace you will ransom me. There are men I know who would take compassion on me, and give you for me a great sum. And Belazin said to her, Be certain that so long as I live, you shall never go from my house. And Ularo said, What then, Sir, would you do with me? and Belazin said, I will that you should remain in my house, and there you shall be free from all work and burdens, with my other wives. And she said, In an evil day was I born, if it is to be true that I have been wife of the honored king of Spain, and now have to live in a stranger's house as the concubine and captive of another! And I swear unto God whose pleasure it is to dismay me thus, that I will rather seek my own death as soon as I can; for I will endure worse miseries, seeing that by death I can escape it. And when Belazin saw that she thus lamented, he said to her, Good done, think not that we have conclusions, but by our law we may have seven wives, if we can maintain them, and therefore you shall be my wife, like each of the others; and all things which a man requires that a man should for his wife, will I do for you; and therefore you have no cause to lament; and be sure that I will do you much honor, and will make all who love me serue and honor you, and you shall be mistress of all my wives. To this she made answer and said, Sir, offer me no violence concerning my law, but let me live as a Christian: And to this Belazin was nothing both, and he granted it, and his marriage was performed with her according to the law of the Moors; and every day he liked her more, and did her such honor that greater could not be. And it befell that Belazin being one day with Ularo, she said to him, Sir, do not think it ill if I tell you of a thing in which you do not act as if you knew the custom. And he said, Wherein is it that I err? Sir, she said, because you have no crown, for no one was ever confirmed in Spain, except he had a crown upon his head. He said, This which you say is nothing, for we have it not of our lineage, neither is it our custom to wear a crown. She said, Many good reasons are there why a crown is of use, and it would injure you nothing, but be well for you, and when you should wear your crown upon your head, you would know you are others also by it: And she said, You would look full comely with it, and it would be great nobleness to you, and be right fitting, and you should wear it in certain stones, which will be good for you, and avail you. And in a short time afterwards, Belazin went to dwell with her. And he carried Ularo with him, and she took of her gold, and of her pearls, and of her precious stones, which she had many and good, and made him the noblest crown that ever was seen by men, and gave it him, and bade him take it, and place it where it should be well kept; and Ularo, as she was a woman of understanding and prudence, ordered her affairs as well as Belazin, so that he loved her much and did great honor to her, and did many of those things which she desired; so that he was well pleased with the Christians, and did them much good, and showed favor unto: They Marinas de los Reyes Catholicas, 1, p. 26. The issue of this was fatal to Abdulaziz. In Albucacin's history, it is said that he was converted by this Christian wife, and for that reason put to death by his father. Others have supposed that by means of her influence he was endeavouring to make himself King of Spain, independent of the Caliph. A characteristic circumstance is added. Egidina was very desirous to convert her husband, and that she might at least obtain from him some mark of outward respect for her images, made the door of the apartment in which she kept them, so low, that he could not enter without bowing. — Riede, p. 234.

Deixam a Abdulaziz, que de Bellona
Manabra o leter, por Retor da Incesperia;
Esta carta e o inquérito Egidina,
Mãeira de Dom Rodrigo, e gran missio!}

The character of this Queen is beautifully conceived by the author of Count Julian:—

Beaming with virtuous inaccessible
Stood Egidina; for her lord she lived,
And for the heavens that raised her sphere so high:
All thoughts were on her—albeit beside her own.
Neglecting as the blossoms of the field,
Arrayed in candor and simplicity,
Before her path she heard the streams of joy
Murmur her name in all their cadences,
Saw them in every scene, in light, in shade,
Reflect her image; but acknowledged them
Hers most complete when flowing from her most.
All things in want of her, herself of none,
Pomp and dominion by beneath her feet
Unfelt and unregarded: now behold
The earthly passions war against the heavenly!
Pride against love; ambition and revenge
Against devotion and complacency—
Her glorious beams adversity hath blunted,
And coming neath the sere:
The original row of coarse mortality
Hardens and dawns around her.

Our day of bitter and severe delight. — VI. p. 663, col. 2.

I have ventured to borrow this expression from the tragedy of Count Julian. Nothing can be finer than the passage in which it occurs.

Abdulaziz. Thou lovest still thy country?
Julian. Abdulaziz,
All men with human feelings love their country.
Not the high-born or wealthy man alone,
Who looks on his children, each one held
By its gay handmaid, from the high alcaoe,
And hears them once a-day; not only he
Who hath forgotten, when his guest inquires
The name of some far village all his own;
Whose rivers bore the province, and whose hills
Touch the last cloud upon the level sky:
No; better men still better love their country.
'Tis the old mansion of their earliest friends,
The chapel of their first and best devotions;
When violent or pernicious, invades,
Or when unworthy lords bold wassail there,
And wiser heads are dropping round its masts,
At last they fix their steady and stiff eye
There, there alone—stand while the trumpet blows,
And view the hostile flames above its towers
Spin, with a bitter and severe delight.

Restoring in thy native line, O Prince,
The sceptre to the Spanish. — VII. p. 666, col. 1.

This was a favorite opinion of Garilays, himself a Bis- cayan, but he has little better proof for it than the fact, that Gothic names disappeared with Roderick, and that Pelico and his successors drew their nomenclature from a different stock. He says, indeed, that ancient writings are not wanting to support his opinion. Some rude commentator has written against this assertion in the margin of my copy, aiente Garil- bag; and I am afraid the commentator is the true man of the two.

There is a fabulous tale of Pelico's birth, which, like many other tales of no better authority, has legends and relics to support it. The story, according to Dr. D. Christoval Lozano, in his history of Los Reyes Nuevos de Toledo, is this. Luz, niece to Egidina, and sister of Roderick, dwelt at Tolledo, in the palace of King Egidas. Duke Pavlin, her father's brother,
fell in love with her, and came from his residence in Cantabria to ask her in marriage, expecting to find no other obstacle than the dispensable one of consanguinity. But it so happened that the King was wooing her cousin; her refusal made him jealous, as he could not conceive that it proceeded from any cause except love for another, and as his temper and power were not to be provoked without danger, Fuliús dared not openly make his suit. He and his mistress therefore met in private, and pleaded their views before an image of the Virgin. The consequences soon became apparent,—the more so, because, as Dr. Lozano assures us, there were at that time no fashions to conceal such things, I was que en aquella era no se ocultaban las guarda-infantes. The King observed her in her emple, and placed spies upon her, meaning to destroy the child and punish the mother with the rigor of the law, death by fire being the punishment for such an offence. Lou was well aware of the danger. She trusted her Camarasa and one servant. They made an ark; she herself, as soon as the infant was born, threw water in his face, and baptized him by the name of Pelayo; a writing was placed with him in the ark, requesting that whoever should find it would break up the boy with care, for he was of good lineage. Money enough was added to support him for eight years, and the ark was then launched upon the Tagus, where it floated down the stream all night, all day, and all the following night. On the second morning it grounded near Alcantara, and was found by Grañeses, who happened to be Lou’s uncle. The King’s suspicion being confirmed in the lady’s appearance, he used every means to detect her, but without avail; he even ordered all children to be examined who had been born in or around Toledo within three months, and full inquiry to be made into the circumstances of their births: To the astonishment of later writers, 35,000 of that age were found, and not one among them of suspicious extraction. The tale proceeds in the ordinary form of romance. The lady is accused of incontinence, and to be burnt, unless a champion defends her sucror. Fuliús of course undertakes her defence, and of course is victorious. A second battle follows with the same success, and fresh combats would have followed, if a hermit had not brought the king to repentance. Grañeses in due time discovers the secret, and restores the child to his parents.

This fabulous chronicle seems to be the oldest written source of this story, but some such tradition had probably long been current. The ark was shown at Alcantara, in the convent of St. Benito; and a description of it, with reasons why its authenticity should be admitted, may be found in Francisco de Pidal’s Description de Toledo, l. iii. c. i.

And in thy name,
Accept the Crown of Thorns she proffers me. — VII. 665, col. 2.

Godefry was actually crowned with thorns in Jerusalem,—a circumstance which has given rise to a curious question in heraldry,—thus curiously stated and commented by Robert Barret, in that part of his long poem which relates to this Prince—

A Prince religious, if ever say,
Considering the age wherein he lived,
Vice-hater great, ended with virtues many,
True humilized, void of mundane pride;
For though he now created were great king,
Yet would he not, as royal power to become,
Enwrapped be with crownet glistening
Of gold and gems to munish vain desires;
But with a prickling, prickling crown of thorns,
Bearing thereto a Christian reverence,
Sitting Heaven’s King, man’s Redeemer, did not scorn
To wear such crown within that city’s fence,
When as, cross-laden, humbly he went,
All covering under burden of that wood,
To free man from hell
To pay the pain of man’s due punishment,
And from Pluto’s hands Prometheus brood.
By reas’n of Godefry’s great humility
Refusing golden-crowned dignity,

The foolishness of H7.

Some blundering in world-witted heraldry,
Not knowing how to distinguish vertues true;
Do question make this Christian king to set
In catalogue of gold-diademed kings;
Regardan gitter of the external jet,
And not true garnish of th’ internal things;
Th’ internal virtues, souls sweet ornaments,
So pleasing to th’ Eternal’s view.
In angels’ chere connecting sweet concords
Of heavenly harmony ’ave chrotil skis.
But we, e contra, him not only deem
A Christian king, but perfect Christian king,
A Christian soul, lamping light in Christ,
To after-crowned kings, world enprizing;
For he, religious prince, did despise
The Heaven-sent gift to be unainted king,
But disesteem’d the mundane pompous guise.
Tickling the hearts of princes menarching.

Annot. Potentates regard this heaven-aspiring Prince,
Not priding, as up proves his dignity;
High throned kings aspire the starred fence
Of this true map of true kings royally;
Not bestowing in cloud-kissing towers,
Not Semiramising in pride’s palaces,
Not Neronizing in all sanguine hours,
Not Helogenizing in lusts less;
But Judasimiting in his Christian camp,
And Judasitinizing in the Heav’n’s seat,
And Davidizing in his Sion’s stump,
And Solomonizing in all sacred heat.

Outwatching for her sake
The stary host, and ready for the work
Of day before the Venus begins her course. — VII. p. 667, col. 2.

Garcí Fernández Mariquie surprised the Moors so often during the night, that he was called Garcí Madrigu, an appellation of the same import as Peep-of-day-boy. He founded the convent of St. Salvador de Palacios de Bemagai for Benedictine monks, and when he called up his merry men, used to say, Up, sirs, and fight, for my name are up and praying; Leonantes Seuores a pelcare, que mis mugos an levanclos a rezar. — Prunus de la Hist. de la Casa de Lara, p. 42.


Mariana derives the name of Hermesinda from the reverence in which Hermenegild was held in Spain,—a prince who has beenainted for having renounced the Homoeasian creed, and raised a civil war on his father’s behalf to repel the Moslem invasion. It is not a little curious, when the fate of D. Carlos is remembered, that his name should have been inserted in the calendar, at the solicitation of Philip II. From the same source Mariana derives the names Hermasinda, Armeongil, Ermenguill, Hermagudilas, and Hermelídez. But here, as Brito has done with Pelayo, he seems to forget that the name was current before it was borne by the Saint, and the derivations from it as numerous. Its root may be found in Hermo, whose German name will prevail over the Latinized Arnimou.
since God hath done thee such good, and such favor as that thou shouldst be king of all Spain, I come to require of thee that thou give me to see this house, and the lock upon the house which we are appointed to keep. And the king demanded of them what house was that, and wherefore he should put upon it his lock. And they said unto him, Sir, we will willingly tell thee, that thou mayst know. Sire, true it is, that when Hercules had made his pleasure in Spains, he made in it many marvellous things in those places where he understood that they might best remain; and thus when he was in Toledo he understood well that that city would be one of the best in Spain; and saw that the kings who should be Lords of those places, did purpose to have their sometime dwellings therein as in any other part; and seeing that things would come after many ways, some contrariwise to others, it pleased him to leave many enchanments made, to the end that after his death his power and wisdom might by them be known. And he made in Toledo a house, after the manner which we shall now describe, with great mastership, so that we have not heard tell of any other such: The which is made after this guise. There are four lions of metal under the foundation of this house: and so large are they, that a man sitting upon a great horse on the one side, and another in like manner upon the other, cannot see each other, so large are the lions. And the house is upon them, and it is entirely round, and so lofty that there is not a man in the world who can throw a stone to the top: and many have attempted this, but they never came near it, and a man that is wise enough to tell you by what manner this house was made, neither whose understanding can reach to say in what manner it is worked within. But of that which we have seen without, we have to tell thee. Cerises in the whole house there is no stone bigger than this, and all of them are of the jasper and marble, so clear and shining, that they seem to be crystal. They are so of many colors that we do not think there are two stones in it of the same color; and so cunningly are they joined one with another, that if it were not for the many colors, they could not be seen but by the whole though these make of one entire stone. And the stones are placed in such manner one by another, that seeing them you may know all the things of the battles aforesaid, and of great feats. And this is not by pictures, but the color of the stones, and the great art of joining one with the other, make it appear thus. And ass he doubt he who should wish to know the truth of the great deeds of arms which have been wrought in the world, might by means of that house know it. See now in what manner Hercules was wise and fortunate, and right valiant, and acquainted with the things which were to come, seeing he was Lord of Spain, he made it after this guise, which we have related unto you. And he commanded that neither King nor Lord of Spain who might come after him, should seek to know that which was within; but that every one instead should put a lock upon the door thereof, and the first that had the lock, and fasten it with his key. And after him there has been no King nor Lord in Spain, who has thought it good to go from his bidding; but every one as he came put on each his lock, according to that which Hercules appointed. And now that we have told thee the manner of the house, and that which we know concerning it, we require of thee that thou shouldst go thither, and put on thy lock on the gates thereof; even as all the kings have done who have regned in Spain until this time. And the King Don Rodrigo hearing the marvellous things which he had heard and things to know what there was within, and moreover being a man of great heart, wished to know of all things how they were, and for what guise. He made answer, that no such lock would he put upon that house, and that by all means he would know what there was within. And they said unto him, Sir, you will not do that which has never been done in Spain; he pleased therefore to observe that which the other kings have observed. And the king said unto them, Leave off now, and I will appoint the soonest that may he how I may go to see this house, and then I will do that which shall seem good. And he would give them no other reply. And when they saw that he would give them no other reply, they dared not persist farther, and they desisted themselves of him, and went their way.

Now it came to pass that the King Don Rodrigo called to mind how he had been required to put a lock upon the doors of the house which was in Toledo, and he resolved to carry into effect that unto which his heart inclined him. And one day he gave orders to have the lock put upon the house, and he went to see this house, and he saw that it was more marvellous than those who were its keepers had told him, and as he was thus beholding it, he said, Friends, I will by all means see what there is in this house which Hercules did, and it is evident that he gave them with him heard this, they began to say unto him that he ought not to do this; for there was no reason why he should do that which never king nor Caesar, that had been Lord of Spain since Hercules, had done until that time. And the king said unto them, you should not see it, but what may be seen. I am well sure that the enchantments cannot hinder me, and this being so, I have nothing to fear. And the knights said, Do that, sir, which you think good, but this is not done by our counsel. And when he saw that they were all of a different accord from that which he wished to do, he said, Now gainsey me as you will, for what let will happen I shall not forbear to do my pleasure. And forthwith he went to the doors, and ordered all the locks to be opened; and this was a great honor, for so many were the keys and the locks, that if they had not seen it, it would have been a great thing to believe. And after they were unlocked, the king pushed the door with his hand, and he went in, and the chief persons who were there with him, as many as he pleased, and they found a hall made in a square, being as wide on one part as on the other, and that the many locks which were held in that bed that the statue of a man, exceeding great, and armed at all points, and he had the one arm stretched out, and a writing in his hand. And when the king and those who were with him saw this bed, and the man who was held in it, everyone was amazed; and they marveled what it was, for no wonder was there. On that bed was laid in it the bed of the statue of a man, exceeding great, and armed at all points, and he had the one arm stretched out, and a writing in his hand. And when they saw the writing which he held in his hand, they showed it to the king, and the king went to him, and took it from his hand, and opened it and read it, and it said thus: You shall have the house and the keys; and this writing mark well what thou hast, and how great evil thou shalt all come to pass, for even as Spain was peopled and conquered by me, so by thee shall it be depopulated and lost. And I say unto thee, that I was Hercules the strong, he who conquered the greater part of the world, and all Spain; and I slew Geryon the Great, who was Lord thereof; and I alone subdued all these lands of Spain, and conquered many nations, and brave knights, and never any one could conquer me, save only Death. Look well to what thou dost, for from this world thou wilt carry with thee nothing but the good which thou hast done. And when the king had read the writing he was troubled, and he wished then that he had not begun this thing. However he made semblance as if it touched him not, and said that no man was powerful enough to know that which is to come, except the king, who was the first, and after him the others. Besides they were much troubled because of what the writing said; and having seen this they went to behold another apartment, which was so marvellous, that no man can relate how marvellous it was. The colors which were therein were four. The one part of the apartment was white as snow; and the other, which was over against it, was more black than pitch: and another part was green as a fine emerald, and that which was over against it was redder than fresh blood; and the whole apartment was bright and more lucid than crystal, and it was covered all over with so beautiful colors, that if each of the sides were made of a single stone, and all who were there present said that there was not more than a single stone in each, and that there was no joining of one stone with another, for every side of the whole four appeared to be one solid slab; and they all said, that never in the world had such a work as this else where been made, and that it must be held for a remarkable thing, and for one of the wonders of the world. And in all the apartments there was no beam, nor any work of wood, neither within nor without; and as the door thereof was so also was the ceiling above. Above there were windows, and so many, that they gave a great light, so that all which was within might be seen as clearly as that which was without. And when they had seen the apartment how it was made, they found it in nothing but one pillar, and that not very large, and round, and of the height of a man of
mean stature: and there was a door in it right cunningly made, and upon it was a little writing in Greek letters, which said, Hercules made this house in the year of Adam three hundred and three, and then these letters were written. And understood that which they said, he opened the door, and when it was opened they found Hebrew letters which said, This house is one of the wonders of Hercules; and when they had read these letters they saw a niche made in that pillar, in which was a coffer of silver, right subtly wrought, and after a strange manner, and it was gilded, and covered with many precious stones, and of great price, and it was fastened with a lock of mother-of-pearl. And this was made in such a manner that it was a strange thing, and there were cut upon it Greek letters which said, It cannot be but that the king, in whose time this coffer shall be opened, shall see wonders before his death: thus said Hercules the Lord of Greece and of Spain, who knew some of those things which are to come. And when the king understood this, he said, Within this coffer lies that which I seek to know, and which Hercules has so strongly forbidden to be known. And he took the lock and broke it with his hands, for there was no other who durst break it: and when the lock was broken, and the coffer open, they found nothing within, except a white cloth folded between two pieces of copper; and he took it and opened it, and found Moors painted therein with arms, and banners, in their hands, and with their swords round their necks, and their bows behind them at the saddle-low, and over these figures were letters which said, When this cloth shall be opened, and these figures seen, most appeared like them shall conquer Spain and shall be Lords thereof.

"When the King Don Rodrigo saw this, he was troubled at heart, and all the knights who were with him. And they said unto him, Now, sir, you may see what has befallen you, because you would not listen to those who counselled you not to pry into so great a thing, and because you despised the kings who were before you, who all observed the commands of Hercules, and ordered them to be observed, but you would not do this. And he had greater trouble in his heart than he had ever before felt; howbeit he began to comfort them all, and said to them, God forbid that all this which we have seen should come to pass. Nevertheless, I say, that if things must be according as they are here declared, I could not set aside that which hath been ordained, and, therefore, it appears that I am he by whom this house was to be opened, and that for me it was reserved. And seeing it is done, there is no reason that we should grieve for that which cannot be prevented, if it must needs come. And let come what may, with all my power I will strive against that which Hercules has foretold, even till I take my death in resisting it: and if you will all do in like manner, I wot whether the whole world can take from us our power. But if by God it hath been appointed, no strength and no art can avail against his Almighty power, but that all things must be fulfilled even as to him seemeth good. In this guise they went out of the house, and he charged them all that they should tell no man of what they had seen there, and ordered the doors to be fastened in the same manner as before. And they had hardly fastened them, when they beheld an eagle fall right down from the sky, as if it had descended from Heaven, carrying a burning firebrand, which it laid upon the top of the house, and began to fan it with its wings; and the firebrand with the motion of the air began to blaze, and the house was kindled and burnt as if it had been made of resin; so strong and mighty were the flames and so high did they blaze up, that it was a great marvel, and it burnt so long that there did not remain the sign of a single stain and all was burnt into ashes. And after a while there came a great flight of birds small and black, who hovered over the ashes, and they were so many, that with the fuming of their wings, all the ashes were stirred up, and rose into the air, and were scattered over the whole of Spain, and many of those persons upon whom the ashes fell, appeared as if they had been besmeared with blood. All this happened in a day, and many said afterwards, that all those persons upon whom those ashes fell, died in battle when Spain was conquered; and this was the first sign of the destruction of Spain."—Chronica del Rey D. Rodrigo, Part I. p. 28-29.

"Y siendo verdad lo que escribieron nuestros Cronistas, y el Alcaide Turf, las letras que en este Palacio fueron halladas, no se ha de retenir que fueron puestas por Hercules en su fundación, ni por algun nigromante, como algunos piensan, pues solo Dios sabe las cosas por cuenta, y aquellas asepú el es cordero revelado por alguna santa persona aquellas nuestras. Señor lo osereis revelado y mandado, como vuelve el castigo que avia de suceder del diluvio general en tiempo de Nos, que fue pregunto de la justicia de Dios: y el de las ciudades de Sodoma y Gomorra a Abraham."—Fran. de Pisa, Deset, de Toledo, l. 2, c. 31.

The Spanish ballad upon the subject, fine as the subject is, is that as a Rounder:

De los noblesimos Gochos que en Castilla acaian regando
Rodrigo regna el posferro de los reyes que han pasado
En cuyo tiempo las Aleras
todo Espana avian ganado,
oe fuera las Alazines
que defendia Don Pelayo.

En Toledo este Rodrigo
al comienzo del regando;
vuele gran voluntad
de ver lo que esto cerrado
en la torre que esta alla,
antigua de muchos anos.

En esta torre los reyes
cada uno hecho un canado,
porque lo ordenara asi.

Hercules el afamado,
que gano primero a España
de Gerion gran torero.

Cree el que en ella la torre
grande tuvo guarnida;
la torre fue luego abierta
y quitados los canados; no
ay en ella cosa alguna,
sola una casa hav hallado.

El rey la mandara abrir:
un palo dentro se ha hallado,
con unas letras latinas
que dicen en Castellano,
cuando aquellas candoradas
que eieren estas canados,
forradas abiertas y visto
lo en el palo echado,
Espafia sera perdida,
y toda ella asolada;
granara la gente estrana
como aqui est en figurados,
los restos muy desfigurados,
los brazos arrancados,
muchas colores vestidas,
en las cabezas tocados,
algadas traer en sus ojos
en coroals cavelando,
largas largos en sus manos,
can espanolas en su lado.

Alcaldes se dieron,
y de aquesta tierra estranos;
perdieran toda España,
que nada no sera finado.

El rey con sus ricos hombas
todos se acran tapandose,
que no vieron las letras
y que les hemos contado;
excluyen a cerrar la torre,
qued el rey muy angustiado.

Romances nuevoamente cantados por Lorenzo de Sepulveda, ff. 160, 1564.

Juan Yague de Sahas relates a singular part of this miracle, which I have not seen recorded anywhere but in his very rare and curious poem:

Cuanta como rompian los canados
De la brega cuenca, y sepultadas
De sus roces obscuras ríos tristes
No bien articuladas, si a rememorar,
Repetidas adnotro por el ayer,
Y una mas breve se ocurre que dice,

Desdichado Rey Don Alfonso (en ocho días).
Quedando la R submersa entre piqueros

La Casa perdida, y de Min, y de Cé,

No dice el una, ni el otro, ni el tuyo, no dice;

Almudena no se siente, si bien opone

Por lo tanto, trata de esta Historia
Que ya permite el Cielo que el Mece

Castigase por tan causas el Regno Godo,
Por solo que lo rajas con mal modo.

Los Amantes de Teruel, p. 29.

The Chronic General del Rey Don Alfonso gives a singular account of the first inhabitant of this fatal spot: —

"There was a king who had to name Rocos; he was of the east country from Edom, wherein was paradise, and for the love of wisdom he forsake his Kingdom, and went about the world seeking knowledge. And in a country between the east and the north, he found seventy pillars; thirty were of brass, thirty of marble, and they lay upon the ground, and upon them was written all knowledge and the nature of things. These Rocos translated, and carried with him the book in which he had translated them, by which he did marvels. He came to Troy when the people under Laconon were building the city, and seeing them he laughed. They asked him why, and he replied, that if they knew what was to happen, they would cease from their work. Then they took him and led him before the king, one of the Trojans, and Laconon asked him for why he had spoken these words, and Romans answered, that he had spoken truth, for the people should be put to the sword, and the city be destroyed by fire. Wherefore the Trojans would have slain him, but Laconon, judging that he spoke from folly, put him in prison to see if he would repent. He, fearful of death, by his art sent a sleep upon the guards, and fled off his iron, and went his way. And he came to the seven hills by the Tiber, and there, upon a stone, he wrote the letters Roma, and Romans found them, and gave them as a name to that place: for whereas they have a resemblance to his own.

"Then went King Rocos westward, and he entered Spain, and went round it and through it, till coming to the spot where Toledo stands, he discovered that it was the central place of the country, and that one day a city should there be built, and these he found a cove, into which he entered. There lay in it a huge dragon, and Rocos in fear besought the dragon not to hurt him, for they were both creatures of God. And the dragon took such love towards him, that he always brought him part of his food from the cove, and they dwelt together in peace. And when he was at length old, and was called Tartus, was hunting in that mountain, and he found a bear, and the bear fled into the cave, and Rocos, in fear, addressed him as he had done the dragon, and the bear quietly lay down, and Rocos fondled his head; and Tartus following, saw the bear was as long, and his body covered with hair, and he thought it was a wild man, and fitted an arrow to his bow, and drew the string. Then Rocos besought him in the name of God not to slay him, and obtained security for himself and the bear under his protection. And when Tartus heard how he was a king, he invited him to leave that den and return with him, and he would give him his only daughter in marriage, and leave him all that he had. By this the dragon returned. Tartus was alarmed, and would have fled, but Rocos interfered, and the dragon threw down half an cx, for he had done the bear, and asked the king to stop and eat. Tartus declined the invitation, for he must be gone. Then said Rocos to the dragon, My friend, I must now leave you, for we have sojourned together long enough. So he departed, and married, and had two sons; and, for love of the dragon, he built a tower over the cave, and dwelt. After his death, one of his sons built another, and King Pirros added more building, and this was the beginning of Toledo."


Lardner published a letter to Jonas Hanway, showing why houses for the reception of penitent harlots ought not to be called Magdalen Houses; Mary Magdalen not being the sinner recorded in the 7th chapter of Luke, but a woman of dis-

This picture of John Despagnet is an article thus entitled: — De Marie Magdalene laquelle passant aussi au del aux estre femmes de mauvaise vie. Le let. que lait font les Theologians pour la plus part en leurs sermons, en leurs livres; et especialment la Bible Anglaise en l’argument de Le chap. de St. Luc.

The image of this Huguenot, which the Roman church does to another Mary, the sister of Lazarus, has been sufficiently confuted by the orthodox. It has been ignorantly believed that this Mary, and another who was of Magdala, and the sinner who is spoken of in the 7th of Luke, are the same one, confusing the two names. We have justified one of the three, to wit, her of Bethany, the sister of Lazarus; but her of Magdala we still defame, as if that Magdalen were the sinner of whom St. Luke speaks.

"Nothing is more common in the mouth of the vulgar than the wicked life of the Magdalens. The preachers who wish to confess souls that are afflicted with horror at their sins, represent to them this woman as one of the most inimodest and dissolute that ever existed, to whom, however, God has shown mercy. And upon this same prejudice, which is altogether imaginary, has been founded a reason why the Son of God, having been raised from the dead, appeared to Mary Magdalen before any other person; for, say they, it is because she had greater need of consolation, having been a greater sinner than the others. — He who wrote the Practice of Piety places her with the greatest offenders, even with Manasses, one of the wandering prophets, and then, after enumerating other the more, it has been inserted in the Bible itself. For the argument to the 7th of Luke in the English version says, that the woman whose sins were in greater number than those of others — the woman, who till then had lived a wicked and infamous life — was Mary Magdalen. But, Isr., The text gives no name to this sinner: Where then has it been found? Which of the Evangelists, or what other authentic writing, has taught us the proper name or surname of the woman? For she who poured an ointment upon Christ (Matth. xxvi. John xii.) who appears in the history of her life, and who still abounds in an invention not only fabulous, but injurious to the memory of a woman illustrious in piety? We ought as well to beware of bearing false witness against the dead as against the living.

"It is remarkable that neither the sinner (Luke vii.) nor the adulteress who is spoken of in the 7th of John, are named in the sacred history, any more than the thief who was converted on the cross. There are particular reasons, beyond a doubt, and we may in part conjecture them, why the Holy Spirit has abstained from relating the names of these great sinners, although converted. It is not then for us to impose them; still less to appropriate them to persons whom the Scripture does not accuse of any enormous sins."

That Egyptian penitent. — X. p. 672, col. 1.

St. Mary the Egyptian. This is one of those religious romances which may probably have been written to edify the people, without any intention of deceiving them. Some parts of the legend are beautifully conceived. An English Romanist has verified it in eight books, under the title of the Triumph of the Cross, or Penitent of Egypt. Birmingham, 1776.

He had the advantage of believing his story, — which ought to have acted like inspiration.
NOTES TO RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs.

Que quiere amor, que quando un Rey se vinda
Deстансе puedan resistir su llamado.
No fue de Grecia mas hermosa y tierna
La que el día por su atulada busca,
Y desde el Sagrar a Cypornea
Se vio en tanto vigo randa hermana.

Creció el amor como el deseo crecía;
Enfuego el poder; la resistencia
Se fue avasallando, pero no podía
Sofrier un Rey sucula competencia.
Estendiese a juro la cortesía,
Las tretonse pusieron de la penitencia,
Haciendo los mayores desgracíones
Las horas menas, y las veaces años.

Cuando ya Rodrigo de que seca
T sürec un amor, y intentos viven,
Sin que demostración alguna hizada,
Puso su gusto en practica de manos:
Pues quiera de tanto amor no le tociasse
Con los medios mas faciles y humanos,
Como todavía entonces suficientes
De injusta fuerza en el rigor violento.

Ainias, congojas, lagrimas y veces,
Aunque amor, furia, injuria,
Pruebas, pelican, rey,
Don que men, rubias, al que aborrecer, forzias;
Discurren las pronomestas velozes,
Que ofrece el pensamiento aquella injuria:
Rodrigo teme, y ama, y fuerza, y ella
Quanto mas se resista, celas mas bella.

Ya viste de jasmine el desnudo
Las eldadas metallas sinpre hermosas,
Ya la verguenza del vuelo de Maya,
Alexandriana, y parropedias:
Rodrigo ya como arcedio rey.
Que no respeta las sagradas cosas,
Ni se cayga en sus lagrimas, ni mueve
Porque se abrasa, a se contiebra en viento.

Rustico el al sa la fresnial flaysia
Al varial valor y atrevidio;
Quedó sin lustre la audaz belleza
Que es de una costa Virgen armamento;
Sin la injusta furia la lucha,
Aparciendo el apercebimiento,
Que viene como sombras del pecado,
Principios del castigo del culpado.

Fue con Rodrigo este mortal disgusto,
Y cuando con Florida la verguenza,
Que le propuso el cojo misa injusta
Que de nager nuestra memoria alcance;
Diziese que no ver en el Rey gusto,
Sino de tan amor tanto angude
Fue la ocasion, que la nager vergonz
Mas siente aborrecida que forzada.

Jerusalen Conquistada, 1, 6, fl. 132.

Lope de Vega quotes scripture in proof of the opinion expressed in this last couplet. — 9 Kings, ch. xiii.

Old Barret tells the story as Ancient Pistol would have done: —

"In 11th. time there reigned in Spain
One Roderick, King from the Gothian race;
Tato whose secret heart with silent strain
Infestted the studder of hart pushike chaste,
Hama carnamorizing of a piece,
A piece by Nature quaintly symmetrical,
Enthroned with beauty as Helen Fair of Greceon:
Count Julian’s daughter of wed-wedlock chaste,
Yeloped Caba; who in court sustained
The rest, as Hepherus the dimmed star.
This piece the king in his love’s chest,
Surviving but by wit, gold, gems, or forced jure."

It is thus related in the fabulous Chronicle: — "Después
que el Rey uno descuidado fue a corregir, a la Casa, no era día que
la no requiriera, la reina o da, y ella se defendía con buena
razón: empero al cabo como el Rey no pensaba cosa como en esto,
un día en la sueta cumbre con un demote auy x la Casa; y ella
vino a su mandado; y como en casa no era en todo su
cámara otro sino ella talda todos, el campillo con ella todo
la fue. Lupsre tanto sabía que si ella quisiera dar loces
que bien fuera auy la regna, mas callasse con lo que el Rey
quiso fazer." — P. I, c. 172.

In this fabulous Chronicle Roderick’s fall is represented as the work of his stars: — "Y aunque a los reyes puesta el gran
yere en que temblaron, y en la natalidad que se corre con esa adora,
sin embargo, tanto era el orden que tenía que lo arribaba toda, y esto arrocería
la malandanza que le auido a quert, y la destrucción de España
que auido de aver camino para se hazer; y quiere vos dezir que
su constitución no podia esorrar que esto no pasacose asi; y ya
Diez lo auido envesado en su discrecion; y el por cosa que fuese no
se podia arrocerar que no fuesse en ello." — P. I, c. 161.

"Certes," says the fabulous Chronicler, "he was a Lord of
greater bounty than ever had been seen before his time. —
He used to say, that if all the world were his, he would rather lose
than one friend; for the world was nothing which, if it were lost,
might be recovered; but a friend once lost could never be
recovered for all the treasure in the world. And because
he was thus bountiful, all those of Spain were likewise; and
they had the fame of being the most liberal men in the world,
especially those of the lineage of the Goths. Never a thing
was asked at his hands, whether great or small, to which he
could say no; and never king nor other great lord asked aid
of him that he denied, but gave them of his treasures and of
his people as much as they needed. And doubt not, but that
if Fortune had smiled on that in his time, the lineage of the
Goths should be cut off, and Spain destroyed, there was no
king or emperor whom he would not love brought into sub-
jection; and if the whole world ought to be placed in the
power of one man, (speaking of worldly things,) there never
was, nor will be, a man so detesting to possess it, save he alone.
But as envy in the beginning of all evil, and saw how great
was the goodness of this king, she never rested till she
had brought about that things should be utterly reversed, even till
she had destroyed him. Oh what great damage to the world
will it be when God shall consent that so much bounty, and
courage, and frankness, and loyalty should be destroyed for-
ever! All nations ought to char themselves in wretched weeds
one day in the week to mourn for the flower of the world, and
especially ought the people of Spain to make such mourning." —
Chronicles of the Faithful Don Rodrigo, p. 1, c. 55.

And again, when the last battle is approaching, he praises
the king: — "Y el Rey era el mas esforzado hombre de corazon
que nunca se que dezir; y el mas franco de todo lo que podia
acer; y preciado mas cobrage amigo que no quento teopor poderes
estar en su regio, y en el dia que creo el resurse del tyrer-
del corde Dol Julios; y a martelada era buen cavallerio que el tiempo
que el no rey, se no hallava cavallerio que a la su bundad se
gazolazia, y tanto sabia que sino por estas malandanzas que le
tueriez, nunca cavallerio al mundo de tales condiciones fue; y
tuene a el rino chiste ni grande que del se partiese despajado a
cafyp yello." — P. 1, c. 215.

The manner in which Florida calls upon her father to re-
venge her is curiously expressed by Lope de Vega:

Al escribirte tiendas pluma y mano,
Llega el agracito, la piadita retira,
Pura quese caverse la verguenza, tanto
Quiere borrar de la verguenza el lante.

No sos menos las letras que soldados,
Las riveros y estulos e armaduras,
Que al son de las susuerias con formados
Haciendo las distancias las deidades:
Los mayores caracteres, armados
Haciendo tus agachas, de armas,
Los puntos, las utoas, los acentos
capitanes, Alferez y Sergentos.

Breve proceso escrito, aunque el success
Significar que no determina,
In the valuable historical view of this king by a contemporary writer, the following character of the French is given:


The bath, the bed, the vigil. — XI. p. 675, col. 2.

The Partidas have some curious mutters upon this subject.

"Cleanliness makes things appear well to those who behold them, even as propriety makes them seemly, each in its way. And therefore the ancients held it good that knights should be made cleanly. For they ought to have cleanliness within them in their manners and customs, so ought they to have it without in their garments, and in the arms which they wear. For albeit their business is hard and cruel, being to strike and to slay; yet notwithstanding they may not so far forget their natural inclinations, as not to be pleased with fair and goodly things, especially their apparel. And for one part they give joy and delight, and on the other make them fearlessly perform feats of arms, because they are aware that by them they are known, and that because of men they take more heed to what they do. Therefore, for this reason, cleanliness and propriety do diminish the hardiness and cruelty which they ought to have. Moreover, as is aforesaid, that which appear without is the signification of what they have in their inclinations within. And therefore the ancients ordained that the squire, who is of noble lineage, should keep vigil the day before he received knighthood. And after of said-day the squires shall bathe him, and wash his head with their hands, and lay him in the goodliest bed that may be. And there the knights shall draw on his hose, and clothe him with the best garments that can be had. And when the cleansing of the body has been performed, they shall do as much to the soul, taking him to the church, where he is to labor in watching and beseeching mercy of God, that he will forgive him his sins, and guide him so that he may demean himself well in that order which he is about to receive; to the end that he may defend his law, and all other things regarding as it behoved him, and that he would be his defender and keeper in all dangers and in all difficulties. And he ought to bear in mind how God is powerful above all things, and can show his power in them when he listeth, and especially in affairs of arms. For in his hand are life and death, to give and to take away, and to make the weak strong, and the strong weak. And when he is making this prayer, he must be with his knees bent, and all the rest of the time on foot, as long as he can bear it. For the vigil of knights was not ordained to be a sport, nor for any thing else, except that they, and those who go there, should pray to God to protect them, and direct them in the right path, and conduct them, and to enter upon the way of death."

If the vigil is over, as soon as it is day, he ought first to hear mass, and pray God to direct all his feats to his service. And afterwards he who is to knight him shall come and ask him if he would have the order of knighthood; and if he had the order of knighthood, and had been ascertained, then shall he be asked, if he will maintain it as it ought to be maintained; and when he shall have promised to do this, that knight shall fasten on his spurs, or order some other knight to fasten them on, according to what summer of the year it is, and the rank which he holds.

And this they do to signify, that as a knight puttheth spurs on the right and on the left, to make his horse: gallop straight forward, even so he ought to let his actions be straight forward, swerving on neither side. And then shall his sword be gird on his head. — Formerly it was ordained that when noble men were made knights, they should be armed at all points, as if they were about to do battle. But it was not held good that their heads should be covered, for they who cover their heads do so for two reasons: the one to hide something there which shall not bear any ill signification; and the other reason they were girded on, and wore them with any fair and becoming covering.

The other reason is, when a man hath done some unseemly thing of which he is ashamed. And this in no wise becometh noble knights. For when they are about to receive so noble and so honorable a thing as knighthood, it is not fitting that they should enter into it with any evil shame, neither with fear. And when they shall have girded on his sword, they shall draw it from out the scabbard, and place it in his right hand, and make him swear these three things: first, that he shall not fear to die for his faith, if need be; secondly, for his natural Lord; thirdly, for his master, and when he hath sworn this, then shall he blow on the neck be given him, in order that those things aforesaid may come into his mind, saying, God guard him to his service, and let him perform all that he hath promised; and after this, who hath conferred the order upon him, shall kiss him, in token of the faith and peace and brotherhood which ought to be observed among knights. And the same ought all the knights to do who are in that place; not only at that time, but whenever they shall meet with him during that whole year."

The great spurs which the knights put on have many significations; for the gold, which is so greatly esteemed, he puts upon his feet, denoting thereby, that the knight shall not for gold commit any maligancy or treason, or like deed, that would detract from the honor of knighthood. The spurs are sharp, that they may quicken the speed of the horse; and this signifies that he will not be slow in any thing, and that he will be wise, and overtake noble-minded, more virtuous, and of better customs than all the others; and then he sought among all beasts for that which was the goodliest, and the swiftest, and which could bear the greatest fatigue, and might be convenient for the service of war. When that horse had been given him, he was chosen from the thousand; and for this reason he was called cavalleres, because the best animal was thus joined to the most noble man. And when Romulus founded Rome, he chose out a thousand young men to be knights, and Verno nonnumms moribus androbo moriesf facer in tempore ealcert. — P. 1, C. 14, ff. 40.

The custom which some kings had of knighting themselves is ceased by the Partidas. — P. vi. T. 21. L. 11. It is there said, that there must be one to give, and another to receive the same, and that he may not be a knight, that a knight can no more knight, than a priest can ordain himself.
When the Infant Hernando of Castile was chosen king of Aragon, he knighted himself on his coronation day:

*De quo todos los Barones nobles se tengan una gran maravedis, como el mayor o feo cavalier, que segame las deseas dias de regar, venem para este cavalier, sino dones nose fa cavalier de ma de cavalier qui hage lorda de cavalleria.*

—Tomich. C. 47, ff. 68.

The qualifications for a knight, cavalier, or horse-soldier, in the barbarous stage of society, were three: 1st, That he should be able to endure fatigue, hardship, and privation. 2nd, That he should have been used to strike, that his blows might be the more deadly. 3rd, That he should be blood-minded, and rob, hack, and destroy the enemy without compunction. The persons, therefore, who were preferred, were mountaineers, accustomed to hussiting:—carpenters, blacksmiths, stone-cutters, and butchers. But it being found that such persons would sometimes run away, it was then discovered that they who were chosen for cavaliers ought to have a natural sense of shame. And for this reason it was appointed that they should be men of family.


The privileges of knighthood were at one time so great, that if the goals of a knight were liable to seizure, they could not be seized where he or his wife were present, nor even where his cloak or shield was to be found.

—Part. II. T. 21, Ley 33.

The coated scales of steel

*Which o'er the tunic to his knees depend.*

XII. p. 675, col. 2.

Canciani (T. 3, p. 31) gives a representation of Roland from the porch of the Cathedral at Verona, which is supposed to have been built about the beginning of the ninth century. The figure is identified on the inscription, *Dura-rarado.* The loros, which Canciani explains, *Vestita bellissime aureo ferreo contocto,* is illustrated by this figure. It is a coat or cloak of steel-mail reaching to the knees, and with half sleeves. The only hand which appears is unarmed, as far as the elbow. The right leg also is unarmed; the other leg and foot are in the same sort of armor as the coat. The end of a loose garment appears under the mail. The shield reaches from the chin to the middle of the leg; it is broad enough at the top to cover the breast and shoulder, and slopes gradually off to the form of a long oval.

—At every saddle-bow

*A gory head was hung.* —XIV. p. 679, col. 1.

This picture frequently occurs in the Spanish Chronicles. Sigard the elder, Earl of Ockney, owed his death to a like custom. "Suddenly charging spurs to his horse, as he was returning home in triumph, bearing, like each of his followers, one of these bloody spoils, a large front tooth in the mouth of the head which hung danging by his side, cut the calf of his leg,—the wound mortified, and he died. The Earl must have been horse-legged."—*Teofilo, quoted in Edmonston's View of the Zetland Islands,* vol. i. p. 33.

In reference to the priestly character. — XV. p. 681, col. 1.

"At the synod of Mascon, haymen were enjoined to do honor to the honorable clergy by humbly bowing the head, and uncovering it, if they were both on horseback, and by slitting also if the clergymen were u-doct.*—*Pierre de Morea. Hist. de Bearn,* l. i. ch. 18, § 2.

Whom not the spoils of Atalanta

Could satisfy invertate.*

—XVI. p. 683, col. 1.

Hernando de Soto,—the history of whose expedition to Florida by the Inca Garciaseo, is one of the most delightful books in the Spanish language.

*Nor wicker storehouses for the autumn grain.*

—XVI. p. 683, col. 1.

"Morales, (8, 93, 9) speaking of the Asturians, mentions, with wonder, their chairs, furniture, and garnitures of basket-work,—the sillas and otras cosas de servicio reales y formas que hacen entretenidas de miembros y variedades de escotillas. And a man who did not appear in that attire was a gentleman and a distinguished nobleman, and the fear of such a man was enough to deter the audacity of every marauder.*

—Covadonga.—XVI. p. 684, col. 1.

The valley of Covadonga is thus described by the Conde de Saltexna;—and the description is a fair specimen of his poems;—

*Yo de Asturias, donde el Sol infante
Sus montes con primeras luce baña,*

*De Covadonga el sitio, que triunfante
Con sus glicas se derrama ufana.*

*El prodigioso torneo de la Fiera*

*De Amantes, y aromas, y colores*

*Confunden los metes con altres.*

Robustos troncos, con pujadas ramos

*Vuelve el sitio rustico Alameda,*

*Y del Sol no permiten a los llanos *

*La espesa penetra de la Arbolada;* *

*Pienzas son raya las ardientes famas,*

*Pues la freudeidad opuesto toda*

*La luz al dia, y denuda verdo muro*

*Crepusculo le viste al aye paire.*

Sigvende la ribera de Peonia

*Al Oriente Lustral, y algo inclinado*

*A la parte que mira al medio dia,*

*Otro valle se ve mas dilatado;* *A la derecha de esta selva umbria*

*Regnum coro, que precipitado*

*Ya a dar a Buxa en liquidos abrazos*

*Suelo pobre en cristalinos luces.*

Sin pasar de Regnus el succeciario

*Curse, dexando presto su torrente,*

*Con el cristal se encanta fragancia*

*De Beto, a queva la Cuenca dio la fuente;*

*La admiracion aqui varo motivo*

*F, formando le senda su corriente,*

*Puro el estrecho del aye pueblaensia*

*Hace camino del llor uznado.*

*Hecho serpiente Drea del camino*

*En circulo se vuelve tortuoso,*

*Fomitando venena cristalino*

*En el liquido al仿nar protesos;* *

*En las orillas con vives destino,*

*En torno se vuelte, que espesano*

*Infeccion lethal al pie ligero;*

*Quando le pisa incauso el pasaregro.*

*Ya de este valle cierra las campañas,*

*Creciendo de sus riscos la estetura,*

*Desmezedradas tanto las montaañas*

*Que ofuscan y del Sol la lumbre pura*

*Sus risueños los lados, las entrañas*

*Del valle visten siempre la hermosura*
Frontería el agre, y de colores
El suelo tuvo alfombra de primavera.

Aunque los montes con espigas breñas
El lulo al atardecer tronaron,
Y contra su verde desnudos peñas
Compiten de lo llano la fisonomía.
Pináculos pajareados dulces ayes
Al son del agn en trino somnoliento
De ignorados idíomas en su canto
Dan con arpadas picos dulce ecoanto.

La última de este valle la alta sierra
De Cacolunga acuña, donde fuerte
Se expone el Hebre al juego de la guerra,
Su timor negro escaso de la suerte:
Las que unimos este sitio encierra
El ceniz despreciable de la muerte,
Su pecho encienden en la utóica llama
Que no cobra en las trampas de la Fama.

De Tibá en ella la preciosa suerte
Al llano bravo arroyos de cristales,
Donde en pequeña balm su corriente
Se detiene en suspenso manantiales:
Después se precipita su torrente
Quanto sus ondas enfrente se retuercen,
Con somnolento ruido de la peña
El curso de sus aguas se despina.

Cierre todo este valle esta robusta
Peña, donde la Cueva está dividida,
Que amenaza tajada a su izquierda.
Del bronce llano formidable rueda:
Parece quiere ser con suüa abstrusa
Seno padron, y fuera se destina
A erigirse epítajo peñacoso,
Suponiendo su horror el sitio hermoso.

De piedra viva tan tremenda altura
Que la vista al mirarla se extermecer;
Fusta gréxía se viste, y la hermosura
De la fertilidad susa absorbe:
En tan damasetrada su estatura
Que estrecha el agre, y barbara parece
Que quiere la sirvum de Cuenca
Las fulminantes luces de la Espera.

Corno a dos picas en la peña dura
Construye en circun una abiertura rara,
De una pica de alto, y dos de anchura,
Rica de sombras su maniobra acar a:
Festante, ó boca de la cueva obscura
Donde el Sol no dispues un las Clara,
Tan corta, que en su centro tenebroso
Ano no admite crepusculo dudoso.

En este sitio pues, donde compite
La rustic que con las pintaslas flores,
Puez la peluda sierra no permite
A la vista, sino es vastos horrores;
Por el contrario el llano que en si admite
De los bellos matices los primeros,
Efecto situado de naturaleza,
La unión en la fidelidad, y la belleza.

A tierra de cristal los dulces ayes
Corresponden en trinos amorosos,
Viriando en blando son tan suaves
Esas las apren deben harmoniosas
Emuñecen en su canto quando graves
Bemoles gorgoteando mas preciosas
Es maestro de la barbara Capilla
El Raymador, plamado maravilla.

Elige este distrito la Diezna
Providencia la grave de la hazaña,
Pues aquí su justicia determina
La monarquía fabricar de España.

A las cortas reliquias, que á la rima
Rebecó su pinhal, enciuendo en suña
Bellosa, que á Imperio sin reguarda
Abra futura llave Navego Mundo.

El Pelayo, Cant. iv

Christoval de Mesa also describes the scene.

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

El cual era de cuatro claras fuentes
Que estaaban de la ermita en las esquinas,
Cuyas partes de plata aguas corrien
tas
Mostró la blanca Luna cristalizadas:
Y corriendo por partes diferentes
Eran de gral maravilla dignas,
Y en qualquiera de todos por su parte
Naturalica se emener con arte.

La una mana de una vida pena,
Y qual si tambien fuera el agua viva,
Parte la banca, y parte se despina
Con radiq corriente fugitiva:
Después distante un largo arroyo aneja
Que por diversas partes se detenía,
Con diferente curso en varió modo,
Hasta que a donde nace bueco todo.

Otra, que alta descubre ancha Orizonte,
Como agravable del lugar segundo
Sustenta un monstro que parece un monte,
Quel Alisente que tira en pescu el mundo:
Y comoוי el caudaloso Orient
Dor el ancho tránsito al mar profundo,
Asi se arrójna con furiosas ondas,
Por las partes mas bajas y mas hondas.

Sale blandiendo la tercera fuente,
Como un mar, y después por el arca
Va con tan mansa y placida corriente
Tan grata y sossegada, y tan serena,
Que á las feras, gansos, peces, gente,
Puede aplacar la sed, meazar la poca,
Y da después la benta, y forma el curso
de la Luna, imitando el curso eterno.

Nue la cuarta de una gran caverna,
Y signifinando su prospera derrota
Parece que arte se guiera,
Segun va desciendo gata a gata:
No visto antigua edad, edad moderna
En region muy propina, o muy remonta,
Frente tan peregrina, obra tan nueva,
En grata artificio, o tosca cueva.

Restauración de España, Lib. 2, ff. 27.

Morales has given a minute description both of the scenery and antiquities of this memorable place. The Conde de Salceda evidently had it before him. I also am greatly indebted to this faithful and excellent author.

The timid here soon learns that she may trust
The solitary pretent, and birds
Will light upon the hermit's hermitic hand.


Con mil mortificaciones
Sus pasiones crucifican,
Porque ellas de todo mueren
Porque el alma sola viva.

Boson por hugo al ocio
Costas, y espuestas tezidas
De los laos de las palmas
Que allí crecen sin medida.
Los arboles, y las plantas
Porque a su gusto los sirvan
Para esta vergas ofrecen,
De las mas tiernas que creían
NOTES TO RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs. 731

También de corcho hazen varios
Cuentas, Cruces, y tabúas,
Cuyo modo artesiano,
El uno, y la plata embaldían.
Estos las cálizas tres,
Aquel hace disciplinas,
El otro las calaveras
En toca polvo esculpidas.
Une a samba del alma,
Con la escritura divina
Nítido sacando ricas
De sus literas minas.
Otro junto de la fuente
Que murmurase en dulce rosa
Mirando en los libros las obras
De los santos Eremitas.
Quel cerca del arroyuelo
Que saltando corre aprisa,
Discurre como a la muerte
Corre sin parar la vida.
Quel con un Christe abrazado
Bendáñole las heridas,
Herido de sus dolores
A sus pies llora, y suspira.
Quel en las fuerzas que el campo
Entre encantadas nubes,
Del inmenso autor modera.
Quel cubida en los pícarros
Que ploto, y perlas distiño,
Con ingresea acréscite
Su corriente cristalina.
Quel a las feras convence,
Las aves llama, y cambada
A que el cerebro de todo
Alebas agrodéceas.
Quel inmoble todo el cuerpo,
Con las acciones perdidas,
Tieme arrargetelo el alma
Alto donde amando aspira.
Y de aquel costas quando
Parece que resuenaba,
Dice con razón que muere
Porque no perdura la vida.
La fuerza de amor a vezes
Sucito, y reposo los guita,
Y saliendo de su estancia
Basan el Cielo la vista.
Quando sorre la noche
Clara se descubre Cástula,
Burlando de azul, y plata
El postrer móvil que piso;
Quando al ero de su hermano
No puede tener embrazo,
Que llama del que le presta
Hace de la noche dia;
Del balcon acompañado
El amante Anacóritar
Sole por las soledades
Solatarios pasos guía.
Y parando entre el silencio
Las claras estrellas mira
Que le detienen por obra
De la potencia divina.
En ellas boxen alabas
Sin tener quien se lo impide
Al amador sobano
Este mundo ao mediodía,
Cuya gracia solitario,
Contempla sus perfecciones,
Sus granzones autónomos,
Sus maravillas santo,
Sus excelencias públicas.
La noche atenta entre tanto
Calando porque el proxiño
Cruze las otras ramas,
Y frente el viento respeto.
Gimien las aeras nocturnas
Por enrarece compañia,
Saenan los facutes, y arroyos,
Retamban las piedras frías.
Todo yendo al soldarse,
Mientras con el alma fisra
En sus aurados soñores
Contemplandolns se aleita.
Soledades de Buraco.

Fuller, the Worthy, has a beautiful passage in his Church History concerning "Primitive Monks with their Piety and Painfulness.” — "When the furnace of persecution in the infancy of Christianity was grown so hot, that most cities, towns, and populous places were visited with that epidemic disease, many poor men died into the sort; there to live with more safety, and serve God with less disturbance. No wild humor to make themselves miserable, and to choose and court their own calamity, put them on this project, much less any superstitious opinion of transmortal sanctity in a solitary life, made them willingly to leave their former habitations. For whereas all men by their birth are indebted to their country, there to stand and discharge all civil relations, it had been dishonesty in them like bankrupts to run away into the wilder ness to defraud their country, their creditor, except some violent occasion (such as persecution) forced them thence unto; and this was the first original of monks in the world, so called from μονος, because living alone by themselves.

"Here they in the deserts hoped to find rocks and stocks, you beasts themselves, more kind than men had been to them. What would bide and heat, rover and keep warm, served them for clothes, not placing (as their successors in after ages) any holiness in their habitation, folded up in the affected fashion thereof. As for their food, the grass was their cloth, the ground their table, herbs and roots their diet, wild fruits and berries their dainties, hunger their sauce, their nails their knives, their hands their cups, the next well their wine-cellur; but what their bill of fare wanted in cheer it had in grace, their life being constantly spent in prayer, reading, musing, and such like pious employments. They turned solitariness itself into society; and elevating themselves unwaver by the divine art of meditation, did make of one, two or more, opposing, answering, moderating in their own bosoms, and harry in themselves with variety of heavenly recreations. It would do one good even but to think of their goodness, and at the rebound and second hand to meditate upon their meditations. For if ever poverty was to be envied it was here. And I appeal to the moderate men of these times, whether in the height of these worldly, they have not sometimes wraith (not out of passionate dislike, but serious recollection of themselves) some such private place to retire unto, where, out of the noise of this clamorous world, they might have reposed themselves, and served God with more quiet." 

None but that heavenly Father, who alone
Beholds the struggles of the heart, alone
Sees and rewards the secret sorrows.

XVIII. p. 688, col. 1.

A su amor fogo en Dios seu fundamento
Em Deus, que se conhece e se reta
A nobreza e a valor de bom pensamento.

Fernand Alvarez de Oriente.


"Per idem tempus divina memoria Sinderedus urbis Region Metropolitanae Episcopus terminatum studio clariet; atque longiter et merito honorabiliter viros quos in suprascripta sibi commissa Ecclesia repetit, nec sequendarum scientiarum submersionem alacer, atque instarum jam diuiti Svetica Principia cum eis ejus tempore convertisse non esset: qui et post medium incursum Arabum evanescens, novum at patescere, sed ut meruniversae Christi acta contra decreta modernarum decreverat, Romalis patriae seae amplificavit." — Tito, Pasenini, Epistola Sigurda, T. II, p. 288.

"E assim como a Argóspia fora escrito de a moite and recurring partio de Cordova; y nunca cessa de andar día no ni noche fasta que llego a Toledo; y na embarcando que el era hombrc de banua vida, no"
While the Church

se quo se mostrar por tal como declara ser, y sufrir antes martirio
por amor de Jesucristo y esforzar los angúos, porque se defiende la causa de Dios, es persuadir; en esta instancia
fue de ser confesado antes que muriese." — Cor. del K. D. Rodrigo, p. 2, C. 48.

The Council of Laodicea has two canons concerning the

similarity of the bishops, the If propterea in

Upon excelsis qui bishop, 4,

4, Cyrille, lequel avoit

usual avec csiie, avoir avoit la place de Theodore, avait esté substitué le nom de Cyrille, qui estoit le Patriarche d'Aлексandrie; lequel présidant au Concile d'Ephes

had condemned l'herèse de Nestorius et de Theodore de Mopos-

Dion it ap pror, that the names of all the Church from the

divers clergy, and bishops, and deacons, but not by subdeacons, singers, or

readers, who are expressly deburthen the use of it in that council.

— the first council of Braga speaks of the tunicas and the orarium as both belonging to deacons. And the third council of Braga orders priests to wear the orarium on both shoulders when they ministered at the altar. By which we learn that the

of Ancient or Episcopal is common to all the clergy, the orarium on the left shoulder proper to deacons, and on both shoulders the distinguishing hodge of priests. — The fourth council of

Praeneste &c. the bishops of that city, and to receive the Diptychs of their Eucharist, and to report them faithfully as they quære trouveraient. 

in ancient times, they might make good any real charge against him, they would no longer name him among the rest of the bishops, whom they believed to be faithful and innocent, at the altar. — Bingham, b. 15, ch. 3, sect. 17.

Geary. — XVIII. p. 668, col. 2.

The Council of Laodicea has two canons concerning the little habit called the Oramum, which was a sash or belt to

be worn upon the breast; and mightily misused by bishops, presbyters, and deacons, but not by subdeacons, singers, or

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— The first council of Braga speaks of the tunicas and the orarium as both belonging to deacons. And the third council of Braga orders priests to wear the orarium on both shoulders when they ministered at the altar. By which we learn that the

of Ancient or Episcopal is common to all the clergy, the orarium on the left shoulder proper to deacons, and on both shoulders the distinguishing hodge of priests. — The fourth council of

Praeneste &c. the bishops of that city, and to receive the Diptychs of their Eucharist, and to report them faithfully as they quære trouveraient. 

in ancient times, they might make good any real charge against him, they would no longer name him among the rest of the bishops, whom they believed to be faithful and innocent, at the altar. — Bingham, b. 15, ch. 3, sect. 17.

The Council of Laodicea has two canons concerning the little habit called the Oramum, which was a sash or belt to

be worn upon the breast; and mightily misused by bishops, presbyters, and deacons, but not by subdeacons, singers, or

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NOTES TO RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS.

The pulling of wool said, which goes on the diocet's tomb
Gregory had laid.—XVIII. p. 322, col. 2.

4. By the way, the pull is a punicest vitulum, considerable for the matter, making, and mysteries thereof. For the matter, it is made of lamb's wool and superstition. I say of lamb's wool, as it comes from the sheeps' back, without any other artificial colour, spun, say some, by a peculiar order of numbers, first cast into the tombs of St. Peter, taken from his body, say others, surely most sacred if both; and super-
stitiously adorned with little black crosses. For the form thereof; the breadth exceeded not three fingers, one of our heathing lamb's wool skeins in Cambridge would make three of them, having two labels hanging down before and behind, which the archbishops only, when going to the altar, put about their necks, above their other punicist ornaments. Three mysteries were consecrated therein. First, Humility, which beautesifies the shape of was, being mostly copies. Secondly, Industry, to imitate lamb-like simplicity. And, Thirdly, Industry, to follow him who fetched his wending sheep home on his shoulders. But to speak plainly, the mystery of mysteries in the pull was, that the archbishops receiving it showed therein their dependency on a perfect one; and a note in this manner ceremoniously taken was a sufficient acknowledg-
gement of their submission. And as it owned Rome's power, so in after ages it increased their profit. For, though now such pulls were freely given to archbishops, whose places in Britain for the present were rather numerous than other, no more than three for their labour; yet in after ages the archbishop of Canterbury's pull was sold for five thousand ducres, so that the pope might well have the golden fleece if he could sell all his lamb's wool at that rate. Surely let me add, that the author of Canterbury book stiles this pull Tocqueau grandis Orhii Scenographias. It is well to punctum in order to help it, or else we should have had eight sacraments.44 — Fuller's Church History, page 71.

The relics and the written works of Saints, Toledo's choicest treasures, prized beyond All wealth, their living and their dead remains; These to the mountain fastnesses be bore Of unחשבed Catahria, there depored, One day to be the brat of yet unbuilt Oviedo, and the dore idolab Multitudes unknown.—XVIII, p. 338, col. 1.

45 Among these, says Morales, "who then passed from Toledo to Asturias, was the archbishop of Toledo, named Urban. — He, with a holy foresight, collected the sacred relics which he could, and the most precious books of his own church and of others, determining to carry them all to the Asturias, in order that the holy relics might not be profaned or treated with little reverence. He likewise, and that the books of the Holy Scriptures, and of the ecclesiastical offices, and the works of our holy doctors, might not be lost. — And although many relics are mentioned which the archbishop then carried from Toledo, especial mention is made of a holy ark full of many and most remarkable relics, which through divers chances and dangers, had been brought from Jerusalem to Toledo, and of which all that is fitting shall be related in its place, if it please God that this history should proceed. It is also expressly said, that the cope which Our Lady gave to St. Hugo of Trani, that same which bore with the other relics; and being so capital a cope, it was a worthy thing to write of it thus particularly. Of the sacred books which were saved at that time, there are specified the Holy Scriptures, the Councils, the works of St. Isidore, and St. Iliebenio, and certain books of Toledo. And as there is at this day in the church of Oviedo that holy ark, together with many others of the relics which were then re-
moved, so do I verily believe that there are in the library of

that church three or four books of those which were then brought from Toledo. I am led to this belief by seeing that they are written in a form of Gothic letters, which being composed with writings six hundred years old, are without doubt much older, and more ancient than the other, that to which they may well be attributed to the times of the Goths. One is the volume of the Councils, another is a Sacraf, another contains the books of St. Isidore de Natiore Ramon, with other works of other authors. And there are also some leaves of a Bible. To put these sacred relics in greater security, and avoid the danger of the Moors, they laid them in a cave, and in a sort of deep pit therein, two leagues from the city of Oviedo, (which was not at that time built,) in a mountain, which was for this reason called Monastera. It is now by a slight er-

emption called Monte, and the head of the church of San Pedro, in the cave in great veneratio, and a great romany, or pilgrim-

age, is made on St. Magdalene's day. — Morales, i. 12, c. 71.

The place where the relics were deposited is curiously described in the Romantic Chronicle. He found that in this land of Asturias there was a serra, full great, and high, which had only two entrances, after this manner. On the one entrance, there was a great river, which was to be passed seven times, and in none of those seven places was it fordable at any time, except in the month of July. And after the river had been crossed, there was another, which was to fordable a high mountain, which is full of many great trees and great thicketts, wherein are many wild beasts, such as bears and boars and wolves, and there is a pass there between two rocks, which ten men might defend against the whole world, and this is the entrance. The other entrance ascends this great mountain, by a path of two full leagues in length, on the one side having always the river, and the way so narrow, that one man must go before another, and one man can defend the path in such manner, that no arbalist, nor engine of other kind, might make them, can hurt him, but the whole world were to come against him. And if any one were to stumble upon this path, he would fall more than two thousand fathom, down over rocks into the river, which lies at such a depth that the water appear thicker than pitch. And upon that mountain there is a good spring, and a place where there are good meadows, and room enough to raise grain for eight or ten persons for a year; and the snow is always there for company, enduring from one year to another. And upon that mountain the archbishop made two churches, one to the honour of St. Mary Magdelia, and the other to the honour of St. Michael, and there he placed all these reliques, where he had no fear that any should take them; and for the honour of these relics, the archbishop consecrated the whole mountain, and appointed good guard over the sacred relics, and left there three men of the holy house, who were willing to remain there, serving God, and doing penance for their sins." — P. 2, c. 48.

Of the Camera Santa, Morales has given a curious account in his Journal: the substance, with other remarkable circum-
stances, he afterwards thus inserted, in his great history: — "The other church (or chapel) which King Almone of Casto ordered to be built on the south side of the Iglesia Mayor, (or cathedral,) was with the advocation of the glorious Arch-

angel St. Michael. And in order that he might elevate it, he placed under it another church of the Virgin and Martyr St. Leocadia, somewhat low, and vaulted with a strong arch, to support the great weight which was to lay upon the wall. The king's motive for thus elevating this church of St. Mi-

chael, I believe certainly to have been because of the great humility of that land. He had determined to place in this church the famous relics of which we shall presently speak, and the humility of the region is so great, that even in summer the furniture of the houses on high ground is covered with mold. This religious prince therefore elevated the church with becoming foresight for reverence and better preservation of the precious treasure which was therein to be deposited. For this reason the altar (the chamber,) and for the many and great relics which it con-
tains, it has most deservedly the appellation of Holy. You ascend to it by a flight of twenty-two steps, which begin in the cross of the Iglesia Mayor, (or cathedral,) and lead to a vaulted apartment for chamber, and another, in which upon which mass is said; for within there is no altar, neither is mass said there by reason of the reverence shewn to so great a sanctuary; and it may be seen that K. D. Alonso attended
in his plan that there should be no altar within. In this apartment or outer chapel is a great arched door, with a very strong jambs, and at the further end a square chamber, vaulted also, with a square door, which also is fastened with another strong fastening, and these are the fastenings and keys which the Bishop Sampiero admires for their strength and security.

The square door is the door of the Holy Chamber, which is in the form of a complete church, and you descend to it by twelve steps. The body of this church is twenty-four feet in length, and sixteen in width. Its arched roof is of the same dimensions. The roof is most richly wrought, and supported upon six columns of divers kinds of marble, all precious and right beautiful, upon which the twelve apostles are sculptured, two and two. The ground is laid with Mosaic work, with variety of columns, representing jasper ware. The Bishop Sampiero had good reason to complain of the darkness of this church, which has only one small window in the upper part of the chapel; and, therefore, in this which we call the body of the church, there are commonly three silver lamps burning, the one in the middle larger than the other two, and many other lights are kindled when the relics are shown. These are kept within a glass, which divides the chapel from the church. The chapel has two rich naves at the entrance; it is eighteen feet in length, and its width somewhat less; the floor and the roof are after the same fashion as those of the church, but it is one estulde lower, which in those times seems to have been the church of St. Austin, or Galliciana, the Capillas Mayores, or principal chapels, being much lower than the body of the church. The roof of the chapel is plain, and has painted in the middle our Saviour in the midst of the four evangelists; and this performance is so ancient, that it is most likely it was of the designing of the founder. Strangers are usually detained; there is a lower one within of wood, to which persons are admitted who desire this privilege for their dignity; and few there who enter farther. This church the king built to remove it, as necessary to be forthwith removed, the Holy Ark, the holy bodies, and the other great relics, which, at the destruction of Spain, were hidden in the cave and well of Monsagro, and for this cause he had it built with so much care, and so richly, and with such security.

I have described the Camara Santa thus particularly, that what I may say of the most precious relics which it contains may be the better enjoyed. I will particularize the most principal of them, beginning with the Holy Ark, which with great reason has deserved this name. It is in the midst of the church, in that gilded case grate, that you can only go round it on three sides, and it is placed upon a stone pedestal, wrought with mouldings of a palm in height. It is a vara and a half (about five feet) in length; little less than a vara wide, and about as deep, that part which is of silver, not visible but hidden while the particle that gives the cover is flat, and it is covered in all ports with silver plates of some thickness, and gilt on the front. At the sides, or on that side which fronts the body of the church, it has the twelve apostles in more than half relief, and on the sides there are histories of Our Lady in the same silver-work. On the flat part of the cover there is a large crucifix engraved with many other images round about it. The sides are elaborately wrought with foliage, and the whole displays great antiquity. The cover has round about it four lines in the silver of Toledo, engraving in some places. What they contain is thin, as I have copied it faithfully, with its bad Latin and other faults:


Perditus factus est receptaculum, sanctorum pignoribus insignium argentum danoratam, exteriores adorantam et suis officiis pecudibus: pro quo quidem locum. Hoc est sancta sanctorum sanctorum sanctus jublj. Hoc quidem salutat et — Here a large piece of the silver is zone. — Nunc omnium provinciis in terra sine dobo. — Here there is another great chasam. — Munus et industria clerorum et praefidum, qui propter hoc consignas cantibus de sancto Principé, et de sancto Sacerdote, et sancto Ilia, et sancto Ovida, et sancto Petro, et sancto Thoma, et sancto Bartolomeo, et sancto Diomo, et sancto Fabian, et sancto Sebastiani, et sancto Eusabio, et sancto Ambrosio, et sancto Sophronio, et sancto Marcus..."

This inscription, with its bad Latin and other defects, and by reason of the parts that are lost, can be ill translated. Nevertheless I shall render it, in order that it may be enjoyed by all. It says thus: Know all the congregation of Catholic people, worthy of God, whose the famous relics are, which they venerate within the most precious sides of this Ark. Know then that herein is great part of the wood or cress of our Lord. Of his garment for which they cast lots. Of the blessed bread whereof he ate at the supper. Of this linen, of the holy handkerchief, (the Sudarium,) and of his most holy blood. Of the holy ground which he then trod with his holy feet. Of the garments of his mother the Virgin Mary, and also of her milk, which is a great wonder. With those also there are many other relics of Saint Petrus, Saint Thomas, Saint Bartholomew. Beasts of the propeks, and of all the Apostles, and of many other saints whose names are known only to the wisdom of God. The noble King Don Alonso, being full of humble devotion for all these holy relics, was it a befitting thing for him to provide with his property for the building, and to make it a place of pilgrimage, with plagues of the saints, and on the outside covered with silver, and gilded with no little cunning. For which the may he deserve after this life the company of these Saints in heaven, being aided by their intercession. — These holy relics were placed here by the hands of many clergy and prelates, who were here assembled with the said King D. Alonso, and with his chosen sister called Donna Urraca. To whom may the Redeemer of all grant remission and pardon of all their sins, for the reverence and rich reliquary which they made for the said relics of the Apostles, and for those of the Saints, St. Justus and Pastor, St. Cosme and St. Damian, St. Eulalia the Virgin, and of the Saints Maximius, Germanus, Basilius, Panteleon, Cyprians and Justina, Sebastian, Fa- cundus and Primitivos, Christopher, Cucufatius, Felix and Salulpus, alleluia, alleluia, alleluia...

The sum of the manner in which this Holy Ark came into Spain is this, conformably to what is written by all our grave authors. When Cseroses the King of Persia, in the time of the Emperor Herachius, came upon the Holy Land, and took the city of Jerusalem by the hand of King Philip, and his clergy, with pious forethought, secreted the Holy Ark, which from the time of the Apostles had been kept there, and its store augmented with new relics, which were deposited therein. After the victory of Cosroes, the Bishop Philip, with many of his clergy, passed into Africa, carrying with them the Holy Ark: and there it remained some years, till the Saracens entered into that province also, and then Fulgentius the Bishop of Ruspius, with providence like that which had made Philip bring it to Africa, removed it into Spain. The Ark was then translated by relaying some, and was from thence removed to Asturias, and hidden in the cave of Monsagro: finally, King D. Alonso el Casto removed it to the Camara Santa; and afterwards K. D. Alonso the Great enriched it. Thus our histories write, and the name is read in the lessons on the festival which the church of Oviedo celebrates of the coming thence of this Holy Ark, with a sermon proper for the day, and much solemnity, the service being said on the 13th of March, after vespers, above in the church of the Camara Santa. This is a most weighty testi- mony wherefore we are bold to say that what truth it contains and of the genuineness of the most great treasure which it contains. — These also are strong testimonies, that K. D. Alonso the Great should not only have made the Ark so rich, but that this king should also have fortified the city of Oviedo, surrounding it with walls, and making for it a castle, and building also the castle of Guason upon the shore, for the
defence and security of this holy treasure, and for another end, as he left written upon the stone of which we have elsewhere spoken. Another testimony of great authority, is the great reverence which has been shown to this Holy Ark, from the time of its being opened. It has remained the most solemn and sacred of all the inscriptions to these our days. This is so great that no one has dared to open it, McClure examples being related of some daring attempts which have been made. That which occurred in our days is not mournful, but rather of much devotion and holy joy. The most illustrious Señor D. Cristoval de Esguiz y Sevillano, who is now the most worthy Archbishop of Seville, when he was Bishop of Oviedo, determined to open the holy Ark. For this, as the singular devotion and most holy zeal for the glory of God which he has in all things, astonished him, he made solemn preparations and an exhal- 
functional a fast of forty days in his church and through all his diocesan, commanding that prayers should be made to our Lord, beseeching him that he would be pleased with what was intended, his Most-Illustriousness giving the example, which is very common and very edifying in his church, in himself, and in the ministers thereof. Three days before the Sunday on which the Ark was to be opened, he ordered all persons to fast, and to make greater prayers with processions. When the day arrived, he, in his spiritual mass, had the presence of his holy exhortations much of his own devout desires into the hearts of the hearers. The mass being finished, clad as he was, he ascended to the Camara Santa, with much outward solemnity, and with much fervor of devotion internally in his heart, and having there again his human prayers to our Lord, and quickened the order of that sacred desire which had influenced him; on his knees as he was before the Holy Ark, he took the key to open it. At the moment when he stretched out his hand to put the key in the holy ark, a sudden and such horror and dismay, and such hurling self so bereft of all power (tax impossibilitatu) to move it in any way, that it was impossible for him to proceed, or do any thing but remain in that holy consecration, without having strength or ability for more. And as if he had come there to receive a peculiar recompense of the very angels, so much desire and preparation, he had intended to do, he desisted from his intent, and gave it up, his whole holy desire being turned into a chill of humble shrinking and fear. Among other things which his most Illustrious Lordship relates of what he then felt, he says, that his hair stood up in such a manner and with such force, that it seemed to him, as if it lifted the mitre a considerable way from his head. Now, we all know that this famous prelate has vigor and persevering courage for all the great things which he undertakes in the service of our Lord; but the respect he has to our Lord has heightened them, and thus I believe it will always remain, fastened more surely with veneration and reverence, and with respect of these examples, than with the strong bolt of its lock.

In the inscription of this Holy Ark, mention is made of the relics of St. Budifol, and by reason that he is a Saint very little known, it will be proper to say something of him. This Saint is much revered in Salamanca and in Zamora, and in both cities he has a parochial church, and in Zamora they have a good part of his relics. They have so much corrupted the name, calling him St. Boul, that the Saint is now scarcely known by his own.

They of the church say, that the cote of St. Idelfonso, which Our Lady gave him, is in the Ark. This may well he believed, since our good authors particularly relate that it was carried from Oviedo with the Holy Ark, and with the other relics, and it does not now appear among them, and there is much more reason to think that it has been very carefully put away, than that it has been lost. Also they say, that when the celestial cote was put into the Holy Ark, they took out of it the picture in the most correct fashion, and at the head of our Señor was wrapped up for his interment, as is said in the inscription of the Ark. This is one of the most famous relics in all Christendom, and therefore it is most richly adored, and reverently preserved, being shown only three times in the year with great solemnity, for which it is known. It is wrapped without of gold and azure, with beautiful moulings and pictures, and other ornaments of much authority. Within this there is a square piece of wood, covered entirely with black velvet, with silver handles, and other decorations of silver round about; in the hollow of this square, the holy Sudario is stretched and fastened upon the velvet; it is a thin linen cloth, three quarters long and half a vara wide; and in number of its inches, 172.4. In the center of the head of our Redeemer, in divers forms and stains of various sizes; wherein some persons observe marks of the divine countenance and other particularities. I did not perceive this; but the feeling which came upon me when I looked at it is sufficient to make me believe any thing of it; and if a wretch like me was thus affected, what must it be thus those who deserve of our Lord greater repentance on such an occasion! It is exhibited to the people three times in a year: on Good Friday, and on the two festivals of the Cross in May and September. The Bishop lifts the veil, which at the sight of the Holy Sudario, another music begins of the voices of the people, deeply affected with devotion, which visibly penetrates all hearts. The Bishop stands some time, turning the Sacred Relic to all sides, and afterwards the veil being replaced, the veil rests upon the Holy Sudario in its box. With all these solemnities, the very Illustrious and most Reverend Señor M. D. Gonzalo de Solarzano, Bishop of Oviedo, exhibited this Holy Relic on the day of Santiago, in the year of our Redemption 1573, in order that I might be more completely informed of the King our Lord, I having at this time undertaken this sacred journey by his command.

Another chest, with a covering of crimson and brocade, contains a good quantity of bones, and some pieces of a hand; which, although they are very dumpy, and black, and this all who were present perceived, when they were shown me, and we spoke of it as of a notable and marvellous thing. The account which they of the church give of this holy bones is, that it is that of St. Ferrano, without knowing any thing more of it. I, considering the great dampness of the sacred bones, believe certainly that it was brought up to the Camara Santa from the church, of Leocadia, which, as it has been seen, is underneath it. And there, in the altar, the great stone chest is empty, in which King Alonso el Casto enclosed many relics, as the Bishop told me himself. I have always held for certain, that the body of St. Leocadia is that in this rich chest. And in this opinion I am the more confirmed since the year 1530, when such exquisite diligence has been used by our Spaniards in the monastery of the Glicerio, near Mous de Henao in Pla- ders, to verify whether the body of St. Leocadia, which they have there, is that of our Saint. The result has been, that it was ascertained beyond all doubt to be the same; since an authentic writing was found of the person who carried it thither by favor of one of our earliest kings, and he carried it from Oviedo without dispute; because, according to my researches, it is certain that it was there. Now I affirm, that the king who gave part left part also; and neither is that which is there so much, that what we saw at Oviedo might not well have been left, neither is this the truth but that which is at Mous might well have been given.

In the church below, in a hollow made for this purpose, with grates, and a gate well ornamented, is one of the vessels which our Redeemer Jesus Christ filled with miraculous wine at the marriage in Galilee. It is of white marble, of an ar- of forty. So much as it is in the wall of the church of K. Alonso el Casto, and all the work about it is very marvellous, it may be believed; that the said king ordered it to be placed there." — Corisco.
NOTES TO RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHIS.

mountains of Europe:—but, he adds, it might have come by water from Andalusia or Portugal, and in that case this would have been a land journey of only four or five leagues. In his Journal, Morales mentions certain other relics of which the church of Oviedo boasted; but for which he required better evidence than could be adduced for them. Such were a portion of Tobit's fish, and of Samuel's honey-comb, with other such things, which, he says, would bid fare the credit of the Ark, where, according to the Bishop of Oviedo, D. Pelayo, and Sebastian, Bishop of Zamora, they were deposited. Of these precious relics he says nothing in his history, neither does he mention a piece of Moses's rod, a large piece of St. Bartholomew's skin, and the sole of St. Peter's shoe, all which he enumerates in his Journal, implying rather than expressing his doubts of their authenticity. As a scrupulous and faithful antiquary, Morales was accustomed to require evidence, and to investigate it; and for these he could find no other testimony than tradition and antiquity, which, as presumptive proofs, were strong corroborants of faith, but did not suffice of themselves. The Holy Ark has all the evidence which he required, and the reverence with which he regarded it, is curiously expressed in his Journal. "I have now," he says, "described the material part of the Cumaean Pythian. The spiritual and devotional character which it derives from the sacred treasures which it contains, and the feeling which is experienced upon entering it, cannot be described without giving infinite thanks to our Lord, that he has been pleased to suffer a wretch like me to enjoy it. I write this in the church before the gates, and God knows I mean as it befits myself with fear and reverence, and I can only beseech God to give me strength to proceed with that for which I have no power myself."—T. 10, p. 91.

Morales, like Origen, had given in his youthful decisive proof of the sincerity of his religious methods, and it is sometimes seen as if he had exculpated his mind as well as his body. But with all this abject superstition, he was a thoroughly pious and good man. His life is deeply interesting, and his writings, besides their great historical and antiquarian value, derive additional interest from the picture of the author's mind which they so frequently display. The portrait prefixed to the last edition of his work is singularly characteristic.

The proud array
Of crapeaux, suevreets, and jewelry,
With all which Leucaryd for ever shone.
Left, ostentations of his power?—XVIII. p. 688, col. 9.

"Postremum bellum Suecios intuitit, regnumque cœræ in jura gentes eœ mirō colatèræt transmitit. Hispania magnæ ex parte potius, nemus antè Gobornum angusios fœtus aræbatarum,

The Sacræ,—XVIII. p. 689, col. 1.

As late as the age of the Philes, the Portuguese were called Suevos by the Castilians, as an opprobrious name. Brito says, It was the old word Suevos continued and corrupted, and used contemptuously, because its origin was forgotten.—Monarchia Lusitana, 2, 6, 4.

When the Sueves and Alans overran Spain, they laid siege to Lisbon, and the Saints Maximus, Julius, and Verissimus, (in most undoubted personage,) being Lusianians, were applied to by their town's people to deliver them. Accordingly a sickness broke out in the besiegers' camp, and they agreed to depart upon payment of a sum of money. Bernardo de Brito complains that Blondus and Salcedianus, in their account of this transaction, have been so careless as to mention the money, and omit the invocation of the Saints.—M. Luc. 2, 5, 23.

Lord God of Hosts, &c.—XVIII. p. 689, col. 2.

The substance of these prayers will be found in the forms of coronation observed by the Anglo-Saxons, and in the early ages of the French monarchy. I am indebted for them to Turner's most valuable History of the Anglo-Saxons, and to Mr. Lingard's Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxons church, a work not more full of erudition than it is of Romish sophistry and misrepresentation.

Roderick brought
The buckler.—XVIII. p. 689, col. 2.

"La primera ciudad que ganó dizen fue Leon, y desde ellí se llama Rey de Leon, y toma por armas un Leon roso en campo blanco, declarando antiquo armas de los Gozolos, que eran un Leon berenéceo rampante, en campo azúl, bautiza la cara atras, sobre tres ondas blancas y azules."—Fran. de Fisa. Desc. de Toledo, l. 3, c. 5.

Fue la del quinto globo roso estrella raya de su valor, vez de su fama, y Leon de su escudo y luminicie, heredado blando, Signo Sagrante. Coro de las Musas, 9, 129.

"Les anciennes armes estoient parlarantes, comme l'on voit en celles des Comtes de Castille, et d'Als de Leon, qui prinsent des Chaseaux et des Lions, pour signifer les vaux valoures des Provincies, par le blason de leurs armes : que ne se repartent pas Franciense denomination de Castillo et de Legn, chi Phune."—Pierre de Maree, Hist. de Beau, t. 1, c. 12, p. 11.

"The two great grinders are, erected on two points a peu crescendo dans leur centre, dans lesquelles les spectateurs croient voir la figure d'une fleur de lys. Je n'y garde de dire le contraire," says P. Lalot, "il est persuad que bien des gens de voir dans les vues et dans les charbons ordinairement tout ce qu'il plait à leur imagination d'y représenter ; pourquoi ne serait-il pas libre de leurs leurs propres figures de lys ? Je donne que les Espagnoles en consomment, c'aç qui prouvent le Lion pour les armes et le symbole de leur monarchie ; car on pourrait leur dire que c'est une marque que sans le secours de la France, leur Lion ne serait pas fort ou cruatise."—Africa Occidentalis, T. ii. p. 14.

And Tuges bend his sidele round the scene
Of Roderick's fall.—XVIII. p. 690, col. 1.

There is a place at Toledo called Alvarium. "El nombre de Alvarium es Arabigos, que se dizen casa de caunars, e en forma de canveras, lo que Christiunos llamanos fes, ou hoz de Tujoy. Llanamo asi porque desde que este rio passa par debaxa de la puente de Alcántara, va haciendo una buelta y torcedura, que en una escritura antiguay se llama hace de Tujoy. La misma acostancia a Alarcia cerca de Lara, de donde se llama la hoz de Lara, como la nota Andrae de Moralez ; y en el Reyney de Toledo ay la hoz de Jacar."—Francisco de Fisa. Desc. de Toledo, l. 1, c. 14.

"Amid our deserts we hunt down the birds
Of heaven,—wise do not seize them!"—XX. p. 694, col. 1.

The Moors have a peculiar manner of hunting the pritidge. In the plains of Akkermute and Jibbel Hildel in Scheden, they take various kinds of dogs from them, from the greyhound to the shepherd's dog, and following the birds on horseback, and allowing them no time to rest, they soon fatigue their dogs, when they are taken by the dogs. But as the Moosel- mies eats nothing but what has had its throat cut, he takes out
A knotty grave, scarce hidden there from dogs
And raven, nor from winter rains secure.

XXII. p. 428, col. 1.

In composing these lines I remembered a far more beautiful passage in one of the Eclogues of the Jesuit Bussiöres:

Arte tria noce furens, facieque propinquaque
Islandae, ostium agriolis fugiientibus infert.
Quod furens! cum motre, ut potes, trenunque puellam
Rapit ubus, et medio abscondit corpora silvis.
*Aperta jam frigebat hymen, frondosaeque creures
Pre fate et luctibus ramus prohibet opus;
Magnum flet motore; spectat illa rigentem
Infantem gemine. Sub primis crepuscula teneis
Progressu, tectum ni rivo is forte patet:
Silens fuus eque tiris infernus habitatur.
Bona fugit, et capio comprehensa tuti vivens.
Consulit arma dies; ecol nox horrida surgit.
Quam longis sac nee miser decrepit horis.
Quam gentes fatoque dedi: quam proxima notum
Laz fait? hue tristi luz infernosophia clave
Curriculum ad notam queram per dies tempus.
Sed in addens, pueramque jacentem
Aegro uberrim, dans succumbere mortis.
Ipsa parens, postquam ad oecum conversa vocant
In me amplexanem morientia lamina factis,
P wlan contum suboptet eorum simplici.
Soror infausta habit. Restabat eura equale,
Quo fidelen ferreum decret; miserable corpus
Frondosae, obteti, prorumpit nee ubere vulvi
Sicut creat falsis tegitur; famesque purpureas,
Hae mina incertum, et prima violabile ventis.

. . . . . their white signal-flag. — XXIII. p. 700, col. 1.

A white flag, called El Alen, the signal, is hoisted every day at twelve o'clock, to warn the people out of hearing, or at a great distance, to prepare, by the necessary preliminary ablations, to prostrato themselves before God at the service of prayer. — Jacomos. Morocco, p. 140.

The Humma's happy wings have shadowed him.

XXIII. p. 700, col. 2.

The humma is a fabulous bird. The head over which its shadow once passeth will assuredly be encircled with a crown.


Life hath not left his body. — XXIII. p. 701, col. 1.

Among the Prerogatives et Proprietés singulières du Prophète, Gaquier states that, "Il est venu dans son Tombeau. Il fit la prière dans ce Tombeau à chaque fois que le Crieur en fait la proclamation, et au même temps qu'on la recite. Il y a un Ange posté sur son Tombeau qui le soin de lui donner avis des Prêtres que les fidèles font pour lui." — Vie de Mahomet, l. vii. c. 18.

The common notion, that the impostor's tomb is suspended by means of a noose, is well known. Lahat, in his History, Occidentale, (1st. ii. p. 143), mentions the lie of a Marabout, who, on his return from a pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, affirmed, "que le tombeau de Mahomet est porté en l'air par le moyen de certaines Anges qui se relagent d'heure en heure pour soutenir son sarcophage." These fables, however, are modern in comparison with those which the Franciscans and Dominicans have invented to magnify their founders.

Hast thou not heard
Here, when our clay is level'd first with life,
The undeserving Angel brings it from that spot.
Whereon his written in the eternal book
That soul and body must their parting take,
And earth to earth return? — XXIII. p. 701, col. 2.

The Persians, in their creed, have a pleasant imagination concerning the death of men. They say that every one must come and die in the place where the Angel took the earth of which he had been made, thinking that one of these spirits has the care of forming the human creature, which he doth by mingling a little earth with the seed. — Thenewut.

They perish, all their thousands perish there.

XXIII. p. 703, col. 1.

The battle of Cauvondoua is one of the great miracles of Spanish history. It was asserted for many centuries, without contradiction, and is still believed by the people, that when the Moors attacked Felayo in the cave, their weapons were turned back upon themselves; that the Virgin Mary appeared in the clouds, and that part of a mountain fell upon the Infidels, and crushed those who were flying from the destruction. In what manner that destruction might have been effected, was exemplified upon a smaller scale in the Tyrol, in the memorable war of 1820.

Barret sums up the story briefly, and in the true strain of Mine Ancient.

The Sarret, hearing that his Apostates had King created, and stood on their guard, Sends multitudes of Mohammedan knights To rouze them out of their rocks, and force their ward. Pelagius, hearing of this enterprise, Prepares his petty power on Aussey mount; Aichmem comes with Zarreae multiplies, Meaning Pelagius' forces to dismount. To blow them they come; but lo! a storm divine. The Iber, few, beats numbrous Surracem, Two myrids with Mahomet went to die In Parca's park.

The Bread of Life. — XXIV. p. 704, col. 1.

It is now admitted by the best informed of the Romish writers themselves, that, for a thousand years, no other but common or leavened bread was used in the Eucharist. The wafer was introduced about the eleventh century. And as far down as the twelfth century, the people were admitted to communicate in both kinds.

... and let no shame be offered his remains. — XXV. p. 705, col. 2.

According to the Comendador Ferran Nunez, in his Commentary upon the Tevritostas, the tomb of Count Julian was shown in his days about four leagues from Huesca, at a castle called Lorriri, on the outside of a church, which was in the castle.

IIs blendt leather gipion. — XXV. p. 706, col. 1.

The Musical Pilgrim in Purchas thus describes the Leonese:—

Wymmen in that land use no vullen,
But alle in letter be the wouneden:
And her hevedez wonderly ben trust,
Turning in her forterase as a crest,
In could clouthe lappet sile be form
Like to the prikke of a Nun Unicorn.
And men have doublelettez full scherti,
Bare leggett and light to stert. — P. 1231

Purchas supposes this very curious poem to have been written about 1500 years before he published it, i. e. about 1425
It is probably much older. In entering Castille from Elvar, the author says,

Now into Castell shall we fare
Over the river, the land is bare
Of hills and lusher above,
And Sarazyns Governor thereto.

Now Cadajoz, and that part of the country, was finely recovered in the Moors in the early part of the thirteenth century. Purvale perhaps judged from the age of the manuscript, which may have been written about the time on which he fixes, and the language modernized by the transcriber.

The light which o'er the fields of Bethlehem shone,
Irradiated whole Spain. — XXV. p. 706, col. 2.

A more extraordinary example of the divine favor towards Spain is triumphantly brought forward by Francisco de Pica.

Our Lord God, says he, has been pleased to vouchsafe those kingly purity in the purity of the Faith, like a terrestrial Paradise, by means of the Cherubim of the Holy Office, which, with its sword of fire, has defended the entrance, through the merits and patronage of the most serene Virgin Mary the Mother of God. Had sido servido nuestro Señor Dios conservar estos reinos de España en la custodia de la Fe, como a un Para
dego terrenal, mediante el Cherubin del Santo Oficio, que con su espada de fuego les ha defendido la entrada por los muros y patronación de la serena asombrosa Virgen María Madre de Dios. — Dese. de Toledo, L. I, C. 25.

This passage is truly and lamentably characteristic.

The Oaken Cross. — XXV. p. 707, col. 1.

The oaken cross which Pelayo bore in battle is said to have been preserved at Oviedo, in the Camara Santa, in company with that which the angels made for Alonso the Great, concerning which Morales delivers a careful opinion, how much of it was made by the angels, and how much has been human workmanship. The people of Cangas, not willing that Pelayo's cross should be in any thing inferior to his successor's, insist that it fell from Heaven. Morales, however, says, it is more certain that the king had it made to go out with it to battle at Covadonga. It was covered with gold and enamel, in the year 988; when Morales wrote, it was in fine preservation, and doubtless so continued till the present generation. Upon the top branch of the cross there was this inscription: Sanctum placie sacraeque lucis sanctae Dei aeternae auctoritatis et sanctae crucis memoriam sancti laureati regni nostri. Hoc signum tuum, haec signa vinceris inimicis. On the feet, 15 apostolos in celo, apostolos in terra, sancti Salutatoris octo sanctissima. Hac signo tuetur pia, hoc signo vincitur inimicis. On the foot, 15 apote
tom est in Castello Guzman como Regni nostri XVII diece
cratae Era DCCXXVLI.

There is no other testimony, says Morales, that this is the cross of King Don Pelayo, than tradition handed down from his time. I wish the king had stated that it was so in his inscription, and I even think he would not have been silent upon this point, unless he had wished to imitate Alonso el Casto, who, in like manner, says nothing concerning the Angels upon his cross. This passage is very characteristic of good old Ambrosius.

Like a mirror sparkling to the sun. — XXV. p. 709, col. 1.

The Damascus blades are so highly polished, that when any one wants to arrange his turban, he uses his cimeter for a looking-glass. — Le Brocquière, p. 138.

O, who could tell what deeds were wrought that day, Or who endure to hear! — XXV. p. 709, col. 1.

I have nowhere seen a more curious description of a battle between Christians and Sarazens than in Barret's manuscript:

The forlorn Christian troops Moens't troops encircle,
The Moons trooped requite them with the like;
Whilst Grecian lance crackers (thundering) Pariath take,
Parth's di-lo-dash arrow Grecian through death prick:
And whilst that Median sementer unlimbs
The Christian knight, doth Christian castle axe
Unhead the Medina horsemen; whilst bile dins
The Pagan's goggling-eyes by Greekish axe,
The Greek unhorsed lies by Persian push,
And both all rageful grapple on the ground.
And whilst the Sarazens with furious lurch
The Syrian shocks, the Syrian as round
Down shambles seren: whilst Babel blade
Sends soul Byzantine to the starred cell,
Byzantine pike with like-employed trade,
Packs Babel's spirit posting down to hell.

Who from their thirty sands
Pray that the locus on the peopled plain
May unite and prepare their way. — XXV. p. 709, col. 1.

The Saharanas, or Arabs of the Desert, rejoice to see the clouds of locusce proceeding towards the north, anticipating therewith a general mortality, which they call elhakeb, the good, or the benediction; for, after depopulating the rich plains of Barbary, it affords to them an opportunity of cun
nuting from their arid recesses, in the desert, to pitch their tents in the desolated plains, or along the banks of some river. — Jackson's Morocco, p. 106.

But where was he whose hand
Had wielded it so well that glorious day? — XXV. p. 709, col. 2.

The account which the Romanic Chronicle gives of Roderick after his disappearance, is in so singular a strain of fiction, that I have been led to translate it. It strikingly exemplifies the doctrine of penance, of which monastic his-
tory supplies many instances almost as extraordinary as this fable

Chap. 325. — How the King Don Rodrigo left the battle and arrived at a hermitage, and of that which befell him.

Now when the King Don Rodrigo had escaped from the battle, he began to go as fast as he could upon his horse along the banks of the Grandilet, and night came on, and the horse began to fill by reason of the many wounds which he had received; and as he went thus by the river side deploiring the great ruin which had come upon him, he knew not where he was, and the horse got into a quagmire, and when he was in he could not get out. And when the king saw this he alighted, and stript off all his rich arms and the furniture thereof, and took off his crown from his head, and threw them all into the quagmire, saying, Of earth was I made, and even so are all my deeds like unto mud and mire. Therefore my pomp and vanity shall be buried in this mud till it has all returned again to earth, as I myself must do. And the vile end which I have deserved will becom me well, seeing that I have been the principal cause of this great cruelty. And as he thus stript off all his rich apparel, he cast the shoes from his feet, and went his way, and wandered on towards Portugal, and he travelled so far that night and the day following, that he
came to a hermitage near the sea, where there was a good man who had dwelt there serving God for full forty years; and not long after, he was ordained a priest.

And he entered into the hermitage, and found a crucifix therein, being the image of our Lord Jesus Christ, even as he was crucified, and for the remembrance of Him, he bent both his knees to the ground, and clasped his hands, weeping and confessing the holy spirit upon himself, not that any man in the world saw or heard him. And he said thus, O very Lord who by thy word hast made all the world from nothing which it was, and hast created all things, those which are visible to men, and those which are invisible, the heavenly as well as the earthy, and who didst incarnate thyself that thou mightst enlighten the world and teach those who firmly put their trust in thee, giving up thy holy ghost from thy glorified body upon the tree of the true cross,—and who didst descend into Hell, and deliveredst thy friends from there, and didst regale them with the glory of Heaven; And afterwards thy holy spirit came again into that most holy body, which thou wast pleased to take upon thee in this world; and, manifesting thyself for the true God which thou wert, thou didst design to hide in this dark world forty days with their nights, and then thou didst ascend into thy heavenly glory, and didst enlighten there a long time, of which the Holy Ghost thy beloved disciples. I beseech thee, O Lord, that thou wouldst enlighten me, a king in tribulation, wretched and full of many sins, and deserving all evils; let not the soul which is thine, and which cost thee so dear, receive the evil and the desecrator of this dreadful misfortune; and may it please thee, O Lord, after the downfall, destruction, pedition, and desolation, which I, a miserable king, have suffered in this world, that my disconsolate soul may not be forgotten by thee, and that all this misery may be in satisfaction for my errors. And I earnestly beseech thee, O Lord, that the great mortal band, which in that in this world I may make satisfaction for my sins, so that at the Great Day of Judgment I may not be condemned to the torments of hell.

Having said these words, weeping as though he would have died, he said: It is not for me to assert that any man in the world saw or heard him. And when the Hermit heard him say all this, he was greatly astonished, and he went unto him. And when the King saw him he was little pleased; howbeit after he had talked with him, he would rather have found him there than have been restored again to the great honor which he had lost; for the Hermit comforted him in such wise in this his tribulation, that he was right well contented; and he confessed unto him, and told him all that concerned him. And the Hermit said to him, King, thou shalt remain in this hermitage, which is a remote place, and where thou mayst live so upon the word of God, which should be for me, on the third day from hence, I shall pass away out of this world; and thou shalt bury me, and thou shalt take my garments, and fulfil the time of a year in this hermitage. Take no thought as to provision for thy support, for every Friday shalt thou have bread, and every fifth he always gave thee bread; and thou shalt so husband it, that it may suffice thee for the whole week; That flesh which has been fostered in great delight shall suffer abstinence, lest it should grow proud; and thou shalt endure hunger and cold and thirst in the love of our Lord, that he may have compassion upon thee. Thy station till the hour of sleep must always be upon that rock, where there is an oratory facing the east; and thou shalt continue the service of God in such manner as God will direct thee to do. And take heed that thy soul fall not into temptation. And since thou hast spoken this day of penitence, to-morrow shalt thou communicate and receive the true body of our Lord Jesus Christ, who will be thy protection and support against the enemy and the persecutor. And put thou thy firm trust in the sign of the Cross; and thus shalt thou please thy Sover.

Many other things the holy Hermit said, which made the King right joyfull to hear them; and there they continued till it was the hour for sleep. And the holy Hermit showed him his bed, and said, When I shall have left the company, thou wilt follow the way which I have followed, for which our Lord wills it. And he extended his hand over thee, that thou mayst perseverer in good, and in his holy service. And then they laid down and slept till it was the hour of matins, when they should both arise. And the Hermit awoke him, for as the King had not slept for a long time, and was moreover full weary, he would not have awaked so soon, if the Hermit had not roused him; and they said their matins. And when they were executed Hermit said mass, and the King heard it with great devotion, and communed with great contrition, and remained in prayer for the space of two hours. And the hour for taking food came, and the Hermit took a leaf which was made of pannick and of rye, and gave half thereof to the King, and told for himself the other half. And they ate little of it, as men who could not eat more, the one by reason of age, and the other because he was not used to such fare. And thus they continued till the third day, when the holy Hermit departed this life.

Ch. 359. — How the Hermit died, and the King found a writing in his hand.

On the third day, the pious Hermit expired at the same hour which he had said to the King, whereat the King was full sorrowful, as one who took great consolation in the lessons which he gave. And when he laid thus deceased, the King by himself, with his hands, and with an oakstic which was there, made his grave. And when he was about to bury him, he found a writing in his hand; and he took it and opened it, and found that it contained these words.

Ch. 360. — Of the rule of life which the Hermit left written for Don Roderigo.

O King, who through thy sins hast lost the great honor in which thou wast placed, take heed that thy soul also come not into the same judgment which hath fallen upon thy flesh. And receive into thy heart the instructions that I shall give thee now, and see that thou swerve not from them, nor obstinate thyself, but do not seek any thing against them, which I have taught thee, thou wilt find satisfaction upon them. And that thou mayst not be deceived in case any company should come unto thee, mark and observe this and pass in it thy life. Thou shalt arise two hours after midnight, and say thy matins within the hermitage. When the day breaks thou shalt go to the oratory, and kneeling upon the ground, say the whole hours by the breviary, and when thou hast finished them thou shalt say certain prayers of our Lord, which thou wilt find therein. And when thou hast done this, contemplate upon the great power of our Lord, and upon his mercy, and upon the greatest mercy he has shown hitherto to thee, and upon the crosses, being himself very God, and master of all things; and how with great humility he chose to be incarnate in a poor virgin, and not to come as a king, but as a meditator among the nations. And contemplate also upon the poor life of the Hermit, the little meat which was communicated upon the crosses, and the great poverty which he lived in, that he will come at the day of judgment to judge the quick and the dead, and give to every one the meed which he had deserved. Then shalt thou give sustenance to thy flesh of that bread of pannick and rye, which shall be brought to thee every Friday in the manner that I have said; and of other food thou shalt not eat, although it should be given or sent thee; neither shalt thou change thy bread. And when thou hast eaten give thanks to God, because he has let thee come to repentance; and then thou shalt go to the oratory, and there give praise to the Virgin our Lady holy mother of God, in such manner as shall come to thee in devotion. If, when thou hast finished, heaviness should come upon thee, thou mayst sleep, and when thou shalt have rested as long as is reasonable, return thou to thy oratory, and there remain, making thy prayers always upon thy knees, and for nothing which may happen depart from the oratory, till thou hast made an end of thy prayers, whether it rain or snow, or if a tempest should blow. And for as much as the flesh could sustain so many mundane pleasures, so must it suffer also celestial abstinence; two masses thou hast heard in this hermitage, and in it, it is God's will that thou shalt hear no more, for more would not be to his service. And if thou observest these things, God will have compassion upon thy deserts. And when the King had read this, he held it over the altar, in a place where it would be well preserved.
NOTES TO RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GITHS.

Ch. 211. — How the Devil came in the form of a Hermit to deceive the King Don Rodrigo.

"Now when the King had made a grave in which to bury the Hermit, the Devil was troubled at the good course which the King had taken, and he cast about for means how he might undo it. And he could find nothing but to come to him in the figure of a hermit, and keep company with him, to turn him aside from those doctrines which the Hermit had given him, that he might not fulfill his penitence. And the King being in great haste to bury the body, the Devil came to him with a long white beard, and a great hood over the eyes, and some potters-hooks hanging from his girdle, and supporting himself upon a staff as though he were lame, and could not go. And when he came where the King was, he humbled himself, and said unto him, Peace be with thee! And the King turned toward that side from which he came, and when he saw him of so great age, he thought that it was some holy man who knew of the death of the Hermit, and was come to bury him; and he humbled himself, and went towards him to kiss his hand, and the Devil would not saying, It is not fitting that a King should kiss the hand of a poor servant of God. And the King was a-tongued at hearing himself named, and believed that this must needs be a man of holy life, and that he spake by some revelation; nevertheless, he said, I am not a king, but a miserable sinner, for whom it had been better never to have been born than that so great a evil should have happened through me. And the false Hermit said to him, Think not that thou hast so much fault as thou imaginest in what has now been done, for even if thou hast had no part in it, this destruction would have fallen at this time. And since it was ordained that it should be the God is no other; some fault thou hast, but it was very little. And think not that I speak this of myself; for my words are those of a spirit made and created by the will of God, who speaks through me this and many other things, which hereafter thou shalt know, that thou mayest see how God has given me power that I should know all thy concerns, and counsel thee in what manner thou shouldst live. And albeit I have more need of rest than of labor, by reason of my age, which is far greater than my countenance shows, yet I have disposed myself to labor for the love of thee, to console thee in thy persecutions, knowing that this good man was about to die. Of a truth you may believe that on this day month I was in Rome, being there in the church of St. John de Lateran, out of which I had never gone for thirty years, till I came now to keep the company of thee. I have commanded that a barrel not that I had sent to thee, of a man of so great age, and crippled as I am, should have been able to traverse so much land in so short time, for certes I tell thee that he who speaks in this form which thou seest, has given me strength to go through so great a journey; and soon dost thou see how he comes, in the same way by which I saw him forth. And the King said to him, Friend of God, I rejoice much in thy coming, for in my misfortunes I shall be by thee consoled and instructed in that which must be done to fulfill my penitence; I rejoice also that this holy Hermit here shall receive burial from the hands of a man much more righteous than I. And the false Hermit said, Think not, King, that it is for the service of God to give to any person a name not appertaining to him. And this I say because I well know the life of this person, what it was; and as thou knowest nothing of celestial things, thou thinkest that as the tongue speaketh, even such is the heart. But I tell thee the habit does not make the monk, and it is from such persons as these that the saying arose which is common in the world, I would have justice, but not for my own house. This I say to thee, because he commanded thee to perform a penance such as never man did, the which is, that thou shouldst eat only once a day, and that of such bread that even the shepherds' dogs would not eat it; and of that thou shouldst not eat as much as thou couldst; and appointed thee the term of a year that thou shouldst live upon this diet; and that thou shouldest not hear mass during the time that thou abidest here, for that the two massers which thou hast heard should suffice; look now if that doctrine be good, which bids a man forget the holy sacrament! Cerets I tell thee that only dost thou pay the tithes of thy house, and thou hast not建设用地 assigned to a place where I would not that thine should go for all the world, if it were in my power, with all its riches.

Nevertheless, to be rid of the ill smell which he would give, it is fit that I bury him, and while I bury him, I will go for food. And the King said, Friend of God, do not take this trouble, but remain still, and before noon there will come food, which will suffice for you and for me; help me now to give burial to this good man, which will be much for the service of the Church. And the false Hermit answered, King, it would be less evil to soil him over those rocks into the sea; but if not, let him lie thus upon the earth till the birds and the beasts devour his flesh. And the King marvelled at this; nevertheless though he believed that the false Hermit was a servant of God, he left not for that to bury the good Hermit who there lay without life, and he began by himself to carry him to the grave which he had made. And as he was employed in burying him, he saw that the false Hermit went away over the mountains at a great rate, not as one who was a cripple, but like a stout man and a young; and he marvelled what this might mean.

Ch. 212. — How King Don Rodrigo informed himself concerning the penance which he was to perform, from the writing which the holy Hermit left him.

"When the King had finished burying the good servant of God, he went to the altar, and took the writing in his hand, and read it to inform himself well of it. And when he had read it, he saw that of a certainty all that was said therein was for the service of God, and was of good doctrine for his soul; and he said, that, according to the greatness of his sins, it behoved that his penitence must be severe, if he wished to save his soul. And then he called to mind the life which St. Mary Magdalene endured, for which God had mercy on her. And forthwith he went to him to his oratory, and in his palace and his chamber, and he remained there till it was near noon; and he knew that he had nothing to eat, and waited till it should be brought him.

Ch. 213. — How the Devil brought want to King Don Rodrigo that he should eat it, and he would only eat of the Hermit's bread.

"After it was mid-day the false Hermit came with a basket upon his shoulders, and went straight to where the King was, and he came sweating and weary. And the King had compassion on him, because he said nothing, neither did he leave his prayers. And the false Hermit said to him, King, make an end of thy prayers, for it is time to eat; and here is bread and food. And the King lifted up his eyes and looked toward him, and he saw that there came into the hermitage a shepherd with a wallet upon his back, and he thought this must be he who brought him that which he was to eat. And so in truth it was, that was the bread and the food which he brought him; and he was a penitent, and he gave them to the King, and the false Hermit, and he had the four leaves, and he took one, and brake it in the middle, and laid by the rest carefully, and he went out of the hermitage into the portal, where there was a table full small, and he had a cloth upon it, and the bread which he was to eat, and the water; and he began to bless the table, and then seated himself. And the false Hermit noted well how he blessed the table, and arose from where he was, and went to the King, and said, King, take of this poor fare which I have brought, and which has been given me in name. And he took out two loaves which were full white, and a roasted partridge, and a fowl, of which the legs were wanting; and he placed it upon the table. And when the King saw it, his eyes were filled with tears, for he could not but call to mind his great honor in former times, and how it was now no more, and he was commanded thus, that thou shouldest not hear mass during the time that thou abidest here, for that the two massers which thou hast heard should suffice; look now if that doctrine be good, which bids a man forget the holy sacrament! Cerets I tell thee that only dost thou pay the tithes of thy house, and thou hast not建设用地 assigned to a place where I would not that thine should go for all the world, if it were in my power, with all its riches.
Hermit, who saw that he gave no regard neither to the bread, nor the meat which he had brought, said to the King, Why eatest thou not of which this God has sent thee? and the King said, I came not to this hermitage to serve God, but to do what I should not do, and that I might not be found at last. And the penance which is given me in this life, I must observe for a year, and not depart from it, lest it should prove to my great hurt. And the false Hermit said, how, King, hast it been given thee for penance, that thou shouldst let thyself die for despair? The Gospel command not so; contrariwise it forbids man to do any such penance through which the body might be brought to death; for if in killing another, he causes the death is held for a murderer, much more is he who killeth himself, and such thou wouldst be. And now through despair thou wouldst let thyself die, which thing that thou mightst not longer live in this world, wherefore I say eat of this food that I have brought thee some little, that thou mayst not die. And with that he began to eat right heartily. And the King, which he beheld him, was seized with affection to do the like, howbeit he was withheld, and would eat nothing thereof. And as it was time when he would drink of the water, the false Hermit said to him, that he should drink of the wine; and the King would only taste of that water; and as he went to take of it, the false Hermit struggled with him, but the King beat back his hand, according to his rule, and departed not from it. And when he had eaten, he began to give thanks to God. And the false Hermit, who saw that he would have to cross himself at rising from the table, rose up before him, as one who was about to do something; and the King beheld him not. And when he had thus eaten, he went to the oratory, and began to give praises to the Virgin Mary, according as the good man had commanded him, when that traitor went to him and said, Certes this doctrine which thou holdest is no way to serve God, for sans doube when the stomach is satisfied with food the will shall have no power to pray as it ought; and although the tongue may say the prayers, the heart confirms them not, being hindered by the force which nature derives from the food. Therefore I say to thee that thou oughtest to sleep first; for whilst art asleep the food will settle, and the will will then be more able for contemplation. Moreover, God is not pleased with prayers without contrition, as with one who speaketh of one thing, and hath his heart placed on another, so that he can give no faith to the words which he beginneth. If thou wouldst be saved, O King, it behoveth thee to listen to me; and if thou wilt not believe me, I will depart and leave thee, as one who will take no counsel, except from himself. And the King replied, if I should see that thou confirmest the good manner of life whereof my soul hath need, according as it was appointed by the good man whom I have buried, then would I follow thy way. But I see that thy life is not that of a man of abstinence, nor of one who forsakes worldly enjoyments for the love of God; rather it seemeth by what I see in thee that thy life is a strengthening of worldly glory; for thou dost eat thy flesh with good viands as I was wont to do, when I was puffed up with the vanities of the world. Wherefore I will in no wise follow thy way, for I see that thou art a worldly man, who deceivest God and the world, and when it cometh to the end thou wilt be deceived.

**Notes to Roderick, The Last of the Goths:**

Ch. 245. — Of the reply which the King made to the Devil.

**Suns doubt** said the King, he forbade me not that I should hear music; but because he commanded me that I should fulfil my penance here for the term of a year, as he knew the hour of his own death, so also he knew that no other person who could say mass would come to this hermitage within the year; and, therefore, he said to me, that in this hermitage I should not hear mass, but he never forbade me from hearing it.

Ch. 246. — Of the reasoning which the false Hermit made to King Don Rodrigo.

The false Hermit said, Now thou thyself manifestest that he was not so worthy as a man ought to be who knows that which is to come. For according to thy words, he knew not that I should come here, who can say mass if I please; and if there be good judgment in thee, thou wilt understand that I must needs be nearer to God, because I know all which he had commanded thee to do, and also how he was to die. And I can know better in what place he is, than he who has commanded thee to observe this rule, know concerning himself while he was here. But this I tell thee, that as I came to thee, and as I teach thee the way in which thou shouldst live, and thou wilt not follow my directions, I will return as I came. And now marvel not at any thing which he had befallen thee, for thou hast a right stubborn heart; hard and painful wilt thou feel the way of thy salvation, and in vain wilt thou do all this, for it is a thing which profiteth nothing.

Ch. 247. — Of the reply which King Don Rodrigo made to the false Hermit.

Good man, said the King, all that thou shalt command me to do beyond the rule which the holy Hermit appointed me, that will I do; that in which my penance may be more severe, willingly will I do it. But in other manner I will not take thy counsel; and as thou hast talked enough of this, leave me, therefore, to my prayers. And then the King bent his knees, and began to go on with his rule. And the false Hermit, when he saw this, departed, and returned not again for a month; and all that time the King maintained his penance, in the manner which had been appointed him. And by reason that he ate only of that black bread, and drank only water, his flesh fell away, and he became such that there was not a man in the world who would have known him. Thus he remained in the hermitage, thinking of no other thing than to implore the mercy of God that he would pardon him.

Ch. 248. — Of what the false Hermit said to King Don Rodrigo to dispart him from his rule.

King Don Rodrigo living thus, one day, between midnight and dawn, the false Hermit came to the hermitage; and not in the same figure as before, but appearing more youthful, so that he would not be known. And he called at the door, and the King looked who it might be, and saw that he was habited like a servant of God, and he opened the door forthwith. And they saluted each other. And when they saw each other, the false Hermit greeted the King, and demanded of him where the father was; and the King answered, that for more than a month there had been no person dwelling there save himself. And the false Hermit, when he heard this, made semblance as if he were afflicted with exceeding grief, and said, How came this to be, for it is not yet six weeks since I came here and confessed my sins to the father who abode here, and then departed from this hermitage to my own, which is a league from hence? And King Don Rodrigo said, Friend, know that this Hermit is now in Paradise with my love, and I had promised him with my own mouth to show him the place where he lay. And when he went there he began to kiss the earth of the grave, and to make great dote and lamentation over him. And when some half hour had past, he went on as though he were never dead, and went on for many years. And before the King had finisht to say his, he came to him, and said, Good man, will you say mass? And the King answered, that he never said it. Then, said the false Hermit, Hear me then in penitence, for I would confess And the
NOTES TO RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHSS.

King seeing that it was for the service of God to hear him in penitency, they seated themselves both at the foot of the altar. And when the false Hermit made it appear that Spaniard had no sin to confess: for he began to relate many great services which he had done to God, as well in the life which he led as in other things. And before the King could absolve him he rose up, and asked if things were ready for the mass. And when he saw that there was no means of doing him good, he was now that time that he should go to his oratory. And the false Hermit asked him that he should assist him in saying mass, and then he should hear it. And the King said, that for nothing in the world would he leave to fulfill his penance, according as it had required of him; and then remove to his oratory. And the false Hermit made as if he put on the vestments and all the ornaments, and began to say mass, to the end that he might deceive the King, and make him cease to observe his penance, and come to adore the mass. And he made a watery cloud arise, so that it raised heavily where the King was. And when he saw that he could in no ways entice him, then he went to him, and said, Good man, for that you may be placed out of danger in cases which at all times will happen, seeing that you are alone, I have consecrated the body of Jesus Christ, that you may adore it every day, since you may not hear mass; and thus you may fulfill your penance as a faithful Christian. And with that he dispensed himself, saying, In the cover upon the altar you will find the Corpus Christi: when you rise from hence go and adore it. When he had said this, he went his way. And the King believed that what he had said was true, and held that he was a good man, and of holy life.

Ch. 240. — How the Holy Ghost visited King Don Rodrigo.

Now when the King had ended his prayers, which he used to say every day before he took his food, he saw a good man come towards him, clad in white garments, and with a fresh countenance and a cheerful, and a cross upon his breast. And as he arrived where the King was, he blessed him; and when the King saw him, he was not assured of the good that he drew to the King, and he joined his hands and placed himself on his knees upon the ground, weeping plentifully. And the holy man said, King, who art desirous of heavenly glory, continue the service which thou art performing for the love of my holy name; and take heed lest the enemy overcome thee, as he who many times hath overcome thee, whereby thou hast come to what thou now art. And believe none of all those who may come to thee here, for they come for no other cause but only to deceive thee, and withdraw thee from the service which thou art performing. And this is told thee by the holy man whom thou hast here; for I am content with it, and thy soul shall receive refreshment if thou observest it. Come here, and I will show thee how the Devil thought to deceive thee, that thou mightst adore him. Then the King arose and went, always upon his knees, following the Holy Spirit of God; and when he was within the hermitage, our Lord spake and said, Depart from hence, thou cursed one, and go thy way, for thou hast no power to deceive him who continues in my service. Get thee to the infernal palms which are suffered by those who are in the ninth torment! And at that hour the King plainly saw how from the ark, which was upon the altar, there went out a soul and filthy devil, with more than fifty tails, and as many eyes, who, uttering great yells, departed from the place. And the King was greatly dismayed at this vision, in which the Holy Spirit of God had delivered him. And the Holy Spirit of God said to him, King, let thy hope be in my name, and I will always be with thee, so thou wilt not let thyself be vanquished by the enemy. Then the Holy Spirit of God departed, and the King remained full joyful and greatly comforted, as if he had been in celestial glory. And thus he continued his holy fast for forty months.

Ch. 250. — How the Devil would have deceived King Don Rodrigo in the figure of Count Don Julian.

The King was in his oratory one Sunday toward nightfall, just as the sun was setting, when he saw a man coming toward him, clad in such guise as isfitting for one who follows arms. And as he looked at him, he saw that it was the Count Don Ju-

lom who approached; and he saw that behind him there came a great power of armed people. And the false Count, when he drew near, made believe to the King that he would not see him, and kept at seeing him, for he knew him well; nevertheless he remained still. And the false Count came to him, and would have kissed his hand, but the King would not give it, neither would he rise up from the oratory: and the false Count knelt upon the ground before to kiss it. And Sir, forasmuch as he who sinned against thee like a man who is a traitor to his Lord, and as I did it with great wrath and fury, which possessed my heart through the strength of the Devil, our Lord God both had compassion upon me, and would not that I should be put down from thy great honor and state, and the great lordship which thou hast in Spain. And he has shown me, in a revelation, how thou went here in this hermitage doing this great penance for thy sins. Wherefore I say to thee, thou shouldst do justices upon me, and take vengeance according to thy will, as upon one who deservest, for I acknowledge that thou wert my lord, and also the great treason into which I have fallen. Wherefore, sir, I pray and beseech thee by the one only God, that thou wilt take the power of Spain, which is there awaiting thee, and that thou wilt go forth to defend the Faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, and suffer not that poor Spain should be utterly destroyed, seeing that thou dost defend it and protect it. And then Count Julian drew his sword, and gave it to the King, saying, Sir, take this my sword, and with thine own hand do justice upon me, and take vengeance upon me as thou pleasest, and for the love of God and with much patience, seeing that I have sinned against thee. And the King was greatly troubled at this sight, and at his words also, and knew not what he should do, neither what he should say. Howbeit, it commonly he called to mind what the Holy Spirit of God had said to him, how he should take heed lest the Devil should subdue him; and so he said nothing, but continued in his prayer. And the false Count Don Julian said to him, Sir, wilt thou not turn for the Holy Faith of Jesus Christ, which is utterly going to destruction? rise up and defend it. And I will serve God and receive the honor which thou hast lost, rise then and go forth, and have pity upon miserable Spain, which is about to be lost; and have compassion also upon so many people as are perishing for want of a Lord who should defend them. Now all these words were only meant to deceive him, for it was the Devil who had taken the form of Count Don Julian, and not the Count himself. But the King could no longer restrain himself from replying, and he said, Go you, Count, and defend the land with this force which you have assembled, and which I gave you under penalty of the most heavy and cruel penalty which you committed against me and against God. And even as you brought the men, who are enemies of God, and of his Holy Faith, and led them into Spain, so now thrust them out and defend it; for I will neither stay you, nor assist you in it, nor be the hinderer for the love of God. And I pray for you, for here I will do penance for my sins. Urge me, therefore, no more with these reasons. And the false Count Don Julian rose, and went to the great company which he had brought there, and brought them all before the King. And the King, when he beheld that great company of knights, some among them whom he surely thought had been slain in battle. And they all said to him with loud voices, Sir, with whom thou send us, that we may take him for our King and Lord to protect and defend us, seeing that we will not defend the land, unless thou dost assist us. And the King, seeing the Infat Don Sanchez. Is he dead? What then wouldst thou command us that we should do? Look to it well, sir; it is no service of God that thou shouldst let perish so great a Christianity as is every day perishing, because thou art here dwelling in this solitude. Look to it, for God will require an account at thy hands: thou hast the charge of defending them, and thou lettest them die. And tell us what course we shall take. And when the King heard these words he was moved to compassion: and the tears came into his eyes, so that he could not restrain them; and he was in such state that he thought that he was going to die, and was simply made to apply to any thing that they could say. And all these companies who saw him complained so much the more, and sent forth great cries, and made a great tumult and uproar; and said, O miserable King, why wilt thou not rouse thyself for thy own
And, that the holy was sign, that it was his will that he should be able not to yield, he learnt to such meekness that he will not be able to obey, by reason of the great abstinence to which his body has been subjected during his continuance there. And the holy man said to me, Care not for this, for God will give you strength; and then shall say to him for a sign that he may believe thee, how I told him that he should take heed lest the enemy deceive him, and how I told the Devil depart from the altar where he was in the ark instead of the Corpus Christi, for that he should adore him. When thou testest him this he will believe thee, and will understand that it is by the command of God. And when he had said these words he disappeared, so that I saw him no more; and I realized it was a full hour, being greatly comforted, because I knew of your life, so that it seemed to me there were no other glory in this world. And when I came to myself I went inconveniently to my father Count Don Julian, and told him all that had befallen me with the serpent that he had caused to be made, and I asked him if he knew aught concerning you. And he told me how he had gone to you with all his chirality to bid you come out from thence to defend your country, which the enemies had taken from you, and that you would not; but father command him it to him that he should make you to go and defend the land and govern it, and that it grieved him to think that you would not be alive, because of the great abstinence which you imposed every day upon your flesh; nevertheless, since it pleased our Lord that I should have a son by you, who had been so to be good a son, as I had to him, he would have me go to this place, where I should find you if you were alive; and right content would be thee, that there should remain of you so great good. And I, sir King, seeing how it pleased God that this should be accomplished, according as I have said, am come here in secret, for neither man nor woman knoweth of this, save my father Count Don Julian; for I have told my people who came with me to remain yonder, because I would go and confess to a holy man who had made his abode here more than fifty years. Now, said I, when I have gone away from this house I will tell you the time when you told me that there was nothing in the world which you loved so much as me, nor which you desired so greatly as to obtain a promise of me, the which I could not give at that hour, by reason that the Queen was living, and I knew it to be good she should have more children, for the command of God, for it please him to send me here; and, also, because the Queen is no longer in this present life. And because you are so fallen away of your strength, let us go out into the hermitage, or I will order a tent to be placed here, and let us sup together, that your heart may revive and you may fulfill the command of God.

Ch. 235. — How the Devil would have deceived King Don Rodrigo, if the Holy Spirit had not visited and protected him.

As the King heard all this, his whole body began to tremble, and his soul within him also; and all sense and power passed away from him, so that he was in a trance, and then it was revealed to him that he should take heed against that temptation. And the false Cava, who saw him thus consumed, made many burning torches of wax come there, by reason that it was cold, and because that the King should derive heat; also there was a pavilion pitched there, and a table set within it with many viands thereon, and all the people who came with her were set afar upon it. And so it was that he recovered himself, but he saw that the false Cava was drest in a close-fitting kirtle, which came half-way before the knee, and she seemed to him the fairest woman that he had ever seen in his life, and it appeared to the King that she said to him, Here, sir, come...
And take your supper. And the King began again to trouble and lose his judgment, and fell into such a state that he knew not where he was, and it was revealed to him in that hour that he should guard against the temptation. And when he came to himself he saw that the pavilion was spread over his head; and the carpet was spread in all places, but the door was open, and perceived that it was where it used to be; and within the pavilion he saw the false Cava, who was there with him, and that she was standing beside a bed, which was a full rich one, and that she began to take off her kirtle, and remained in her shift only, and with her long hair, which reached to her feet; and he said to her, See, sir, here is your power that you most desired, and which is now awaiting you. Rejoice, then, and take heart, and do that which God has appointed, and which will recover Spain, and recompense the losses, and sorrows and wrongs, which you have endured. And then she turned toward the King, for the Devil thought thus to tempt him, and make him break the penance which he had begun; and certes I ween there was no living man who would not right ghastly have approached her. And then before him, in his sight, he began to comb and to plait her golden locks. And the King, seeing how beautiful she was, began to tremble all over, as if he had been struck with palsy; and he lost his judgment again, and became entangled, and remained thus a long while before he came again to himself. And it was revealed to him that she should try how the Devil tempted him, and that he should have firm hope in God, and not break the penance which the holy Hermit had appointed him. But ever when he recovered from these trances, he forgot all which had been revealed to him while he was entangled, and when he found himself he was a large blister placed by him, and that La Cava was lying there beside him on some pillows, which were richly wrought in gold, under, as he had seen her, and that she said to him, Come, sir, for you tarry long, and it will soon be day-break. And the King seeing her so near him, then he was greatly troubled, yet could he not move his eyes from her, and he called her, and said how the Holy Spirit of God had bade him that he should always confide in his name, and place his true hope in the sign of the cross. And he clasped his hands, and lifted them towards Heaven, and weeping bitterly, and in great consternation, he said, O Lord and very God Jesus Christ, deliver me from all temptation, and preserve my soul, that it fall not into perdition. And while he was praying thus, he saw how there came from the hermitage a great brightness, and he said, Deliver me, Lord, from the power of the Devil, that I may not be deceived nor withdrawn from thy holy service. And at that hour he made the sign of the cross upon his forehead, and blest himself; and at that hour the false Cava fell down the rock into the sea, with such a sound as if the whole world were falling to pieces, and with the plunge which she made there was a flash of light, and the King was wetted with the spray. And he remained in such astonishment that he could not for an hour recover himself. And when he came to himself he began to pray with great reverence, as if he had been on the point of falling into temptation. And the Holy Spirit of God came to him in that same manner in which he had seen it the former time. And he fell on his face upon the ground, and began to lament full bitterly, and to say, Lord, have mercy upon my soul, and forsake me not among mine enemies, who would withdraw me from the holy service of thy holy name. And at that hour he saw how the Devil said to him, on the point of perishing! And the King made no reply, for he did nothing but weep. And the Holy Spirit of God said to him, Take heed, King, lest the Devil deceive thee, and have power over thee, that thou shouldst not fulfils the penance which thou hast commenced, neither save thy soul. And the King lifted up his countenance, and had great shame to behold him. Howbeit he took courage, and said, Lord, have mercy upon me, and let me be tempted by the enemy, for my heart is weak, and hath no power; but give me, O King, of this faith, from that day henceforth, how that thou hast been on the point of perishing! And the King made no reply, for he did nothing but weep. And the Holy Spirit of God said to him, Take courage and fear not, that thou shalt depart from this place sooner than thou thinkest. And when it is time I will

guide thee to the place, from where thou shalt do thy penance, that thy soul may receive salvation. When thou hast seen a white cloud appear above thee, and that there is no other in the sky, follow after it; and in the place where it shall stop thou shalt fulfils thy penance, according as the chief priest in that place shall appoint it thee. And take heart, and always call to mind this, that thou hast a constant hope in thy Savior. And when he had said this he departed. And the King was greatly comforted and full of grace, as one with whom God was present in his mercy. And he bore in the hermitage a whole year, according to his reckoning, and twelve days more, when it was full clear, the King looked up and saw above him the cloud of which the Holy Spirit of God had told him; and when he saw it he was full joyful, and gave many thanks to God. Nevertheless the King did not rise from his prayers, neither did the cloud move from above him. And when he had finished his prayers he looked at the cloud and saw that it moved forward.

Ch. 253. — How King Don Rodrigo departed from the hermitage, and arrived where he was to do penance.

"The King arose from the oratory and followed the cloud; and so great was the pleasure which he had, that he cared not for food, neither remembered it, but went after that his holy guide. And he saw how the cloud was about to set, turned to the right of the road toward the mountains; and it went on so far, that before night had closed it came to a hermitage, in which there was a good man for a Hermite, over more than ninety years of age, and there it stoppeth. And the King perceived that this was there, and the good man welcomed the King, and they spake together of many things. And the King was well contented with his speech, and saw that certes he was a servant of God. And all that day the King had not eaten, and he was barefoot, and his raiment tattered; and he had not been used to travel, and with his feet bare, his eyes were swollen with blisters. And when it was an hour after night, the Hermite gave him a loath, full small, which was made of ree, and there were ashes kneaded with it, and the King ate it; and when he had eaten they said prayers. And when they had said their prayers, they lay down to sleep. And when it was midnight they arose and said their hours; and when they had said them the King went out of the hermitage, and saw that the cloud did not move: and then the King understood that he had to tarry here, or that he was to live a convent, and cast himself upon the Hermite to hear his confession, and the Hermite confessed him. And when he had confessed, he said that he would communicate, and the good Hermite saw that it was good, and he put on his vestments and said mass; and the King heard the mass, and received communion. And when the King was done, he went out to look at the cloud. And as he went out of the hermitage he saw that the cloud began to move, and then he dispensèd himself from the Hermite, and they embraced each other weeping, and each treated the other, that he would hear him in mind, and remember him in his prayers. And when the King had dispensèd himself, he followed after his holy guide, and the holy Hermite returned to his hermitage. And the King Don Rodrigo, notwithstanding his feet were swollen and full of blisters, and his raiment tattered, was not ashamed to follow after the cloud, and he said that he would do as he should direct him. And the Abbot ordered that a loaf should be brought of pannick and maize mixed together, and a jar of water, and on the other side he had food placed such as the monks had used; and the King Don Rodrigo said to him, He had been wont to do, and he drank of the water. And when he had eaten, the Abbot asked him if he would remain
that night or not, and the King said that he knew not, but that he would go out and see whether he were to go or to remain. And the Abbot said that it was the hour of vespers, and that he could not remain; and the King and the Abbot and all saw that the cloud moved, and that it behoved him to go, and he dispeeded himself from the Abbot, and they commented themselves each to the other in his prayers. And the Abbot saw plainly how that cloud had guided him, and how there was no other in the sky, and he marvelled greatly, and said, Certes this is some holy man, and he gave thanks to God. And the King went on that evening till he came to a church which was solitary and remote from populated places; and there the cloud stopped, and he abode there that night. And the King went into the church, and found in it a lamp burning, and it rejoiced him much, for by the light of it he saw his hours as well before he should sleep as after. And on the morrow when he had made his prayer, he went out of the church and beheld the cloud, and saw that it moved; and he went after it, and after two days' journey he came to a place where it is, or what it is called, is not said, save that it is the place of his burial, for such it is. And there the cloud stopped, and proceeded no further; and it rested without the town over an ancient hermitage. And the Elder of that place incontinent knew by the Holy Spirit how King Don Rodrigo was come there; but he knew not his name, neither who he was; and he asked him if he meant to lead his life there, and he answered that it was to be as God should pleased. And the Elder said to him, Friend, I am the Elder of this place, for all the others, when they saw him, did not know him, nor saw his shew, nor was nigh and vanished, fled from hence for fear of the Moors, and of the traitor Count Don Julian, and they all went to the mountains to escape. And I remained, putting my trust in our Lord God, and in his holy hands; for that I would rather abide thus than to have them give me grace and pardon and be confounded together, and utterly forsake our mother holy church; while I am able I will remain here and not forsake it, but rather receive my death. And therefore I say, that if you are to abide here you must provide you of that wherewith you have need. And the King said, Friend of God, concerning your testimony I cannot certify you; though surely I think that I shall abide; and if for the service of God you will be pleased to send me every day that I remain a loaf of pannick and water, I shall be contented therewith. And the Elder promised this, and departed forthwith and went to his home, and sent him a loaf of pannick and water. And the cloud remained there three days over that hermitage, and when the three days were at an end, it was seen no more. And the King, when he could no longer see it, understood that there must perform his pleasure, and that he must take his departure. And the Elder proceeded, that he should not forsake his abode, and his poor and his brethren, and his hearers, and his deacons; and he went on his way, Troubled that no man knew it, save only the King and the Elder. And when it was day he break the Elder went to the church and said mass, with many tears and with great devotion beseeching God that he would have mercy and compassion upon King Don Rodrigo, that with great solace and comfort and grace he might complete his penance in this manner, which was for his service. And when he had said mass, he went to the place where King Don Rodrigo lay, and asked him how he fared, and the King answered, Well, thanks to God, and better than he deserved, but as yet he was as just as when we went in. And the Elder strengthened him as much as he could, telling him that he should call to mind how he had been a sinner, and that he should give thanks to our Lord God, for that he had visited him in this world, and delivered him from many temptations, and all the evil that he had known, and he should suffer and take with patience, for soon he would be in heavenly glory. And the King said to him, that he well knew how according to his great sins he merited a stronger pence; but that he gave many thanks to our Lord Jesus, for that he himself had given him this pence, which he did receive and take with great patience; and he besought the Elder that he would continue to pray our Lord God that he would let him fulfil it. And the Elder said to him many good things about our Lord God. The King lay there three days, during all which time the serpent would not seize on him. And when the third day, after that he had gone into the tomb, was completed, the serpent rose from his side, and crept upon his belly and his breast, and began with the one head to eat at his nature, and with the other straight toward his heart. And at this time the Elder came to him and asked him how he fared, and he said, Well, thanks to God, for now the serpent had beguiled to eat. And the Elder asked him at what place, and he answered at two, one right against the heart with which he had conceived all the lies that he had done, and the other at his nature, the which had been the cause of the great destruction of Spain. And the Elder said that God was with him, and exhorted him that he should be of good courage, for now all his persecutions both of the body and of the soul would have an end. And the King cast not always to demand us that things are said to be of God, he would be pleased to forgive him. And the Elder went to his home, and would not send himself to eat, but retired into his chamber, and weeping, prayed devoutly to our Lord that he would give strength to the King that he might complete his penance. And the serpent, as he was dying for longer,
and moreover was large, had in one minute eaten the nature, and began to eat at the bowels; nevertheless he did not eat so fast, but that the King endured in that torment an hour before night till it was past the middle of the day. And when the serpent broke through the web of the heart, he said there and at no further. And incessantly the King gave up his spirit to our Lord, who by his holy mercy took him into his glory. And at that hour when he expired all the bells of the place rang of themselves as if men had rung them. Then the Elder knew that the King was dead, and that his soul was saved.11

Thomas Newton, in his 12 Notable History of the Saracens,13 seems to imagine that this story is allegorical. 14 Nove,15 he says,16 whereas it is reported, and written that he followed a stare or a messenger of God, which conducted and guided him in his way; it may be so, and the sane hath also happened to others; but it may as well also be understood of a certaine secrette stare moving and directing his will. 17 And whereas they say he was put by that holy man into a cave or hole, and a serpent with him that had two heads, which in two days' space gnawed all the flesh off his body from the bones; this, being simple taken and understood, hath no likelihood of any truth. For what sanctity, what religion, or what pietie, commandeth to kill a penitent person, and one that seeketh comfort of his afflicted mind by amendment of life, with such horrible torments and strange punishment? Wherefore I would rather think it to be spoken mysteriously, and that the serpent with two heads signifieth his sinful and gyty conscience.18

A humble tomb was found. — XXV. p. 709, col. 2.

How Carestes found the grave of King Don Rodrigo at Visco in Portugal.

19 If, Carestes, vassel of King Don Alfonso of Leon, son-in-law of the Knight of God, King Don Pelayo, when he said King Don Alfonso won Viseo from the Moors who held it, found a grave in a field, upon the which were written in Gothic letters, the words which you shall here read. This grave was in front of a little church, without the town of Visco, and the superscription of the writing was thus:

Of the writing which was upon the grave of King Don Rodrigo.

20 Here lies King Don Rodrigo, the last of the Goths. Cursed be the wrath of the traitor Julian, for it was of long endurance, and cursed be his anger, for it was unbridled and evil, for he was mad with rage, and sanguinely with pride, and puffed up with folly, and void of loyalty, and unmindful of the laws, and a despair thereof; cruel in himself, a slayer of his lord, a destroyer of his country, a traitor to his countrymen; bitter in his name; and it is as grief and sorrow in the mouth of him who pronounces it; and it shall always be cursed by all that speak of him.19

That voracious chronicler Carestes then enrothles his true history in these words: — 21 And by this which I found written upon this grave, I am of mind that King Don Rodrigues lies there, and because of the life which he led in his pietie, according as ye have heard, which also was in the same tomb written in a book of parchment, I believe without doubt that it is true, and because of the great pietie which he did, that God was pleased to make it known in such manner as it past, for those who hereafter shall have to rule and govern, to the end that all men may see how true pride is abused and humility exalted. This Chronicle is composed in memory of the noble King Don Rodrigo; that God pardon his sins, and that the son of the Virgin without stain, Jesus Christ, bring us to true repentance, who liveth and reigneth for ever and ever. Amen.

Thanks be to God! 22

I believe the Archbishop Roderick of Tabelo is the earliest writer who mentions this discovery. He died in 1247. The fact may very possibly have been true, for there seems to have been no intention of setting up a shrine connected with it. The archbishop's words are as follow: —

Æqual de Rege Rodericen accidenta ignotarum; tamem corona vestes et insignia et calcamenta auro et lapidibus adornata, et eussip qui Oratio dictatur, in loco tenuale juxta Sanctum eius corpore sunt inventae. Quid autem de corpore fuerit factum pesti ter ignoratur, quia quod modernissima temporibus apud Viscom civitatem Poringiaria inscripta tamen inventur, Hic jacet Rodericus ultimus Rex Gothorum. Muteditas feror impious Juliani quia pertinax, et indignitatem, quia est; animosus vindicta, impetuosus furor, obitus faciundus, immorci religiosis, contemptor divinitatis, crudelis in se, humilis in dominius, hostis in domesticis, valetur in patrum, reus in aures, memoriae ejus in omni are amovens, et eorum ejus in aternum pius est. — Tol. Tol. f. 3, g. 19.

Lope de Vega has made this epistle, with its accompanying reflections, into two stanzas of Latin rhymes, which occur in the midst of one of his long poems: —

Iher juget in sarcophago Rex ille
Prisculissimus Gothorum in Hispania,
Infelix Rodericus; visor iil,
Ne forte parent tota laudatio,
Provoctsus Cupiditis misilae
Telo, tam magis affecetus fus inanis
Quam tota Almeria vinculis astricta
Testatur meite, testimntor victa.

Excerobiliu Comites Julianum
Abhorrunt omnes, noniae et remota
Patrius, appellent Eravrtatum Hispanum,
Nec tantum vestri, sed in arbe tota.
Dum corrent cali sidera, resumum
Vesperam, testante Mauro et Gotho,
Cesset Floruniae nomen inanize,
Cura visitor aut, a Cura cave.

Jerusalem Conquistaet, 6, ff. 13*
The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo.

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 Bonaparte; and it states the opinions of those persons who lament 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 Bonaparte 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 favorable 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 I see thee, Skiddaw! once again Behold thee in thy majesty serene, Where, like the bulwark of this favor'd plain, Alone thou standest, monarch of the scene - Thou glorious Mountain, on whose ample breast The sunbeams love to play, the vapors love to rest!

2. Once more, O Derwent, to thy awful shores I come, insatiate of the accustom'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.

3. Twelve years, (how large a part of man's brief day?!) Nor idly nor ingloriously spent, 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 hath felt the touch of time.

4. Heaven hath with goodly increase blest me here, Where childless and oppress'd 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 joyous hour, when o'er our longing home
The long-expected wheels at length drew nigh!
When the first sound went forth, "They come,
They come!"
And hope's impatience quicken'd every eye!
"Never had man whom Heaven would heap with bliss
More glad return, more happy hour than this."

6.
Aloft on yonder bench, 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 there!
And when those overflowings 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;
She who, in sickness pining many a day,
Hunger'd and thirsted for her native hills,
Forgetful now of sufferings past and pain,
Rejoiced to see her own dear home again.

9.
Recover'd now, the homesick mountaineer
Sat by the playmate of her infancy,
Her twin-like comrade,—reader'd doubly dear
For 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 woud
Pressure of hand, or word, or look of love,
With impulse shy of bashful tenderness,
Soliciting again the wish'd caress.

11.
The younger twain, in wonder lost were they,
My gentle Kate, and my sweet Isabel:
Long of our promised coming, day by day,
It had been their delight to hear and tell;
And now, when that long-promised hour was come,
Surprise and wakening Memory held them dumb.

12.
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 Remembrance shines
Renew'd, and influences of dormant love,
Waken'd within, with quickening influence more.

13.
O happy season theirs, when absence brings
Small feeling of privation, none of pain,
Yet at the present object love re-springs,
As night-closed flowers at morn expand again!
Nor deem our second infancy unblest,
When gradually composed we sink to rest.

14.
Soon they grew blithe as they were wont to be;
Her old endearments each began to seek:
And Isabel drew near to climb my knee,
And put with fondling hand her father's cheek;
With voice, and torch, and look, reviving thus
The feelings which had slept in long disuse.

15.
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.

16.
Bring forth the treasures now,—a proud display,—
For rich as Eastern merchants we return!
Behold the black Beguine, the Sister gray,
The Friars whose heads with sober motion turn,
The Ark well-fill'd with all its numerous hives,
Noah, and Shem, and Ham, and Japhet, and their wives;—

17.
The tumbler, loose of limb; the wrestlers twain;
And many a toy beside of quaint device,
Which, when his fleecy troops no more can gain
Their pasture on the mountains hoar with ice,
The German shepherd carves with curious knife,
Earning in easy toil the food of frugal life.

18.
It was a group which Richter, had he view'd,
Might have deem'd worthy of his perfect skill;
The keen impatience of the younger brood,
Their eager eyes and fingers never still;
The hope, the wonder, and the restless joy
Of those glad girls and that vociferous boy!—

19.
The aged friend serene with quiet smile,
Who in their pleasure finds her own delight;
The mother's heart-felt happiness the while;
The aunts, rejoicing in the joyful sight;
And he who, in his gayety of heart,
With glib and noisy tongue perform’d the show-
man’s part.

20.
Scoff ye who will! but let me, gracious Heaven,
Preserve this boyish heart till life’s last day!
For so that inward light by Nature given
Shall still direct, and cheer me on my way,
And, brightening as the shades of age descend,
Shine forth with heavenly radiance at the end.

21.
This was the morning light vouchsaf’d, which led
My favor’d footsteps to the Muses’ hill,
Whose arduous paths I have not ceased to tread,
From good to better persevering still;
And if but self-approved, to praise or blame
Indifferent, while I toil for lasting fame.

22.
And, O ye nymphs of Castaly divine!
Whom I have dutifully served so long,
Benignant to your votary now incline,
That I may win your ear with gentle song,
Such as, I ween, is ne’er disown’d by you,—
A low, prelusive strain, to nature true.

23.
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 argument,
Support my spirit in her strong ascent!

24.
So may I boldly round my temples bind
The laurel which my master Spenser wore;
And free in spirit as the mountain wind
That makes my symphony, in this lone hour,
No perishable song of triumph raise,
But sing in worthy strains my Country’s praise.

PART I.

THE JOURNEY.

Τὰν παλικαρίαν γὰρ
Οὐχ ἄκατον Ὠσί.....ESCHYLUS.

1.

FLANDERS.

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 unborn ages hung upon the fray:

First at Platae, in that awful hour
When Greece united smote the Persian’s power.

2.
For had the Persian triumph’d, then the spring
Of knowledge from that living source had ceased
All would have fallen before the barbarous King,
Art, Science, Freedom; the despotic East,
Setting her mark upon the race subdived,
Had stamp’d them in the mould of sensual serv-
itude.

3.
The second day was that when Martel broke
The Mussulmen, delivering France oppress’d,
And in one mighty conflict, from the yoke
Of believing Mecca saved the West;
Else had the Imposter’s law destroy’d the ties
Of public weal and private charities.

4.
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 field
Of Waterloo beheld his fortunes yield.

5.
I, who, with faith unshaken from the first,
Even when the Tyrant seem’d to touch the skies,
Had look’d to see the high-blown bubble burst,
And for a fall conspicuous as his rise,
Even in that faith had look’d not for defeat
So swift, so overwhelming, so complete.

6.
Me most of all men it behooved to raise
The strain of triumph for this fee subdued,
To give a voice to joy, and in my lays
Exalt a nation’s hyman of gratitude,
And blazon forth in song that day’s renown,—
For I was graced with England’s laurel crown.

7.
And as I once had journey’d to behold,
Far off, Onirique’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.

8.
So forth I set upon this pilgrimage,
And took the partner of my life with me,
And one dear girl just ripe enough of age
Retentively to see what I should see;
That thus, with mutual recollections fraught,
We might bring home a store for after-thought.

9.
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:
Embarking there upon an autumn day,
Toward Ostend we held our course all night,  
And anchor'd by its quay at morning's earliest light.

10.  
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.

11.  
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  
Sometimes the storm, or passing foot, lays bare  
Part of the harvest Death has gather'd there.

12.  
Peace be within thy walls, thou famous town,  
For thy brave bearing in those times of old;  
May plentiful 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.

13.  
Embarking there, we glided on between  
Strait banks raised high above the level land,  
With many a cheerful dwelling, white and green,  
In goodly neighborhood on either hand.  
Huge-timber'd bridges o'er the passage lay,  
Which wheel'd aside and gave us easy way.

14.  
Four horses, aided by the flavoring breeze,  
Drew our gay vessel, slow, and sleek, and large;  
Crack goes the whip; the steersman at his ease  
Directs the way, and steady went the barge.  
Ere evening closed, to Bruges thus we came,—  
Fair city, worthy of her ancient fame.

15.  
The season of her splendor is gone by,  
Yet every where its monuments remain—  
Temples which rear their stately heads on high,  
Canals that intersect the fertile plain,  
Wide streets and squares, with many a court and hall  
Spacious and undefaced, but ancient all.

16.  
Time hath not wrong'd her, nor hath Ruin sought  
Rudely her splendid structures to destroy,  
Save in those recent days, with evil fraught,  
When Mutability, in drunken joy  
Triumphant, and from all restraint released,  
Let loose the fierce and many-headed beast.

17.  
But for the scars in that unhappy rage  
Inflicted, firm she stands and undecay'd;

Like our first sirs', a beautiful old age  
Is hers, in venerable years array'd;  
And yet to her benignant stars may bring,  
What fate denies to man,—a second spring.

18.  
When I may read of tilts in days of old,  
And tourneys graced by chieftains of renown,  
Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold,  
If Fancy would portray some stately town,  
Which for such pomp fit theatre should be,  
Fair Bruges, I shall then remember thee.

19.  
Nor did thy landscape yield me less delight,  
Seen from the deck as slow it glided by,  
Or when beneath us, from thy Belfroy's height,  
Its boundless circle met the bending sky;  
The waters smooth and straight, thy proper boast,  
And lines of road-side trees in long perspective lost.

20.  
No happier landscape may on earth be seen,  
Rich gardens all around and fruitful groves,  
White dwellings trim relieved with lively green,  
The pollard that the Flemish painter loves,  
With aspens tall and poplars fair to view,  
Casting o'er all the land a gray and willowy hue.

21.  
My lot hath lain in scenes sublime and rude,  
Where still devoutly I have served and sought  
The Power divine which dwells in solitude.  
In boyhood was I wont, with rapture fraught,  
Amid those rocks and woods to wander free,  
Where Avon hastens to the Severn sea.

22.  
In Cintra also have I dwelt erewhile,  
That earthly Eden, and have seen at eve  
The sea-mists, gathering round its mountain pile,  
Whelm with their billows all below, but leave  
One pinnacle sole seen, whereon it stood  
Like the Ark on Ararat, above the flood.

23.  
And now am I a Cumbrian mountaineer;  
Their wintry garment of unsullied snow  
The mountains have put on, the heavens are clear,  
And you dark lake spreads silently below;  
Who sees them only in their summer hour  
Sees but their beauties half, and knows not half their power.

24.  
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.

25.  
Two nights have past; the morning opens well;  
Fair are the aspects of the favoring sky;
THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE.

26. Beside the busy wharf the Trekschuit rides,
With painted plumes and tent-like awning gay;
Carts, barrows, coaches, hurry from all sides,
And passengers and porters throng the way,
Contending all at once in clamorous speech,—
French, Flemish, English,—each confusing each.

27. All disregardant of the Babel sound,
A swan kept oaring near with upraised eye,—
A beauteous pensioner, who daily found
The bounty of such casual company;
Nor left us till the bell said all was done,
And slowly we our watery way begun.

28. Europe can boast no richer, goodlier scene,
Than that through which our pleasant passage lay,
By fertile fields and fruitful gardens green,
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.

29. Along the smooth canal's unbending line,
Beguiling time with light discourse, we went,
Nor wanting savory food nor generous wine.
Ashore, too, there was feast and merriment;
The jovial peasants at some village fair
Were dancing, drinking, smoking, gambling there.

30. 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;
Nor how we mounted to that ponderous bell,
The Belfroy's boast, which bears old Roland's name,
Nor yields to Oxford Tom, or Tom of Lincoln's fame;—

31. 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:
Oh what a strength divine doth Faith impart
To inborn goodness in the female heart!

32. A gentle party from the shores of Kent
Thus far had been our comrades, as befell;
Fortune had link'd us first, and now Consul,—
(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.

33. 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.

34. Yet lack'd we not discourse for graver times,
Such as might suit sage auditors, I ween;
For some among us, in far distant climes
The cities and the ways of men had seen;
No unobservant travellers they, but well
Of what they there had learnt they knew to tell.

35. The one of frozen Moscovy could speak,
And well his willing listeners entertain
With tales of that inclement region bleak,
The pageantry and pomp of Catherine's reign,
And that proud city, which with wise intent
The mighty founder raised, his own great monument.

36. And one had dwelt with Malabar and Moors,
Where fertile earth and genial heaven dispense
Profuse their bounty upon Indian shores;
Whate'er delights the eye, or charms the sense,
The valleys with perpetual fruitage bless'd,
The mountains with unfading foliage dress'd.

37. He those barbaric palaces had seen,
The work of Eastern potentates of old;
And in the Temples of the Rock had been,
Awe-struck their dread recesses to behold;
A gifted hand was his, which by its skill
Could to the eye portray such wondrous scenes at will.

38. A third, who from the Land of Lakes with me
Went out upon this pleasant pilgrimage,
Had sojourn'd long beyond the Atlantic sea;
Adventurous was his spirit as his age,
For he in far Brazil, through wood and waste,
Had travell'd many a day, and there his heart was placed.

39. Wild region, — happy if at night he found
The shelter of some rude Tapuya's shed,
Else would he take his lodgment on the ground,
Or from the tree suspend his handy bed;
And sometimes, starting at the jaguar's cries,
See through the murky night the prowler's fiery eyes.

40. And sometimes over thirsty deserts drear,
And sometimes over flooded plains he went;—
A joy it was his fireside tales to hear,
And he a comrade to my heart's content:
For he of what I most desired could tell, [well.
And loved the Portugals because he knew them

41.
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 labor'd to Abost we came,  
Where whilome treachery stain'd the English name.

42.
Then saw we Afflighem, by ruin rent,  
Whose venerable fragments strow the land;  
Grown wise too late, the multitude lament  
The ravage of their own unhappy hand;  
Its records in their frenzy torn and lost,  
Its precious stores of learning wreck'd and lost.

43.
Whatever else we saw was cheerful all,  
The signs of steady labor well repaid;  
The grapes were ripe on every cottage wall,  
And merry peasants seated in the shade  
Of garner, or within the open door,  
From gather'd hop-vines pluck'd the plenteous

44.
Through Assche, for water and for cakes 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,—  
Proud city, fated many a change to see,  
And now the seat of new-made monarchy.

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 Moscovite,  
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  
Innumerous, which diffus'd a light like day;  
Where, through the line of splendor, old and young  
Paraded all in festival array;  
While fiery barges, plying to and fro,  
Illumin'd 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 banqueting 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  
Many a brave soldier on the bed of pain,  
Whom aid of human art should ne'er restore  
To see his country and his friends again;  
And many a victim of that fell debate  
Whose life yet waver'd in the scales of fate.

6.  
Some I beheld, for whom the doubtful scale  
Had to the side of life inclined at length;  
Enraged was their form, their features pale,  
The limbs, so vigorous late, bereft of strength;  
And for their gay habiliments of yore,  
The habit of the House of Pain they wore.

7.  
Some in the courts of that great hospital,  
That they might taste the sun and open air,  
Crawl'd out; or sat beneath the southern wall;  
Or, leaning in the gate, stood gazing there  
In listless guise upon the passers by,  
Whiling away the hours of slow recovery.

8.  
Others in wagons borne abroad I saw,  
Albeit recovering, still a mournful sight:  
Languid and helpless, some were stretch'd on straw;  
Some, more advanced, sustain'd themselves upright,  
And with bold eye and careless front, methought,  
Seem'd to set wounds and death again at nought.

9.  
Well had it fared with these; nor went it ill  
With those whom war had of a limb bereft,  
Leaving the life untouch'd, that they had still  
Enough for health as for existence left;  
But some there were who lived to draw the breath  
Of pain through hopeless years of lingering death.

10.  
Here might the hideous face of war be seen,  
Stripp'd of all pomp, adornment, and disguise;  
It was a dismal spectacle, I ween,  
Such as might well to the beholders' eyes  
Bring sudden tears, and make the pious mind  
Grieve for the crimes and follies of mankind.

11.  
What had it been, then, in the recent days  
Of that great triumph, when the open wound
III.

THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE.

Was festering, and along the crowded ways,
Hour after hour, was heard the incessant sound
Of wheels, which o'er the rough and stony road
Convey'd their living, agonizing load!

12.

Hearts little to the melting mood inclined
Grew sick to see their sufferings; and the thought
Still comes with horror to the shuddering mind
Of those sad days when Belgian ears were taught
The British soldier's cry, half groan, half prayer,
Breathed when his pain is more than he can bear.

13.

Brave spirits, nobly had their part been done!
Brussels could show, where Senne's slow waters glide,
The cannon which their matchless valor won,
Proud trophies of the field, ranged side by side,
Where, as they stood in inoffensive row,
The solitary guard paced to and fro.

14.

Unconscious instruments of human woe,
Some for their mark the royal files bore,
Fix'd there where Britain was the Bourbon's foe; And some, emboss'd in brazen letters, wore
The sign of that abhor'd miracle, which broke
The guilty nation for a Tyrant's yoke.

15.

Others were stamp'd 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.

16.

Then ceased their occupation. From the field
Of battle here in triumph were they brought;
Ribbons and flowers, and laurels half conceal'd
Their brazen mouths, so late with ruin fraught;
Women beheld them pass with joyful eyes,
And children clapp'd their hands and rent the air with cries.

17.

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.

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,
Here Castenaee 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 frustrate 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 allow
From the fresh carnage of the field convey'd;
And they whom human succors 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 unadorn'd inscriptions briefly tell
Their gallant comrades' rank, and where they fell.

7.

The stateliest monument of public pride,
Enrich'd with all magnificence of art,
To honor 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;
Three grave-stones only for the dead are seen:
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;
He in the fight received his mortal stroke,
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 interr'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 valor made that ground
Sacred to you, and for your foes unhallow'd,
When Marlborough here, victorious in his might,
Surprised the French, and smote them in their flight.

12.

Those 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 unending line a short league hence;
Aright the forest from the road recedes,
With wide sweep trending south and westward thence;
Aleft along the line it keeps its place,
Some half hour's distance at a traveller's pace.

14.

The country here expands, a wide-spread scene;
No Flemish gardens fringed with willows these;
Nor rich Brabantine pastures ever green,
With trenches lined and rows of aspen trees;
In tillage here the unwooded, open land
Returns its increase to the farmer's hand.

15.

Behold the scene where Slaughter had full play!
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.

16.

Straight onward yet for one like distance more,
And there the house of Belle Alliance stands,
So named, I guess, by some in days of yore,
In friendship or in wedlock joining hands;
Little did they who call'd it thus foresee
The place that name should hold in history!

17.

Beyond these points the fight extended not—
Small theatre for such a tragedy!
Its breadth scarce more, from eastern Papelot
To where the groves of Hougoumont on high
Rear in the west their venerable head,
And cover with their shade the countless dead.

18.

But wouldst thou tread this celebrated ground,
And trace with understanding eyes a scene
Above all other fields of war renown'd,
From western Hougoumont thy way begin;
There was our strength on that side, and there first,
In all its force, the storm of battle burst.

19.

Strike eastward then across toward La Haye,
The single farm: with dead the fields between
Are line'd, 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.

20.

This is the ground whereon the young Nassau,
Emulating that day his ancestors' renown,
Received his hurt; admiring Belgium saw
The youth proved worthy of his destined crown:
All tongues his prowess on that day proclaim,
And children his praise and bless their Prince's name.

21.

When thou hast reach'd La Haye, survey it well;
Here was the heat and centre of the strife;
This point must Britain hold whate'er befell,
And here both armies were profuse of life:
Once it was lost,—and then a standby
Belike had trembled for the victory.

22.

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 fears could quail, no dangers could subdue.

23.

Small was his British force, nor had he here
The Portuguese, in heart so near allied,
The worthy comrades of his late career,
Who fought so oft and conquer'd at his side,
When with the Red Cross join'd in brave advance.
The glorious Quinas mock'd the air of France.

24.

Now of the troops with whom he took the field,
Some were of doubtful faith, and others raw;
He station'd these 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.
25. The poet's pilgrimage.

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.

26. La Haye, bear witness! sacred is it light,
And sacred is it truly from that day;
For never braver blood was spent in fight
Than Britain here hath mingled with the clay.
Set where thou wilt thy foot, thou scarce canst tread
Here on a spot unhallow'd by the dead.

27. Here was it that the Highlanders withstood
The tide of hostile power, received its weight
With resolute strength, and stemm'd and turn'd the flood;
And fitly here, as in that Grecian strait,
The funeral stone might say, Go, traveller, tell Scotland, that in our duty here we fell.

28. 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'sd in vain
To pass that line,—a braver foe withstood,
And this whole ground was moisten'd with their blood.

29. Leading his gallant men, as he was went,
The hot assailants' onset to repel,
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.

30. Scheldt had not seen us, had his voice been heard,
Return with shame from her disastrous coast:
But Fortune soon to fairer fields prefer'd
His worth approved, which Cambria long may boast:
France felt him then, and Portugal and Spain
His honor'd memory will for aye retain.

31. Hence to the high-wall'd house of Papelot,
The battle's boundary on the left, incline;
Here thou seest Frischemont not far remote,
From whence, like ministers of wrath divine,
The Prussians, issuing on the yielding foe,
Consummated their great and total overthrow.

32. Decem 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.

33. This were the historian's, not the poet's part;
Such task would ill the gentle Muse becometh,
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.

34. Look how upon the Ocean's treacherous face
The breeze and summer sunshine softly play,
And the green-heaving billows bear no trace
Of all the wrath and wreck of yesterday;—
So from the field, which here we look'd upon,
The vestiges of dreadful war were gone.

35. Earth had received into her silent womb
Her slaughter'd creatures: horse and man they lay,
And friend and foe, within the general tomb.
Equal had been their lot; one fatal day
For all,—one labor,—and one place of rest
They found within their common parent's breast.

36. The passing seasons had not yet effaced
The stamp of numerous hoofs impress'd by force
Of cavalry, whose path might still be traced.
Yet Nature every where resumed her course;
Low pansies to the sun their purple gave,
And the soft poppy blossom'd on the grave.

37. In parts the careful farmer had renew'd
His labors, late by battle frustrated;
And where the unconscious soil had been imbued
With blood, profusely there like water shed,
There had his ploughshare turn'd the guilty ground,
And the green corn was springing all around.

38. The graves he left for natural thought humane
Untouch'd; and here and there, where in the strife
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.

39. Some marks of wreck were scatter'd all around,
As shoe, and belt, and broken bandoleer,
And hats which bore the mark of mortal wound;
Gun-flints and balls for those who closelier peer;
And sometimes did the breeze upon its breath
Bear from ill-cover'd graves a taint of death.
40. More vestige of destructive man was seen
Where man in works of peace had labor'd 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.

41. A goodly mansion this, with gardens fair,
And ancient groves and fruitful orchard wide,
Its dove-cot and its decent house of prayer,
Its ample stalls and garner's well supplied,
And spacious bartons clean, well-wall'd around,
Where all the wealth of rural life was found.

42. That goodly mansion on the ground was laid,
Save here and there a blacken'd, broken wall;
The wounded who were borne beneath its shade
Had there been crush'd and buried by the fall;
And there they lie, where they received their doom,—
Oh, let no hand disturb that honorable tomb!

43. Contiguous to this wreck, the little fane,
For worship hallow'd, still uninjured stands,
Save that its Crucifix displays too plain
The marks of outrage from irreverent hands.
Alas, to think such irreverent deed
Of wrong from British soldiers should proceed!

44. The dove-cot too remains; seared 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 allay'd,
Forsook again the solitary wood,
For their old home and human neighborhood.

45. 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:
He stood the issue, saw the foe's retreat,
And lives unhurt, where thousands fell around,
To tell the story of that famous ground.

46. 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.

47. Toward the grove, the wall with musket-holes
Is pierced; our soldiers here their station held
Against the foe; and many were the souls
Then from their fleshly tenements expell'd.
Six hundred Frenchmen have been burnt close by,
And underneath one mound their bones and ashes lie.

48. One streak of blood upon the wall was traced,
In length a man's just stature from the head;
There where it gush'd you saw it uneffaced:
Of all the blood which on that day was shed,
This mortal stain alone remain'd impress'd,—
The all-devouring earth had drunk the rest.

49. Here, from the heaps who strew'd the fatal plain,
Was Howard's corse by faithful hands convey'd,
And, not to be confounded with the slain,
Here in a grave apart with reverence laid,
'Till hence his honor'd relics o'er the seas
Were borne to England, there to rest in peace.

50. Another grave had yielded up its dead,
From whence to hear his son a father came,
That he might lay him where his own gray head
Ere long must needs be laid. That soldier's name
Was not remember'd there, yet may the verse
Present this reverent tribute to his hearse.

51. Was it a soothing or a mournful thought,
Amid this scene of slaughter as we stood,
Where armies had with recent fury fought,
To mark how gentle Nature still pursued
Her quiet course, as if she took no care
For what her noblest work had suffer'd there?

52. The pears had ripen'd on the garden wall;
Those leaves which on the autumnal earth were spread,
The trees, though pierced and searr'd with many a ball,
Had only in their natural season shed:
Flowers were in seed, whose buds to swell began
When such wild havoc here was made of man!

53. Throughout the garden, fruits, and herbs, and flowers,
You saw in growth, or ripeness, or decay;
The green and well-trimm'd dial mark'd the hours
With gliding shadow as they pass'd away;
Who would have thought, to see this garden fair,
Such horrors had so late been acted there!

54. Now, Hougoumont, farewell to thy domain!
Might I dispose of thee, no woodman's hand
Should e'er thy venerable groves profane;
Untouch'd, and like a temple should they stand,
And, consecrate by general feeling, wave
Their branches o'er the ground where sleep the brave.

55. Thy ruins, as they fell, should aye remain,—
What monument so fit for those below?
Thy garden through whole ages should retain
The form and fashion which it weareth now,
That future pilgrims here might all things see,  
Such as they were at this great victory.

IV.

THE SCENE OF WAR.

1.  
No cloud the azure vault of heaven distain'd  
That day when we the field of war survey'd;  
The leaves were falling, but the groves retain'd  
Foliage enough for beauty and for shade;  
Soft airs prevail'd, 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 possess'd 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 not glow  
To hear our country blest and magnified?—  
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 honor 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 inquired  
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 pitious thing  
To see the after-horrors of the fight,  
The lingering death, the hopeless suffering,—  
What heart of flesh unmoved could bear the sight?  
One man was cause of all this world of woe,—  
Ye had him,— and ye did not strike the blow!

7.  
How will ye answer to all after-time  
For that great lesson which ye fail'd to give?  
As if excess of guilt excused the crime,  
Black as he is with blood, ye let him live!

Children of evil, take your course henceforth,  
For what is Justice but a name on earth!

8.  
Vain had it been with these in glozing speech  
Of precedents to use the specious tongue:  
This might perplex the ear, but fail to reach  
The heart, from whence that honest feeling sprung;  
And had I dared my inner sense belie,  
The voice of blood was there to join them in their cry.

9.  
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.

10.  
No hour for tarryance that, or for remorse!  
Vengeance, who long had hunger'd, took her fill,  
And Retribution held its righteous course:  
As when in elder time, the Sun stood still  
On Gibeon, and the Moon above the vale  
Of Ajalon hung motionless and pale.

11.  
And what though no portentous day was given  
To render here the work of wrath complete;  
The Sun, I ween, seem'd standing still in heaven  
To those who hurried from that dire defeat;  
And when they pray'd for darkness in their flight,  
The Moon arose upon them broad and bright.

12.  
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.

13.  
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 but fear,  
And their own baggage chok'd the outlet here.

14.  
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 there  
Rage, terror, excrations, and despair!
15. The Poet’s Pilgrimage.

Ere through the wreck his passage could be made,
Three miserable hours, which seem’d like years,
Was he in that ignoble strait delay’d;
The dreadful Prussian’s cry was in his ears,
Fear in his heart, and in his soul that hell
Whose due rewards he merited so well.

16. Foremost again, as he was wont to be
In flight, though not the foremost in the strife,
The Tyrant hurried on, of infancy
Regardless, nor regarding ought but life; —
O wretch! without the courage or the faith
To die with those whom he had led to death!

17. Meantime his guilty followers in disgrace,
Whose pride forever now was beaten down,
Some in the houses sought a hiding-place;
While at the entrance of that fatal town
Others, who yet some show of heart display’d,
A short, vain effort of resistance made; —

18. Feeble and ill-sustain’d! — The foe burst through:
With unbatling heat they search’d around
The wretches from their lurking-holes they drew,—
Such mercy as the French had given they found;
Death had more victims there in that one hour
Than fifty years might else have render’d to his power.

19. Here did we inn upon our pilgrimage,
After such a day an unfit resting-place:
For who from ghastly thoughts could disengage
The haunted mind, when every where the trace
Of death was seen,—the blood-stain on the wall,
And musket-marks in chamber and in hall!

20. All talk, too, was of death. They show’d us here
The room where Brunswick’s body had been laid,
Where his brave followers, bending o’er the bier,
In bitterness their vow of vengeance made;
Where Wellington beheld the slaughter’d Chief,
And for a while gave way to manly grief.

21. Duhamel, whose crimes the Catalans may tell,
Died here; — with sabre strokes the posts are scored,
Hewn down upon the threshold where he fell,
 Himself then tasting of the ruthless sword;
A Brunswick discharged the debt of Spain,
And where he dropp’d the stone preserves the stain.

22. Too much of life hath on thy plains been shed,
Brought on the French, in warning to all times,
A vengeance wide and sweeping as their crimes; —

23. 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 foes;
For blood which on the Lord so long had cried,
For Earth oppress’d, and Heaven insulted and defied.

24. 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 fight;
Deserving for that field, so well maintain’d,
Such fame as for a like devotion’s need
The world hath to the Spartan band decreed.

25. 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.

26. 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 labor’d for the general cause,
In this most arduous strife none more than they
Endured the heat and burden of the day.

27. Here too we heard the praise of British worth,
Still best approved when most severely tried;
Here were broad patches of loose-lying earth,
Sufficing scarce the mingled bones to hide,—
And half-uncover’d graves, where one might see
The loathliest features of mortality.

28. Eastward from hence we struck, and reach’d the field
Of Ligny, where the Prussian, on that day
By far-outnumbering force constrain’d to yield,
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.

29. 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-pass’d hours; —
Well-cultured hill and dale extending wide,
Hamlets and village spires on every side; —

30. 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 Barbican, and moat and tower,
A fairer sight perchance than when it flour'n'd in power;—

31.
The avenue before its ruin'd gate,
Which, when the Castle, suffering less from time
Than havock, hath foregone its strength and state,
Uninjured flourish'd in nature's prime;
To us a grateful shade did it supply,
Glad of that shelter from the noontide sky;—

32.
The quarries deep, where many a massive block
For some Parisian monument of pride,
Hewn with long labor from the granite rock,
Lay in the change of fortune cast aside;
But rightly with those stones should Prussia build
Her monumental pile on Ligny's bloody field;—

33.
The wealthy village bearing but too plain
The dismal marks of recent fire and spoil;
Its decent habitants, an active train,
And many a one at work with needful toil
On roof or thatch, the ruin to repair,—
May never War repeat such devastation there!

34.
Ill had we done if we had hurried by
A scene in faithful history to be famed
Through long succeeding ages; nor may I
The hospitality let pass unmanned,
And courteous kindness on that distant ground,
Which, strangers as we were, for England's sake we found.

35.
And dear to England should be Ligny's name;
Prussia and England both were proved that day;
Each generous nation to the other's fame
Her ample tribute of applause will pay;
Long as the memory of those labors past,
Unbroken may their Fair Alliance last!

36.
The tales which of that field I could unfold,
Better it is that silence should conceal
They who had seen them shoulder'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?

37.
It fits not now to tell our farther way
Through many a scene by bounteous nature blest,
Nor how we found, where'er our journey lay,
An Englishman was still an honor'd guest;
But still upon this point, where'er we went,
The indignant voice was heard of discontent.
The open graves, the recent scene of blood,
Wore present to the soul's creative sight;
These mournful images my mind possess'd,
And mingled with the visions of my rest.

2. Methought that I was travelling o'er a plain
Whose limits, far beyond all reach of sense,
The aching, 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.

3. Behind me was a doleful, 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.

4. 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 thither, as some power unseen impell'd,
My blind, involuntary way I held.

5. Across the plain innumerable crowds,
Like me, were on their destined journey bent,
Toward the land of shadows and of clouds:
One pace they travelled, to one point they went,—
A motley multitude of old and young,
Men of all climes and hues, and every tongue.

6. Erelong I came upon a field of dead,
Where heaps of recent carnage fill'd the way;
A ghastly sight,—nor was there to tread,
So thickly slaughter'd, horse and man, they lay.
Methought that in that place of death I knew
Again the late-seen field of Waterloo.

7. 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 edified.

8. Most like it seem'd to that aspiring Tower
Which old Ambition rear'd on Babel's plain,
As if he ween'd in his presumptuous power
To scale high Heaven, with daring pride profane;
Such was its giddy height; and round and round
The spiral steps in long ascension wound.

9. 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,
Ill might such perishable work endure.

10. 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:
Strong and well-built, perchance, I might have deem'd
The pile, had I not seen and understood
Of what frail matter form'd, and on what base it stood.

11. There, on the summit, a grave personage
Received and welcomed me in courteous guise;
On his gray temples were the marks of age,
As one whom years, methought, should render wise.
I saw that thouwert fill'd with doubt and fear,
He said, and therefore have I call'd thee here.

12. Hence from this eminence sublime I see
The wanderings of the erring crowd below,
And pitying thee in thy perplexity,
Will tell thee all that thou canst need to know
To guide thy steps aright. I bent my head
As if in thanks,—And who art thou? I said.

13. He answer'd, I am Wisdom. Mother Earth
Me, in her vigor self-conceiving, bore;
And as from eldest time I date my birth,
Eternally with her shall I endure;
Her noblest offspring, to whom alone
The course of sublunary things is known.

14. Master! quoth I, regarding him, I thought
That Wisdom was the child divine of Heaven.
So, he replied, have fable, preachers 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.

15. Thus while he spake I scann'd his features well;
Small but audacious was the Old Man's eye;
His countenance was hard, and seem'd to tell
Of knowledge less than of effrontery.
Instruct me then, I said, for thou shouldst know
From whence I came, and whither I must go.

16. 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!

17.
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 recks he?—his wayfare will be done.

18.
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:—

19.
Do I not know thee,—that from earliest youth  
Knowledge hath been thy only heart's desire?  
Here seeing all things as they are in truth,  
I show thee all to which thy thoughts aspire:  
No vapors here impede the exalted sense,  
Nor mists of earth attain this eminence.

20.
Whither thy way, thou askest me, and what  
The region dark whereto thy footsteps tend,  
And where, by one inevitable lot,  
The course of all thy multitude must end.  
Take thou this glass, whose perfect power shall aid  
Thy faulty vision, and therewith explore the shade.

21.
Eager I look'd; but seeing with surprise  
That the same darkness still the view o'erspread,  
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.

22.
Now mark me, Child of Earth! he thus pursued;  
Let not the hypocrites thy reason blind,  
And to the quest of some unreal good  
Divert with dogmas vain thine erring mind:  
Learn thou, what'er the motive they may call,  
That Pleasure is the aim, and Self the spring of all.

23.
This is the root of knowledge. Wise are they  
Who to this guiding principle attend;  
They, as they press along the world's highway,  
With single aim pursue their steady end;  
No vain compunction checks their sure career;  
No idle dreams deceive; their heart is here.

24.
They from the nature and the fate of man,  
Thus clearly understood, derive their strength;

25.
Such, I made answer, was the Tyrant's creed  
Who bruised the nations with his iron rod,  
Till on yon field the wretch received his meed  
From Britain, and the outstretch'd arm of God  
Behold him now,—Death ever in his view,  
The only change for him,—and Judgment to ensue!

26.
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.

27.
Hath he not chosen well? the Old Man replied;  
Bravely he aim'd 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

28.
Take him, I answer'd, at his fortune's flood;  
Russia his friend, the Austrian wars succeased,  
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.

29.
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 then  
Those perils and that sorrow have foregone  
To be that Tyrant on his prosperous throne?

30.
But wherefore name I him whose arm was free?  
A living hope his noble heart sustain'd,  
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!

31.
By those he served deserted in his need;  
Given to the unrelenting Tyrant's power,  
And by his mean revenge condemn'd to bleed,—  
Would he have barter'd, in that awful hour,
His heart, his conscience, and his sure renown,
For the malignant murderer's crimes and crown?

32.
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.

33.
Turn we to those in whom no glorious thought
Lent its strong succor to the passive mind;
Nor stirring enterprise within them wrought; —
Who to their lot of bitterness resign'd,
Endured their sorrows by the world unknown,
And look'd for their reward to Death alone:

34.
Mothers within Gerona's丧失'd wall, [die; —
Who saw their famish'd children pine and
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 miscreant foe!

35.
Serene the Old Man replied, and smiled with scorn,
Behold the effect of error! thus to wear
The days of miserable life forlorn,
Struggling with evil and consumed with care; —
Poor fools, whom vain and empty hopes mislead!
They reap their sufferings for their own need.

36.
O false one, I exclaim'd, whom canst thou feel?
With such gross sophisms, but the wicked heart?
The pupils of thine own unhappy school
Are they who choose the vain and empty part;
How oft in age, in sickness, and in woe,
Have they complain'd that all was vanity below!

37.
Look at that mighty Gaznevide, Mahnood,
When, pining in his Palace of Delight,
He lade the gather'd spoils of realms subdued
Be spread before him to regale his sight,
What'er the Orient boasts of rich and rare,—
And then he wept to think what toys they were!

38.
Look at the Russian minion when he play'd
With pearls and jewels which surpass'd all price;
And now apart their various hues array'd,
Blended their colors now in union nice,
Then, weary of the bawbles, with a sigh,
Swept them aside, and thought that all was vanity!

39.
Wean'd by the fatal Messenger from pride,
The Syrian through the streets exposed his shroud:
And one that ravaged kingdoms far and wide
Upon the bed of sickness cried aloud,
What boots my empire in this mortal three?
For the Grave calls me now, and I must go!

40.
Thus felt these wretched men, because decay
Had touch'd them in their vitals; Death stood by;
And Reason, when the props of flesh gave way,
Purged as with exasperate the mortal eye.
Who seeks for worldly honors, wealth, or power,
Will find them vain indeed at that dread hour!

41.
These things are vain; but all things are not so;
The virtues and the hopes of human-kind!—
Yea, by the God who, ordering all below,
In his own image made the immortal mind,
Desires there are which draw from Him their birth,
And bring forth lasting fruits for Heaven and Earth.

42.
Therefore through evil and through good content,
The righteous man performs his part assign'd;
In bondage lingering, or with sufferings spent,
Therefore doth peace support the heroic mind;
And from the dreadful sacrifice of all,
Meek woman doth not shrink at Duty's call.

43.
Therefore the Martyr clasps the stake in faith,
And sings thanksgiving while the flames aspire;
Victorious over agony and death,
Sublime he stands, and triumphs in the fire,
As though to him Elijah's lot were given,
And that the chariot and the steeds of Heaven.

II.

THE EVIL PROPHET.

1.
With that my passionate discourse I brake;
Too fast the thought, too strong the feeling came.
Composed the Old Man listen'd while I spake,
Nor moved to wrath, nor capable of shame;
And when I ceased, unalter'd was his mien,
His hard eye unabash'd, his front serene.

2.
Hard is it error from the mind to weed,
He answer'd, where it strikes so deep a root.
Let us to other argument proceed,
And if we may, discover what the fruit
Of this long strife,— what harvest of great good
The World shall reap for all this cost of blood!

3.
Assuming then a frown as thus he said,
He stretch'd his hand from that commanding height;
Behold, quoth he, where thrice ten thousand dead
Are laid, the victims of a single fight!
And thrice ten thousand more at Ligny lie,
Slain for the prelude to this tragedy!

4.
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,
Over her vine-clad hills and regions gay,
Fair even as Phosphor, who foreruns the day.

5.
Such and so beautiful that Star's uprise;
But soon the glorious dawn was overcast:
A baseful track it held across the skies,
Till now, through all its fatal changes past,
Its course fulfill'd, its aspects understood,
On Waterloo it hath gone down in blood.

6.
Where now the hopes with which thine ardent youth
Rejoicingly 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 human-kind repose at length in peace?

7.
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;
And what are all the intermediate years?—
What, but a bootless waste of blood and tears?

8.
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 country forego?
Her wounded spirit, her enervated will
Ye know,—and ample means are left her still.

9.
What though the tresses of her strength be shorn;
The roots remain untouch'd; and as of old
The bondsman Samson felt his power return
To his knit sinews, so shall ye behold
France, like a giant fresh from sleep, arise
And rush upon her slumbering enemies.

10.
Woe then for Belgium! for this ill-doom'd land,
The theatre of strife through every age!
Look from this eminence, whereon we stand,—
What is the region round us but a stage
For the mad pastime of Ambition made,
Whereon War's dreadful drama may be play'd?

11.
Thus hath it been from history's earliest light,
When wonder by the Sabian Cesar stood,
And saw his legions, raging from the fight,
Root out the noble nation they subdued;
Even at this day the peasant findeth there
The relics of that ruthless massacre.

12.
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.

13.
Shall then Futurity a happier train
Unfold, than this dark picture of the past?
Dreamst thou again of some Saturnian reign,
Or that ill-compacted realm should last?
Its wealth and weakness to the foe are known,
And the first shock subverts its baseless throne.

14.
O wretched country, better should thy soil
Be laid again beneath the invading seas,
Thou goodliest 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!

15.
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.

16.
If we look farther, what shall we behold
But every where the swelling seeds of ill,
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?

17.
Will the rude Cossack 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 plumage,
The form and temper of the Dove assume?

18.
From the old Germanic chaos hath there risen
A happier order of establish'd things?
And is the Italian Mind from papal prison
Set free to soar upon its native wings?
Or look to Spain, and let her Despot tell
If there thy high-raised hopes are answer'd well!

19.
At that appeal my spirit breathed a groan;
But he triumphantly pursued his speech:
O Child of Earth, he cried with loftier tone,
The present and the past one lesson teach;  
Look where thou wilt, the history of man  
Is but a thorny maze, without a plan!

20.  
The winds which have in viewless heaven their birth,  
The waves which in their fury meet the clouds,  
The central storms which shake the solid earth,  
And from volcnoes burst in fiery floods,  
Are not more vague, and purportless, and blind,  
Than is the course of things among mankind!

21.  
Rash hands unravel what the wise have spun;  
Realms which in story fill so large a part,  
Rear'd by the strong, are by the weak undone;  
Barbarians overthrow the works of art,  
And what force spares is sapp'd by sure decay,—  
So earthy things are changed and pass away.

22.  
And think not thou thy England hath a spell,  
That she this general fortune should elude;  
Easier to crush the foreign foe, than quell  
The malice which misleads the multitude,  
And that dread malady of erring zeal,  
Which like a cancer eats into the commonweal.

23.  
The fabric of her power is undermined;  
The earthquake underneath it will have way,  
And all that glorious structure, as the wind  
Scatters a summer cloud, be swept away;  
For Destiny, on this terrestrial ball,  
Drives on her iron car, and crushes all.

24.  
Thus as he ended, his mysterious form  
Enlarged, grew dim, and vanish'd from my view.  
At once on all sides rush'd the gather'd storm;  
The thunders roll'd around, the wild winds blew,  
And as the tempest round the summit beat,  
The whole frail fabric shook beneath my feet.

III.  
THE SACRED MOUNTAIN.

1.  
But then, methought, I heard a voice exclaim,  
Hither, my Son, oh, hither take thy flight!  
A heavenly voice which call'd 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.

2.  
I hesitated or , but at the call  
Sprung from the summit of that tottering tower.

There is a motion known in dreams to all,  
When, buoyant by some self-sustaining power,  
Through air we seem to glide, as if set free  
From all encumbrance of mortality.

3.  
Thus borne aloft, I reach'd the Sacred Hill,  
And left the scene of tempests far behind;  
But that old tempier's parting language still  
Press'd like a painful burden on my mind;  
The troubled soul had lost her inward light,  
And all within was black as Erebus and Night.

4.  
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,  
And for the lives which had been given in vain,  
In sorrow and in fear I turn'd mine eye  
From the dark aspects of futurity.

5.  
I sought the thickest woodlands' 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.

6.  
Hath then that Spirit false perplex'd thy heart,  
O thou of little faith! severe she cried.  
Bear with me, Goddess, heavenly as thou art,  
Bear with my earthly nature! I replied,  
And let me pour into thine ear my grief;  
Thou canst enlighten, thou canst give relief.

7.  
The ploughshare had gone deep, the sower's hand  
Had scatter'd in the open soil the grain;  
The harrow, too, had well prepared the land;  
I look'd to see the fruit of all this pain!—  
Alas! the thorns and old inveterate weed  
Have sprung again, and stifled the good seed.

8.  
I hoped that Italy should break her chains,  
Foreign and papal, with the world's applause,  
Knit, in firm union her divided reigns,  
And rear a well-built pile of equal laws:  
Then might the wrongs of Venice be forgiven,  
And joy should reach Petræus's soul in Heaven.

9.  
I hoped that that abhorr'd Idolatry  
Had in the strife received its mortal wound:  
The Souls which from beneath the altar cry,  
At length, I thought, had their just vengeance found;—  
In purple and in scarlet clad, behold  
The Harlot sits, adorn'd with gems and gold!

10.  
The golden cup she bears full to the brim  
Of her abominations, as of yore;
Her eyeballs with inebriate triumph swim;
Though drunk with righteous blood, she thirsts
for more,
Eager to reassert her influence fell,
And once again let loose the Dogs of Hell

11.
Woe for that people, too, who by their path
For these late triumphs first made plain the way;
Whom, in the Valley of the Shade of Death,
No fears nor fiery sufferings could dismay;
Art could not tempt, nor violence enthrall
Their firm devotion, faithful found through all.

12.
Strange race of haughty heart and stubborn will,
Slavery they love, and chains with pride they wear;
Inflexible alike in good or ill,
The inveterate stamp of servitude they bear.
Oh fate perverse, to see all change withstood,
There only where all change must needs be good!

13.
But them no foe can force, nor friend persuade;
Impassive souls in iron forms enclosed,
As though of human mould they were not made,
But of some sterner elements composed,
Against offending nations to be sent,
The ruthless ministers of punishment.

14.
Where are those Minas after that career
Wherewith all Europe rang from side to side?
In exile wandering! Where the Mountaineer,—
Late, like Pelayo, the Asturian's pride?
Had Ferdinand no mercy for that hile,
Exposed so long for him in daily, hourly strife!

15.
From her Athenian orator of old
Greece never listen'd to sublumer strain
Than that with which, for truth and freedom bold,
Quintana moved the inmost soul of Spain.
What need is his let Ferdinand declare—
Chains, and the silent dungeon, and despair!

16.
For this hath England borne so brave a part!
Spent with endurance, or in battle slain,
Is it for this so many an English heart
Lies mingled with the insensate soil of Spain?
Is this the issue, this the happy birth
In those long throes and that strong agony brought forth!

17.
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 ordreth all
Doth take for sublumer things no care;—
The burden of that thought is more than I can bear.

18.
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 deferred?
Dost thou for this in disering faith repine?
A manlier, wiser virtue should be thine!

19.
Ere the good seed can give its fruit in Spain,
The light must shine on that bedarken'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.

20.
Hath not experience bade the wise man see
Poor hope from innovations premature?
All sudden change is ill: slow grows the tree
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.

21.
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.

22.
He told thee the beginning and the end
Were indistinguishable, all, and dark;
And when from his vain Tower he bade thee bend
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.

23.
Must I, as thou hastad chosen the evil part,
Tell thee that Man is free and God is good?
These primal truths are rooted in thy heart:
But these, being rightly felt and understood,
Should bring with them a hope, calm, constant, sure,
Patient, and on the rock of faith secure.

24.
The Monitress Divine, as thus she spake,
Induced me gently on, ascending still,
And thus emerging from that mournful brake
We drew toward the summit of the hill,
And reach'd a green and sunny place, so fair
As well with long-lost Eden might compare.

25.
Broad cedars grew around that lovely glade,
Exempted from decay, and never sere,
Their wide-spread boughs diffused a fragrant shade;
The cypress incorruptible was here,
With finked stem and head aspiring high,
Nature's proud column, pointing to the sky.
26. There, too, the vigorous olive in its pride,
   As in its own Apulian soil uncheck'd,
Tower'd high, and spread its glaucescent foliage wide:
With liveliest hue the mead beneath was deck'd,
Gift of that grateful tree that with its root
Repays the earth, from whence it feeds its fruit.

27. There, too, the sacred bay, of brighter green,
   Exalted its rejoicing head on high;
And there the martyrs' 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.

28. And 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 heart-ease that delighteth every eye,
   And sage divine, and virtuous euphrasy.

29. Unwounded here Judaea's balm distill'd
   Its precious juice; the snowy jasmine here
Spread its luxuriant tresses wide, and fil'd
   With fragrance the delicious atmosphere.
More piercing still did orange-flowers dispense
From golden groves the purest joy of sense.

30. 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 rear'd its head,
The glory of all flowers, to sense and sight
Yielding their full contentment of delight.

31. A gentle river wound its quiet way
   Through this sequester'd 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.

32. Here, o'er green weeds, whose tresses wave out-spread,
   With silent lapse the glassy waters run;
Here, in fleet motion o'er a pebbly bed,
   Gliding they glance and ripple to the sun;
The stirring breeze that swept them in its flight,
   Raised on the stream a shower of sparkling light.

33. And all sweet birds sung there their lays of love;
The mellow thrush, the blackbird loud and shrill,
The rapturous nightingale that shook the grove,
   Made the ears vibrate, and the heart-strings thrill;
The ambitious lark, that, soaring in the sky,
   Pour'd forth her lyric strain of ecstasy.

34. 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 ringdove's wooing came upon the breeze;
While with the wind which moved the leaves among,
The murmuring waters join'd in undersong.

35. The bare disported here, and fear'd no ill,
   For never evil thing that glade came nigh;
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 best.

36. All blending thus with all in one delight,
The soul was soothed, and satisfied, and fill'd;
This mingled bliss 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.

37. 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.

38. 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,
   Beset 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.

39. 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

40. 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.

41. 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.

42. There grew a goodly Tree this Well beside; —
Behold a branch from Eden planted here,
Pluck'd from the Tree of Knowledge, said my guide.
O 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.

43. 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 loosen'd limbs, and losing sight and breath,
To earth I should have fallen in my despair,
Had I not clasp'd the Cross, and been supported there.

44. 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 say,
Drink, and this mortal stound will pass away.

45. 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 world's the needful suffering have foregone.

46. Even as the Eagle (ancient storyers say)
When, faint with years, she feels her flagging wing,
Soars up toward the mid sun's piercing ray,
Then, fill'd with fire, into some living spring
Plunges, and casting there her aged plumes,
The vigorous strength of primal youth resumes; —

47. Such change in me that blessed Water wrought;
The bitterness which, from its fatal root,
The Tree derived, with painful healing fraught,
Pass'd clean away; and in its place the fruit
Produced, by virtue of that wondrous wave,
The savor which in Paradise it gave.

48. Now, said the heavenly Muse, thou mayst advance,
Fittly prepared toward the mountain's height.
O Child of Man, this necessary trance
Hath purify'd from flaw thy mortal sight,
That, with scope unconfined of vision free,
Thou the beginning and the end mayst see.

49. 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 labor difficult or long,
Ere on the summit of the sacred hill
Upraised I stood, where I might gaze my fill.

50. Below me lay, unfolded like a scroll,
The boundless region where I wander'd late,
Where I might see realms spread and oceans roll,
And mountains from their cloud-surrmounting state
Dwarf'd like a map beneath the excursive sight,
So ample was the range from that commanding height.

51. 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 desery,
Comes from lost Eden, from the primal land
Of man "waved over by the fiery brand."

52. Look now toward the end! no mists obscure,
Nor clouds will there impede the strengthen'd sight;
Unblench'd thine eye the vision may endure.
I look'd, — surrounded with effulgent light
More glorious than all glorious lunes of even,
The Angel Death stood there in the open Gate of Heaven.

IV.

THE HOPES OF MAN.

1. 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."

2. 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.

3. Frail as he is, and as an infant weak,
The knowledge of his weakness is his strength;
For succor 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 view'd, all history doth impact
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 perseveres through all.

Yea, even in those most lamentable times,
When, every where to wars and woes a prey,
Earth seem'd but one wide theatre of crimes,
Good unperceived had work'd its silent way,
And all those dread convulsions did but clear
The obstructed path to give it free career.

But deem not thou some overruling Fate,
Directing all things with benign decree,
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.

Bear witness, Egypt, thy huge monuments
Of priestly fraud and tyranny austere!
Bear witness thou, whose only name presents
All holy feelings to religion dear,—
In Earth's dark circket once the precious gem
Of living light,—O fallen Jerusalem!

See barbarous Africa, on every side
To error, wretchedness, and crimes resign'd!
Behold the vicious Orient, far and wide
Enthrall'd in slavery! As the human mind
Corrupts and goes to wreck, Earth sickens there,
And the contagion taints the ambient air.

They had the Light, and from the Light they turn'd;
What marvel if they grope in darkness lost?
They had the Law;—God's natural Law they scorn'd,
And choosing error, thus they pay the cost!
Wherever Falsehood and Oppression reign,
There degradation follows in their train.

What, then, in these late days had Europe been,
This moral, intellectual heart of earth,—
From which the nations who lie dead in sin
Should one day yet receive their second birth,—
To what had she been sunk if brutal Force
Had taken unrestrain'd its impious course!

If among hateful Tyrants of all times
For endless excretion handed down,
One may be found surpassing all in crimes,
One that for infancy should bear the crown,
Napoleon is that man, in guilt the first,
Preeminently 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 bred
In sensual harems, ignorant of good;—
Their vices from the circumstance have grown;
His, by deliberate purpose, were his own.

Not led away by circumstance he err'd,
But from the wicked heart his error came.
By Fortune to the highest place prefer'd,
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,
Those iron ages he would have restored,
When Law was but the roffian 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 no religion temper'd or control'd,
By foul examples of all crimes inflamed,
Of faith, of honor, of compassion void;—
Such were the fitting agents he employ'd.
20. 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.

21. And had they triumph'd, Earth had once again,
    To Violence subdued, and impious Pride,
    Verged to such state of wickedness, as when
    The Gianty of old their God defied,
    And Heaven, impatient of a world like this,
    Open'd its flood-gates, and broke up the abyss.

22. 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 threw
    Her sword into the balance — down it sway'd:
    And when in battle first he met that foe,
    There he received his mortal overthrow.

23. 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!

24. And we did well when on our Mountain's height
    For Waterloo we raised the festal flame,
    And in our triumph taught the startled night
    To ring with Wellington's victorious name,
    Making the far-off mariner admire
    To see the crest of Skiddaw plumed with fire.

25. The Moon who had in silence visited
    His lonely summit from the birth of time,
    That hour an unavailing splendor shed,
    Lost in the effulgence of the flame sublime,
    In whose broad blaze rejoicingly we stood,
    And all below a depth of blackest solitude.

26. Fit theatre for this great joy we chose;
    For never since above the abating Flood
    Emerging, first that pinnacle arose,
    Had cause been given for deeper gratitude,
    For prouder joy to every English heart,
    When England had so well perform'd her arduous part.

27. The Muse replied with gentle smile benign,—
    Well mayst thou praise the land that gave thee birth,
    And bless the Fate which made that country thine;
    For of all ages and all parts of earth,
    To choose thy time and place did Fate allow,
    Wise choice would be this England and this Now.

28. From bodily and mental bondage, there
    Hath Man his full emancipation gain'd;
    The viewless and illimitable air
    Is not more free than Thought; all unrestrain'd,
    Nor pined in want, nor sunk in sensual sloth,
    There may the immortal Mind attain its growth.

29. There, under Freedom's tutelary wing,
    Deliberate Courage fears no human foe;
    There, unoffe'd, as in their native spring,
    The living waters of Religion flow;
    There, like a beacon, the transmitted Light,
    Conspicuous to all nations, burneth bright.

30. The virtuous will she hath, which should aspire
    To spread the sphere of happiness and light;
    She hath the power to answer her desire,
    The wisdom to direct her power aright;
    The will, the power, the wisdom thus combined,
    What glorious prospects open on mankind!

31. Behold! she cried, and lifting up her hand,
    The shaping elements obey'd her will; —
    A vapor gather'd round our lofty stand,
    Roll'd in thick volumes o'er the Sacred Hill;
    Descending then, its surges far and near
    Fill'd all the wide subjacent atmosphere.

32. As I have seen from Skiddaw's stony height
    The fleecey clouds scud round me on their way,
    Condense beneath, and hide the vale from sight,
    Then, opening, just disclose where Derwent lay
    Burnish'd with sunshine like a silver shield,
    Or old Enchanter's glass, for magic forms fit field;—

33. 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.

34. In splendor with those famous cities old,
    Whose power it hath surpass'd, it now might vie;
    Through many a bridge the wealthy river roll'd;
    Aspiring columns rear'd their heads on high;
    Triumphant arches spann'd the roads, and gave
    Due gnarson to the memory of the brave.

35. A landscape follow'd, such as might compare
    With Frenish fields for well-requited toil:
    The wonder-working hand had every where
    Subdued all circumstance of stubborn soil;
    In ten and more reach'd, rich gardens smiled,
    And populous hamlets rose amid the wild.
36. There the old seaman, on his native shore,
Enjoy’d the competence deserved so well;
The soldier, his dread occupation o’er,
Of well-rewarded service loved to tell;
The gray-hair’d laborer there, whose work was done,
In comfort saw the day of life go down.

37. Such was the lot of old; for childhood there
The duties which belong to life was taught:
The good seed, early sown and nursed 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.

38. 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.
This needful learning was their right of birth;
Further might each, who chose it, persevere;
No mind was lost for lack of culture here.

39. 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,
Fill fields and gardens with their murmuring.
Oh joy to see the State in perfect health!
Her numbers were her pride, and power, and wealth.

40. 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 fed
Israel, when manna fell from heaven for bread.

41. Many a tall vessel in her harbors lay,
About to spread its canvas to the breeze,
Bound upon happy errand to convey
The adventurous colonist beyond the seas,
Foward those distant lands where Britain blest
With her redundant life the East and West.

42. The landscape changed;—a region next was seen,
Where sable swans on rivers yet unfound
Glided through broad savannahs ever green;
Innumerable flocks and herds were feeding round,
And scatter’d farms appear’d, and hamlets fair,
And rising towns, which made another Britain there.

43. Then, thick as stars which stud the moonless sky,
Green islands in a peaceful sea were seen;
Darken’d no more with blind idolatry,
Nor curst with hideous usages obscene,
But heel’d of leprous crimes, from butchering strife
Deliver’d, and reclaim’d to moral life.

44. Around the rude Morai, the temple now
Of truth, hosannas to the Holiest rung:
There, from the Christian’s equal marriage-vow,
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.

45. The light those happy Islanders enjoy’d,
Good messengers from Britain had convey’d;
(Where might such bounty wiser be employ’d?)
One people with their teachers were they made,
Their arts, their language, and their faith the same,
And, blest in all, for all they blest the British name.

46. Then rose a different land, where loftiest trees
High o’er the grove their fan-like foliage rear;
Where spicy bowers upon the passing breeze
Diffuse their precious fragrance far and near;
And yet untaught to bend his massive knee,
Wisest of brutes, the elephant roams free.

47. Ministrant there to health and public good,
The busy axe was heard on every side,
Opening new channels, that the noxious wood
With wind and sunshine might be purified,
And that wise Government, the general friend,
Might every where its eye and arm extend.

48. The half-brutal Bedah came from his retreat,
To human life by human kindness won;
The Chingalese beheld that work complete
Which Holland in her day had well begun;
The Candal, prospering under Britain’s reign,
Blest the redeeming hand which broke his chain.

49. Colors and castes were heeded there no more;
Laws which depraved, degraded, and oppress’d,
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.

50. Again the picture changed; those Isles I saw
With every crime, through 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.

51. 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.

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?

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 side,
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 honor 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 hopes allow'd;
Ills may impede, 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:
Heaven's first command she may fulfil in peace,
Replenishing the earth with her increase.

Peace she hath won, — with her victorious hand
Hath won through rightful war auspicious peace;
Nor this alone, but that in every land
The withering rule of violence may cease.
Was ever War with such blest victory crown'd?
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
With such transcendent cause for joy and thankfulness.

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 hath that passion had its overthrow; —
As the best prospects of mankind are dear,
Their joy should be complete, their prayers of praise sincere.

And thou to whom in spirit at this hour
The vision of thy Country's bliss is given,
Who feelest that she hola, her trusted power
To do the will and spread the word of Heaven,—
Hold fast the faith which animates thy mind,
And in thy songs proclaim the hopes of human-kind.
NOTES TO THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE.

the yielding thereof, divers remarkable notes and observations, and among the rest what number died without in the archduke's camp, of every degree.

Masters of the camp .................................................. 7
Colunets ................................................................. 15
Sergeants ................................................................. 59
Captains ................................................................. 355
Lieutenants ............................................................. 1116
Ensigns ................................................................. 232
Sergeants ................................................................. 1911
Corporals ................................................................. 1116
Lanispadees ............................................................. 600
Soldiers ................................................................. 34663
Mariners ................................................................. 611
Women and children .................................................. 119

All which amount to 72131 persons; which number is not so great, considering the long siege, sickness, and the cold winters upon the sea coast, in so cold a climate, fighting against the elements. It is unknown what number died in the town, which is thought much less, for that there were not so many in the town, and they were better lodged, had more ease, and were better victualled. — Gilmont's Hist. of the Nether-

lands, p. 1337.

"The besieged in Ostend had certain adventuring soldiers whom they called Lopers, of the which, among other captains, were the young captain Gran, and captain Adam Van Loest. Their arms which they bore were a long and great pike, with a flat head at the mother end thereof, to the end that it should not sink too deep into the mud, but a large huzzam hang in a scar, as we have said of Frenetsus, a contus at his side, and his digger about his neck, who would usually leap over a ditch four and twenty foot broad, skirmishing often with his enemy so as no horseman could overtake them before they had leap over the ditches again." — Ibid. 1329.

"In remembrance of the long siege of Ostend, and the winning of Sluice, there were certain cartes made in the United Provinces, both of silver and copper, the one having on the one side the picture of Ostend, and on the other the town of Ghent, Grave, Sluice, Ardenbourg, and the forts of Regen-
dyke and Cadzant, with this inscription round about. 1 Plus triunuo obsessa, hosti rudera, potrua quator ex me arbori dede. Anno 1004." Ostend being more than three years besieged, gave the enemy a heap of stones, and to her native country four towers.

"The town of Utrect did also make a triumphant piece of cayme both of gold and silver, where on the one side stood the siege of Ostend, and on the other the siege of Sluice, and all the forts and havens, and on both sides round about was graven, "Jechev prince deuderat plus quam perduratis." — Ibid. 1318.

Many a rich vessel, from the dangerous sea,
Enter the bason of thy quiet gale. — I. 10, p. 750.

These lines are borrowed from Quarles; — the passage in which they occur would be very pleasing if he had not dis-
 figured it in a most extraordinary manner.

Saile gentle Pinnace! now the heavens are clear,
The winds blow fair; behold the harbors near.
Tridented Neptune hath forgot to frown,
The rocks are past; the storme is overthrown.
Up weather-footed voyagers and rauye ye.
Forake your loaden Cabbins; up and howse ye.
Upon the open decks, and smell the land;
Cheere up, the welcome shoire is nigh at hand.
Saile gentle Pinnace with a prosperous gale.
To the Isle of Pines: saile gentle Pinnace saile!
Fortune conduct thee; let thy keele divide
The silver streames, that thou maist safely slide
Into the bosom of thy quiet Key,
And quite thee fairly of the injurious Sea.
Quaile's Argalus & Parthena.

Bruges. — I. 14, p. 750.

Urbs est ad miraculum putrca, potenas, amara, says Luigi Guicciardini. Its power is gone by, but its beauty is perhaps more impressive now than in the days of its splendor and prosperity.

M. Paquet Xylophorien, and many writers after him, mention the preservation of the monuments of Charles the Bold, and his daughter Mary of Burgundy, wife to the Archduke Maxi-
milian; but they do not mention the delivery of the Beadle who preserved them at the imminent risk of his own life. Pierre Dezitter in this person's name. During the revolutionary frenzy, when the mob seemed to take most pleasure in de-
stroying whatever was most venerable, he took these splendid tombs to pieces and loaded them during the night, for which he was proscribed and a reward of 2000 francs set upon his head. Bonaparte, after his marriage into the Austrian family, rewarded him with 1000 francs, and gave 10,000 for orna-
menting the chapel in which the tombs were replaced. This has been done with little taste.

.............., that sisterhood whom to their rule

The Beguines. Heliot is mistaken when he says (t. viii. p. 6) that the Beguines at Mechlin is the finest in all Flanders; it is not comparable to that at Ghent, which for extent and beauty may be called the Capital of the community.

.............., Abbot,
Where whilome treachery.stood the English name.
I. 41, p. 752.

In 1583, "the English garrison of Abbot being mutinied for their pay, the Gasteis did not only refuse to give it them, but did threaten to force them out, or else to finish them. In the mean time the Prince of Parma did not let slip this opportunity to make his profit thereby, but did solicit them by fair words and promises to pay them; and these English companies, not accustomd to endure hunger and want, began to give ear unto him, for that their Colonel Sir John Norris and the States were somewhat slow to provide for their pay, for the which they intended to give order, but it was too late. For after that the English had chased away the rest of the garrison which were of the country, then did Captain Pigot, Vincent, Tailor, and others, agree to deliver up the town unto the Spaniards, giving them for their pay, which they received, thirty thousand pistoles. . . . and so the said town was delivered unto the Span-

iard in the beginning of December, and filled with Wallons. Most of these English went to serve the Prince of Parma in his camp before Ecklee, but finding that he trusted them not, they ran in a manner all away." — Gilmont's Hist. 635.

It is one proof of the improved state of general feeling in the more civilized states of Europe, that instances of this kind of treachery have long since ceased even to be suspected. During the long wars in the Netherlands, nothing was more common than for officers to change their party, — considering war as a mere profession, in which their survivors, like those of a lawyer, were for the best bidder.

Then saw we Alkmaen, by rain wet. — I. 42, p. 752.

This magnificent Abbey was destroyed during the Revolu-
tion, — an act of popular madness which the people in its vicinity now spoke of with unavailing regret. The library was at one time the richest in Brabant; "celebrisima," Luigi Guicciardini calls it, "arto quidem, et quod ad libros antiquos habuitur posse lectiones simul at et lectiones carminum carceris satra tractat." The destruction of books during the Revolution was deplorably great. A bookseller at Brussels told me he had himself at one time sent off five and twenty wagon loads for waste paper, and sold more than 100,000 lb. weight for the same purpose! In this manner were the convent-libraries destroyed.
NOTES TO THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE.

Aschec, for water and for cakes renewed. — I. 41, p. 759.

The Flemish name of these said cakes has a marvellously uncouth appearance — aegiiler-koechins; — nevertheless they are good cakes, and are sold by Judocus de Bisschop, at the sign of the Moor, next door to the Auberge la Tête-de-Bœuf. This information is for those whom it may concern.

The British soldier's ery, half grown, half prayer; Breathed when his pain was more than he can bear. — II. 12, p. 753.

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.

Brezantium in all her cities felt the sound. — II. 15, p. 753.

The battle of the 18th was heard throughout the whole of Brezantium, and in some directions beyond it. It was distinctly heard at Herve; and I have been assured, incredible as it may seem, that it was perceived at Amiens. The firing on the 16th was heard at Antwerp, — not that of the 18th, though the scene of action was nearer.

Here Castiianae reared a notice fans. — III. 1, p. 753.

The following dedicatory inscription is placed over the портал of Waterloo Church: —

D. O. M.

Er. D. B. Josepho et Anna

Hoc Sacellum

Pro Desiderata Dominis Catholico


Ant. Agurto Marchio de Castiianae Belg. Gubernor.

The a in Gubernator has been left out, either by the mistake of the workmen, or for want of room. Catarh H. of Spain, one of the most wretched of men, married for his first wife Marie Louise, Lewis the Fourteenth's niece. A curious instance of the public anxiety that she should produce an heir to the throne is preserved by Fiores in his Memorias de las Regnas Catholicas. When she had been married two years without issue, this strange epigram, if so it may be called, was circulated.

Parid bella Flor de Lis

En officem tan extra

St paris, paris d Espana,

Si la paris, d Paris.

Fiores describes the dress of the bride at her espousals: it was a robe of maroon velvet embroidered with fleurs du lys of gold trimmed with ermine and jewels, and with a train of seven ells long; the princesses of the blood had all long trains, but not so long, the length being according to their proximity to the throne. The description of a Queen's dress accorded well with the antiquarian pursuits of Fiores; but it is amusing to observe some of the expressions of this laborious writer, a monk of the most rigid habits, whose life was spent in severe study, and in practices of mortification. In her head-dress, he says, she wore porcelain plumes which supported large diamonds, — y convection en cielo apart paso de tierra; and at the ball after the espousals, et Christianissima donor la Catholica. These appellations sound almost as oddly as Messrs. Bogue and Bennett's description of St. Paul in a minuet, and Timothy at a card-table.

This poor Queen lived eight years with a husband whose mind and body were equally debilitated. Never were the miseries of a mere state-marriage more lamentably exemplified. In her last illness, when she was advised to implore the prayers of a personage who was living in the odor of sanctity for her recovery, she replied, Certainly I will not — it would be folly to ask for a life which is worth so little. And when, toward the last, her Confessor inquired if any thing troubled her, her answer was that she was in perfect peace, and rejoiced that she was dying, — en pur je boutis, y vaing guentou de morir. She died on the 12th of February; and such was the solicitude for an heir to the monarchy, that on the 15th of May a second marriage was concluded for the King.

plain tablets by the soldier's hand

Raised to his comrades in a foreign land. — III. 7, p. 753.

The inscriptions in the church are as follows: —

Sacred

to the Memory of

Lt. Col. Edward Stables

—— Sir Francis D'Oyley, K. C. B.

—— Charles Thomas

—— William Miller

—— William Henry Miller

Capt. Robert Adair

Edward Gros

—— Newton Chambers

—— Thomas Brown

Ensign Edward Pardee

—— James Lord Hay

—— the Hon. S. S. P. Barrington

of his Britannic Majesty's First Regiment of Foot Guards, who fell gloriously in the battle of Quatre Bros and Waterloo, on the 16th and 17th of June, 1815.

The Officers of the Regiment have erected this Monument in commemoration of the fall of their Gallant Companions.

To

the Memory of

Major Edwin Griffith,

Lt. Isaac Sherwood, and

Lt. Henry Buckley,

Officers in the XV King's Regiment of Husars (British) who fell in the battle of Waterloo,

June 18, 1815.

This stone was erected by the Officers of that Regiment, as a testimony of their respect.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

The two following are the epitaphs in the church-yard: —

D. O. M.

Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant-Colonel Fitz Gerald, of the Second Regiment of Life Guards of his Britannic Majesty, who fell gloriously at the battle of La Belle Alliance, near this town, on the 18th of June, 1815, in the 41st year of his life, deeply and deservedly regretted by his family and friends. To a manly lowness of soul be united all the virtues that could render him an ornament to his profession, and to private and social life.

Aux mains du plus certes des hommes, généralement estimé et regrette de sa famille et de ses amis, le Lieutenant-Colonel Fitz Gerald, de la Garde du Corps de sa Majesté Britannique, tué glorieusement à la bataille de la Belle Alliance, le 18 June, 1815

R. L. P.

* The word is thus misspelt.
NOTES TO THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE.

D. O. M.

La belle alliance, call it Hougoumont, call it La Haye Sainte, call it Waterloo, — anything but Waterloo.

A man at Les Quatre Bras, who spoke with the usual enthusiasm of the Prince of Orange's conduct in the campaign, declared that he fought "like a devil on horseback." Looking at a portrait of the Queen of the Netherlands, a lady observed that there was a resemblance to the Prince; a young Fleming was quite angry at this, — he could not bear that his hero should not be thought beautiful as well as brave.

Genappe. — IV. 19, p. 757.

At the Roy d'Espagne, where we were lodged, Wellington had his head-quarters on the 17th, Bonaparte on the 18th, and Blucher on the 19th. The counsellors had told us that it was an ease; but when one of them in the morning asked how we had passed the night, he observed that no one ever slept at Genappe, — it was impossible, because of the continual passage of posts and coal-carts.


It is odd that the inscription upon the directing-post at Les Quatre Bras, (or rather boards, for they are fastened against a house,) should be given wrongly in the account of the campaign printed at Frankfort. The real directions are, 3 de pèr ver St. Donut 3 de pèr ver Genappe 3 de pèr ver Marbouin 3 de pèr ver France, spread in this manner, and ill cut. I happened to copy it in a mood of superfluous minuteness.

A fat and jolly Willoon, who inhabited this corner house, ate his dinner in peace of twelve o'clock on the 16th, and was driven out by the balls flying about his ears at four the same day. This man described that part of the action which took place in his sight, with great animadversion. He was particularly impressed by the rage, — the absolute fury which the French displayed; they cursed the English while they were fighting, and cursed the precision with which the English grape-shot was fired, which, said the man, was neither too high nor too low, but struck right in the middle. The last time that a British army had been in this place, the Duke of York slept in this man's bed, — an event which the Wallon remembered with gratitude as well as pride, the Duke having given him a Louis d'or.

O wherefore have ye spared his head accursed? — IV. 36, p. 759.

Among the peasantry with whom we conversed this feeling was universal. We met with many persons who disliked the union with Holland, and who hated the Prussians, but none who spoke in favor or even in palliation of Bonaparte. The manner in which this ferocious beast, as they call him, has been treated, has given a great shock to the moral feelings of mankind. The almost general mode of accounting for it on the Continent, is by a supposition that England purposely let him loose from Elba in order to have a pretext for again attacking her, and crippling a country which had left her too strong, and which would soon have outstripped her in prosperity. I found it impossible to dispossess even men of sound judgment and great ability of this belief, preposterous as it is; and when they read the account of the luxuries which have been sent to St. Helena for the accommodation of this great criminal, they will consider it as the fullest proof of their opinion.

Smaller theatre for such a tragedy. — III. 17, p. 754.

So important a battle was never before fought within so small an extent of ground. I computed the distance bet-
Notes to the Poet’s Pilgrimage.

And now they felt the Prussian’s heavy hand. — IV. 43, p. 739.

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 using the military spirit predominant in a nation. The conduct of our men was universally extolled; but it required years of exertion and severity before Lord Wellington brought the British army to its present state of discipline. The moral discipline of an army has never perhaps been under-told in any General, except the great Gustavus. Even in its best state, with all the alleviations of courtesy and honour, with all the correctives of morality and religion, war is so great an evil, that to engage in it without a clear necessity is a crime of the blackest dye. When the necessity is clear, (and such, assuredly, I held it to have been in our struggle with Bonaparte,) it then becomes a crime to shirk from it.

What I have said of the Prussians relates solely to their conduct in an allied country; and I must also say that the Prussian officers with whom I had the good fortune to associate, were men who in every respect did honor to their profession and to their country. But that the general conduct of their troops in Belgium had excited a strong feeling of disgust and indignation we had abundant and indisputable testimony. In France they had old wrongs to revenge, — and forgiveness of injuries is not among the virtues which are taught in camps. The annexed anecdotes are reprinted from one of our newspapers, and ought to be preserved.

A Prussian Officer, on his arrival at Paris, particularly requested to be billeted on the house of a lady inhabiting the Faubourg St. Germain. His request was complied with, and on his arriving at the lady’s hotel, he was shown into a small but comfortable sitting room, with a handsome bed-chamber adjoining it. With these rooms he appeared greatly dissatisfied, and desired that the lady should give up to him her apartment in front (first floor), which was very spacious, and very elegantly furnished. To this the lady made the strongest objections; but the Officer insisted, and she was under the necessity of retiring to the second floor. He afterwards sent a message to her by one of her servants, saying that he desired the second floor for his Ald-de-Camp, &c. &c. This occasioned more violent remonstrances from the lady, but they were totally unavailing, and unattended to by the Officer, whose only answer was, "obligez a mes ordres." He then called for the cook, and told him he must prepare a handsome dinner for the six persons, and desired the lady’s wife, to take care that the best wines the cellar contained should be forthcoming. After dinner he desired the hostess should be sent for; — she obeyed the summons. The Officer then addressed her, and said, "No doubt, Madam, but you consider my conduct as indecent and brutal in the extreme." — I must confess, replied she, "that I did not expect such treatment from an officer; as, in general, military men are ever disposed to show every degree of deference and respect to our sex." — You think me then a most perfect barbarian? answer me frankly." — If you really, then, desire my undisguised opinion of the subject, I must say, that I think your conduct truly barbarous. — Madam, I am entirely of your opinion; but I only wished to give you a specimen of the behavior and conduct of your son, during six months that he resided in my house, after the entrance of the French army into the Prussian capital. I do not, however, mean to follow a bad example. You will resume, therefore, your apartment to-morrow, and I will seek lodgings at some public hotel. The lady then retired, extolling the generous conduct of the Prussian officer, and deprecating that of her son.

Another Prussian officer was lodged at the house of Marshal Ney, in whose stables and coach-house he found a great number of horses and carriages. He immediately ordered some Prussian soldiers, who accompanied him, to take away nine of the horses and three of the carriages. Ney’s servants violently remonstrated against this proceeding, on which the Prussian officer observed, "They are my property, insomuch as your master took the same number of horses and carriages from me when he entered Berlin with the French army." I think you will agree with me, that thelett lance was never more properly nor more justly resorted to.

Sir Thomas Brown writes upon this subject with his usual feeling.

"We applaud not," says he, "the judgment of Machiavel, that Christianity makes men cowards, or that, with the confidence of not half dying, the desired virtues of patience and humility have abased the spirits of men, which pagan princes exalted; but rather regulated the wildness of audacities in the attempts, grounds and eternal sequels of death, wherein men of the boldest spirit are often prodigiously terminated. Nor can we estimate the value of ancient martyrs, who con-

Part II.


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In purple and in scarlet clad, behold
The Harlot sits, adorned with gems and gold.

III. 9, p. 764.

The honest but scriptural appllication by which our Fathers were wont to designate the Church of Rome has been delicately softened down by later writers. I have seen her somewhere called the Scarlet Woman, — and Helen Maria Williams names her the Dissolute of Babylon. Let me here offer a suggestion in defence of Voltaire. Is it not probable, or rather can any person doubt, that the érênes Pinoise, upon which so horrible a charge against him has been raised, refers to the Church of Rome, under this well-known designation? No man can hold the principles of Voltaire in stronger abhorrence than I do, but it is an act of justice to exculpate him from this monstrous accusation.

For till the sons their fathers’ faults repeat
The old error brings its dreadful punishment.

III. 19, p. 765

"Political chimeras," says Count Stolberg, "are innumerable; but the most chimerical is the project of imagining that a people deeply sunk in degeneracy may recover the ancient grandeur of freedom. Who tosses the bird into the air after his wings are clipped? So far from restoring it to the power of flight, it will but disable it more."

— Tragedia, lxxii. 129.

The epigraph lyric, as applied to the dark, is borrowed from one of Donne’s poems. I mention this more particularly for the purpose of repairing an accidental omission in the notes to Roderick; — it is the duty of every poet to acknowledge all his obligations of this kind to his predecessors.

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I will insert here a passage from one of Lord Brooke’s poems. Few writers have ever given proofs of profounder thought than this friend of Sir Philip Sydney. Had his command of language been equal to his strength of intellect, I scarcely know the author whom he would not have surpassed
NOTES TO THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE.

XXI.

Some love no equals, some superiors scorn,
One seeks more worlds, and this will Helen have;
This covet gold, with dives fault burned,
These honors reign, and lead men to their grave;
Whereby for laws and little wages we
Ruin ourselves to raise up tyranny.

XXII.

And as when winds among themselves do jar,
Seas there are lost, and wave with wave must fight;
So when power's restless honors bring forth War,
There people bear the faults and wounds of Might;
The error and diseases of the head
Descending still until the limbs be dead.

XXIII.

Yet are not people's errors ever free
From guilt of wounds they suffer by the war;
Never did any public misery
Rise of itself: God's plagues still grounded are
On common stains of our humanity;
And to the flame which ruineth mankind
Man gives the matter, or at least gives wind.

At Treatie of Warses.

The extract which follows, from the same author, bears directly upon the effects of the military system as if it had been written with a reference to Bonaparte's government. The thoughtful reader will perceive its intrinsic value, through its difficult language and uncoath version.

LIX.

Let us then thus conclude, that only they
Whose end in this world is the world to come,
Whose hearts' desire is that their desires may
Measure themselves by Truth's eternal dooms,
Can in the War find nothing that they prize,
Who in the world would not be great or wise.

LX.

With these, I say, War, Coqurest, Honor, Fame,
Stand (as the world) neglected or forsaken,
Like Error's cowwebs, in whose curious frame
She only joys and mourning, takes and is taken;
In which these dying, that to God live thus,
Exceed our coquest, would not conquer us.

LXI.

Where all states else that stand on power, not grace,
And gage desire by no such spiritual measure,
Make it their end to reign in every place;
To war for honor, for revenge and pleasure;
Thinking the strong should keep the weak in awe,
And every inequality give law.

LXII.

These serve the world to rule her by her arts,
Raise mortal trophies upon mortal passion;
Their wealth, strength, glory, growing from those hearts
Which to their ends they reign and disfashion;
The more remote from God the less remorse;
Which still gives Honor power, Occasion force.

LXIII.

These make the Sword their judge of wrong and right,
Their story Fame, their laws but Power and Wit;
Their endless mine all vanities of Might,
Rewards and Pains the mystery of it;
And in this sphere, this wilderness of evils,
None prosper highly but the perfect Devils.

A Treatie of Warses.

They had the Light, and from the Light they turn'd.

IV. 19, p. 768

"Let no ignorance," says Lord Brooke, "seem to excuse mankind; since the light of truth is still near us, the tempter

and accuser as continual war within us, in the laws that guide so good for them that obey, and the first shape of every sin so ugly, as whosoever does but what he knows, or forbears what he doubts, shall easily fallow nature unto grace."

"God left not the world without information from the beginning; so that wherever we find ignorance, it must be charged to the account of man, as having rejected, and not to that of his Maker, as having denied, the necessary means of instruction." — Horse's Considerations on the Life of St. John the Baptist.

Napoléon. — IV. 15, p. 769.

It is amusing to look back upon the batterly which was offered to Bonaparte. Some poems of Mme. Fanny de Beauharains exhibit rich specimens of this kind; she praises him for

la douce humanité
Que le devoir de sa flamme;

Of the battle of Austerlitz she says,

Dans ce jour mémorable on dut faire la guerre,
Et que nononrent maints auteurs
La Trésité des Empereurs,
Vous seul en êtes le mystère.

Subsequent events give some to these adulatory strains an interest which they would else have wanted.

Napoléon, objet de vos hommages,
Et Josephine, objet non moins aimé,
Couple que l'Eternel Pan pour Pautre a formé,
Vous êtes les plus beaux ouvrages.

In some stanzas, called Les Trois Bateaux, upon the vessels in which Alexander and Bonaparte held their conferences before the Peace of Tilsit, the following prophecy is introduced, with a felicity worthy of the Edinburgh Review:

Tremble, tremble, frère Albion!
Guide par d'heureuses étapes,
Ces glorieux batteaux, exempts d'ambition,
Font triompher partout de tes cent miles voiles.

The Grand Napoléon is the
Enfan cheri de Mars et d'Apolon,
Qu'aujourd'hui nous ne peut adorer.

Here follows part of an Arabic poem by Michael Sibbal, addressed to Bonaparte on his marriage with Marie Louise, and printed, with translations in French prose and German verse, in the first volume of the Fandgruben der Oriens:

August Prince, whom Heaven has given us for Sovereign, and who holdest among the greatest monarchs of thy age the same rank which the diadem holds upon the head of Kings,

Thou hast reached the summit of happiness, and by thine invincible courage hast attained a glory which the mind of man can scarcely comprehend;

Thou hast hasted upon the front of time the remembrance of thine innumerable exploits in characters of light, one of which alone suffices with its brilliant rays to enlighten the whole universe.

Who can resist him who is never abandoned by the assistance of Heaven, who has Victory for his guide, and whose course is directed by God himself?

In every age Fortune produces a hero who is the pearl of his time; amidst all these extraordinary men thou shinest like an inestimable diamond in a necklace of precious stones.

The least of thy subjects, in whatever country he may be, is the object of universal homage, and enjoys thy glory, the splendor of which is reflected upon him.

All virtues are united in thee, but the justice which regulates all thy actions would alone suffice to immortalize thy name.

* * * * * * * *

'Perhaps the English will now understand at last that it is folly to oppose themselves to the wisdom of thy designs, and to strive against thy fortune.'

A figure of Liberty, which, during the days of Jacobinism, was erected at Aix in Provence, was demolished during the
THE LAY OF THE LAUREATE.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE,
THE FOLLOWING POEM IS DEDICATED
WITH PROFOUND RESPECT, BY HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S MOST DUTIFUL
AND MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,
ROBERT SOUTHEY,
POET LAUREATE.

PROEM.

1.
There was a time when all my youthful thought
Was of the Muse; and of the Poet's fame,
How fair it flourishest, and fadeth not,—
Alone enduring, when the Monarch's name
Is but an empty sound, the Conqueror's bust
Moulders and is forgotten in the dust.

2.
How best to build the imperishable lay
Was then my daily care, my dream by night;
And early in adventurous essay
My spirit imp'd her wings for stronger flight;

One head more in this string of quotations: "Un Roi philosophe," says the Comte de Puisseux, speaking of Frederick of Prussia, dans le sens de nos jours, est selon moi le plus terrible flous que le ciel puisse envoquer aux habitants de la terre. Mais l'idé d'un Roi philosophe et despote, est un injure au sens commun, un outrage a la raison. — Mémoires, t. ii. 185.

CARMEN NUPTIALE.

The Lay of the Laureate.

Fair regions Fancy open'd to my view,—
"There lies thy path," she said; "do thou that path pursue!"

3.
"For what hast thou to do with wealth or power,
Thou whom rich Nature at thy happy birth
Bless'd in her bounty with the largest dower
That Heaven indulges to a child of Earth,—
Then when the sacred Sisters for their own
Baptized thee in the springs of Helicon?"

4.
"They promised for thee that thou shouldst eschew
All low desires, all empty vanities;
That thou shouldst, still to Truth and Freedom true, The applause or censure of the herd despise; And, in obedience to their impulse given, Walk in the light of Nature and of Heaven.

5. "Along the World's highway let others crowd, Jostling and moling on through dust and heat; Far from the vain, the vicious, and the proud, Take thou, content in solitude, thy seat; To noble ends devote thy sacred art, And nurse for better worlds thine own immortal part!"

6. Praise to that Power who, from my earliest days, Thus taught me what to seek and what to shun, Who turn'd my footsteps from the crowded ways, Appointing me my better course to run In solitude, with studious l, sure bless'd, The mind unfetter'd, and the heart at rest.

7. For therefore have my days been days of joy, And all my paths are paths of pleasantness: And still my heart, as when I was a boy, Doth never know an ebb of cheerfulness; Time, which matures the intellectual part, Hath tinged my hairs with gray, but left untouch'd my heart.

8. Sometimes I soar where Fancy guides the rein, Beyond this visible diurnal sphere; But most, with long and self-approving pain, Patient pursue the historian's task severe; Thus in the ages which are past I live, And those which are to come my sure reward will give.

9. Yea, in this new, while Malice frets her hour, Is foretaste given me of that meed divine; Here, undisturb'd in this sequester'd bower, The friendship of the good and wise is mine; And that green wreath which decks the Bard when dead, That laureate garland, crowns my living head.

10. That wreath which, in Eliza's golden days, My Master dear, divinest Spenser, wore, That which rewarded Drayton's learned lays, Which thoughtful Ben and gentle Daniel bore, Grin, Env'y, through thy ragged mask of scorn! In honor it was given, with honor it is worn!

11. Proudly I offer'd to the royal ear My song of joy when War's dread work was done, And glorious Britain round her satiate spear The olive garland twined, by Victory won; Exulting as became me in such cause, I offer'd to the Prince his People's just applause.

12. And when, as if the tales of old Romance Were but to typify his splendid reign, Princes and Potentates from conquer'd France, And chiefs in arms approved, a peerless train, Assembled at his Court,—my duteous lays Preferr'd a welcome of enduring praise.

13. And when that last and most momentous hour Beheld the re-risen cause of evil yield To the Red Cross and England's arm of power, I sung of Waterloo's unequall'd field, Paying the tribute of a soul imbued With deepest joy devout and awful gratitude.

14. Such strains beseech'd me well. But how shall I To hymneal numbers tune the string, Who to the trumpet's martial symphony, And to the mountain gales am wont to sing? How may these uncustom'd accents suit To the sweet dulcimer and courtly lute?

15. Fitter for me the lofty strain severe, That calls for vengeance for mankind oppress'd; Fitter the songs that youth may love to hear, Which warm and elevate the throbbing breast; Fitter for me with need of solemn verse, In reverence, to adorn the hero's hearse.

16. But then my Master dear arose to mind, He on whose song, while yet I was a boy, My spirit fed, attracted to its kind, And still insatiate of the growing joy;— He on whose tomb these eyes were wont to dwell, With inward yearnings which I may not tell;—

17. He whose green bays shall bloom forever young, And whose dear name whenever I repeat, Reverence and love are trembling on my tongue; Sweet Spenser, sweetest Bard; yet not more sweet Than pure was he, and not more pure than wise, High Priest of all the Muses' mysteries.

18. I call'd to mind that mighty Master's song, When he brought home his beautifulst bride, And Mulla murmur'd her sweet undersong, And Mole with all his mountain woods replied Never to mortal lips a strain was given More rich with love, more redolent of Heaven.
20.
His cup of joy was mantling to the brim,
Yet solemn thoughts enhanced his deep delight;
A holy feeling fill'd his marriage-hymn,
And Love aspired with Faith a heavenward flight.
And hast not thou, my Soul, a solemn theme?
I said, and mused until I fell into a dream.

THE DREAM.
1.
Methought I heard a stir of hasty feet,
   And horses tramp'd and coaches roll'd along,
And there were busy voices in the street,
   As if a multitude were hurrying on;
A stir it was which only could befall
Upon some great and solemn festival.

2.
Such crowds I saw, and in such glad array,
   It seem'd some general joy had fill'd the land;
Age had a sunshine on its cheek that day,
   And children, tottering by the mother's hand,
Too young to ask why all this joy should be,
Partook it, and rejoiced for sympathy.

3.
The shops, that no dull care might intervene,
   Were closed; the doors within were lined with heads;
Glad faces were at every window seen,
   And from the cluster'd house-tops and the leads,
Others, who took their stand in patient row,
Look'd down upon the crowds that swarm'd below.

4.
And every one of all that numerous throng
   On head or breast a marriage symbol wore;
The war-horse proudly, as he paced along,
   Those joyous colors in his forelock wore,
And arch'd his stately neck as for delight,
To show his mane thus pompously bedight.

5.
From every church the merry bells rung round
   With gladdening harmony heard far and wide;
In many a mingled peal of swelling sound,
   The ringing music came on every side;
And banners from the steeples waved on high,
And streamers flutter'd in the sun and sky.

6.
Anon the cannon's voice in thunder spoke;
   Westward it came; the East returned the sound;
Burst after burst the innoxious thunders brake,
   And roll'd from side to side with quick rebound.
O happy land, where that terrible voice
Speaks but to bid all habitants rejoice!

7.
Thereat the crowd rush'd forward one and all,
   And I too in my dream was borne along.

Eftsoon, methought, I reach'd a festal hall,
   Where guards in order ranged repell'd the throng,
But I had entrance through that guarded door,
In honor to the laureate crown I wore.

8.
That spacious hall was hung with trophies round,
   Memorials proud of many a well-won day:
The flag of France there trail'd toward the ground;
   There in captivity her Eagles lay,
And under each, in eye-enduring gold,
One well-known word its fatal story told.

9.
There read I Nile, conspicuous from afar;
   Those Marmont left in that illustrious fight
By Salamanca, when too soon the sun
   Went down, and darkness hid the Frenchman's flight.
These from Vittoria were in triumph borne,
When from the Intruder's head Spain's stolen crown was torn.

11.
These on Pyrene's awful heights were gain'd,
   The trophies of that memorable day,
When deep with blood her mountain springs were stain'd.
   Above the clouds and lightnings of that fray,
Wheeling afar the affrighted eagles fled;
At eve the wolves came forth and prey'd upon the dead.

12.
And blood-stain'd flags were here from Orthies borne,
   Trampled by France beneath her flying feet;
And what before Thoulouse from Soult were torn,
   When the stern Marshal met his last defeat,
Yielding once more to Britain's arm of might,
And Wellington in mercy spared his flight.

13.
There hung the Eagles which, with victory flush'd,
   From Fleurus and from Ligny proudly flew,
To see the Usurper's high-swollen fortune crush'd
   Forever on the field of Waterloo,—
Day of all days, surpassing in its fame
All fields of elder or of later name!

14.
There, too, the painter's universal art
   Each story told to all beholders' eyes;
And Sculpture there had done her fitting part,
   Bidding the forms perdurable arise
Of those great Chiefs who in the field of fight
Had best upheld their country's sacred right.
15. There stood our peerless Edward, gentle-souled,  
The Sable Prince, of chivalry the flower;  
And that Plantagenet of stern mien,  
He who the conquer'd crown of Gallia wore;  
And Blake, and Nelson, Glory's favorite son,  
And Marlborough there, and Wolfe, and Wellington.

16. But from the statues and the storied wall,  
The living scene withdrew my wondering sense;  
For with accordant pomp that gorgeous hall  
Was fill'd; and I beheld the opulency  
Of Britain's Court,—a proud assemblage there,  
Her Statesmen, and her Warriors, and her Fair.

17. Amid that Hall of Victory, side by side,  
Conspicuous o'er the splendid company,  
There sat a royal Bridegroom and his Bride;  
In her fair cheek, and in her bright blue eye,  
Her flaxen locks, and her benignant mien,  
The marks of Brunswick's Royal Line were seen.

18. Of princely lineage and of princely heart,  
The Bridegroom seem'd,—a man approved in  
Who in the great deliverance bore his part,  
And had pursued the recreant Tyrant's flight,  
When, driven from injured Germany, he fled,  
Bearing the curse of God and Man upon his head.

19. Guardant before his feet a Lion lay,  
The Saxon Lion, terrible of yore,  
Who, in his wither'd limbs and lean decay,  
The marks of long and cruel bondage bore;  
But broken now beside him lay the chain,  
Which gall'd and fretted late his neck and mane.

20. A Lion too was couch'd before the Bride;  
That noble Beast had never felt the chain;  
Strong were his sinewy limbs and smooth his hide,  
And o'er his shoulders broad the affluent mane  
Dishevell'd hung; beneath his feet were laid  
Torn flags of France, whereon his head he made.

21. Full different were those Lions twin in plight,  
Yet were they of one brood; and side by side  
Of old, the Gallic Tiger in his might  
They many a time had met, and quell'd his pride,  
And made the treacherous spoiler from their ire,  
Covering and crippled, to his den retire.

22. Two forms divine on either side the throne,  
Its heavenly guardians, male and female stood;  
His eye was bold, and on his brow there shone  
Contempt of all base things, and pride subdued  
To wisdom's will: a warrior's garb he wore,  
And Hexion was the name the Genius bore.

23. That other form was in a snow-white vest,  
As well her virgin loveliness became;  
Erect her port, and on her spotless breast  
A blood-red cross was hung: Faith was her name,  
As by that sacred emblem might be seen,  
And by her eagle eye, and by her dove-like mien.

24. Her likeness such to that robuster power,  
That sure his sister she might have been deem'd,  
Child of one womb at one auspicious hour.  
Akin they were, yet not as thus it seem'd;  
For he of Valor was the eldest son,  
From Arcté in happy union sprang.

25. But her to Phrenis Eusebeia bore,  
She whom her mother Dicé sent to earth;  
What marvel then if thus their features were  
Resemblant lineaments of kindred birth,  
Dicé being child of Him who rules above,  
Valor his earth-born son; so both derived from Jove.

26. While I stood gazing, suddenly the air  
Was fill'd with solemn music breathing round;  
And yet no mortal instruments were there,  
Nor seem'd that melody an earthly sound,  
So wondrously it came, so passing sweet,  
For some strange pageant sure a prelude meet.

27. In every breast methought there seem'd to be  
A hush of reverence mingled with dismay;  
For now appear'd a heavenly company  
Toward the royal seat who held their way;  
A Female Form majestic led them on,—  
With awful port she came, and stood before the Throne.

28. Gentle her mien, and void of all offence;  
But if aught wrong'd her, she could strike such fear,  
As when Minerva, in her Sire's defence,  
Shook in Phlegraean fields her dreadful spear.  
Yet her benignant aspect told that ne'er  
Would she refuse to heed a suppliant's prayer.

29. The Trident of the Seas in her right hand,  
The sceptre which that Bride was born to wield,  
She bore, in symbol of her just command,  
And in her left display'd the Red-Cross shield.  
A plume of milk-white feathers overspread  
The laurel'd helm which graced her lofty head.

30. Daughter of Brunswick's fated line, she said,  
While joyful realms their gratulations pay,  
And ask for blessings on thy bridal bed,  
We, too, descend upon this happy day;—
Receive with willing ear what we impart,
And treasure up our counsels in thy heart!

31.

Long may it be ere thou art call’d to bear
The weight of empire in a day of woe!
Be it thy favor’d lot meantime to share
The joys which from domestic virtue flow,
And may the lessons which are now impress’d,
In years of leisure, sink into thy breast.

32.

Look to thy Sire, and in his steady way,
As in his Father’s he, learn thou to tread;
That thus, when comes the inevitable day,
No other change be felt than of the head
Which wears the crown; thy name will then be blest
Like theirs, when thou, too, shalt be call’d to rest.

33.

Love peace and cherish peace; but use it so
That War may find thee ready at all hours;
And ever when thou strik’st, let the blow
Be swift and sure: then put forth all the powers
Which God hath given thee to redress thy wrong,
And, powerful as thou art, the strife will not be long.

34.

Let not the sacred Trident from thy hand
Depart, nor lay the falchion from thy side!
Queen of the Seas, and mighty on the land,
Thy power shall then be dreaded far and wide:
And trusting still in God and in the Right,
Thou mayst again defy the World’s collected might.

35.

Thus as she ceased, a comely Sage came on,
His temples and capacious forehead spread
With locks of venerable eel, which shone
As when, in wintry morns, on Skiddaw’s head
The cloud, the sunshine, and the snow unite,
So silvery, so unsullied, and so white.

36.

Of Kronos and the Nymph Mnemosynè
He sprang, on either side a birth divine;
Thus to the Olympian Gods allied was he,
And brother to the sacred Sisters nine,
With whom he dwelt in interchange of love,
Each thus instructing each for evermore.

37.

They call’d him Praxis in the Olympian tongue; But here on earth Experience was his name.
Whatever things have pass’d to him were known,
And he could see the future ere it came;
Such foresight was his patient wisdom’s meed,—
Alas for those who his wise counsels will not heed!

38.

He bore a goodly volume, which he laid
Between that princely couple on the throne.

Lo, there my work for this great realm, he said,
My work, which with the kingdom’s growth has grown,
The rights, the usages, the laws wherein
Blessed above all nations she hath been.

39.

Such as the sacred trust to thee is given,
So unimpair’d transmit it to thy line:
Preserve it as the choicest gift of Heaven,
Alway to make the bliss of thee and thine:
The talisman of England’s strength is there,—
With reverence guard it, and with jealous care!

40.

The next who stood before that royal pair
Came gliding like a vision o’er the ground;
A glory went before him through the air,
Ambrosial odors floated all around,
His purple wings a heavenly lustre shed
A silvery halo round his head

41.

The Angel of the English Church was this,
With whose divinest presence there appear’d
A glorious train, inheritors of bliss,
Saints in the memory of the good revered,
Who, having render’d back their vital breath
To Him from whom it came, were perfected by Death.

42.

Edward the spotless Tudor, there I knew,
In whose pure breast, with pious nurture fed,
All generous hopes and gentle virtues grew;
A heavenly diadem adorn’d his head,—
Most blessed Prince, whose saintly name might move
The understanding heart to tears of reverent love.

43.

Less radiant than King Edward, Cranmer came,
But purged from persecution’s sable spot;
For he had given his body to the flame,
And now in that right hand, which, flinching not,
He proffer’d to the fire’s stoning doom,
Bore he the unfading palm of martyrdom.

44.

There too came Latimer, in worth allied,
Who, to the stake when brought by Romish rage,
As if with prison weeds he cast aside
The infirmity of flesh and weight of age,
Bow-bent till then with weakness, in his shroud
Stood up erect and firm before the admiring crowd.

45.

With these, partakers in beatitude,
Bearing like them the palm, their emblem meet,
The Noble Army came, who had subdued
All frailty, putting death beneath their feet:
Their robes were like the mountain snow, and bright
As though they had been dipp’d in the fountain springs of light.
46. For these were they who valiantly endured
    The fierce extremity of mortal pain,
By no weak tenderness to life allured,
The victims of that hateful Henry's reign,
And of the bloody Queen, beneath whose sway
Rome lit her fires, and Fiends kept holyday.

47. O pardon me, thrice holy Spirits dear,
    That hastily I now must pass ye by!
No want of duteous reverence is there here;
None better knows nor deeper feels than I
What to your sufferings and your faith we owe,
Ye valiant champions for the truth below!

48. Hereafter, haly, with maturer care,
    (So Heaven permit,) that reverence shall be shown.
Now of my vision I must needs declare,
And how the Angel stood before the throne,
And, fixing on that Princess, as he spake,
His eye benign, the awful silence brake.

49. Thus said the Angel — Thou to whom one day
    There shall in earthy guardianship be given
The English Church, preserve it from decay!
Ere now for that most sacred charge hath Heaven
In perilous times provided female means,
Blessing it beneath the rule of pious Queens.

50. Bear thou that great Eliza in thy mind,
    Who from a wreck this fabric edifi'd;
And Her who, to a nation's voice resign'd,
When Rome in hope its wildest engines plied,
By her own heart and righteous Heaven approved,
Stood up against the Father whom she loved.

51. Laying all mean regards aside, fill Thou
    Her seats with wisdom and with learned worth;
That so, whene'er attack'd, with fearless brow
Her champions may defend her rights on earth;
Link'd is her welfare closely with thine own;
One fate attends the Altar and the Throne!

52. Think not that lapse of ages shall abate
    The inveterate malice of that Harlot old;
Fallen though thou deem'st her from her high estate,
She proffers still the envenom'd cup of gold,
And her fierce Beast, whose names are Blasphemy,
The same that was, is still, and still must be.

53. The stern Sectarian in unnatural league
    Joins her to war against their hated foe;
Error and Faction aid the bold intrigue,
And the dark Atheist seeks her overthrow,
While giant Zeal in arms against her stands,
Barks with a hundred mouths, and lifts a hundred hands.

54. Built on a rock, the fabric may repel
    Their utmost rage, if all within be sound;
But if within the gates Indulgence dwell,
Woe to her then! there needs no outward wound!
Through her whole frame benumb'd, a lethal sleep,
Like the cold poison of the asp, will creep.

55. In thee, as in a cresset set on high,
    The light of piety should shine far seen,
A guiding beacon fix'd for every eye:
Thus from the influence of an honor'd Queen,
As from its spring, should public good proceed,—
The peace of Heaven will be thy proper meed.

56. So should return that happy state of yore,
    When piety and joy went hand in hand;
The love which to his flock the shepherd bore,
The old observances which 's e r d the land,
The household prayers which, honoring God's high name,
Kept the lamp trimm'd and fed the sacred flame.

57. Thus having spoke, away the Angel pass'd
    With all his train, dissolving from the sight:
A transitory shadow overcast
The sudden void they left; all meancer light
Seeming like darkness to the eye which lost
The full effulgence of that heavenly host.

58. Eftsoon, in reappearing light confess'd,
    There stood another Minister of bliss,
With his own radiance clothed as with a vest.
One of the angelic company was this,
Who, guardians of the rising human race,
Alway in Heaven behold the Father's face.

59. Somewhat he fix'd upon the royal Bride
    A contemplative eye of thoughtful grief;
The trouble of that look benign implied
A sense of wrongs for which he sought relief,
And that Earth's evils which go unredress'd
May waken sorrow in an Angel's breast.

60. I plead for babes and sucklings, he began,
    Those who are now, and who are yet to be;
I plead for all the surest hopes of man,
The vital welfare of humanity:
Oh! let not bestial Ignorance maintain
Longer within the land her brutalizing reign.

61. O Lady, if some new-born babe should bless,
    In answer to a nation's prayers, thy love,
When thou, beholding it in tenderness,
The deepest, holiest joy of earth shalt prove,
In that the likeness of all infants see,
And call to mind that hour what now thou hear'st
from me.
Then seeing infant man, that Lord of Earth,
Most weak and helpless of all breathing things,
Remember that as Nature makes at birth
No different law for Peasants or for Kings,
And at the end no difference may befall,
The "short parenthesis of life" is all

But in that space, how wide may be their doom
Of honor or dishonor, good or ill!
From Nature's hand like plastic clay they come,
To take from circumstance their wise or weak;
And as the form and pressure may be given,
They wither upon earth, or ripen there for Heaven.

Is it then fitting that one soul should pine
For lack of culture in this favor'd land?
That spirits of capacity divine
Perish, like seeds upon the desert sand?
That needful knowledge in this age of light
Should not by birth be every Briton's right?

Little can private zeal effect alone;
The State must this state-malady redress;
For as, of all the ways of life, but one
The path of duty — leads to happiness,
So in their duty States must find at length
Their welfare, and their safety, and their strength.

This the first duty, carefully to train
The children in the way that they should go;
Then of the family of guilt and pain
How large a part were banish'd from below!
How would the people love with surest cause
Their country, and revere her venerable laws!

Is there, alas! within the human soul
An inbred taint disposing it for ill?
More need that early culture should control
And discipline by love the plant will!
The heart of man is rich in all good seeds;
Neglected, it is choked with tares and noxious weeds.

He ceased, and sudden from some unseen throng
A choral peal arose and shook the hall;
As when ten thousand children with their song
Fill the resounding temple of St. Paul;
Scarce can the heart their powerful tones sustain;
"Save, or we perish!" was the thrilling strain.

"Save, or we perish!" thrice the strain was sung
By unseen Souls innumerable hovering round;
And whilst the hall with their deep chorus rung,
The inmost heart was shaken with the sound;
I felt the refluent blood forsake my face,
And my knees trembled in that awful place.

Anon two female forms before our view
Came side by side, a beauteous complement;
The first a virgin clad in skyey blue;
Upward to Heaven her steadfast eyes were bent,
Her countenance an anxious meaning bore,
Yet such as might have made her loved the more.

This was that maiden, "sober, chaste, and wise,"
Who bringeth to all hearts their best delight:
"Though spoused, yet wanting wedlock's solemnize;"
"Daughter of Celia, and Speranza bright,
I knew her well as one whose portraiture
In my dear Master's verse forever will endure.

Her sister, too, the same divinest page
Taught me to know for that Charissa fair
"Of godly grace and comely personage,
Of wondrous beauty and of bounty rare,
Full of great love," in whose most gentle mien
The charms of perfect womanhood were seen.

This lovely pair unroll'd before the throne
"Earth's melancholy map," whereon to sight
Two broad divisions at a glance were shown,—
The empires these of Darkness and of Light.
Well might the thoughtful bosom sigh to mark
How wide a portion of the map was dark.

Behold, Charissa cried, how large a space
Of Earth lies unredeem'd! Oh, grief to think
That countless myriads of immortal race,
In error born, in ignorance must sink,
Train'd up in customs which corrupt the heart,
And following miserably the evil part!

Regard the expanded Orient, from the shores
Of scorch'd Arabia and the Persian sea,
To where the inhospitable Ocean roars
Against the rocks of frozen Tartary;
Look next at those Australian isles, which lie
Thick as the stars that stud the wintry sky;—

Then let thy mind contemplative survey
That spacious region, where, in elder time,
Earth's unremember'd conquerors held the sway;
And Science, trusting in her skill sublime,
With lore abstirce the sculptured walls o'erspread,
Its import now forgotten with the dead.

From Nile and Congo's undiscover'd springs
To the four seas which gird the unhappy land,
Behold it left a prey to barbarous Kings,
The Robber, or the Trader's ruthless hand:
Sinning and suffering, every where unbless'd,
Behold her wretched sons, oppressing and oppress'd."
The Lay of the Laureate.

To England is the Eastern empire given,
And hers the sceptre of the circling main;
Shall she not then diffuse the word of Heaven
Through all the regions of her trusted reign,—
Wage against evil things the hallow’d strife,
And sow with liberal hand the seeds of life!

By strenuous efforts in a rightful cause,
Gloriously hath she surpass’d her ancient fame,
And won in arms the astonish’d World’s applause.
Yet may she win in peace a nobler name,
And Nations, which now lie in error blind,
Hail her the Friend and Teacher of Mankind!

Oh! what a part were that, Speranza then
Exclaim’d, to act upon Earth’s ample stage!
Oh! what a name among the sons of men
To leave, which should endure from age to age!
And what a strength that ministry of good
Should find in love and human gratitude!

Speed thou the work, Redeemer of the World!
That the long miseries of mankind may cease!
Where’er the Red Cross banner is unfurl’d
There let it carry truth, and light, and peace!
Did not the Angels who announced thy birth
Proclaim it with the sound of Peace on Earth?

Bless thou this happy Island, that the stream
Of blessing far and wide from hence may flow!
Bless it that thus thy saving Mercy’s beam
Reflected hence may shine on all below!
Thy kingdom come! thy will be done, O Lord!
And be thy Holy Name through all the world adored!

Thus as Speranza cried, she clasp’d her hands,
And heavenward lifted them in ardent prayer.
Lo! at the act the vaulted roof expands,—
Heaven opens, — and in empyreal air
Pouring its splendors through the inferior sky
More bright than noon-day suns the Cross appears on high.

A strain of heavenly harmony ensued,
Such as but once to mortal ears was known,—
The voice of that Angelic Multitude,
Who, in their Orders, stand around the Throne;
Peace upon Earth, Good Will to Men! they sung,
And Heaven and Earth with that prophetic anthem rung.

In holy fear I fell upon the ground,
And hid my face, unable to endure
The glory, or sustain the piercing sound;
In fear and yet in trembling joy, for sure
My soul that hour yearns’d strongly to be free,
That it might spread its wings in immortality.

Gone was the glory when I raised my head;
But in the air appear’d a form half seen,
Below with shadows dimly garmented,
And indistinct and dreadful was his mien:
Yet, when I gazed intentlier, I could trace
Divinest beauty in that awful face.

Hear me, O Princess! said the shadowy form,
As, in administering this mighty land,
Thou with thy best endeavor shalt perform
The will of Heaven, so shall my faithful hand
Thy great and endless recompense supply; —
My name is DEATH: the last, best friend
am I!

EPILOGUE.

1.
Is this the Nuptial Song? with brow severe
Perchance the votaries of the world will say:
Are these fit strains for Royal ears to hear?
What man is he who thus assorts his lay,
And dares pronounce with inauspicious breath,
In Hymeneal verse, the name of Death?

2.
Remote from cheerful intercourse of men,
Hath he indulged his melancholy mood,
And, like the hermit in some sullen den,
Fed his distemper’d mind in solitude?
Or have fanatic dreams distraught his sense,
That thus he should presume with bold irreverence?

3.
O Royal Lady, ill they judge the heart
That reverently approaches thee to-day,
And anxious to perform its fitting part,
Prefers the tribute of this devout lay!
Not with displeasure should his song be read
Who prays for Heaven’s best blessings on thy head.

4.
He prays that many a year may pass away
Ere the State call thee from a life of love:
Vex’d by no public cares, that day by day
Thy heart the dear domestic joys may prove,
And gracious Heaven thy chosen nuptials bless
With all a Wife’s and all a Mother’s happiness.

5.
He prays that, for thine own and England’s sake,
The Virtues and the Household Charities
Their favor’d seat beside thy hearth may take;
That when the Nation thither turn their eyes,
There the conspicuous model they may find
Of all which makes the bliss of human-kind.

6.
He prays that, when the sceptre to thy hand
In due succession shall descend at length,
Prosperity and Peace may bless the Land,
Truth be thy counsellor, and Heaven thy strength;
That every tongue thy praises may proclaim,
And every heart in secret bless thy name.

7.
He prays that thou mayst strenuously maintain
The wise laws handed down from sire to son;
He prays that, under thy auspicious reign,
All may be added, which is left undone,
To make the realm, its polity complete,
In all things happy, as in all things great; —

8.
That, through the will of thy enlighten'd mind,
Brute man may be to social life reclaim'd;
That, in compassion for forlorn mankind,
The saving Faith may widely be proclaim'd
Through erring lands, beneath thy fostering care; —
This is his ardent hope, his loyal prayer.

9.
In every cottage may thy power be blest
For blessings which should every where abound;
Thy will, beneficent, from East to West,
May bring forth good where'er the sun goes round,
And thus, through future times, should Charles
Surpass our great Elizabeth's golden name.

10.
Of awful subjects have I dared to sing;
Yet surely are they such, as, view'd aright,
Contentment to thy better mind may bring;
A strain which haply may thy heart invite
To ponder well how to thy choice is given
A glorious name on Earth, a high reward in Heaven.

11.
Light strains, though cheerful as the hues of spring,
Would wither like a wreath of vernal flowers;
The amaranthine garland which I bring
Shall keep its verdure through all after-hours; —
Yea, while the Poet's name is doom'd to live,
So long this garland shall its fragrance give.

12.
"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown :"
Thus said the Bard who spake of kingly cares;
But calmly may the Sovereign then lie down
When grateful Nations guard him with their prayers

How sweet a sleep awaits the Royal head
When these keep watch and ward around the bed

L'ENVOY.
Go, little Book; from this my solitude,
I cast thee on the waters: — go thy ways!
And if, as I believe, thy voice be good,
The World will find thee, after many days.
Be it with thee according to thy worth: —
Go, little Book! in faith I send thee forth

NOTES.

The "short parenthesis of life" is all. — 62, p. 783.
I have borrowed this striking expression from Storer.
All as my chrysan, so my winding sheet;
None joy'd my birth, none mourn'd my death to see;
The short parenthesis of life was sweet,
But short! — what was before, unknown to me,
And what must follow is the Lord's decree.

Storer's Life and Death of Wolsey.
Let me insert here a beautiful passage from this forgotten poet, whose work has been retrieved from oblivion in the Heliconia.
Wolsey is speaking.

More fit the dirge of a mournful quire
In dull and notes all sorrow to exceed,
For him in whom the Prince's love is dead.

I am the tomb where that affection lies,
That was the closet where it living kept:
Yet wise men say affection never dies; —
No, but it turns, and when it long hath slept,
Looks heavy, like the eye that long hath wept.
O could it die, — that were a restful state!
But living, it converts to deadly hate.


IV.
Dame Celia men did her call, as thought
From Heaven to come, or thither to arise,
The mother of three daughters well up-brought
In goodly thews or godly exercise:
The eldest two, most sober, chaste and wise,
Fidelia and Speranza virgins were,
Though spoused yet wanting wedlock's solemnize;
But fair Charissa to a lovely fire
Was linked, and by him had many pledges dear.

Faery Queene, Book I. c. 10.

I know her well as one whose portraiture
In my dear Master's verse forever will endure. — 71, p. 782.

XII.
Thus as they gan of sundry things devise,
Lo! two most godly virgins came in place,
Winkled arm in arm in lovely wise,
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They numbered equal steps and even pace;
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beams threw from her chrysal face,

99
Funeral Song,

For the Princess Charlotte of Wales.

Is its summer pride array'd,
Low our Tree of Hope is laid!
Low it lies:—in evil hour,
Visiting the bridal bower,
Death hath level'd root and flower.
Windsor, in thy sacred shade,
(This the end of pomp and power!)
Have the riles 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 immitigable doom
Summon'd to the untimely tomb?
Late with youth and splendor crown'd,
Late in beauty'sernal bloom,
Late with love and joyance 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 fix'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 dethroner 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 Air's unhappy water,
Where the ruthless Clifford fell;
And when Wharfe ran red with slaughter,
On the day of Towton's field,
Gathering, in its guilty flood,
The carnage and the ill-spilt blood
That forty thousand lives could yield.
Cressy was to this but sport,
Poitiers but a pageant vain;
And the victory of Spain
Seem'd a strife for pastime mean.
And the work of Agincourt
Only like a tournament;
Half the blood which there was spent,
Had sufficed again to gain
Anjou and ill-yielded Maine,
Normandy and Aquitaine,
And Our Lady's Ancient towers,
Maugre all the Valois' powers,
Had a second 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 throne.
Fatal daughter, fatal mother,
Raised to that ill-omen'd station,
Father, uncle, sons, and brother,
Mourn'd in blood her elevation!
Woodville, in the realms of bliss,
To thine offspring thou mayst say,
Early death is happiness;
And favor'd in their lot are they
Who are not left to learn below
That length of life is length of woe.
Lightly let this ground be press'd;
A broken heart is here at rest.

But thou, Seymour, with a greeting
Such as sisters use at meeting,
Joy, and sympathy, and love,
Wilt hail her in the seats above.
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 ashes of that fiery heart.
Not with his tyrannic spirit,
Shall our Charlotte's soul inherit;
No, by Fisher's 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 secret, 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,
What fresh yearnings will ye feel,
When this earthly guest appears!
Us she leaves in grief and tears;
But to you will she reveal
Tidings of old England's weal;
Of a righteous war pursued,
Long, through evil and through good,
With unshaken fortitude;
Of peace, in battle twice achieved;
Of her fiercest foe subdued,
And Europe from the yoke releiv'd,
Upon that Brabantine plain!
Such the proud, the virtuous story,
Such the great, the endless glory
Of her father's splendid reign!
He who wore the sable mail
Might, at this splendid tale,
Wish himself on earth again.

One who reverently, for thee,
Raised the strain of bridal verse,
Flower of Brunswick! mournfully
Lays a garland on thy hearse.
A Vision of Judgment.

TO THE KING.

Sir,

Only to Your Majesty can the present publication with propriety be addressed. As a tribute to the sacred memory of our late revered Sovereign, it is my duty to present it to Your Majesty’s notice; and to whom could an experiment, which, perhaps, may be considered hereafter as of some importance in English Poetry, be so fitly inscribed, as to the Royal and munificent Patron of science, art, and literature?

We owe much to the House of Brunswick; but to none of that illustrious House more than to Your Majesty, under whose government the military renown of Great Britain has been carried to the highest point of glory. From that pure glory there has been nothing to detract; the success was not more splendid than the cause was good; and the event was desired by the generosity, the justice, the wisdom, and the magnanimity of the counsels which prepared it. The same perfect integrity has been manifested in the whole administration of public affairs. More has been done than was ever before attempted, for mitigating the evils incident to our stage of society; for imbuing the rising race with those sound principles of religion on which the welfare of states has its only secure foundation; and for opening new regions to the redundant enterprise and industry of the people. Under Your Majesty’s government, the Metropolis is rivalling in beauty those cities which it has long surpassed in greatness: sciences, arts, and letters are flourishing beyond all former example; and the last triumph of nautical discovery and of the British flag, which had so often been essayed in vain, has been accomplished. The brightest portion of British history will be that which records the improvements, the works, and the achievements of the Georgian Age.

That Your Majesty may long continue to reign over a free and prosperous people, and that the blessings of the happiest form of government which has ever been raised by human wisdom under the favor of Divine Providence, may, under Your Majesty’s protection, be transmitted unimpaired to posterity, is the prayer of

YOUR MAJESTY’S

Most dutiful Subject and Servant,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

PREFACE

TO

THE PRESENT EDITION

OF

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

Soon after the publication of this poem, the Reverend S. Tillbrook, B. D., at that time Fellow of Peterhouse, and an old acquaintance of mine, published a pamphlet entitled,

"HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS

UPON

THE MODERN HEXAMETERS,

AND UPON

MR. SOUTHEY’S VISION OF JUDGMENT.

'The Hexameter Verse I grant to be a gentleman of an ancient house, (so is many an English beggar;) yet this clime of ours he cannot thrive in; our speech is too creaky for him to set his plough in; he goes twitching and hopping, like a man running upon quagmires, up the hill in one syllable, and down the dale in another, retaining no part of that strictly smooth gait which he vaunts himself with among the Greeks and Latins."—THOMAS NAISH.

CAMBRIDGE.
1822.

The following extracts comprise the most important of Mr. Tillbrook’s animadversions:

"The Laureate says that ‘if it be difficult to reconcile the public to a new tune in verse, it is plainly impossible to reconcile them to a new pronunciation.’ But why not attempt to teach this tune on new principles? why leave the public without a guide to the accents and divisions of the Georgian hexameter? This should have been done either by—borrowing from the Latin rules—adopting those of the early prosodians—or by inventing a new metronome. It is difficult to recommend, much more to establish, any theoretical attempt upon individual authority, because practical experience is the best and ultimate test of success. After repeated trials, the enterprise in question has uniformly failed, and experience has shown that all modern imitations of the epic are unworthy of becoming denizens among our English metres. The system attempted by the Laureate is professedly an imitation of the ancient systems; but
every copy is good or bad as it resembles or differs from its original. In defence of his enterprise, Mr. Southey should not have contented himself with a bare exposition of the measures of his verse, but should have actually noted the casurias, accent the syllables, and divided the feet. In matters of rhythm and sound, the untried ear cannot always catch the precise meaning of the musician or poet, especially where an original air is turned into a variation; and this seems precisely the case between the modernized and original epic, the difference acknowledged by the Laureate being the variation alluded to.

"A table, exhibiting the varieties which Mr. S. has adopted, and their agreement or disagreement with the legitimate hexameter, should have been drawn out. Critical experience has long ago selected and established certain canons for the iambic, sapphic, alcaic, and other metres; and Greek or Latin verses constructed according to these laws invariably excel both in rhythm and melody.—There are in the Vision of Judgment parts which may charm and delight, but they do so from no metrical effect. The reader (notwithstanding the Laureate's caution) soon finds himself in a tangled path, and gets bewildered for want of those guides which lead him smoothly through the Siege of Troy. But if he travel far with the Muse of modern epic, he will have little running, frequent halts, some stumbling and jostling, and now and then find the good lady gaping, or sitting cross-legged in the midst of a barbarous rabble of monosyllabic particles.

"But it will be easier to show the comparative and probable sources of excellence or failure in the composition of the modern hexameter, by an analysis of the Greek and Latin languages, compared as to their literal and syllabic relations. To effect this, four separate tables have been drawn, containing the component parts and totals of eight verses of hexametrical dimensions, taken severally from the Iliad, Aeneid, Vision of Judgment, and from a poem by Schiller. The divisions are calculated to show the totals of words, syllables, consonants, vowels, diphthongs, letters, and variety of final syllables. It will be seen from this tabular exposition that the Greek and Latin are nearly analogous, except that the balance of polysyllables inclines to the former. The diphthongs are more and the consonants /c/nt, and the total of letters and words is less with the Greek. The conclusion therefore is, that the euphony, and syllabic power of speech, must likewise be on the side of the Greeks.

"In the English scale, the number of monosyllables is /fes/ times as great as in either of the two ancient languages, and more than twice as great as in the German. The English consonants are very nearly double those of the Greek or Latin, and the total number of words bears nearly the same ratio both to the Greek and Latin, viz. /tw/ to one. By necessity of grammar, a large proportion of these words consists of monosyllables and explications. Neither the consonants in the German, nor the total of letters, is so numerous as in the English, and the same relation holds between the final varieties of these two languages.

"It has been before remarked that the Teston hexameter may be rendered somewhat superior to the English. This superiority is in a great measure to be attributed to the smaller aggregate of consonants and monosyllables which distinguish the German vocabulary. But the unprejudiced reader will draw what inferences he pleases from the comparative powers of each language, and regulate his decision according to the apparent truth or falsehood of the whole of the argument and evidence.

"Excludat jargia Finis.'

"In taking leave of this question, the Writer again assures Mr. Southey of his high regard both for the private and literary life of the Laureate of the present age. The pen which has traced these Remarks, if it be not that of a ready writer, would fain be considered as that of a humble critic, actuated by no other motives than those of friendly discussions, and a desire to preserve the Epic Muse of Greece and Latium free from the barbarities of modern imitation.

"It is against the metre—the metrical association and arrangement—against the innovation, not the innovator, that the writer protests; the merits or demerits therefore of the Vision of Judgment, as a poem, he leaves to able reviewers and to posterity. It will be read and admired by a few persons, just as the attempts of other Hexametrists have been. The experiments of Trissino, Sydney, and Spenser, produced a short-lived sensation, which perished with the sympathetic caprice of the times. The reputation of Mr. Southey may, even in the Georgan age, produce a parallel effect; but, independent of the probable causes of the failure already stated, the poem itself, being an occasional one, is on that account, also, more liable to forgetfulness.

"Via trita, via tuta, is therefore as good a password for the aspirant who would climb Parnassus, as for the humble pilgrim who plods along the beaten path of Prose. There is no necessity, indeed no apology, for attempting to revive those misspelled forms of Poetry, —those 'immundula poenula,' which have long ago been laid to rest, shrouded in cobwebs and buried in the dust. Ennions may be pardoned his imaginary metempsychosis, his Suania Pythagorica, and assumption of the title 'Alter Homerus,' but the world would be both now-a-days to allow the same privileges to an English poet.

"Had there been any good chance of imitating the classic hexameter, surely he (who by distinction among our Poets was called 'divine') must have succeeded in the enterprise. Spenser, however, relinquished the hopeless task; and it is to be regretted that his example, in this respect at least, has not acted preventively upon his worthy successor.
"In the farrago of metrical trash which has been extracted from the modern hexametrists of different countries, what is there worthy of example or reminiscence, either in the subjects or execution of their performances? Human nature is indeed so fickle in her intellectual operations, that the most absurd and impracticable speculations have ever found partisans ready to advocate their truth, and embark in the execution of them. But the career of such preposterous enterprises can neither be prosperous nor long. To wage war against the opinions of the wise and experienced, is to challenge the fate of poor Dick Tinto, who after all his ill-spent time and labor, found himself patronized by one or two of those judicious persons who make a virtue of being singular, and of pitching their own opinions against those of the world in matters of taste and criticism. Ever since the Republic of Letters was established, innovators of one kind or other have endeavored to supplant the stereo writers, not only of Greece and Rome, but of every civilized country. But when ingenuity or imitation can be foisted upon true scholarship, as the representative of original genius, the taste of the public must either be sadly perverted to relish what is bad, or be already satiated with that which is good.

There can now be little, or rather no honor conferred upon our own legitimate Muse, by an attempt to naturalize a bastard race of metre, which has been banished from the most enlightened countries of Europe. Within the last two centuries, literature, arms, and commerce have extended our vernacular tongue over a vast portion of the globe, and it is spreading still further. On this, if on no other account, it behoves the guardians of our native quarry to see that it maintains its proper excellence, and to recommend, as worthy of imitation, only such standard works of art or science, as may have received the repeated sanction of the scholar and critic. The arts are naturally imitative; they will, however, sometimes, from mistaken judgment or self-confidence, undertake to copy that which is inimitable. We cannot, under any coloring or disguise, mistake the Muse of modern hexameter for the original Calliope of Homer or Virgil.

In the preface to the Vision of Judgment, Mr. Southey assures us that a desire to realize one of the hopes of his youth was one among the leading causes of his enterprise: to this motive there have been superadded the conscientious discharge of an official duty, and the public expression of his loyalty and attachment to the reigning sovereign. With these, or such like considerations, the imaginary apotheosis of our late revered monarch seems to have cooperated in the plan and execution of a poem, which cannot fail of giving offence to many serious and well-meaning persons. To dive into the mysteries of heaven, and to pronounce upon the eternal condition of departed kings or others, is unquestionably a bold, if not a presumptuous undertaking. But when this is carried on under the bias of political feelings, there is greater danger of its becoming erroneous, or degressing into what some might call impiety. It must, however, be remembered, that the 'Vision of Judgment' is neither more nor less than a poet's dream. Objections of a similar kind might apply to Dante or Milton, and to the subjects of their great labors, and in short to all scriptural themes. It would be difficult, perhaps, to determine in what manner the scenes of the Vision of Judgment could have been unobjectionably portrayed. But there is no reason why a gentleman and scholar, like Mr. Southey, (who cannot, any more than the rest of the world, be deemed infallible,) should be loaded with abuse which would have been hardly justifiable had he published a series of poems as licentious as many of recent notoriety. No wonder, therefore, that the offended pride of the Laureate turns in disgust from the counsel of such unworthy rivals. When the civilities of learning cease to be cherished, adulation will become nauseous, and criticism will lose half its usefulness. It is, however, to be hoped, that no dispassionate inquirer will be ranked, even by the Laureate, among the Dunces of the Georgian age. At all events, the Writer of the present remarks had rather accept an humble place among those whom King James has styled 'the doleful barnes of knowledge.' The Writer's stock in trade as a critic is poor and homely; a little recollection of the rules of prosody, accent, and rhythm, imprinted upon early memory by rod or ferula; an Etonian master and grammar—remnants of scanning and proving—an ordinary pair of ears, and lungs no better than those of other folks. These scanty materials have been exercised in the examination of the 'Vision of Judgment,' and conclusions very different from those of its author have been deduced. And when the reader has perused the following elegy by the Laureate upon the excellence of our blank verse, he will surely ask himself why that gentleman did not apply it in the composition of a poem, which, from the nature of its argument, embraced the terrible and sublime as well as the tender and pathetic.

'Take our blank verse for all in all, in all its gradations, from the elaborate rhythm of Milton, down to its loosest structure in the early dramatists, and I believe that there is no measure comparable to it, either in our own or any other language, for might, and majesty, and flexibility, and compass.' A host of authors might be brought in support of this panegyric upon English blank verse; but as it is against the modern hexametrists that the Writer has waged a somewhat long (though, as he trusts, a friendly) warfare, he will now draw his last shaft from the quiver of honest old Puttenham, and when he has shot it, will hang up his bow and shake hands with the Laureate.

Now, peradventure, with us Englishmen, it be somewhat too late to admit a new invention of feete and times, that our forefathers never used, nor ever observed till this day, either in their measures or in their pronunciation, and perchance will seem to us a presumptuous part to attempt; considering also it would be hard to find many men to like one man's choice, in the limitation of times and quantities of words, with which not one, but
After thanking Mr. Tillbrook for sending me his pamphlet, and for explaining what I should else have been sorry to notice, that it contained no intimation of the personal acquaintance and mutual goodwill which had so long subsisted between us, I addressed him the following cursory remarks in reply to his observations:

"The greater part of your Treatise is employed in very ably and pleasantly supplying the deficiencies of my Preface, in points wherein it was necessarily deficient, because I was out of reach of materials. The remarks which are directed against my own hexameters appear to me altogether ill founded. You try the measure by Greek and Latin prosody: you might as well try me by the Laws of Solon, or the Twelve Tables. I have distinctly stated that the English hexameter is not constructed upon those canons, but bears the same relation to the ancient, that our heroic line does to the iambic verse. I have explained the principle of adaptation which I had chosen, and by that principle the measure ought to be judged.

"You bring forward arguments which are derived from music. But it by no means follows that a principle which holds good in music, should therefore be applicable to metre. The arts of music and poetry are essentially distinct; and I have had opportunities of observing that very skilful musicians may be as utterly without ear for metre, as I am myself without ear for music. If these arguments were valid, they would apply to the German hexameter as well as to the English; but the measure is as firmly established among the Germans as blank verse is with us, and, having been sanctioned by the practice of their best poets, can never become obsolete so long as the works of Voss, and Goethe, and Schiller are remembered, that is, as long as the language lasts.

"Twice you have remarked upon the length of the verse as occasioning a difficulty in reading it aloud. Surely you have taken up this argument with little consideration, because it lay upon the surface. It is doubly fallacious: first, upon your own principle; for if the English verse is not isochronous with the Latin, it must be shorter; and, secondly, because the breath is regulated in reading by the length of the sentence, not by that of the verse.

"Why did you bring against my trochee in the fifth place an argument just as applicable to the spondaic verse, and which, indeed, is only saying that a versifier who writes without any regard to effect, may produce very bad verses? You might as well object to the Alexandrine that it admits of twelve monosyllables. And how is it that you, who know Garamara so well, should have made me answerable for a vowel dropped at the press?

"You have dealt fairly in not selecting single lines, which, taken singly, would be unfavorable specimens; but methinks you should have exhibited one extract of sufficient length to show the effect of the measure. I certainly think that any paragraph of the poem containing from ten lines upward would confute all the reasoning which you have advanced, or which any one could adduce against the experiment.

"But I have done. It is a question de gustibus, and therefore interminable. The proof of the pudding must be in the eating; and not all the reasoning in the world will ever persuade any one that the pudding which he dislikes is a good pudding, or that the pudding which pleases his palate and agrees with his stomach can be a bad one. I am glad that I have made the experiment, and quite satisfied with the result. The critics who write and who talk are with you; so, I dare say, are the whole posse of schoolmasters. The women, the young poets, and the docile bairns are with me.

"I thank you for speaking kindly and considerately concerning the subject of the Vision, and remain,

"My dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

"Robert Southey

"Keswick, 17th June, 1822."

ORIGINAL PREFACE.

1.

Having long been of opinion that an English metre might be constructed in imitation of the ancient hexameter, which would be perfectly consistent with the character of our language, and capable of great richness, variety, and strength, I have now made the experiment. It will have some disadvantages to contend with, both among learned and unlearned readers; among the former especially, because, though they may divest themselves of all prejudice against an innovation, which has generally been thought impracticable, and might even be disposed to regard the attempt favorably, nevertheless they will, from inveterate association, be continually reminded of rules which are inapplicable to our tongue; and looking for quantity where emphasis only ought to be expected, will perhaps less easily be reconciled to the measure, than those persons who consider it simply as it is. To the one class it is necessary that I should explain the nature of the verse; to the other, the principle of adaption which has been followed.

First, then, to the former, who, in glancing over these long lines, will perceive that they have none
of the customary characteristics of English versification, being neither marked by rhyme, nor by any certain number of syllables, nor by any regular recurrence of emphasis throughout the verse. Upon closer observation, they will find that (with a very few exceptions) there is a regular recurrence of emphasis in the last five syllables of every line, the first and the fourth of those syllables being accented, the others not. These five syllables form two of the feet by which the verse is measured, and which are called dactyls and trochees, the dactyl consisting of one long syllable and two short ones, as exemplified in the name of Wellington; the trochee, of one long and one short, as exemplified in the name of Nelson. Of such feet, there are six in every verse. The four first are disposed according to the judgment and convenience of the writer; that is, they may be all dactyls or all trochees, or any mixture of both in any arrangement; but the fifth is always a dactyl, and the sixth always a trochee, except in some rare instances, when, for the sake of variety, or of some particular effect, a trochee is admitted in the fifth place. One more remark will suffice for this preliminary explanation. These feet are not constituted each by a separate word, but are made up of one or more, or of parts of words, the end of one and the beginning of another, as may happen. A verse of the Psalms, originally pointed out by Harris of Salisbury, as a natural and perfect hexameter, will exemplify what has been said:—

Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?

This, I think, will make the general construction of the metre perfectly intelligible to persons who may be unacquainted with the rules of Latin versification; those, especially, who are still to be called gentle readers, in this uncouth age. But it is not necessary to understand the principle upon which the verse is constructed, in order to feel the harmony and power of a metrical composition;—if it were, how few would be capable of enjoying poetry! In the present ease, any one who reads a page of these hexameters aloud, with just that natural regard to emphasis which the sense of the passage indicates, and the usual pronunciation of the words requires, will perceive the rhythm, and find no more difficulty in giving it its proper effect, than in reading blank verse. This has often been tried, and with invariable success. If, indeed, it were not so, the fault would be in the composition, not in the measure.

The learned reader will have perceived, by what has already been said, that in forming this English measure in imitation, rather than upon the model of the ancient hexameter, the trochee has been substituted for the spondee, as by the Germans. This substitution is rendered necessary by the nature of our pronunciation, which is so rapid, that I believe the whole vocabulary of the language does not afford a single instance of a genuine native spondee. The spondee, of course, is not excluded from the verse; and where it occurs, the effect, in general, is good. This alteration was necessary; but it is not the only one which, upon mature consideration and fair trial, it has been deemed expedient to make. If every line were to begin with a long syllable, the measure would presently appear exotic and forced, as being directly opposite to the general character of all our dignified metres, and indeed to the genius of the English language. Therefore the license has been taken of using any foot of two or three syllables at the beginning of a line; and sometimes, though less frequently, in the second, third, or fourth place. The metre, thus constructed, bears the same analogy to the ancient hexameter that our ten-syllable or heroic line does to iambic verse; iambic it is called, and it is so in its general movement; but it admits of many other feet, and would, in fact, soon become insupportably monotonous without their frequent intermixture.

II.

Twenty years ago, when the rhythmical romance of Thalaba was sent from Portugal to the press, I requested, in the preface to that poem, that the author might not be supposed to prefer the rhythm in which it was written, abstractedly considered, to the regular blank verse, the noblest measure, in his judgment, of which our admirable language is capable: it was added, that the measure which was there used, bad, in that instance, been preferred, because it suited the character of the poem, being, as it were, the Arabesque ornament of an Arabian tale. Notwithstanding this explicit declaration, the duncery of that day attacked me as if I had considered the measure of Thalaba to be in itself essentially and absolutely better than blank verse. The duncery of this day may probably pursue the same course on the present occasion. With that body I wage no war, and enter into no explanations. But to the great majority of my readers, who will take up the book without malevolence, and, having a proper sense of honor in themselves, will believe the declarations of a writer whose veracity they have no reason to doubt, I will state what are the defects, and what the advantages, of the metre which is here submitted to their judgment, as they appear to me after this fair experiment of its powers.

It is not a legitimate inference, that because the hexameter has been successfully introduced in the German language, it can be naturalized as well in English. The English is not so well adapted for it, because it does not abound in like manner with polysyllabic words. The feet, therefore, must too frequently be made up of monosyllables, and of distinct words, whereby the verse is resolved and decomposed into its component feet, and the feet into their component syllables, instead of being composition in their own language, may perhaps doubt this, and suppose that such words as twilight and evening are spondaic; but they only appear so when they are pronounced singly, the last syllable then hanging upon the tongue, and dwelling on the ear, like the last stroke of the clock. Used in combination, they become pure trochees.
articulated and insculpted throughout, as in the German, still more in the Greek, and most in the Latin measure. This is certainly a great defect.\* From the same cause the accent generally coincides with a pause in the sentence; but, though this breaks the continuity of the verse, it ought, perhaps, rather to be considered as an advantage; for the measure, like blank verse, thus acquires a greater variety. It may possibly be objected, that the four first feet are not metrical enough in their effect, and the two last too much so. I do not feel the objection; but it has been advanced by one, whose opinion upon any question, and especially upon a question of poetry, would make me distrust my own, where it happened to be different. Lastly, the double-ending may be censured as double rhymes used to be; but that objection belongs to the dunciery.

On the other hand, the range of the verse being from thirteen syllables to seventeen, it derives from that range an advantage in the union of variety with regularity, which is peculiar to itself. The capability which is thus gained, may perhaps be better appreciated by a few readers from their own sense of power, than it is exemplified in this experiment.

I do not, however, present the English hexameter as something better than our established metres, but as something different, and which therefore, for that reason, may sometimes advantageously be used. Take our blank verse, for all in all, in all its gradations, from the elaborate rhythm of Milton, down to its loosest structure in the early dramatists, and I believe that there is no measure comparable to it, either in our own or in any other language, for might and majesty, and flexibility and compass. And this is affirmed, not as the predilection of a young writer, or the preference of one inexperienced in the difficulties of composition, but as an opinion formed and confirmed during the long and diligent study, and the long and laborious practice of the art. But I am satisfied also that the English hexameter is a legitimate and good measure, with which our literature ought to be enriched.

"I first adventure; follow me who list!"

III.

I am well aware that the public are peculiarly intolerant of such innovations; not less so than the populace used to be of any foreign fashion, whether of foppery or convenience. Would that this literary intolerance were under the influence of a saner judgment, and regarded the morals more than the manner of a composition; the spirit rather than the form! Would that it were directed against those monstrous combinations of horrors and mockery, lewdness and impiety, with which English poetry has, in our days, first been polluted! For more than half a century English literature had been distinguished by its moral purity, the effect, and, in its turn, the cause of an improvement in national manners. A father might, without apprehension of evil, have put into the hands of his children any book which issued from the press, if it did not bear, either in its title-page or frontispiece, manifest signs that it was intended as furniture for the brothel. There was no danger in any work which bore the name of a respectable publisher, or was to be procured at any respectable bookseller's. This was particularly the case with regard to our poetry. It is now no longer so; and woe to those by whom the offence cometh! The greater the talents of the offender, the greater is his guilt, and the more enduring will be his shame. Whether it be that the laws are in themselves unable to abate an evil of this magnitude, or whether it be that they are remissly administered, and with such injustice that the celebrity of an offender serves as a privilege whereby he obtains impunity, individuals are bound to consider that such pernicious works would neither be published nor written, if they were discouraged as they might, and ought to be, by public feeling; every person, therefore, who purchases such books, or admits them into his house, promotes the mischief, and thereby, as far as in him lies, becomes an aider and abetter of the crime.

The publication of a lascivious book is one of the worst offences that can be committed against the well-being of society. It is a sin, to the consequences of which no limits can be assigned, and those consequences no after-repentance in the writer can counteract. Whatever remorse of conscience he may feel when his hour comes (and come it must!) will be of no avail. The poignancy of a death-bed repentance cannot cancel one copy of the thousands which are sent abroad; and as long as it continues to be read, so long is he the pander of posterity, and so long is he heaping up guilt upon his soul in perpetual accumulation.

These remarks are not more severe than the offence deserves, even when applied to those immoral writers who have not been conscious of any evil intention in their writings, who would acknowledge a little levity, a little warmth of coloring, and so forth, in that sort of language with which men gloss over their favorite vices, and deceive themselves. What, then, should be said of those for whom the thoughtlessness and indecency of wanton youth can no longer be pleaded, but who have written in sober manhood and with deliberate purpose? — Men of diseased*
Preface to the Vision of Judgment.

Returning to the point from whence I digressed, I am aware not only that any meritorious innovation which meets the eye of the reader generally provokes his displeasure, but that there prevails a particular prejudice against the introduction of hexameters in our language. The experiment, it is alleged, was tried in the Elizabethan age, and failed, though made under the greatest possible advantages of favor, being encouraged by the great patron of literature, Sir Philip Sydney, (in letters, as well as in all other accomplishments and all virtues, the most illustrious ornament of that illustrious court,) and by the Queen herself.

That attempt failed, because it was made upon a scheme which inevitably prevented its success. No principle of adaption was tried. Sydney, and his followers wished to subject the English pronunciation to the rules of Latin prosody; but if it be difficult to reconcile the public to a new tune in verse, it is plainly impossible to reconcile them to a new pronunciation. There was the further obstacle of unusual and violent elisions; and moreover, the easy and natural order of our speech was distorted by the frequent use of forced inversions, which are utterly improper in an uninflected language. Even if the subjects for the experiment had been judiciously chosen, and well composed in all other respects, these errors must have been fatal; but Sydney, whose prose is so full of imagery and felicities, that he is one of our greatest poets in prose, and whose other poems contain beauties of a high order, seems to have lost all ear for rhythm, and all feeling of poetry, when he was engaged in metrical experiments.

What in Sydney's hands was unearthly and difficult was made ridiculous by Stanihurst, whose translation of the four first books of the Aeneid into hexameters is one of the most portentious compositions in any language. No satire could so effectually have exposed the measure to derision. The specimens which Abraham Francce produced were free from Stanihurst's eccentricities, and were much less awkward and constrained than Sydney's. But the mistaken principle upon which the metre was constructed was fatal, and would have proved so even if Francce had possessed greater powers of thought and of diction. The failure therefore was complete, and for some generations it seems

* For example:

Neither he bears reverence to a prince, nor pity to a beggar. That to my advancement their wisdoms have me abused. Well may a pastor plain; but alas! his plains he not esteem'd, oppress'd with rudest conceits by the help of an outcry Dispair most tragical clause to a deadly request. Hard like a rich marble; hard but a fair diamond.

† That the reader may not suppose I have depredated Sydney and his followers, by imputing to the faults of their execution a failure which the nature of the metre itself might explain, I have added a few fair samples at the end of the poem.

‡ A writer in the Censura Literaria (vol. iv. 388) has said, that hexameters were 'much in vogue, owing to the pernicious example of Spencer and Gabriel Harvey.' They were never in vogue. There is no reason to believe, that Spencer ever wrote an English hexameter. Gabriel Harvey's
to have prevented any thought of repeating the experiment.

Goldsmith, in later days, delivered "an opinion in its favor, observing, that all the feet of the ancient poetry are still found in the versification of living languages, and that it is impossible the same measure, composed of the same times, should have a good effect upon the ear in one language, and a bad effect in another. He had seen, he says, several late specimens of English hexameters and sapphies, so happily composed, that they were, in all respects, as melodious and agreeable to the ear as the works of Virgil and Horace. What these specimens were I have not discovered;—the sapphies may possibly have been those by Dr. Watts. Proofs of the practicability of the hexameter were given, about twenty years ago, by some translations from the Messiah of Klopopstock, which appeared in example only incurred ridicule; and as for Spenser, the only specimen which he is known to have produced is the following:

Trovata:—

See ye the blind-fancked pretie God, that feathered aneshe,
Of lovers miseries which maketh his bloodie game?
Wote ye why his mother with a veile hath covered his face?
Trust me, leaste he my love haply chance to behold.

With so little knowledge of, and so little regard to accuracy, are confident assertions sometimes made!

Gabriel Harvey was one of the great promoters of the attempt; and Spenser, who was his intimate friend, is believed to have sanctioned it by his opinion,—certainly not by his example. That great master of versification has left only one piece which is not written in rhyme. It was printed in Davison's Poetical Rhapsodie, and is inserted in Warton's Observations on the Faccy Queen, vol. ii. p. 245. The author has called it an Arabick Eligy, but neither by any rule of quantity, or violence of accentuation, can it be reduced to iambics.

* * *

It is generally supposed," says Goldsmith, "that the genius of the English language will not admit of Greek or Latin measure; but this, we apprehend, is a mistake derived to the prejudice of education. It is impossible that the same measure, composed of the same times, should have a good effect upon the ear in one language, and a bad effect in another. The truth is, we have been accustomed from our infancy to the numbers of English poetry, and the very sound and signification of the words disposed the ear to receive them in a certain manner; so that its disappointment must be attended with a disagreeable sensation. In imbibing the first rudiments of education, we acquire, as it were, another ear for the numbers of Greek and Latin poetry; and this being reserved entirely for the sounds and significations of the words that constitute those dead languages, will not easily accommodate itself to the sounds of our vernacular tongue, though conveyed in the same time and measure. In a word, Latin and Greek have annexed to them the ideas of the ancient measure from which they are not easily disjoined. But we will venture to say, this difficulty might be surmounted by an effort of attention and a little practice; and in that case we should in time be as well pleased with English, as with Latin hexameters."—Goldsmith's Essays, vol. ii. p. 265.

Mr. Park (Census Literaria, vol. iv. 225) mentions an attempt to revive what he calls "this obsolete whimsy by an anonymous writer in 1737, who translated the first and fourth Eclogues of Virgil, &c. into hexametrical verse, and prefixed a vindication of his attempt, with directions for the reader's pronunciation."

I venture to hope that this excellent English scholar will no longer think the scheme of writing English hexameters a mere whimsy. Glad indeed should I be, if my old acquaintance were to be as well pleased with the present attempt as I have been with some of his Morning Thoughts and Midnight Musings.
II.

THE VAULT.

So by the Unseen comforted, raised I my head in obedience, And in a vault I found myself placed, arch’d over on all sides. Narrow and low was that house of the dead. Around it were coffins, Each in its niche, and palms, and urns, and funeral hatchments; Velvets of Tyrian dye, retaining their hues unfaded; Blazonry vivid still, as if fresh from the touch of the limner; Nor was the golden fringe, nor the golden broidery tarnish’d.

Whence came the light whereby that place of death was discover’d? For there was there no lamp, whose wondrous flame inextinguish’d, As with a vital power endued, renewing its substance, Age after age unchanged, endureth in self-subsistence; Nor did the cheerful beam of day, direct or reflected, Penetrate there. That low and subterranean chamber Saw not the living ray, nor felt the breeze; but forever, Closely immured, was seal’d in perpetual silence and darkness. Whence then this lovely light, calm, pure, and soft, and cerulean, Such as the sapphire sheds? And whence this air that infuses Strength while I breathe it in, and a sense of life, and a stillness, Filling the heart with peace, and giving a joy that contents it? Not of the Earth that light; and these paradisiacal breathings, Not of the Earth are they! These thoughts were passing within me, When there arose around a strain of heavenly music, Such as the hermit hears when Angels visit his slumbers. Faunily it first began, scarce heard; and gentle its rising, Low as the softest breath that passes in summer at evening O'er the Eolian strings, felt there when nothing is moving, Save the thistle-down, lighter than air, and the leaf of the aspen. Then, as it swell’d and rose, the thrilling melody deepen’d; Such, methought, should the music be, which is heard in the cloister,
By the sisterhood standing around the beatified
Virgins, [open,
When with her dying eyes she sees the firmament
Lifts from the bed of dust her arms towards her
beloved,
Utters the adorable name, and breathes out her
soul in a rapture.

Well could I then believe such legends, and
well could I credit
All that the poets old relate of Amphiion and Or-
phenus;
How melodious sounds wild beasts their strength
have surrender’d,
Men were reclaim’d from the woods, and stones in
harmonious order
Moved, as their atoms obey’d the mysterious at-
traction of concord.
This was a higher strain; a mightier, holier virtue
Came with its powerful tones. O’ercome by the
piercing emotion,
Dizzy I grew, and it seem’d as though my soul
were dissolving.
How might I hear unmoved such sounds? For,
like as the vapors
Melt on the mountain side, when the sun comes
forth in his splendor,
Even so the vaulted roof and whatever was earthy
Faded away; the Grave was gone, and the Dead
was awaken’d.

III.

THE AWAKENING.

Then I beheld the King. From a cloud which
cover’d the pavement
His reverend form uprose: heavenward his face
was directed,
Heavenward his eyes were raised, and heaven-
ward his arms were extended.
Lord, it is past! he cried; the mist, and the weight,
and the darkness; —
That long and weary night, that long, drear dream
of desertion.
Father, to Thee I come! My days have been
many and evil;
Heavy my burden of care, and grievous hath been
my affliction.
Thou hast releas’d me at length. O Lord, in Thee
have I trusted;
Thou art my hope and my strength! — And then,
in profound adoration,
Crossing his arms on his breast, he bent and wor-
shipp’d in silence.

Presently one approach’d to greet him with joy-
ful obedience;
He of whom, in an hour of woe, the assassin be-
reaved us,
When his counsels most, and his resolute virtue
were needed.

Thou, said the Monarch, here? Thou, Perceval,
summon’d before me? —
Then, as his waken’d mind to the weal of his
country reverted,
What of his son, he ask’d, what course by the
Prince had been follow’d.
Right in his Father’s steps hath the Regent trod,
was the answer:
Firm hath he proved and wise, at a time when
weakness or error
Would have sunk us in shame, and to ruin have
hurried us headlong;
True to himself hath he been, and Heaven has
rewarded his counsels.

Peace is obtain’d then at last, with safety and
honor! the Monarch
Cried, and he clasp’d his hands; — I thank Thee,
O merciful Father!
Now is my heart’s desire fulfill’d.

With honor surpassing
All that in elder time had adorn’d the annals of
England,
Peace hath been won by the sword, the faithful
minister answer’d.
Paris hath seen once more the banners of England
in triumph
Wave within her walls, and the ancient line is
establish’d.
While that man of blood, the tyrant, faithless and
godless,
Render’d at length the sport, as long the minion
of Fortune,
Far away, confined in a rocky isle of the ocean,
Fights his battles again, and pleased to win in the
chamber
What he lost in the field, in fancy conquers his
conqueror.
There he reviles his foes, and there the ungrateful
accuses,
For his own defaults, the men who too faithfully
served him;
Frets, and complains, and intrigues, and abuses the
mercy that spared him.
Oh that my King could have known these things!
could have witness’d how England
Check’d in its full career the force of her enemy’s
empire,
Singly decif’d his arms and his arts, and baffled
them singly,
Roused from their lethargic sleep, with the stirring
example, the nations,
And the refluent tide swept him and his fortune
before it.
Oh that my King, ere he died, might have seen the
fruit of his counsels!

Nay, it is better thus, the Monarch piously an-
swer’d;
Here I can bear the joy; it comes as an earnest
of Heaven.
Righteous art Thou, O Lord! long-suffering, but
sure are thy judgments.
Then having paused awhile, like one in devotion abstracted,
Earthward his thoughts recurr'd, so deeply the care of his country
Lay in that royal soul reposed; and he said, Is the spirit
Quell'd which hath troubled the land? and the multitude freed from delusion,
Know they their blessings at last, and are they contented and thankful?

Still is that fierce and restless spirit at work, was the answer;
Still it deceiveth the weak, and inflameth the rash
and the desperate.
Even now, I ween, some dreadful deed is preparing;
For the Souls of the Wicked are loose, and the Powers of Evil
Move on the wing alert. Some nascent horror they
look for,
Be sure! some accursed conception of filth and of darkness
Ripe for its monstrous birth. Whether France or Britain be threaten'd,
Soon will the issue show; or if both at once are endanger'd,
For with the ghosts obscene of Robespierre, Danton, and Hebert,
Faux and Despard I saw, and the band of rabid fanatics,
They whom Venner led, who, rising in frantic rebellion,
Made the Redeemer's name their cry of slaughter and treason.

IV.

THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

Thus as he spake, methought the surrounding space dilated,
Overhead I beheld the infinite ether; beneath us
Lay the solid expanse of the firmament spread like a pavement,
Whereover I look'd, there was light and glory around me.
Brightest it seem'd in the East, where the New Jerusalem glitter'd.
Eminent on a hill, there stood the Celestial City;
Beaming afar it shone; its towers and cupolas rising
High in the air serene, with the brightness of gold
in the furnace,
Where on their breadth the splendor lay intense
and quiescent:
Part with a fierier glow, and a short, quick, tumultuous motion,
Like the burning pyropus; and turrets and pinnacles sparked,
Playing in jets of light, with a diamond-like glory coruscant,
Groves of all hues of green their foliage intermingled,
Envy, and hate, and blasphemous rage, and remorse
unavailing,
Carried a Hell within, to which all outer affliction
So it abstracted the sense — might be deem'd a
remission of torment.
At the edge of the cloud, the Princes of Darkness
were marshalled:
Dimly descried within were wings and truculent
faces;
And in the thick obscure there struggled a mutinous
uproot,
Raving, and fury, and strife, that the whole deep
body of darkness
Roll'd like a troubled sea, with a wide and a man-
ifold motion.

V.

THE ACCUSERS.

On the cerulean floor, by that dread circle sur-
rounded,
Stood the soul of the King alone. In front was
the Presence
Veil'd with excess of light; and behind was the
blackness of darkness
Then might be seen the strength of holiness, then
was its triumph;
Calm in his faith he stood, and his own clear con-
science upheld him.

When the trumpet was blown, and the Angel
made proclamation —
Lo, where the King appears! Come forward, ye
who arraign him!
Forth from the lurid cloud a Demon came at the
summons.
It was the Spirit by whose righteous reign had
been troubled;
Likest in form uncouth to the hideous Idols whom
India don'd
(Long by guilty neglect to hellish delusions aban-
Ded; Worship with horrible rites of self-immolation
and torture.
Many-headed and monstrous the Fiend; with
numberless faces,
Numberless bestial ears erect to all rumors, and
restless,
And with numberless mouths which were fill'd
with lies as with arrows.
Clamors arose as he came, a confusion of turbulent
voices,
Maledictions, and blatant tongues, and viperous
hisses;
And in the hubbub of senseless sounds the watch-
words of faction,
Freedom, Invaded Rights, Corruption, and War,
and Oppression,
Loudly enounced, were heard.

But when he stood in the Presence,
Then was the Fiend dismay'd, though with impu-
dence clothed as a garment;
And the lying tongues were mute, and the lips
which had scatter'd
Accusation and slander, were still. No time for
evasion
This, in the Presence he stood; no place for flight;
for dissembling
No possibility there. From the souls on the edge
of the darkness,
Two he produced, prime movers and agents of
mischief, and bade them
Show themselves faithful now to the cause for
which they had labor'd.
Wretched and guilty souls, where now their au-
dacity? Where now
Are the insolent tongues so ready of old at re-
joiner?
Where the lofty pretences of public virtue and
freedom?
Where the gibe, and the jeer, and the threat, the
envemon'd invective,
Calumny, falsehood, fraud, and the whole ammu-
nition of malice?
Wretched and guilty souls, they stood in the face
of their Sovereign,
Conscious and self-condemn'd; confronted with
him they had injured,
At the Judgment seat they stood.

Beholding the foremost,
Him by the cast of his eye oblique, I knew as the
firebrand
Whom the unthinking populace held for their idol
and hero,
Lord of Misanthropy in his day. But how was that
countenance alter'd?
Where emotion of fear or of shame had never been
witness'd;
That invincible forehead abash'd; and those eyes
wherein malice
Once had been wont to shine, with wit and hilarity
temper'd,
Into how deep a gloom their mournful expression
had settled!
Little avail'd it now that not from a purpose ma-
lignant,
With evil intent he had chosen the service of
But of his own desires the slave, with profligate
impulse,
Solely by selfishness moved, and reckless of aught
that might follow.
Could he plead in only excuse a confession of
baseness?
Could he hide the extent of his guilt; or hope to
alone for
Faction excited at home, when all old feuds were
abated,
Insurrection abroad, and the train of woes that
had follow'd!
Discontent and disloyalty, like the teeth of the
dragon,
He had sown on the winds; they had ripen'd be-
yond the Atlantic;
Thence in natural birth, sedition, revolt, revolution;
France had received the seeds, and reap'd the har-
vest of horrors; —
Where — where should the plague be stay’d? Oh, most to be pitied
They of all souls in bale, who see no term to the evil
They by their guilt have raised, no end to their inner upbraiding!

Him I could not choose but know, nor knowing but grieve for.
Who might the other be, his comrade in guilt and in suffering,
Brought to the proof like him, and shrinking like him from the trial?
Nameless the libeller lived, and shot his arrows in darkness;
Undetected he pass’d to the grave, and leaving behind him
Noxious works on earth, and the pest of an evil example,
Went to the world beyond, where no offences are hidden.
Mask’d had he been in his life, and now a visor of iron,
Rivet’d round his head, had abolish’d his features forever.
Speechless the slanderer stood, and turn’d his face
From the Monarch. Iron-bound as it was, — so insupportably dreadful,
Soon or late, to conscious guilt is the eye of the injured.

Caitiffs, are ye dumb? cried the multifaced Demon in anger;
Think ye then by shame to shorten the term of your penance?
Back to your penal dens! — And with horrible grasp gigantic
Seizing the guilty pair, he swung them aloft, and in vengeance
Hurl’d them all abroad, far into the sulphurous darkness.

Sons of Faction, be warn’d! And ye, ye Slanderers! learn ye
Justice, and bear in mind that after death there is judgment.

Whirling, away they flew. Nor long himself did he tarry,
Ere from the ground where he stood, caught up by a vehement whirlwind,
He, too, was hurried away; and the blast with lightening and thunder
Volleying aright and aleft amid the accumulate blackness,
Scatter’d its inmates accruss’d, and beyond the limits of ether
Drove the hircine host obscene: they, howling and groaning,
Fell, precipitate, down to their dolorous place of endurance.

Then was the region clear; the arrowy flashes which redden’d
Through the foul, thick throng, like sheeted argenty floating
Now o’er the blue serene, diffused an innocuous splendor,

In the infinite dying away. The roll of the thunder
Ceased, and all sounds were hush’d, till again from the gate adamantine
Was the voice of the Angel heard through the silence of Heaven.

VI.

THE ABSOLVERS.

Ho! he exclaim’d, King George of England standeth in judgment!
Hell hath been dumb in his presence. Ye who on earth arraign’d him,
Come ye before him now, and here accuse or absolve him!
For injustice hath here no place.

From the Souls of the Blessed
Some were there then who advanced; and more from the skirts of the meeting —
Spirits who had not yet accomplish’d their purification,
Yet, being cleansed from pride, from faction and error deliver’d,
Purged of the film wherewith the eye of the mind is clouded,
They, in their better state, saw all things clear; and discerning
Now, in the light of truth, what tortuous views had deceived them,
They acknowledged their fault, and own’d the wrong they had offer’d;
Not without ingenuous shame, and a sense of compunction,
More or less, as each had more or less to atone for.
One alone remain’d, when the rest had retired to their station;
Silently he had stood, and still unmoved and in silence,
With a steady mien, regarded the face of the Monarch.

Thoughtful awhile he gazed; severe, but serene, was his aspect;
Calm, but stern; like one whom no compassion could weaken;
Neither could doubt deter, nor violent impulses alter;
Lord of his own resolves, — of his own heart absolute master.

Awful Spirit! his place was with ancient sages and heroes;
Fabius, Aristides, and Solon, and Epaminondas.

Here then at the Gate of Heaven we are met! said the Spirit;
King of England! albeit in life opposed to each other,
Here we meet at last. Not unprepared for the meeting
Ween I; for we had both outlived all enmity, rendering
Each to each that justice which each from each
had withholden.
In the course of events, to the I seem'd as a Rebel,
Thou a Tyrant to me; — so strongly doth circumstance rule men
During evil days, when right and wrong are
confounded.
Left to our hearts we were just. For me, my
actions have been spoken,
That not for lawless desires, nor goaded by
desperate fortunes,
Nor for ambition, I chose my part; but observant
of duty,
Self-approved. And here, this witness I willingly
bear thee, —
Here, before Angels and Men, in the awful hour
of judgment, —
Thou too didst act with upright heart, as befitted a
Sovereign
True to his sacred trust, to his crown, his kingdom,
and people.
Heaven in these things fulfill'd its wise, though
inscrutable purpose,
While we work'd its will, doing each in his place
as became him.
Washington! said the Monarch, well hast thou
spoken and truly,
Just to thyself and to me. On them is the guilt
of the contest,
Who for wicked ends, with foul arts of fiction and
falsehood,
Kindled and fed the flame; but verily they have
t heir guerdon.
Thou and I are free from offence. And would
that the nations,
Learning of us, would lay aside all wrongful
resentment,
All injurious thought, and, honoring each in the
other
Kindred courage and virtue, and cognate
knowledge and freedom,
Live in brotherhood wisely conjoin'd. We set the
example.
They who stir up strife, and would break that
natural concord,
Evil they sow, and sorrow will they reap for their
harvest.

VII.
THE BEATIFICATION.

When that Spirit withdrew, the Monarch around
the assembly
Look'd, but none else came forth; and he heard
the voice of the Angel,—
King of England, speak for thyself! here is none to
arraign thee.
Father, he replied, from whom no secrets are
hidden,
What should I say? Thou knowest that mine was
an arduous station,
Full of care, and with perils beset. How heavy
the burden
Thou alone canst tell! Short-sighted and frail hast
Thou made us,
And Thy judgments who can abide? But as
surely Thou knowest
The desire of my heart hath been alway the good
of my people,
Pardon my errors, O Lord, and in mercy accept
the intention!
As in Thee I have trusted, so let me not now be
confounded.

Bending forward, he spake with earnest humility.
Well done,
Good and faithful servant! then said a Voice from
theBrightness,
Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. — The
ministering Spirits
Clapp'd their pennons therewith, and from that
whole army of Angels
Songs of thanksgiving and joy resounded, and
loud hallelujahs;
While, on the wings of Winds upraised, the
pavilion of splendor,
Where inscrutable light enveloped the Holy of
Holies,
Moved, and was borne away, through the empyrean
ascending.

Beautiful then on its hill appear'd the Celestial
City,
Soft'n'd, like evening suns, to a mild and bearable
lustre.
Beautiful was the ether above; and the sapphire
beneath us,
Beautiful was its tone, to the dazzled sight as
refreshing
As the fields with their loveliest green at the coming
of summer,
When the mind is at ease, and the eye and the
heart are contented.

Then methought we approach'd the gate. In
front of the portal,
From a rock where the standard of man's
Redemption was planted,
Issued the Well of Life, where whosoever would
enter,—
So it was written, — must drink, and put away all
that is earthly.
Earth among its gems, its creations of art and of
nature,
Offers not aught whereto that marvellous Cross
may be liken'd
Even in dim similitude; such was its wonderful
substance.
Pure it was and diaphanous. It had no visible
lustre;
Yet from it alone whole Heaven was illuminate
away;
Day and Night being none in the upper firmament,
neither
Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars; but from that Cross, as a
fountain,

101
Flow'd the Light uncreated; light all-sufficing, eternal,
Light which was, and which is, and which will be, forever and ever;
Light of light, which, if daringly gazed on, would blind an Archangel,
Yet the eye of weak man may behold, and beholding is strengthen'd;
Yea, while we wander below, oppress'd with our bodily burden,
And in the shadow of death, this Light is in mercy vouchsafed us,
So we seek it with humble heart; and the soul that receives it
Hath with it healing and strength, peace, love, and life everlasting.

Thither the King drew nigh, and kneeling he drank of the water.
Oh, what a change was wrought! In the semblance of age he had risen,
Such as at last he appear'd, with the traces of time and affliction
Deep on his faded form, when the burden of years was upon him.
Oh, what a change was wrought! For now the corruptible put on
Incorruption; the mortal put off mortality. Rising
Rejuvenescent he stood in a glorified body, obnoxious
Never again to change, nor to evil, and trouble, and sorrow,
But for eternity form'd, and to bliss everlasting appointed.

VIII.

THE SOVEREIGNS.

Lift up your heads, ye Gates; and, ye everlasting
Portals,
Be ye lift up! For lo! a glorified Monarch approacheth,
One who in righteousness reign'd, and religiously govern'd his people.
Who are these that await him within? Nassau the Deliverer,
Him I know: and the Stuart, he who, serene in his meekness,
Bow'd his anointed head beneath the axe of rebellion,
Calm in that insolent hour, and over his fortune triumphant.

Queen of the eagle eye, thou too, O matchless Eliza,
Excellent Queen, wert there! and thy brother's beautiful spirit;
O'er whose innocent head there hover'd a silvery halo,
Such as crowns the Saint when his earthly warfare is ended.

There too was he of the sable mail, the hero of Cressy,
Flower of chivalry, he in arms and in courtesy peerless.
There too his royal sire I saw, magnificent Edward,
He who made the English renown, and the fame of his Windsor
In the Orient and Occident known, from Tagus to Tigris.

Lion-hearted Richard was there, redoubtable warrior,
At whose irresistible presence the Saracen trembled;
At whose name the Caliph exclaim'd in dismay on Mahommed,
Syrian mothers grew pale, and their children were scared into silence.

Born in a bloody age, did he, in his prowess exulting,
Run like a meteor his course, and fulfil the service assign'd him,
Checking the Mussulman power in the height of its prosperous fortune;
But that lionine heart was with virtues humane ennobled;
(Otherwhere else, be sure, his doom had now been appointed;
Friendship, disdain of wrong, and generous feeling redeem'd it;
Magnanimity there had its seat, and the love of the Muses.

There, with the Saxon Kings who founded our laws and our temples,
(Gratefully still to be named while these endure in remembrance,
They, for the pious work!) I saw the spirit of Alfred;
Alfred, than whom no Prince with loftier intellect gifted,
Nor with a finer soul, nor in virtue more absolute, ever
Made a throne twice-hallow'd, and reign'd in the hearts of his people.
With him the Worthies were seen who in life partook of his labors.
Shared his thoughts, and with him for the weal of posterity travail'd:
Some who in cloisters immured, and to painful study devoted
Day and night, their patient and innocent lives exhausted,
And in meekness possess'd their souls; and some who in battle
Put the Raven to flight; and some who, intrepid in duty,
Reach'd the remotest East, or invading the kingdom of Winter,
Plough'd with audacious keel the Hyperborean Ocean.
I could perceive the joy which fill'd their beatified spirits
IX.

THE ELDER WORTHIES.

Lift up your heads, ye Gates; and, ye everlasting Portals,
Be ye lift up! Behold, the Worthies are there to receive him,
They who, in later days, or in elderages, ennobled,
Britain’s dear name. Bede I beheld, who, humble and holy,
Shone like a single star, serene in a night of darkness.
Bacon also was there, the marvellous Friar; and he who
Struck the spark from which the Bohemian kindled his taper;
Thence the flame, long and hardly preserved, was to Luther transmitted,
Mighty soul, and he lifted his torch, and enlight’ned the nations.

Thee, too, Father Chaucer, I saw, and delighted to see thee,
At whose well undefiled I drank in my youth, and was strengthen’d;
With whose mind immortal so oft I have communed, partaking
All its manifold moods, and willingly moved at its pleasure.
Bearing the palm of martyrdom, Cranmer was there in his meekness,
Holy name, to be ever revered! And Cecil, whose wisdom
Establish’d the Church and State, Eliza’s pillar of council.
And Shakspeare, who in our hearts for himself hath erected an empire
Not to be shaken by Time, nor e’er by another divided.
But with what love did I then behold the face of my master,—
Spenser, my master dear! with whom in boyhood I wander’d
Through the regions of Faery land, in forest or garden
Spending delicious hours, or at tilt and tourney rejoicing;
Yea, by the magic of verse enlarged, and translated in spirit,
In the World of Romance free denizen I;—till awakening,
When the spell was dissolved, this real earth and its uses
Seem’d to me weary, and stale, and flat.

With other emotion
Milton’s severer shade I saw, and in reverence humbled
Gazed on that soul sublime: of passion now as of blindness
Heal’d, and no longer here to Kings and to Hierarchies hostile,
He was assoil’d from taint of the fatal fruit; and in Eden
Not again to be lost, consort an equal with Angels.
Taylor too was there, from whose mind of its treasures redundant
Streams of eloquence flow’d, like an inexhaustible fountain
And the victor of Blenheim, alike in all virtues accomplish’d,
Public or private, he; the perfect soldier and statesman,
England’s reproach and her pride; her pride for his noble achievements,
Her reproach for the wrongs he endured. And Newton, exalted
There above those orbs whose motions from earth he had measured,
Through infinity ranging in thought. And Berkeley, angelic
Now in substance as soul, that kingdom enjoying where all things
Are what they seem, and the good and the beautiful there are eternal.

THE WORTHIES OF THE GEORGIAN AGE.

These with a kindred host of great and illustrious spirits
Stood apart, while a train, whom nearer duty attracted,
Through the Gate of Bliss came forth to welcome their Sovereign.
Many were they and glorious all. Conspicuous among them
 Wolfe was seen. And the seaman who fell on the shores of Owyhee,
Leaving a lasting name, to humanity dear as to science.
And the mighty musician of Germany, ours by adoption,
Who beheld in the King his munificent pupil and patron.
Reynolds, with whom began that school of art which hath equal’d
Richest Italy’s works, and the masterly labors of Belgium,
Came in that famous array. And Hogarth, who follow’d no master,
Nor by pupil shall e’er be approach’d, alone in his greatness.
Reverend in comely mien, of aspect mild and benignant,
There, too, Wesley I saw and knew, whose zeal apostolic,
Though with error alloy’d, hath on earth its merited honor,
As in heaven its reward. And Mansfield, the just and intrepid;
Wise Judge, by the craft of the Law ne’er seduced from its purpose;
And when the misled multitude raged like the winds in their madness, 
Not to be moved from his rightful resolves. And Burke I beheld there, 
Eloquent statesman and sage, who, though late, broke loose from his trammels, 
Giving then to mankind what party too long had diverted. 
Here, where wrongs are forgiven, was the injured Hastings beside him; 
Strong in his high deserts, and in innocence happy, though injured, 
He, in his good old age, outlived persecution and malice. 
Even where he had stood a mark for the arrows of slander, 
He had his triumph at last, when, moved with one feeling, the Senate 
Rose in respect at his sight, and atoned for the sin of their fathers. 

Cowper, thy lovely spirit was there, by death disenchanted 
From that heavy spell which had bound it in sorrow and darkness; 
Thou wert there, in the kingdom of peace and of light everlasting. 
Nelson also was there in the kingdom of peace, though his calling, 
While upon earth he dwelt, was to war and the work of destruction. 
Not in him had that awful ministry deaden’d or weaken’d 
Quick compassion, and feelings that raise while they soften our nature. 
Wise in counsel, and steady in purpose, and rapid in action, 
Never thought of self from the course of his duty seduced him, 
Never doubt of the issue unworthily warp’d his intention. 
Long shall his memory live, and while his example is cherish’d, 
From the Queen of the Seas the sceptre shall never be wrested. 

XI.

THE YOUNG SPIRITS.

Ye whom I leave unnamed, ye other Worthies of Britain, 
Lights of the Georgian age,—for ye are many and noble,— 
How might I name ye all, whom I saw in this glorious vision? 
Pardon ye the imperfect tale! Yet some I beheld there, 
Whom should I pretermit, my heart might rightly upbraid me, 
That its tribute of honor, poor though it be, was withholden.

Somewhat apart they came, in fellowship gather’d together, 
As in goody array they follow’d the train of the Worthies.

Chosen spirits were these, of the finest elements temper’d, 
And embodied on earth in mortality’s purest texture; 
But in the morning of hope, in the blossom of virtue and genius, 
They were cut down by Death. What then?—were it wise to lament them, 
Seeing the mind bears with it its wealth, and the soul its affections? 
What we sow we shall reap; and the seeds whereof earth is not worthy 
Strike their roots in a kindlier soil, and ripen to harvest. 

Here where the gallant youths of high, heroic aspiring, 
Who, so fate had allow’d, with the martial renown of their country 
Would have wedded their names, for perpetua honor united; 
Strong of heart and of mind, but in undistinguish’d battle, 
Or by pestilence stricken, they fell, unknown and confounded 
With the common dead. Oh! many are they who were worthy, 
Under the Red Cross flag, to have wielded the thunders of Britain, 
Making her justice felt, and her proper power upholding 
Upon all seas and shores, wheresoever her rights were offended, 
Followers of Nelson’s path, and the glorious career of the Wellesley. 
Many are they, whose bones beneath the billows have whiten’d, 
Or in foreign earth they have moulder’d, hastily cover’d, 
In some wide and general grave. 

Here also were spirits 
To have guided, like Cecil of old, the councils of England; 
Or, like Canning, have silenced and charm’d a tumultuous Senate, 
When to the height of his theme the consummate Orator rising 
Makes our Catilines pale, and rejoices the friends of their country. 

Others came in that goodly band whom benigner fortune 
Led into pleasanter ways on earth: the children of Science 
Some, whose unerring pursuit would, but for death, have extended 
O’er the unknown and material, Man’s intellectual empire, 
Such their intuitive power; like Davy, disarming destruction
When it moves on the vapor; or him, who, discovering the secret
Of the dark and ebullient abyss, with the fire of Vesuvius
Arm'd the chemist's hand: well then might Eleusinian Ceres
Yield to him, from whom the seas and the mountains conceal'd not
Nature's mystery, hid in their depths.

Here, lost in their promise:
And prime, were the children of Art, who should else have deliver'd
Works and undying names to grateful posterity's keeping,
Such as Haydon will leave on earth; and he who, returning
Rich in praise to his native shores, hath left a remembrance
Long to be honor'd and loved on the banks of Thames and of Tiber:
So may America, prizing in time the worth she possesses,
Give to that hand free scope, and boast hereafter of Allston.

Here too, early lost and deplored, were the youths whom the Muses
Mark'd for themselves at birth, and with dews from Castalia sprinkled:
Chatterton first, (for not to his affectionate spirit
Could the act of madness innate for guilt be accounted,) 
Marvellous boy, whose antique songs and unhappy story
Shall, by gentle hearts, be in mournful memory cherished
Long as thy ancient towers endure, and the rocks of St. Vincent,
Bristol! my birth-place dear. What though I have chosen a dwelling
Far away, and my grave shall not be found by the stranger
Under thy sacred care, nathless in love and in duty
Still am I bound to thee, and by many a deep recollection!
City of elder days, I know how largely I owe thee;
Nor least for the hope and the strength that I gather'd in boyhood,
While on Chatterton musing, I fancied his spirit was with me
In the haunts which he loved upon earth. 'Twas a joy in my vision
When I beheld his face. — And here was the youth of Loch Leven,
Nipp'd, like an April flower, that opens its leaves to the sunshine,
While the breath of the East prevails. And Russell and Bampfylde,
Bright emanations they! And the Poet, whose songs of childhood
Trent and the groves of Clifton heard; not alone
But by the Virtues loved, his soul, in its youthful aspiring,
Sought the Holy Hill, and his thirst was for Siloa's waters.
Was I deceived by desire, or, Henry, indeed did thy spirit
Know me, and meet my look, and smile like a friend at the meeting?

XII.

Lift up your heads, ye Gates; and, ye everlasting Portals,
Be ye lift up! Behold the splendid train of the Worthies
Halt; and with quicker pace a happy company issues
Forth from the Gate of Bliss: the Parents, the Children, and Consort,
Come to welcome in Heaven the Son, the Father, and Husband!
Hour of perfect joy that o'er pays all earthly affliction;
Yea, and the thought whereof supporteth the soul
in its anguish!

There came England's blossom of hope,—the beautiful Princess;
She in whose wedded bliss all hearts rejoiced, and whose death-bell,
Heard from tower to tower through the island, carried a sorrow,
Felt by all like a private grief, which, sleeping or waking,
Will not be shaken away; but possesses the soul
And disturbs it. There was our late-lost Queen, the nation's
example of virtue;
In whose presence vice was not seen, nor the face
Of dishonor, Pure in heart, and spotless in life, and secret in bounty,
Queen, and Mother, and Wife unreprieved.—The gentle Amelia
Stretch'd her arms to her father there, in tenderness shedding
Tears, such as Angels weep. That hand was toward him extended
Whose last pressure he could not bear, when merciful Nature,
As o'er her dying bed he bent in severest anguish,
Laid on his senses a weight, and suspended the sorrow forever.
He hath recover'd her now: all, all that was lost is restored him;—
Hour of perfect bliss that o'er pays all earthly affliction!
They are met where Change is not known, nor Sorrow, nor Parting.
Death is subdued, and the Grave, which conquers all, hath been conquer'd.
NOTES TO THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

When I beheld them meet, the desire of my soul overcome me;
And when with harp and voice the holy sound
Fell'd the rejoicing sky, as the happy company entered
Through the everlasting Gates, I, too, press'd forward to enter:
—
But the weight of the body withheld me. I stoop'd to the fountain,
Eager to drink thereof, and to put away all that was earthly.

Darkness came over me then, at the chilling touch of the water,
And my feet, methought, sunk, and I fell precipitate.
Starting,
Then I awoke, and beheld the mountains in twilight before me,
Dark and distinct; and instead of the rapturous sound of sounnahs,
Heard the bell from the tower, toll! toll! through the silence of evening.

—From surrounding things the hues wherein day has abdum them
Fades, like the hopes of youth. — I. col. 2, p. 755.

This effect of twilight, and in the very scene described, has been lately represented by Mr. William Westall, in one of his Views of the Lakes, with the true feeling and power of genius. The range of mountains which is described in these introductory lines, may also be seen in his View of the Vale of Keswick from the Penrith road.

The last pale tint of the twilight:
Green as a stream in the glen whose pure and cheerful waters
Flow o'er a schistous bed. — I. col. 5, p. 755.

St. Pierre, who is often a fanciful, generally a delightful, but always an animated and ingenious writer, has some characteristic speculations concerning this green light of evening.
He says, Je suis porté à attribuer à la couleur verte des végétalités qui couvrent en été une grande partie de notre hémisphère, cette belle teinture d'encre que l'on apperçoit quelquefois dans cette saison au firmament, vers le coucher du soleil. Elle est rare dans nos climats; mais elle est fréquente entre les tropiques, où l'été dure toute l'année. Je suis bien que l'on peut rendre raison de ce phénomène par la simple refraction des rayons du soleil dans l'atmosphère, ce prisme sphérique de notre globe. Mais, outre qu'on peut objecter que la couleur verte se voit tout petit en hiver dans notre ciel, c'est en effet qu'on peut prouver à l'appui de cette opinion des faits qui semblent nous le donner. In fact, it is possible that the color we name自动化 the atmosphere is but an expression of that of the ocean. In effect, the glances flattening that descend upon us all the pole polar, as we approach it, are not so much due to the motion of the sun in the horizont as to its position in the firmament, towards the setting of the sun. It is rare in our climates, but is frequent between the tropics, where summer continues throughout the year. I know that this phenomenon may be explained by the simple refraction of the rays of the sun in the atmosphere, that spherical prism of our globe. But to this it may be objected, that the green color is not seen during the winter in our sky; and moreover, I can support my opinion by other facts, which appear to prove that the atmospheric color of the atmosphere is only a reflection of that of the ocean.

When the floating ice which descends every year from the North Pole, is announced before it appears upon the horizon, by a white light which enlightens the heaven day and night, and which is only a reflection of the crystallized snows, of which those masses are composed. This blue resemblance the tint of the aurora borealis, the centre of which is in the middle of the ice of our pole, but the white color of which is mixed with yellow, with red, and with green, because it partakes of the color of a ferruginous soil, and of the verdure of the pine forests which are in the vicinity zone. The variations of the aurora borealis, is so much the more probable, because of that of the aurora australis, as Captain Cook has observed, differs in that its white color is mixed with blue, which alone, which can only be, according to my opinion, because of the ice of the austral pole (where there is no continuous and no vegetation) is surrounded on all parts by the ocean.
The mural of the Duke of Berry, and the Cato-street conspiracy, were both planned at the time of the King’s death.

This is the Gate of Bliss.

The reader will so surely think of the admirable passage of Dante, which was in the writer’s mind when these lines were composed, that I should not think it necessary to notice the imitation, were it not that we live in an age of plagiarism; when not our plaudits only, but some of our swords also, trick.them lives in borrowed plumes. I have never contracted an obligation of this kind, either to contemporary or predecessor, without acknowledging it.

Dr. Franklin describes the state of things during the reign of Wilkes and Liberty. He says, “There have been amazing contests all over the kingdom, twenty or thirty thousand pounds a side spent in several places, and inconceivable mischief done, by drunken, mad mobs, to houses, windows, &c. The scenes have been horrible. A day and a night illuminating the streets, and agitating the whole of the mob, for the success of Wilkes in the Middlesex election; the second night exceeded any thing of the kind ever seen here on the greatest occasions of rejoicing, as even the small streets, lanes, courts, and other out-of-the-way places, were all in a blaze of light, and in a great lighted street, as the mob went round again after two o’clock, and obliged people who had extinguished their candles, to light them again. Those who refused had all their windows destroyed. The damage done, and the expense of candles, has been computed at fifty thousand pounds. It must have been great, though probably not so much. The ferment is not yet over, for he has promised to surrender to the court next Wednesday, and another tumult is then expected; and what the mob will be, no one can yet foresee. It is really an extraordinary event, to see an outlaw exiled, to see the same man who has just been a great hero, after a stormy journey from France, set himself up as a candidate for the capital of the kingdom, miss his election only by being too late in his application, and immediately carrying it for the principal county. The mobs, (spurred up by numbers of different balls, sung out by people in every street,) requiring gentlemen and bulks of all ranks, as they passed in their carriages, to shout for Wilkes and Liberty, marking the same words on all their coaches with chalk, and No 45 on ever door, which extends a vast way along the roads in the country. I went last week to Winchester, and observed that for fifteen miles out of town there was scarce a door or window-shutter next the road unmarked; and this continued here and there quite to Winchester, which is sixty-four miles.

Even this capital, the residence of the king, is now a daily scene of lawless riot and confusion. Mall patrolling the street at midnight, some among those all that will not roar for Wilkes and Liberty; courts of justice afraid to give judgment against him; coal-heavers and porters pulling down the houses of coal merchants that refuse to give them more wages; sawyers destroying saw-mills; sailors unrigging all the outward-bound ships, and suffering none to sail till merchants agree to raise their pay: watermen destroying private boats, and threatening bridges; soldiers firing among the mobs, and killing men, women, and children, by which seems to have produced a universal uneasiness, that looks like a great black cloud coming on, ready to burst in a general tempest. What will the event be God only knows. But some punishment seems preparing for a people who are ungratefully throwing the best constitution, and the best king, any nation was ever blessed with; intent on nothing but luxury, licentiousness, power, places, pensions
and plunder, while the ministry, divided in their councils, with little regard for each other, wearied by perpetual oppositions, in continual apprehension of changes, intent on securing popularity, in case they should lose favor, have, for some years past, had little time or inclination to attend to our small affairs, whose remoteness makes them appear still smaller.  

All respect to law and government seems to be lost among the common people, who are moreover continually inflamed by seditious scribblers to trample on authority, and every thing that used to keep them in order.  

*Soulos of Fiction, be warn'd! and ye, ye Shandcrers, learn ye Justice, and bear in mind, that after death there is judgment.  

V. col. 1, p. 801.

Discre Jushtiam monti, et non tenarrnc Divos. — VIRGIL.

Then too did she act with upright heart, as befitted a Sovereign,  
True to his sacred trust, to his crown, his kingdom, and people.

VI. col. 1, p. 801.

I am pleased to find (since the first publication of this poem) the same opinion forcibly expressed by Cowper. "It appears to me," he says, (writing in 1782,) "that the king is bound, both by the duty he owes to himself and to his people, to consider himself, with respect to every inch of his territories, as a trustee deriving his interest in them from God, and invested with them by divine authority, for the benefit of his subjects. As he may not sell them or waste them, so he may not resign them to an enemy, or transfer his right to govern them to any, not even to themselves, so long as it is possible for him to keep it. If he does, he betrays at once his own interest, and that of his other dominions. It may be said, suppose Providence has ordained that they shall be wrested from him, how then? I answer, that cannot appear to be the case, till God's purpose is actually accomplished; and in the mean time the most probable prospect of such an event does not release him from his obligation to hold to them the last moment, forasmuch as adverse appearances are no infallible indications of God's designs, but may give place to more comfortable symptoms when we least expect it. Viewing the thing in this light, if I sat on his Majesty's throne, I should be as obstinate as him, because, if I quitted the contest while I had any means left of carrying it on, I should never know that I had not relinquished what I might have retained, or be able to render a satisfactory answer to the doubts and inquiries of my own conscience."

Wou'd that the nations,  
Learning of us, would lay aside all wrongful resentment,  
All injurious thoughts, and honoring each in the other,  
Kindred courage and virtue, and cognate knowledge and freedom,  
Lifc in brotherhood wisely confabul'd. We set the example.

VI. col. 1, p. 801.

The wise and dignified manner in which the late King received the first minister from the United States of America is well known. It is not so generally known that anxiety and sleeplessness, during the American war, are believed by those persons who had the best opportunity for forming an opinion upon the subject, to have had the foundation of that melancholy which the King was afflicted during the latter years of his life.

Upon the publication of Captain Cook's Voyages, a copy of this national work was sent to Dr. Franklin, by the King's desire, because he had given orders for the protection of that illustrious navigator, in case he should fall in with any American cruisers on his way home.

Calm in that insalent hour, and over his fortunate triumphs.

VIII. col. 1, p. 892.

The behavior of Charles in that insalient hour extorted admiration even from the better part of the Commonwealth's men. It is thus finely described by Andrew Marvel:

While round the armed bands  
Did clap their bloody hands,  
He nothing common did, or mean,  
Upon that memorable scene;  
But with his keen eye  
The axe's edge did try:  
Nor call'd the Gods with vulgar spight  
To vindicate his helpless right;  
But bow'd his clever head  
Downs, as upon a bed.

Magnificent Edward,  
He who made the English renown,  
And the fame of his Windsor  
In the Orient and Occident known from Tigris to Tagus.

VIII. col. 2, p. 802.

The celebrity which Windsor had obtained, as being the most splendid court in Christendom, and the seat of chivalry, may be plainly seen in the romance of Amadis, which was written in Portugal, towards the latter end of Edward the Third's reign. The Portuguese in that age took their military terms from the English, and St. George came into fashion among them at the same time, as being the English Santiago. A dispute arose between two knights, the one a Cypriot, the other a Frenchman, who were serving the King of Armenia against the Solder of Babylon. The other Christian captains in the army determined that they should decide it by single combat before King Edward of England, as the most worthy and honourable prince in all Christendom; and the quarrel, which began in Armenia, was actually thus decided within the lists, at the palace of Westminster. It was won, not very honorably, by the Frenchman.

He, who discovering the secret  
Of the dark and chalilant abyss, with the fire of Venusius  
Armed the chemist's hand. — XI. col. 1, p. 805.

Though chemistry is one of the subjects of which I am contented to be ignorant, I can nevertheless perceive and appreciate the real genius indicated by Dr. Clarke's discovery in the art of fusion. See his Treatise upon the Gas Blown, &c. or the account of it in the Quarterly Review, Nov. xliii. p. 496.

In referring to the Safety Lamp of Sir Humphry Davy, I must not be understood as representing that to be the most important of his many and great discoveries. No praise can add to his deserved celebrity.

Not to his affectionate spirit  
Could the act of madness innate for guilt be accounted.

XI. col. 1, p. 892.

The act of suicide is very far from being so certain an indication of insanity as it is usually considered by our inquests. But in the case of Chatterton, it was the manifestation of an hereditary disease. There was a madness in his family. His only sister, during one part of her life, was under confinement. The law respecting suicide is a most barbarous one; and of late years has never been carried into effect without exciting horror and disgust. It might be a salutary enactment that all suicides should be given up for dissection. This would certainly prevent many women from committing self-murder, and possibly might be in time be useful to physiology. But a sufficient objection to it is, that it would aggravate the distress of afflicted families.

The gentle Austin. — XII. col. 2, p. 805.

In one of his few intervals of sanity, after the death of this beloved daughter, the late King gave orders that a monument should be erected to the memory of one of her attendants, in St. George's Chapel, with the following inscription:
SPEcIMENS, & c.

The annexed Specimens of Sir Philip Sydney's hexameters will sufficiently evince that the failure of the attempt to naturalize this fine measure in his days, was owing to the manner which the attempt was made, not the measure itself.

First shall fertile grounds not yield increase of a good seed, First the rivers shall cease to reap their floods to the ocean; First may a trusty greyhound transform himself to a tyger. First shall vertue be vise, and beauty be counted a blemish; Ere that I leave with song of praise her praiseworthy, her praise, whence to the world all prais hath only be beginning; But yet well I do find each man most wise in his own case. None can speak of a wound with skill, if he have not a wound felt: Great to thee my state seems, thy state is blest by my judge; And yet neither of us great or blest demean our own self, For yet (weight this, alas!) great is not great to the greater.

What judg you doth a hillock show, by the lofty Olympus? Such my minute greatness dost seem compar'd to the greatest. When Cedars to the ground fall down by the weight of an Emment, Or when a rich Rubin's price be the worth of a Walnut, Or to the Sun for wonders seem small sparks of a candle; Then by my high Cedar, rich Rubin, and only shining Sun, Vertues, riches, beauties of mine shall great be repeated. Oh, no, no, worthy Shepherd, worth can never enter a title, Where proofs truly do justify, thus matcheth, such worth to be sought with; Let not a Puppet abuse thy sprite, Lords of Crowns do not help From the cruel headarch, nor shoes of gold do the gout heal; And precious Couches full oft are shockt with a feaver. If then a bodily evil in a bodily glose be not hidden, Shall such morning dew be so easy to the heat of a love's fire?

Sydney's pentameters appear even more uncount than his hexameters, as more unlike their model; for, in our pronunciation, the Latin pentameter reads as if it ended with two trochees.

Nature shalst went back: Fortune blustred: yet she replied thus:

And even in that love shall I reserve him a spite.

Thus, thus, alas! woulf by Nature, unhappily by Fortune; But most wretched I am, now love wakes my desire.

Sydney has also given examples in his Arcadia of Amarements, Phalaeonics, Sapphics, and Aeslopeid verse, all written upon the same erroneous principle. Those persons who consider it ridiculous to write English verses upon any scheme of Latin versification, may perhaps be surprised to learn that they have read, as blank verse, many lines which are perfect Sapphics or Phalaeonics. Rowe's tragedies are full of such lines.

The Censura Literaria supplies me with two choice samples of Stanbourn's Virgil.

"Neere joyntely brayeth with rufflye & rumbol'd Aetna: Soothes and lightles she is, as if holclathe from bucke cloudes grislye dimm'd.

Like fyer pitch skorches, or flash flame sulpharous burning: Floence to the stars towing the fire like a pellet is hurled, Rugd rocks, up raking, and gouts of mounten yrented.

From route up he juths a stout hound sleag: melten he rowecla, With route snout grumbling in bottom flash furie kindling.

Men say that Encolphas, with bolt unblasted, here hur'd.

Ding'd & with this squissing && and massive barthen of Aetna, Which pres on him unble, from brochen chimney still heurth: As oft as the great his bold & syd cromepled altareth, So oft Stiel al shivereth, therewith flakes smookeye be spark'd."
SPECMENS, &c.

wherein I have now followed him. I should not forgive my- self were I ever to mention Sydney without an expression of reverence and love.

44 "Of verifying," he says, "there are two sorts; the one ancient, the other modern; the ancient marked the quantity of each syllable, and, according to that, framed its verse; the modern, observeth only number, with some regard of the accent; the chief life of it standeth in that sounding of the words which we call Rhyme. Whether of these be the more excellent, would bear many speeches, the ancient, no doubt, more fit for music, both words and time observing quantity, and more fit lively to express divers passions by the low or lofty sound of the well-weighed syllable. The latter like- wise with his Rhyme striketh a certain quirk to the ear, and, in fine, since it doth delight, though by another way, it obtaineth the same purpose, there being in either sweetness, and wanting in neither majesty. Truly the English, before any vulgar language I know, is fit for both sorts; for, for the ancient, the Italian is so full of vowels, that it must ever be cumbered with elisions: the Dutch so, of the other side, with consonants, that they cannot yield the sweet sliding fit for a verse. The French, in his whole language, hath not one word that hath his accent in the last syllable, saving two, called Autonomenesia; and little more hath the Spanish, and therefore very great number may they use, which the English is subject to none of these defects. Now for Rhyme, though we do not observe quantity, yet we observe the accent very precisely, which other languages either cannot do, or will not do so absolutely."

"That Cesura, or breathing place, in the midst of the verse, neither Italian nor Spanish have; the French and we never almost fail of. Lastly, the very Rhyme itself the Italian cannot put in the last syllable, by the French named the Mus- culine Rhyme, but still in the next to the last, which the French call the Female, or the next before that, which the Italian call Sdrucciola: the example of the former is Buono Suono: of the Sdrucciola, is Femina Seminio. The French, on the other side, hath both the male, as Bon Sou; and the Female, as Plais, Tuistine, but the Sdrucciola he hath not, where the English hath all three, as Duo, True, Father, Rather, Motion, Poitoin, with much more, which might be said, but that already I find the trifling of this discourse is too much enlarged."

The French attempted to introduce the ancient metres some years before the trial was made in England. Pasquier says, that Estienne Jodelle led the way in the year 1553, by this distich upon the poems of Olivier de Malguy, "Je ne, it adds, "est vrayement une petite chie d'acare.""

Phobus, Anceur, Cyriss, veut a cuer, nourrir et orer
You veu et cheff, d'ambre, de flamme, de fleurs.

Pasquier himself, three years afterwards, at the solicitation of a friend, produced the following "easy de plus langue halina:"—

Rien ne me plait sinon de te chanter, et m'oréer et orier
Rien ne te plaist non bien, rien ne te plaist que ma mort.
Plus je requiers, ce plus je me bien sear d'etre refuse.
Et c'est par qui voulant point ne me semble refus.
O tromperets atrecho, dest/cc ordre, prouyce volenté.
Esper, mon esper, ainsi miserable pieyre.
Dissours aminross ons, troitshsart ostt, aspre cruauté,
Oui me rauine le corps, qui me rauine le cuer.
Pourquoy tant de furieux dont les Caus mis à d'Aobandon,
Ou pourquoi dans moy si violentes furaire?
Si rauine cet ma furuir, si vain est tout ce dont cuez
Tu bien, s'en tay gist ceste cruelle rigueur:
Dieux patron ne fair amours belles q/i la beauté,
Ou bien l'accomplissement l'asmes de la beauté.
Ou si dans le nuit vous meuls un rassomens fee,
Fauciers Doine que l'amour paut a Dieu delas la beauté,
Commandez que le froid, l'eau, l'Est, Pâhum, Perdue:
Brief que ce tant par tant toute t'aboume de lous,
Pour fuir ma damour, pour fuir cette cruauté,
Oui me rauine le corps, qui me rauine le cuer.

Non hésis ce que ce rond soit tout un sans se resbnergie,
Mais que ma Sourde se change, ou de face, ou de fagon:
Mais que ma Sourde se change, et plus bien descrite les vois,
Vois ce que je som creant, vois que je seme, rentant.
Et que le froid du froid devenns puisse triompher,
Et que le froid au froid perde sa toute viguer:
Ains d'assopisse mon tourment, et la cruelité
Qui me rauine le corps, qui me rauine le cue.

"Je ne do pas," says the author, "que ces vers soient de quelque valeur, aussi, nous mette je ley sur la moins une intention qu'on les trouve tels; mais bien estimez-y que s'ils sont aussi fluides que les latins, et à tant versez que l'on puisse votre vulgaire estre autant amable que de ce sujet." Pasquier's verses were not published many years after they were written; and in the mean time Jean Antoine de Baif made the attempt upon a larger scale,—"Toutefois, says Pasquier, "en ce sujet si aucuns poëte que nous seulement en fit naistre d'eux, mais un contraire destourage a chaux de s'y endroiter. D'autant que tout ce qu'il en est fait esoit tant despouvoy de cette suspecte qui doit accompagner nos œuvres, qu'ausi tout que cette ancien poëse voit la lanterne, elle murmure comme un aboncet." The Abbé Goujet, therefore, had no reason to rep- resent this attempt as a proof of the bad taste of the age: the bad taste of the age has not altered; and the English compositions are appaluted, not when they are unsuccessful. Jean Antoine de Baif is the writer of whom Cardinal du Perron said, "qu'il était bon homme, mais qu'il était méchant poëte François."

I subjoin a specimen of Spanish Hexameters, from an En- lague by D. Esteban de Villegas, a poet of great and deserved estimation in his own country.

Lleidos y Coridos, Coridon el amante de Filis,
Pastor el uno de Cubrons, el otro de blancas Orjas,
Ambos a dos toros, muchos amores,
Viejo que los regos del Salzabriego el Orbe,
Y que sabiendo larga febrada la Cordoba
Al pur cristal, que cria la facente sobera,
Levidos del sol alegre de su blandu sonoro,
Las plantas velozes ucecos, los pasos anima,
Y al tronco de un verde encoro se sienian amigos.

Tu, que los regidos sobrepujaz del bando Timavo Pesantes, generosos Donques, con tu inédita frente,
Si allora tu crez el eco de un rutico maccza
Tus sienes, si alcanzas a tu fiel abono,
Francisco, del acuto mi la soñor Tuila,
Que pio, responde groto, cesvara severo:
Non menos al caro hermano generosos retratas,
Que al trono prudente signor, generosos mettes,
Al que el Orbe dudaba las aves:
Lleidos y Coridos, Coridon el amante de Filis,
Pastores, las Musas ananas, recreante deseas:
Tu, curdo, perdona entretanto la barbara Musa,
Que preto, inspirando Pian con amigo Cobiuro,
En trampo, que al Olimpo llegaste por el árbol suelta,
Ya sumo llenaste los eres del Glases al Istro,
Y luego, torcedo el vuelo, el aguila al Amstro.

It is admitted by the Spaniards, that the fitness of their lan- guage for the hexameter has been established by Villegas' his success, however, did not induce other poets to follow the example. I know not whom it was that he followed, for he was not the first to make the attempt. Neither do I know whether it was ever made in Portuguese, except in some verses upon St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins, which are Latin as well as Portuguese, and were written as a wimidical proof of the affinity of the two languages. I have met with no specimens in Italian. The complete suc- cess of the metre in Germany is well known. The Bohemianans have learnt the tune, and have, like their neighbors, a translation of the Idiath in the measure of the original. This I learn accidentally from a Bohemian grammar; which shows me also, that the Bohemians make a dactyl of Achilles, probably because they pronounce the y with a strong aspirate
OLIVER NEWMAN:
A New England Tale, with other Poetical Remains.

TO WILLIAM AND MARY WORDSWORTH,
THE OLD AND DEAR FRIENDS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY,

THESE LAST PRODUCTIONS,
THE IMPERFECT "AUTUMNAL FLOWERS," OF HIS POETICAL GENIUS,
ARE INSCRIBED, WITH FILIAL REVERENCE AND AFFECTION,

BY
THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

The principal Poem of this volume, Oliver Newman, was well known to many friends of the late Poet Laureate: and it is presumed that those persons at least, who have heard him read portions of it, with his peculiar and highly expressive intonation, will welcome with pleasure, not however unmingled with melancholy, this last poetical work, imperfect as it is. Oliver Newman was not a rapid production: the first idea of it seems to have arisen in his mind in 1811; it was commenced in January, 1815; and having been continued at different intervals, amid the pressure of more urgent business, received its last additions in September, 1829. Although this is not the place to speak critically, one observation perhaps may be pardoned—that this poem seems to possess in a considerable degree a quality which some of the Author’s other poems were judged by several critics to be deficient in, viz., a human interest: we feel that we are among persons of a like nature with ourselves, and their sufferings touch the heart. A general account of the story upon which it is based, and the intended plan, has been drawn up from the Author’s notes, and printed as an Appendix. It was thought better to do this, than to leave the reader entirely without information: yet the sketch is presented with considerable misgivings; because it is likely, that to some persons, notwithstanding that the Author’s own words are used wherever it is possible, the dry bones of a poem may seem not only uninteresting, but even repulsive. Neither can such a sketch be certainly a true representation of the mere story of the perfect work; because, even of the few particulars there noted, several might, in the working out of the poem, be altered or expunged.

Of the other pieces here collected, the "Fragmentary Thoughts occasioned by his Son’s Death," and the "Short Passages of Scripture," are printed as much for the purpose of giving fresh proof of the purity and elevation of his character, as for their own intrinsic beauty. His son Herbert—o, 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, and

"With whom it seemed 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, 3d 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

* Schiller’s "Die Ideale," Merivale’s translation, p. 61.—
"’ Thou too, his mate, with him conspiring
To quell the bosom’s rising storm,
Employment — thou, the never-tiring,
Who toilsome, shap’t, nor break is the form."
A NEW ENGLAND TALE.

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."

The "Passages of Scripture" are found in one of his latest note-books: they were evidently not written with any view to publication, but arose simply from the pure pleasure which he took in marking down, after his own fashion, verses that attracted his poetical taste, either by the force of some peculiar idea, or by the musical harmony of the words in our English version. Moreover, these passages seem illustrative of the structure and choice of language in some of his poems; for they lead us to observe in them also the effects of habitual study of the Holy Scriptures, evidenced not only by the references, which are frequently given, but also, which is more important, by the apparently unconscious use of a diction borrowed from the poetical and imaginative portions of the Bible.

It was natural that a writer of so energetic a mind as the late Poet Laureate, would leave many unfinished projects. Besides the Fragments here published, he had commenced a poem on "Robin Hood," the manuscript of which is not among his other poetical papers. He had also thought of a series of "Inscriptions in honour of English Poets, the notice of which, as it is short, may be here inserted, for the use of those who may take pleasure in cultivating that style, of which Akenside is the prototype.

"Tuesday, 6th Sept., 1814.

"Inscriptions for the Poetical Ground of these Kingdoms; i. e., a tribute of respect to all those poets who deserve it. This, I think, would be a worthy task.

Chaucer—at Woodstock? Blenheim will become an empty name, and that palace a pile of ruins, while he remains.

Malvern—Piers Ploughman.

Lydgate—at Bury.

Spenser—by the Mole.

Surrey—this a place of burial, if that be known; otherwise, at the chief seat of the Howards.

Amwell—Warner and Walton and Scott.

T. Warton—by the Cherwell.

Rokeby—Mason and Scott and Morritt himself.

Davenant—Cowes Castle.

Sylvester—Donnington; buried at Middleburg."

Lastly, it may be not unfitly recorded, that some notes exist, preparatory to a poem in honour of her Majesty Queen Victoria. During the first years of this reign, severe reflections were from time to time made upon the Poet Laureate, for his silence. Now, the solemn events which have happened since that time, allow us to suppose that the Spirit of Poetry was then too dead within him, to permit him to undertake this new labour.

It only remains to be said, that these poems are printed as he left them; and that, as none of them had received his final corrections for the press, there may be defects of language which he himself would have removed. At the same time it is honestly avowed that, deservedly high as his reputation, both as a poet and a man, has stood among the writers of his generation—now, alas! fast departing from us,—a strong confidence is felt that this small volume will in no way derogate from it; and in this hope it is committed to the world.

HERBERT HILL.

Warwick, Nov. 4, 1845.

I.

FUNERAL AT SEA.

The summer sun is riding high
Amid a bright and cloudless sky;
Beneath whose deep o'er-arching blue
The circle of the Atlantic sea,
Reflecting back a deeper hue,
Is heaving peacefully.

The winds are still, the ship with idle motion
Rocks gently on the gentle ocean;
Loose hang her sails, awaiting when the breeze
Again shall wake to waft her on her way.
Glancing beside, the dolphins, as they play,
Their gorgeous tints suffused with gold display;
And gay bonitos in their beauty glide:
With arrowy speed, in close pursuit,
They through the azure waters shoot;
A feebler shoal before them in affright
Spring from the wave, and in short flight,
On wet and plumless wing essay
The aerial element:
The greedy followers, on the chase intent,
Dart forward still with keen and upturn'd sight,
And, to their proper danger blind the while,
Held not the sharks, which have for many a day
Hover'd behind the ship, presentient of their prey.

So far a season might persuade
You crowd to try the fisher's trade; yet
From the stern no line is hung,
Nor bait by eager sea-boy flung;
Nor doth the watchful sailor stand
Alert to strike, harpoon in hand.
Upon the deck assembled, old and young,
Boreheaded all in reverence, see them there;
Behold where, hoisted half-mast high,
The English flag hangs mournfully;
And hark! what solemn sounds are these
Heard in the silence of the seas!

"Man that is born of woman, short is his time,
And full of woe! he springeth like a flower,
Or like the grass, that, green at morning prime,
Is cut and withereth ere the evening hour;

Never doth he continue in one stay,
But like a shadow doth he pass away."

It was that awful strain, which saith
How in the midst of life we are in death:
"Yet not for ever, O Lord God most high!
Saviour! yet not for ever shall we die!"

Ne'er from a voice more eloquent did prayer
Arise, with fervent pious sincere.
To every heart, of all the listening crew,
It made its way, and drew
Even from the hardy seaman's eyes a tear.
"God," he pursued, "I hath taken to himself
The soul of our departed sister dear;
We then commit her body to the deep;"

He paused, and, at the word,
The coffin's plunge was heard.

A female voice of anguish then brake forth
With sobs convulsive of a heart opprest.
It was a daughter's agonizing cry:
But soon hath she repress
The fit of passionate grief,
And listening patiently,
In that religious effort gained relief.
Beside the gray-hair'd captain doth she stand;
One arm is linked in his; the other hand
Hid with the handkerchief her face, and prest
Her eyes, whence burning tears continuous flow.
Down hung her head upon her breast,
And thus the maiden stood in silent woe.

Again was heard the preacher's earnest voice:
It bade the righteous in their faith rejoice,
Their sure and certain hope in Christ; for blest
In Him are they, who from their labours rest.
It rose into a high thanksgiving strain,
And praised the Lord, who from a world of pain
Had now been pleased to set his servant free;
Hasten thy kingdom, Lord, that all may rest in thee!

In manhood's fairest prime was he who pray'd,
Even in the flower and beauty of his youth.
These holy words and fervent tones portray'd
The feelings of his inmost soul sincere;
For scarce two months had fill'd their short career
Since from the grave of her who gave him birth
That sound had struck upon his ear;
When to the doleful words of "Earth to earth"
Its dead response the senseless coffin gave:—
Oh! who can e'er forget that echo of the grave!

Now in the grace of God dismiss'd,
They separate as they may,

To narrow limits of the ship confined:
Nor did the impression lightly pass away,
Even from the unreflecting sailor's mind.
They pitied that sweet maiden, all bereft,
Alone on shipboard among strangers left.
They spake of that young preacher, day by day
How while the fever held its fatal course,
He minister'd at the patient sufferer's side,
Holding of faith and hope his high discourse;
And how, when all had join'd in humble prayer,
She solemnly confided to his care,
Till to her father's hands she could be given,
Her child forlorn,—and blest him ere she died.
They call'd to mind, how peaceful, how serene,
Like one who seem'd already half in heaven,
After that act she yielded up her breath;
And sure they wish'd their end like hers, I ween,
And for a comforter like him in death.

II.

THE VOYAGE.

The maiden on her narrow bed
To needful solitude hath fled;
He who perform'd the funeral prayer
Leans o'er the vessel's head, and there
Contemplating the sea and sky,
He muses of eternity.

The captain paces to and fro
The deck with steady step and slow,
And at his side a passenger,
Conversing as they go.
Their talk was of that maid forlorn,
The mournful service of the mourn,
And the young man, whose voice of heartfelt faith
Breath'd hope and comfort o'er the bed of death.
"Captain," quoth Randolph, "you have borne,
Ere this, I ween, to Boston's shore,
Saints by the dozen, and the score:
But if he preach as he can pray,
The Boston men will bless the day
On which you brought this treasure o'er:
A youth like him they well may call
A son of thunder, or a second Paul."
Threat the captain smiled, and said,
"Oh hang the broad face and round head,
Hard as iron, and heavy as lead!
I have whistled for a wind ere now,
And thought it cheap to crack a sail,
If it sent the cantiing breed below.
Jonah was three days in the whale,
But I have had fellows here, I trow,
With lungs of brazen power,
Who would not fail to preach a whale
Dead sick in half an hour.
One Sunday, when on the banks we lay,
These Roundheads, think ye, what did they!
Because, they said, 'twas the sabbath day,
And hallow'd by the Lord,
They took the fish, which their servants caught,
And threw them overboard.

Newman is made of different clay;
He walks in his own quiet way;
And yet beneath that sober mien
Gleams of a spirit may be seen,
Which show what temper lies suppress'd
Within his meek and unambitious breast:
He seemeth surely one of gentle seed,
Whose sires for many an age were wont to lead
In courts and councils, and in camps to bleed."

Randolph replied, "He rules his tongue too well
Ever of those from whom he sprung to tell:
Whatever rank they once possess'd
In camps and councils, is, I veen, suppress'd
In prudent silence. Little love that pair
Could to the royal Martyr bear,
Be sure, who named their offspring Oliver.
You have mark'd that volume, over which he seems
To pore and meditate, like one who dreams,
Pondering upon the page with thought intense,
That nought, which passes round him, can from
thence.

His fix'd attention move:
He carries it about his person still,
Nor lays it from him for a moment's time.
At my request, one day, with no good will,
He lent it me: what, think ye, did it prove?
A rigmarole of verses without rhyme,
About the apple, and the cause of sin,
By the blind old traitor Milton! and within,
Upon the cover, he had written thus,
As if some saintly relic it had been,
Which the fond owner gloried in possessing:
"Given me by my most venerable friend;
The author, with his blessing!"

CAPTAIN.

Sits the wind there!

RANDOLPH.

Returning him the book,
I told him I was sorry he could find
None who deserved his veneration more
Than one who, in the blackest deed of guilt
That blots our annals, stands participant,
A volunteer in that worst inhuman,
Stain'd to the core with blessed Charles his blood,
Although by some capricious mercy spared,
Strangely, as if by miracle, he still
Lived to disparage justice.

CAPTAIN.

And how brook'd he
Your reprehension?
The way it should not go. One of that herd, 
Rather than rend the service, would have seen 
The dead thrown overboard without a prayer.

RANDOLPH.
Yet he hath freaks and follies of opinion; 
The bubbles of a yeasty mind, that works 
As it would crack its vessel.

captain.
They are ever 
The sweetest nuts in which the maggot breeds.

RANDOLPH.
But, once fly-striken, what avails their sweetness? 
Only to feed a pamper’d grub, that leaves 
Nothing but dirt and hollowness behind it. 
Tainted the young man is, and deeply too, 
I fear, by birth and breeding: I perceive it 
With sorrow, seeing on how fair a stock 
The unlucky graft is set.

captain.
Why then, alas 
For that poor Anabel, if she must have 
This farther cause to rue our baneful factions. 
The wretched strife already hath entail’d 
Upon her luckless family the loss 
Of fair possessions, friends, and native land! 
And now a chance hath offer’d, which to her, 
I trow, might largely make amends for all: 
It would be hard indeed, when all things seem 
To square so well—youth, opportunity. 
Their fortunes once, the natural dower of each 
So equal, and so bountifully given, 
A dying mother’s blessing to crown all— 
It would be hard indeed, should loyalty 
Forbid the banes.

RANDOLPH.
I know her father’s temper, 
True as his own Toledo to the cause; 
Wherein they both were tried. Nor will neglect, 
Ingratitude of courts, and banishment, 
(For a grant in the American wilderness 
Only calls exile by a fairer name,) 
Subdue his high-wrought virtue. Satisfied 
At last, by years of painful proof, 
That loyalty must find in its own proud sense 
Its own reward, that pride he will bequeath 
His children as their best inheritance, 
A single heir-loom rescued from the wreck, 
And worth whate’er was lost.

captain.
’Tis well the youth 
Thinks less of earth than heaven, and hath his heart 
More with the angels than on human love: 
But if such thoughts and hopes have entered it, 
As would some forty years ago have found 
Quick entrance, and warm welcome too, in mine, 
His ugly baptism may mar all, and make him 
Breathe maledictions on his godfathers, 
Though old Ned himself were one.

RANDOLPH.
Howbeit ’twill win him 
Worship and friends in the city of the saints; 
And, to the ears of sober Boston men, 
Oliver will be a name more savoury 
Than Tribulation, or Stand-fast-in-the-Lord, 
Increase or Nathan, Gershom, Ichabod, 
Praise-God, or any of the Barebones breed. 
They rise upon the oak-holyday with faces 
A full inch longer than they took to bed: 
Experienced nurses feed their babes that day 
With spoons, because the mother’s milk is soars; 
And when they mourn upon the Martyrdom, 
’Tis for the expiation, not the crime. 
Oh they love dearly one of the precious seed! 
Tyburn, since Sixty, in their secret hearts 
Holds place of Calvary. For saints and martyrs, 
None like their own Hugh Peters, and the heads 
On the Hall your only relics! Fifteen years 
They have hid among them the two regicides, 
Shifting from den to cover, as we found 
Where the scant lay. But earth them as they will, 
I shall unkenel them, and from their holes 
Drag them to light and justice.

captain.
There hath been 
Much wholesome sickness thrown away, Sir Randolphe 
On your strong stomach! Two sea voyages 
Have not sufficed to clear the bile wherewith 
You left New England!

RANDOLPH.
Nay, it rises in me 
As I draw near their shores.

captain.
Why then, look shortly 
For a sharp fit; for, if the sky tell true, 
Anon we shall have wind, and to our wish. 

So spake the Captain, for his eye, 
Versed in all signs and weathers, 
Discerned faint traces in the eastern sky, 
Such as a lion’s paw might leave 
Upon the desert, when the sands are dry. 
The dog-vane now blows out with its light feathers; 
And lo! the ship, which like a log hath lain, 
Heavily rolling on the long slow swell, 
Stirs with her proper impulse now, and gathers 
A power like life beneath the helmsman’s will.
A NEW ENGLAND TALE

Her head lies right; the rising breeze
A stern comes rippling o'er the seas;
A tramp of feet! a sound of busy voices!
The cordage rattles, and the topsails fill;
All hands are active, every heart rejoices.

Blest with fair seas, and favourable skies,
Right for her promised land
The gallant vessel flies;
Far, far behind her now
The foamy furrow lies;
Like dust around her prow
The ocean spray is driven.

O thou fair creature of the human hand!
Thou, who wert palesied late,
When the dead calm lay heavy on the deep,
Again hast thou received the breath of heaven,
And, waking from thy sleep,
As strength again to those broad wings is given,
Thou puttest forth thy beauty and thy state!
Hold on with happy winds thy prosperous way,
And may no storm that goodly pride abate,
Nor baffling airs thy destined course delay,
Nor the sea-rover seize thee for his prey;
But ministering angels wait
To watch for thee, against all ill event
From man, or from the reckless element.
Thou hast a richer freight
Than ever vessel bore from Ophir old,
Or spicey India sent,
Or Lisbon welcomed to her joyful quay
From her Brazilian land of gems and gold;
Thou carriest pious hope, and pure desires,
Such as approving angels might behold;
A heart of finest mould,
A spirit that aspires
To heaven, and draws its flame from heavenly fires;
Genius, Devotion, Faith,
Stronger than time or Death,
A temper of the high heroic mood,
By that strong faith exalted, and subdued
To a magnanimous fortitude.
The blossom of all virtues dost thou bear,
The seed of noble actions! Go thy way
Rejoicingly, from fear and evil free:
These shall be thy defence,
Beneath the all-present arm of Providence,
Against all perils of the treacherous sea.

Where the long sandy Cape
Bends and embraces round,
As with a lover's arm, the shelter'd sea,
A haven she hath found
From adverse gales and boisterous billows free.

Now strike your sails,
Ye toil-worn mariners, and take your rest
Long as the fierce north-west
In that wild fit prevails,
Tossing the waves upturn'd with frantic sway.
Keep ye within the bay,
Contented to delay
Your course till the elemental madness cease,
And heaven and ocean are again at peace.

How gladly there,
Sick of the uncomfortable ocean,
The impatient passengers approach the shore;
Escaping from the sense of endless motion,
To feel firm earth beneath their feet once more,
To breathe again the air
With taint of bilge and cordage undeciled.
And drink of living springs, if there they may,
And with fresh fruits and wholesome food repair
Their spirits, weary of the watery way.

And oh! how beautiful
The things of earth appear
To eyes that far and near
For many a week have seen
Only the circle of the restless sea!
With what a fresh delight
They gaze again on fields and forests green,
Hovel, or whatsoever
May bear the trace of man's industrious hand;
How grateful to their sight
The shore of shelving sand,
As the light boat moves joyfully to land!

Woods they beheld, and huts, and piles of wood,
And many a trace of toil,
But not green fields or pastures. 'Twas a land
Of pines and sand;
Dark pines, that from the loose and sparkling soil
Rose in their strength aspiring: far and wide
They sent their searching roots on every side,
And thus, by depth and long extension, found
Firm hold and grasp within that treacherous ground:
So had they risen and flourish'd; till the earth,
Unstable as its neighbouring ocean there,
Like an unnatural mother, heaped around
Their trunks its weary furrows white and high;
And still'd thus the living things it bore.
Half buried thus they stand,
Their summits sere and dry,
Marking, like monuments, the funeral mound;
As when the masts of some tall vessel show
Where, on the fatal shoals, the wreck lies whelm'd below.

III.

CAPE COD.

Days pass, winds veer, and favouring skies
Change like the face of fortune; storms arise;
Safely, but not within her port desired,
The good ship lies.
Such was the genial earth; nor was the air
Fresh and delightful there:
A noisome taint upon the breath it bore;
For they who dwelt upon that sandy shore,
Of meadows and of gardens took no care;
They sow'd not, neither did they reap:
The ocean was their field, their flocks and herds
The myriad-moving armies of the deep;
The whale their mighty chase, whose bones bestrew'd
The sandy margin of that ample bay,
And all about, in many a loophly heap,
The offal and the reeking refuse lay,
Left there for dogs obscene and carrion birds a prey.

Oliver, as they approach'd, said thoughtfully:
"It was within this bay
That they, into the wilderness who bore
The seeds of English faith and liberty,
First set their feet upon the shore.
Here they put in, escaping from the rage
Of tempests, and by treacherous pilage
Led, as it seem'd to fallible men, astray:
But God was with them; and the Providence
Which err's not, had design'd his people's way."

"A blessed day for England had it been,"
Randolph exclaim'd, "had Providence thought
good,
If the whole stern round-headed brotherhood
Had follow'd, man and woman, great and small;
New England might have prosper'd with the brood,
Or seas and sharks been welcome to them all."

"Alas, how many a broken family
Hath felt that bitter wish!" the youth replied;
And, as he spake, he breathed a silent sigh.
"The wounded heart is prone to entertain
Presumptuous thoughts and feelings, which arraign
The appointed course of things. But what are we,
Short-sighted creatures of an hour,
That we should judge? In part alone we see,
And this but dimly. He, who ordereth all,
Beholdeth all, at once, and to the end:
Upon His wisdom and His power,
His mercy and His boundless love, we rest;
And resting thus in humble faith, we know,
Whether the present be for weal or woe,
For us whatever is must needs be best."

Thus, while he spake, the boat had reach'd the land;
And, grating gently, rested on the sand.
They step ashore; the dwellers gather nigh:
"Whence comes the vessel? whither is she bound?"
Then for Old England's welfare they inquire;—
Eager alike for question and reply,
With open lips and ears attending round;—
What news of war, and plague, and plots, and fire?
Till satisfied of these, with cheerful care
The board and bowl they hasten to prepare;
Each active in his way,
Glad of some lawful business, that may break
The tedious of an idle Sabbath-day.

But, from the stir of that loquacious crew,
Oliver meantime apart from all withdrew.
Beyond the bare and sapless pines, which stood
Half-overwhelm'd with sand,
He pass'd, and entering in the wood,
Indulged his turneth'd heart in solitude.
"Thou Earth, receive me, from my native land
An unoffending exile! Hear my claim!
In search of wealth I have not sought thy shore,
Nor covetous of fame,
Nor treading in the ambitious steps of power;
But hiding from the world a hapless name,
And sacrificing all
At holiest duty's call,
Thou barbarous Land, of thee I only crave—
For those I love—concealment and a grave."

Thus he relieved his breast; yet did not dare
Allow himself full utterance, even there:
To part he gave a voice; and then, in fear,
Shaped with his lips, inaudibly, the rest:
With that the very air
Might not be trusted; and he look'd around,
Alarm'd, lest human ear
Had caught the unfinished sound.
Some tears stole down his cheek, now not repress'd,
And, kneeling on the earth, he kiss'd the ground.

Unbidden thoughts then took their course, and drew
The future and the past before his view:
The haunts, the friendships, and the hopes of youth—
All, all forsaken—no dear voice,
Ever again to bid his heart rejoice!
Familiar scenes and faces
Only in dreams should he behold again;
But, in their places,
The wilderness, wild beasts, and savage men!

Soon from that paimptous thought
His soul upon the wings of hope took flight;
And strong imagination brought
Visions of joy before his inward sight.
Of regions yet by Englishmen unsought,
And ancient woods, was that delightful dream,—
The broad savannah, and the silver stream.
Fair bowers were there, and gardens smiling,
And harvests flourish'd in the wild;
And, while he made Redeeming Love his theme,—
Savage no longer now—
The Indians stood around,
And drank salvation with the sound.
One Christian grave was there,
Turf'd well, and weed'd by his pious care,
And redolent of many a fragrant flower
And herb profusely planted all about.

Within his bower
An old man sate, in patience and in peace,
While the low sands of life ran out,
Awaiting his release.
That old man laid his hand upon his head,
And blest him daily, when the day was done;
And Heaven was open to him, and he saw
His mother's spirit smile, and bless her son.

Thus to the voluntary dream resign'd
He lay, while blended sounds of air and sea
Lulled his unconscious mind
With their wild symphony.
The wind was in the pines, awakening there
A sea-like sound continuous, and a swell
At fitful intervals, that mingled well
With ocean's louder roar,
When the long curling waves,
Reach after reach in regular rising, fell
Upon the sandy shore.
Long might he there have lain, but that, in tones
Which seem'd of haste to tell,
Once, twice, and thrice pronounced he heard his name:
Too sweetly to his ears the accents came,
Breathed from the gentle lips of Annabel.

With hurried pace she comes, and flush'd in face,
And with a look, half-pity, half-affright,
Which, while she spake, enlarged her timid eyes:
"O, sir! I have seen a piteous sight!"
The shuddering maiden cries;
"A poor wild woman. Woe is me! among
What worse than heathen people are we thrown?
Beasts, in our England, are not treated thus,—
Our very stones would rise
Against such cruelties!
But you, perhaps, can reach the stoney heart,—
Oh come, then, and perform your Christian part."

She led him hastily toward a shed,
Where, fetter'd to the door post, on the ground
An Indian woman sate. Her hands were bound,
Her shoulders and her back were wailed and scored
With recent stripes. A boy stood by,
Some seven years old, who with a piteous eye
Beheld his suffering mother, and deplored
Her injuries with a cry,
Deep, but not loud,—an utterance that express'd
The mingled feelings swelling in his breast,—
Instinctive love intense, the burning sense
Of wrong, intolerable grief of heart,
And rage, to think his arm could not fulfil
The pious vengeance of his passionate will.
His sister by the door
Lay basking in the sun: too young was she
To feel the burthen of their misery;
Reckless of all that pass'd, her little hand
Play'd idly with the soft and glittering sand.

At this abhorred sight,
Had there been place for aught
But pity, half relieved by indignation,
They would have seen that Indian woman's face
Not with surprise alone, but admiration:
With such severe composure, such an air
Of stern endurance, did she bear
Her lot of absolute despair.
You rather might have deem'd,
So fix'd and hard the strong bronze features seem'd,
That they were of some molten statue part,
Than the live sentient index of a heart
Suffering and struggling with extremest wrong:
But that the coarse jet hair upon her back
Hung loose, and lank, and long,
And that sometimes she moved her large black eye,
And look'd upon the boy who there stood weeping by.

Oliver in vain attempted to assuage,
With gentle tones and looks compassionate,
The bitterness of that young Indian's rage.
The boy drew back abhorrent from his hand,
Eyed him with fierce disdain, and breathed
In inarticulate sounds his deadly hate.
Not so the mother; she could understand
His thoughtful pity, and the tears which fell
Copiously down the cheeks of Annabel.
Touch'd by that unaccustomed sympathy
Her countenance relax'd: she moved her head
As if to thank them both
Then frowning, as she raised her mournful eye,—
"Bad Christian-man! bad English-man!" she said:
And Oliver a sudden sense of shame
Felt for the English and the Christian name.

IV

THE CAPTIVES RANSOMED.

OLIVER.
I pray you, sir, who owns the Indian woman
That is chain'd in yonder hut?

CAPE'S-MAN.
What! you have seen them,
The she-wolf and her whelps?

OLIVER.
She hath indeed
A strange wild aspect, and the boy appears
Of a fierce nature. I should think her owner
Would find her an unprofitable slave.

CAPE'S-MAN.
Why, sir, you reckon rightly; and, methinks,
Without a conjurer's skill you well may think so:
Those fetters, and the marks upon her skin,
Speak her deserts. On week-days with the whip
We keep her tightly to her work; but thus
Her Sabbath must be spent, or she would put
The wilderness between her and her owner.
An honest dealer never paid good money
For a worse piece: and for that boy of hers,
He is a true-bred savage, blood and bone,
To the marrow and heart's core.

RANDOLPH.

I warrant him!
No mother like your squaw to train a child
In the way she would have him go; she makes him
subter
Than the sly snake, untameable as bear
Or buffalo, fierce as a famish'd wolf,
And crueler than French judges, Spanish friars,
Or Dutchmen in the East. His earliest plaything
Is a green scalp, and then, for lollipop,
The toasted finger of an Englishman!
Young as he is, I dare be sworn he knows
Where is the liveliest part to stick a skewer
Into a prisoner's flesh, and where to scoop
The tenderest mouthful. If the Devil himself
Would learn devices to afflict the damn'd
With sharper torments, he might go to school
To a New England savage.

CAPE'S-MAN.

I perceive, sir,
You know them well. Perhaps you may have heard
Of this young devilling's father:—he was noted
For a most bloody savage in his day:
They call'd him Kawnacom.

RANDOLPH.

What! Kawnacom,
The Narhaganset Sagamo?  

CAPE'S-MAN.

The same;
A sort of captain, or of prince, among them.

RANDOLPH.

A most notorious villain! But I left him
At peace with the English?

CAPE'S-MAN.

And you find him so,—
Under the only bail he would not break;
A bullet through the heart is surety for him.
You have not learnt, I guess, what dreadful work
There is in the back country!—Families
Burnt in their houses; stragglers tomahawk'd
And scalp'd, or dragg'd away that they may die
By piecemeal murder, to make mockery
For these incarnate devils at the stake.
Farms are forsaken; towns are insecure;
Men sleep with one eye open, and the gun
By their bed-side. And, what is worst, they know
How far the league extends, nor whom to trust
Among these treacherous tribes. Old people say
That things were not so bad in the Pequod war.

RANDOLPH.

What then, have we been idle?

CAPE'S-MAN.

Hitherto
But little has been done. The evil found us
Lapp'd in security, and unprepared:
Nor know we where to strike, nor whom, so darkly
The mischief hath been laid.

RANDOLPH.

Strike where we will,
So we strike hard, we cannot err. The blow
That rids us of an Indian does good service.

OLIVER.

That were a better service which should win
The savage to your friendship.

CAPE'S-MAN.

You are young, sir,
And, I perceive, a stranger in the land;
Or you would know how bootless is the attempt
To tame and civilize these enemies,
Man-beasts, or man-fiends,—call them which you
will,—
Their monstrous nature being half brute, half devil,
Nothing about them human but their form.
He, who expends his kindness on a savage
Thinking to win his friendship, might as wisely
Plant thorns and hope to gather grapes at vintage.

OLIVER.

Look but to Martha's Vineyard, and behold
On your own shores the impossibility
Achieved—the standing miracle display'd
In public view, apparent to all eyes,
And famous through all countries wheresoe'er
The Gospel truth is known. Many are the hearts
In distant England which have overflow'd
With pious joy to read of Hinacom's,
Whose prayerful house the pestilence past by;
And blind Waunoppeck,—he, within whose doors
The glad thanksgiving strain of choral praise
Fails not, at morn and eve, from year to year;
And the Sachem, who rejoiced because the time
Of light was come, and now his countrymen,
Erring and lost, no longer should go down
In ignorance and darkness to the grave;
And poor old Lazarus, that rich poor man,
The child of poverty, but rich in faith,
And his assured inheritance in heaven.

RANDOLPH.

Young sir, it is with stories as with men;
That credit oftentimes they gain abroad,  
Which, either for misluck or misdesert,  
They fail to find at home.

**OLIVER.**

Are these things false, then?  
Is there no truth in Mayhew's life of love?  
Hath not the impatient Welshman's zeal, that blazed  
Even like a burning and consuming fire,  
Refined itself into a steady light  
Among the Indians?—and the name of Williams,  
The signal once for strife where'er he went,  
Become a passport and a word of peace  
Through savage nations? Or is this a tale  
Set forth to mock our weak credulity;  
And all that holy Eliot hath perform'd  
Only a fable cunningly devised?

**CAPE'S-MAN.**

He comes out qualified to lecture us  
Upon our own affairs!

**RANDOLPH.**

The things you talk of  
Serve but with us to comfort our old women,  
Furnish an elder with some choice discourse  
For a dull synod, and sometimes help out  
Sir Spinetax at a pinch, when he would think it  
A sin did he dismiss his hungry flock  
Before the second glass be fairly spent.  
Much have you read, and have believed as largely;  
And yet one week's abode in the colony  
Will teach you more than all your English reading.

**OLIVER.**

Sir, I am easy of belief, for that way  
My temper leads me,—liable to err;  
And yet, I hope, not obstinate in error;  
But ready still to thank the riper judgment  
That may correct my inexperienced years.  
You paint the Indians to the life, I doubt not:  
Children of sin, and therefore heirs of wrath,  
The likeness of their Heavenly Sire in them  
Seems utterly defaced; and in its stead,  
Almost, it might be thought, the Evil Power  
Hath set his stamp and image. This should move us  
The more to deep compassion; men ourselves,  
In whom the accident of birth alone  
Makes all this awful difference! And remembering,  
That from our common parent we derive  
Our nature's common malady innate,  
For which our common Saviour offers us  
The only cure,—oh! ought we not to feel  
How good and merciful a deed it were  
To bring these poor lost sheep within his fold!

**RANDOLPH.**

Sheep call you them, forsooth! When you can  
Gather  
Bears, wolves, and tigers in a fold, hope then  
To tame such sheep as these.

**OLIVER.**

What is there, sir,  
That may not by assiduous care be won  
To do our will? Give me a lion's cub,  
Torn from the teat, and I will so train up  
The noble beast, that he shall fondle me,  
And lay his placid head upon my knees,  
And lick my hand, and couch my bed-side,  
And guard me with a dog's fidelity.

**RANDOLPH.**

Behold a litter ready to your wish!  
Our friend, if I mistake not, will afford  
An easy purchase, dam and cubs. What say you,  
My lion-tamer?

**CAPE'S-MAN.**

You shall have them cheap, sir!  
A bargain that may tempt you; come, for half  
That they would fetch in the Barbadoes market.  
I meant to ship them thither, but would rather  
Sell at a less than keep that woman longer.

Thus had the jeer grown serious, and it drew  
Into the young man's cheek a deeper hue.  
Moments there are in life,—alas,—how few!—  
When, casting cold prudential doubts aside,  
We take a generous impulse for our guide,  
And, following promptly what the heart thinks best,  
Commit to Providence the rest,  
Sure that no after-reckoning will arise,  
Of shame, or sorrow, for the heart is wise.  
And happy they who thus in faith obey  
Their better nature: err sometimes they may,  
And some sad thoughts lie heavy in the breast,  
Such as by hope deceived are left behind;  
But, like a shadow, these will pass away  
From the pure sunshine of a peaceful mind.

Thus feeling, Oliver obey'd  
His uncorrupted heart; nor paused, nor weigh'd  
What hindrance, what displeasure might ensue;  
But from his little store of worldly wealth,  
Poor as it was, the ready ransom drew.  
Half-earnest, half-sarcastic, Randolph now  
Sought him from that rash purpose to dissuade;  
While the hard Cape's-man, nothing nice,  
Counted the money, glad to get his price.
THE PORTRAIT.

At length the adverse gales have ceased;
The breath of morn is from the east,
Where, burnishing with gold the restless sea,
Uprose the sun in radiant majesty.
Unfelt that breath upon the seas,
Unheard amid the silent trees,
It breathes so quietly:
Yet have the seamen, on their way intent,
Perceived the auspicious sign. The sails are bent,
The anchor raised; the swelling canvas now
Fills with the refreshing breeze; the Cape recedes,
Its sandhills and its pines
In distance fade away.
Steady she holds her course; and still the day
Is young, when lo! the haven is in sight;
And ere from his meridian height the sun
Declines, within that haven's gentle breast,
From the long labours of her weary way,
The vessel comes to rest.

Scatter'd within the peaceful bay
Many a fair isle and islet lay,
And rocks and banks which threaten'd there
No peril to the mariner.
The stores which bent around were gay
With maize, and with pastures green,
And rails and hedge-row trees between,
And fields for harvest white,
And dwellings sprinkled up and down;
And round about the cluster'd town,
Which rose in sunshine bright,
Was many a shelter'd garden spot,
And many a sunny orchard plot,
And bowers which might invite
The studious man to take his seat
Within their quiet, cool retreat,
When noon was at its height.
No heart that was at ease, I ween,
Could gaze on that surrounding scene
Without a calm delight.

Behold upon the quay a press
Of business and of idleness,
Where these new-comers land.
Kinsfolk with anxious questions meet;
And friends and light acquaintance greet
With jovial shake of hand.
The idlers ask the crew of what
Upon their way befell;
And all, and more than all they know,
The wondering sailors tell.
From tongue to tongue the tidings ran;
The lady's death,—the strange young man;
His moody ways, his gift of prayer,
The maid committed to his care,
His destined bride, they nothing doubting deem'd;
And how, by sudden fit of pity moved,
From slavery he redeem'd
The children and the wife of Kawnacon,
(An act that all admired, but none approved.)
And to their savage tribe, they fear'd,
Reckless of counsel, would conduct them home.
All marvel'd at the tale; the many jeer'd:
"Mad as the Quakers!" some exclaimed; and some
Pray'd that his rash and unenlighten'd will
Might cause no after-troubles in a state
Pester'd with errors and new fancies still.
Some shook their heads; the more compassionate
Observed, that where so kind a heart was found,
Pity it was the wits should not be sound.

"It is a madness which the world will cure,"
Leverett, the Governor, said, "too soon, be sure."
Randolph had risen to leave him, when the youth
Enter'd the Governor's door. "Come, let me play,"
Quoth he, "the usher!" in his wonted way,
Mingling with sportive speech sarcastic truth.
"Your Excellency here beholds the Man!
The Quaker-Church of England-Puritan,
Knight-errant, preacher, and we know not what,
So many things he is, and he is not;
A hero, certes, if he would but fight;
A Solomon, if his notions were but right.
Should he into a lion's den be thrown,—
Look at those arms and eyes, and you might swear
That he would act the London Prentice there;
But trusting to the mind, forsooth, alone
He'd take the cubes, like lambkins, to his breast,
And, Daniel-like, by faith subdued the rest.
Then for the harder task of savage-quelling
He hath a talent which exceeds all telling.
Two full-bred devilings he has taught to greet him,
And kiss as lovingly as they would eat him;
And he hath bought their mother squaw, to teach
That pleasant lingo the Six-nation speech;
Words, which would choke a Dutchman or a Jew,
Dawn'd old Nick, and which from me or you
Could not be forced by ipecacuanha,
Drop from his oratoric lips like manna.
So fine withal his temper proves, that it
Hath borne unurt the file of my rough wit;
This to his honour I am bound to tell;
Would that he took true counsel half as well!
And now, sir, as your favour may befriend him,
To that in right good earnest I commend him!"

"A man of caustic speech!" the Governor said,
Following him with his eye, as forth he went:
"Yet hath this humour no unkind intent;
His commendation, sir, shall have its weight,
The rest we take as it is meant."

The youth
To that urbane accoi, with grateful eye,
And gentle motion of the bending head,
Return'd a mute reply.
There was a troubled meaning in his look,
And o'er his brow an ashy paleness spread,
As forth he took
A little casket, and, with trembling hand
Presenting it to Leverett, said:
"Thus I discharge my mother's last command;
On her death-bed she told me I should need
No other friend with you in my behalf to plead."

The Governor's countenance changed, as he received
That message from the dead;
And when he open'd and contemplated
The sad bequest,
Tears fill'd his eyes, which could not be repressed.
It was a woman's picture, in her youth
And bloom portrayed by Cooper's perfect skill.
The eyes, which death had quench'd,
Kept there their life and living lustre still;
The auburn locks, which sorrow's withering hand,
Forsaketh time, had changed to early grey,
Disparting from the ivory forehead, fell
In ringlets which might tempt the breath of May;
The lips, now cold as clay,
Sear'd to breathe warmth and vernal fragrance there;
The cheeks were in their maiden freshness fair,
Thus had the limner's art divine preserved
A beauty which from earth had pass'd away;
And it had caught the mind which gave that face
Its surest charm, its own peculiar grace.
A modest mien,
A meek, submissive gentleness serene,
A heart on duty stay'd,
Simple, sincere, affectionate, sedate,
Were in that virgin countenance portrayed:
She was an angel now; and yet,
More beautiful than this fair counterfeit,
Even in heaven, her spirit scarce could be,
Nor seem from stain of ill, and evil thoughts, more free.

Time was, when Leverett had worn
That picture like a relic in his breast;
And duly, morn and night,
With Love's idolatry
Fix'd on its beauties his adoring sight,
And to his lips the precious crystal prest.
Time was, when, in the visions of his rest,
That image of delight
Came with sweet smiles, and musical voice, to bless
His sleep, and all his dreams were happiness.
And still, though course of time, and fatal force
Of circumstance, grave thoughts, and worldly cares
(Alas! how unlike the blissful hopes of youth,
From which it had been worse than death to part!)
Had fortified as well as heal'd his heart,
That vision, in her beauty and her truth,
Sometimes would visit him; and he,
With a confused but conscious faculty,
Knowing full well
That this, which seem'd, too surely could not be,
Struggled against the spell.
Unchanged and unimpar'd by thirty years,
Her image came, but only to distress
The heart she wont to bless,
Till from the painful unreality
He woke, disturb'd in spirit, and in tears.
But he was master of his waking soul,
And could control
All unbecoming passion, and all feeling
That needs repressing or concealing.
Howbeit he sought not to restrain
His deep emotion now, nor turn'd aside
His natural tears to hide, which freely fell;
But wiping them away a moment, eyed
Oliver's pale countenance and anxious brow,
Perusing there his mother's lineaments:
Then took his hand, and said, "Thou need'st not tell
Thy hapless name and perilous secret now,
I know them but too well."

VI.

FUTURE PROSPECTS.

LEVERETT.

Why hast thou ventured hither? With what hope
Or end hath natural piety betray'd thee
To this forlorn attempt? If to escape
Had offer'd chance enough to tempt despair,
The desperate effort had ere this been tried.
Besse, it had been meditated oft,
And bravely; and, had life been all the stake,
Life had been cheaply set upon the die,
To lose it being gain.

OLIVER.

They must forego,
The dear desire of e'er revisiting
Their native land,—and in my mother's grave
That hope, I ween, will now be laid at rest:
Nor could they safely seek a resting-place
In Europe, even if we reach'd a ship,
And left these shores behind us. Oft and well
Have I persevered this, devising ways
For flight, and schemes of plausible disguise,
Such thoughts in disappointment ending alway;
Till having offer'd up in fervent faith
A disciplined and humbled heart to Heaven,
A better hope arose. The wilderness
Is open to us! Thither will we go,
Far in the wilds, where foot of Englishman
Hath never trod. The equal elements
Will not deny our portion: Mother Earth
In unappropriated freedom, there
Holds forth her liberal lap; her springs, her fruits,
Her creatures of the land and air and stream,
To her free children freely offering.
Hid from the world, a double duty there
May I perform, to God and man discharged,
Serving my human and my Heavenly Sire;
There, treading in your saintly Eliot's path,
Guide the poor Indian in the way to Heaven!
And, in the forecast of its joys assured,
Receive mine own exceeding great reward.

LEVERETT.
Oh pitiable lot
Oh poor humanity,
When virtue thus can wrong the heroic heart,
And blind the noble intellect! Thou dreamest
Of peopling some Arcadian solitude
With human angels,—ignorant, alas!
Of time, place, circumstance, and men, and things,—
The Indians, and thy father, and thyself!

OLIVER.
Myself at least I know, prepared to act
Or suffer, with a soul for all events
Resign'd.

LEVERETT.
To suffer, rightly thou may'st say;
Easily we screw our courage to that point,
The issue being remote, and hope and chance
Between us and the event.
But how prepared to act? Ere thou couldst hold
With these Red tribes the commonest discourse
Of needful things and every-day concerns,
Years of laborious pupillage must pass,
Unless the claven flame upon thy head
Should light, and loose thy speech by miracle.
But wherefore with the show of difficulties
Should I dissuade thee from an enterprise
Impossible to attempt?

OLIVER.
A poet, sir,
In whose dark sayings deeper wisdom lies
Than ancient oracles enounced, or statesmen
Appear to reach in these ignoble times,
Hath taught me to believe, "impossible
Is but the faith of fear."

LEVERETT.
Are poets, then,
Thy teachers? O, young man, their flattering lore
But ill prepares the spirit for the uses
Of ordinary life!

OLIVER.
They best prepare it,
Who warn the heart against its own illusions;
And, strengthening it with patient hope and faith,
Arm it against all issues. To such teachers
My inexperienced youth by Providence
Was mercifully led. Penn hath allow'd me
To call him friend, in no sectarian use
Of words; and I have sate at Milton's feet
A reverential listener.

LEVERETT.
Milton's friendship
Will neither hurt nor help thee in a land,
Where they, who stilllest hold his errors, lift not
Their thoughts above the earth to follow him,
When his strong spirit mounts upon the wing,
Beyond their grovelling vision. But well is it
Thou hast not from Pen's dangerous fellowship
Learned his sectarian speech, and other follies
Wherewith that formal informality
Provokes the law. New England writes her
statutes
In blood against the Quakers. Thou hast 'scaped
Their clownish and uncivil usages;
But if there be an inner taint, take heed
To keep it hidden: openly I must not
Allow the violation of our laws.

OLIVER.
Oh we have trespass'd largely on your goodness;
Generous beyond example, as thou art.
Too largely have we tax'd it; and the cause,
The dreadful cause alone can palliate
Conduct like ours towards thee. Not for worlds
Would I do aught that might displeasure thee,
Best earthly friend! whom my dear mother never
Named without tears, and holiest gratitude,
Such as will surely bring upon thy head
The blessing that it pray'd for. I come here,
Not wilfully and madly to provoke
Intolerant laws, nor farther to presume
Upon thy noble nature; but to thank thee,
In her dear name, for all which thou hast done;
To tell thee, as she charged me, that in death
She bless'd thee for thy goodness; and, performing
Her latest wish and will, to take the barren
Of our unhappy fortunes on myself.

LEVERETT.
Her latest wish and will!

OLIVER.
It was a thought
Which added to her griefs, that you should stand
In jeopardy for us; howbeit, she said,
She hoped and felt and trusted that you knew
Her inmost mind, and Heaven would recompense
A true affection, too severely tried.

LEVERETT.
Thus it was ever with her gentle heart,
By some strange fortune fated still to prove
That in her strength alone the root
Of her sole weakness lay.
Poor heart! a victim always at the call
A NEW ENGLAND TALE.

Of fancied duty; only then unjust,
Only then obstinate, when offering up
Itself a bleeding sacrifice! I know,
And understand, in what devoted mood
Her acquiescence to thy dreams was given;
Such as aspiring saints desire, and martyrs
Reach in their triumph, when they clasp the stake.

OLIVER.

"Twas in no height of feverish exaltation,
In no delusion of the heated mind,
That her consent was given: but mutually
Our hearts received, as I believe, from Heaven
The impulse. By the test of prayer we tried,
And in the balance of the sanctuary
Weighed it; and having taken our resolve,
Partook that inward peace, wherewith the Spirit
Doth set the seal to its authentic acts.
Shake not thy head thus mournfully, nor thus
In disapproval knit the incredulous brow!
The purpose, which at first was entertain'd
With doubtfulness and fear, increased in strength,
While long infancy and wasting pain
Consumed her mortal mould; and at that hour,
When it is no illusion to believe
That the departing soul hath sight of heaven
Opening before its happy flight, and feels
The expansion of diviner faculties
Than this gross earth unfolds, her looks and tokens
Confirm'd the injunction of her latest voice,
And bless'd, and for obedience strengthen'd me,
Betide what may.

LEVERETT.

For me, then, it remains
Only to show what obstacles impede
The perilous course from which I must not farther
Essay to turn thee. Thou, who art not less
In mind than lineaments thy mother's image,
Judge for thyself if they be superable.
Thy grandsire lives, indeed,—if it be life,
When the poor flesh, surviving, doth entomb
The reasonable soul defunct. Below
The reach of grief and danger he hath sunk.
The tale of his dear daughter's death to him
Will be like baptism to a chrysome babe,
Something that means he knows and recks not
what.
Safely in court might he hold up the band,
Now trembling and unconscious, which subscribed
The fatal warrant: even the sword of law
Would, in his pitiable estate, acknowledge
The visitation of a higher Power,
And turn away its edge. But as thou canst not,
Encumber'd with a twichild man, pursue
Thy purpose, it must of necessity
Be laid aside, at least till death remove
The impediment not else removable.

OLIVER.

So be it. We must patiently await
The hour of his release. With time and death
Sure reckoning may be made.

LEVERETT.

That hour in truth
Cannot be long delay'd. But what shall make
Thy father to thy dreams defer his own?
If in his corporal uses man becomes
The slave of habit, stronger are the chains
In which the mind is bound, a willing thrall.

OLIVER.

I understand you not!

LEVERETT.

You do not know
Your father.

OLIVER.

Only by report, alas!
As England in his years of fortune knew him;
Religious, faithful, excellently skill'd
In war, and in his single person brave
To all men's admiration.

LEVERETT.

Yet I think
Enthusiastic as thou art, thou needest not
Learn with how much alloy the richest vein
Of virtues is too often found combined.
'Tis the condition of humanity,
Frail and infirm at best; and they who boast
Sinless perfection for their privilege,
By the proud folly of the claim, confute
Their own insane pretension.

OLIVER.

Surely, sir,
My father hath not in the school of Christ
So poorly profited, nor lived so long
A stranger to himself and his own heart,
That he should hold this error.

LEVERETT.

Glad I am
Thou seest it erroneous. Other notions
He holds too near akin to it, the breed
Of those pestiferous and portentous times
Wherein his lot had fallen. Even yet he thinks
The kingdom of the saints shall be in strength
Establish'd; finds in whatsoever occurs
The accomplishment of some dark prophecy;
Interprets, and expounds, and calculates
That soon he shall be call'd to bear his part
In setting up again the broken work.
A NEW ENGLAND TALE.

Left incomplete by chosen Oliver.
Thus he in one continuous dream of hope
Beguiles the tedious years.

OLIVER.
Herein I see not
What should impede my purpose. In the forest,
The sense of freedom and security,
Healing a wounded spirit, may restore
To health his mind diseased.

LEVERETT.
But if the patient
Reject the means of cure? He will not leave
A place of refuge which the Lord prepared
For him in his distress; and where full surely
He trusts the call will reach him, to come forth
And fight the battles of the good old cause.
For which he doth endure contentedly
This living martyrdom. Thy father thus
Would answer thee; the malady is rooted
In him so deeply now. It is become
Essential in his being: long success,
Beyond the most audacious of his thoughts,
Fed and inflamed it first; long suffering since
Hath as it were annealed it in his soul.
With stubborn fortitude, bewild’rd faith,
Love, hatred, indignation, all strong passions,
The bitterest feelings, and the tenderest thoughts,
Yea, all his earthly, all his heavenly hopes.
And Russel—for such sympathy alone
Could influence him to harbour long such guests—
Fosters the old delusion which he shares,
And ministers to it, even in his prayers.

OLIVER.
My father will not be persuaded then,
You think?

LEVERETT.
I know he will not. There are minds,
The course of which, as of some slow disease,
Known by its fatal frequency too well,
We see with helpless foresight, hopelessly.
But, if he listen’d to thy moving words,
What would it now avail? The wilderness
Affords no shelter while the Indians,
Fiercer than beasts, and wilier, are in arms.

OLIVER.
I have a passport for the wilderness
Safer than statesmen could accord, or states
Enforce with all their strength. The Indian woman,
Of whom Sir Randolph in his mockery told thee;
She and her children will be my protection
Among the wildest tribes.

LEVERETT.
And was this thought, then,
Thy motive for the act?

OLIVER.
I will not say
It had so much of forethought: but the ways
Of Providence open before me now.
The impulse, which appear’d like foolishness
To worldly censure, and which tremblingly
I follow’d, for this issue was design’d:
Oh doubt it not! And had I disobey’d
The inward and unwrinking monitor
That hour, infirm of faith, how had I then
Dishel’d myself of this fair hope!

LEVERETT.
A Naraganset woman, is she not?
The widow of a Sagamore, who fell
In the outbreak of these troubles?

OLIVER.
So they told me;
A noted savage, Kawnacom his name.

LEVERETT.
Something, methinks, I see in this, wherein
Our purposes may square, and my straight path
Of policy with thy eccentric course
Fall in and meet at the end. But, understand me,
Rather would I for thine own sake dissuade thee,
And for the sake of that dear Saint in heaven,
From an adventure of remotest hope
And imminent peril: but if thy resolve
Be obstinate against all reason, blameless
Then may I, both in her sight and in thine,
Decide the issue how it will, promote
The purpose which in vain I disapprove.
One trust we have; all-able Providence
Will overrule our ways, and haply too,
Knowing the upright intention, rectify
Our erring judgments. Let the matter sleep
Till I have taken counsel with my pillow
And this night’s waking thoughts. See me to-
morrow
As early as you will, before the stir
Of business hath begun: and now farewell.

VII.

THE INDIAN WAR.

Writ many an anxious thought opprest,
From busy sleep more wearying than unrest,
Hath Oliver arisen;
And from his bed of feverish care,
Glad to respire the cool fresh morning air,
Gone forth as from a prison.

The wakeful governor received his guest;
And ere the morning board was placed,
They to and fro the garden paced
In earnest talk, while Leverett told
How mutual injuries of old,
And mutual fears, the evanom'd will,
Suspicious still conceal'd but festering still,
And policy that shrunk from nothing ill,
(Savage or civilized—oh shame
To man's perverted power!—in this the same,)  
Youth's fiery courage, and eld's rooted hate
Had brought the danger on, which now assailed the state.

The times were fearful; whereasoe'er around
Among the Indian tribes he turn'd his view,
False friends, or open enemies, were found.

How wide their league he rather fear'd than knew.
But this was understood,
That feuds deliver'd down for many an age,
From sire to son in sacred heritage,
Wherewith their very nature seem'd imbued,
Had been with dread solemnities forewarned
And secret rites accurst, in fell intent
That they should root the English from the land,
And the last white man's blood
Be of their bond the seal and sacrament.

In truth they were a formidable foe;
Compared with ours, their numbers made them so;
Crafty, deceitful, murderous, merciless:
Yet with heroic qualities endued:
Contempt of death, surpassing fortitude,
Patience through all privations, self-control
Even such as saints and sages scarce attain,
And a sustain'd serenity of soul,
Which Fortune might assault or tempt in vain,
Not to be moved by pleasure or by pain.

OLIVER.

Alas to think they have not long ere this
Been link'd with you in Christian fellowship!

LEVERETT.

Look at divided Christendom!—at England;
Her wounds, inflicted by sectarian rage,
Open and festering,—never to be heal'd!
Look at thy father's house; a threefold cord
Of brotherhood trebly disparted there;
Then tell me, where may Christian fellowship
In this wide world be found? Alas, my friend,
I see it only in the Promised Land.
From Pisgah's summit, through the glass of Faith,
Far in the regions of futurity.
Yet something we have done, which—though I own it
Far short of what true policy requires,

And in the scale of national duty weighing
Lighter than dust—may show we are not wholly
The slaves of Mammon. Fretted as we have been
By schisms, by rampant heresies disturb'd,
And by that spiritual pride possess'd, whose touch,
With influence lethal as Asp's tooth,
Numbs the life-blood of charity, this England
Hath sons, whose names, if there be any praise,
Shall have their place with saints of primitive times
Enroll'd, true heroes of humanity.

OLIVER.  

Oh doubt not that their virtue and their prayers
Will in this time of trial speed you more
Than all your carnal strength!

LEVERETT.

That faith might better
Beseech thine uncle of the seminary,
The Oratorian, than thy father's son.
A monk may put his trust in beads and sackcloth;
But Oliver's saints wore buff, and their right hands
Wrought for themselves the miracles they ask'd for.
Think not, young man, that I disparage prayer,
Because I hold that he, who calls on Heaven
For help against his temporal enemies,
Then with most cause and surest hope prefers
His supplication, when he best exerts
The prudence and the strength which God hath
Given him.

OLIVER.

There is a strength in patience which exceedeth
All other power; a prudence in the Gospel
Passing, as needs it must, all human wisdom.
That Gospel teaches passiveness and peace.

LEVERETT.

Patience he needs, Heaven knows! who hath to deal
With one enamour'd of a young opinion,
And like a giddy amoret pursuing
The passionate folly, reckless where it leads him.
Remember that you come not here to teach;
Remember too, that something like respect
Is due to years, and something to experience;
Some deference to our station; some attention—
And this at least will be allow'd—to one
Who at all hazards has approved himself
Thy mother's friend, and would no less be thine.

Abash'd at that reproof severe
Stood Oliver, unable to abate
The rising glow of shame that fired his cheek,
Or check the starting tear.
But then the Governor's eye compassionate
Even in reproof,—the pause he interposed,—
The low relenting tone wherein he closed
His stern though fit authoritative strain,
Temper'd the needful pain.

"O best and kindest friend,
O friend revered, I feel and own,
Whether I spake in error or in truth,
That thy rebuke is just," replied the youth:
"Forgive me! and no more will I offend;
But listen, and in all things, that I may,
Humbly and zealously obey."

LEVERETT.

Hear then, and patiently, while I instruct thee
Of things as yet unchronicled in books,
But bearing on this crisis, and the knowledge
Whereof in thine adventure will be found
Specially needful. When the English laid
The poor foundations of our colony,
(For poor indeed they seem'd; and yet I ween
In happy hour a corner-stone was placed
That ne'er shall be removed;) they found the land
Contested sometimes, and sometimes possess'd
In captive peace, between three powerful nations,
Or rather families of tribes. Omitting
The minor distributions (which are many
And barbarous all), suffice it to name these
In order of their strength; the Pequods first;
The Narragansets, unto whom belong
Thy ransom'd captives; lastly, the Moheagans,
Who occupied the immediate territory
Whereon our sad adventurers set foot.
With Massasoit, chief Sachem of the latter,
A league was made, of mutual benefit;
For, under Providence, his only friendship,
In the first hardships of the settlement,
Saved them alive; and their alliance proved
A shield against his enemies. This being
The end to which he look'd, who was a man
Advanced in years, far-sighted, honourable,
And of a spirit, which, if he had sway'd
An European sceptre, might have bless'd
The people over whom its rule extended,
The league was faithfully on both sides observed;
And ere his death the old man solemnly
Renew'd it for his sons, who for themselves
In their own persons ratified the engagement.

But men and times were changed, when the elder
youth
Succeeded to his sire; for the Colonists,
Now well acquainted with these Indian neighbours,
Leath'd their unseeny usages, abhor'd
Their most incredible cruelty, despised
Their easy ignorance,—and practised on it.
I seek not to conceal our own offences:
 Compared with other nations,—even with England,
Such as corrupted England long hath been,—
We are a sober, yea, a righteous people:
But Trade, which in the mother-land is one
Of many wheels, bearing a part alone,
And that too but subordinate, in the movements
Of a complicated and wonderful machine,
Is in our simple order the main-spring
That governs all. And where Trade rules, alas!
Whatever name be worship'd in the temples,
Mammon receives the heart's idolatry,
And is the god of the land.

Our Indian friends
Too soon had reason to abate their friendship:
And politic interests, which had held them to us,
Were loosen'd, when they saw their ancient foes,
The dreaded Pequods, by our arms pursued
In vigorous war, and rooted from the land,
Till the name alone remain'd, with none to own it.
This Alexander, so the youth was called,
Finding that check removed, and being also
By his father's death set free from all control,
Plotted against the English, in resentment
Partly, no doubt, because strict pains in teaching
(Less wise than well intended) had been spent
On his indolent and unwilling spirit;
But having injuries also to provoke
A haughty courage. Ere his schemes were ripe
He was, on sure intelligence, arrested;
And disappointed malice, joined with anger,
Raising a fever in his heart and brain,
Deliver'd him from our restraint by death.
He left a brother, who inherited
His rights and wrongs,—that Philip who is now
The scourge and terror of the colony.

Think not that these were names imposed in bap-
tism:
Upon that point the heart of Massasoit
Was harden'd; and his sons, like him, regarded
With mingled hatred and contempt a faith
They failed to understand. But it is held
A mark of honour to bestow, a pledge
Of friendship to receive, new appellations;
Which here too, among savages, import
Something of peerage, of deserved esteem,
Or of imputed worth, the commonalty
(Strange as such custom may appear) being name-
less.

My predecessor, with too true presage,
Fix'd on these names, less for the Christian sound
Which use hath given them, than because he saw
In the one youth an enterprising temper,
Ambitious of command; and in the other,
More to be fear'd, a deep dissembling spirit,
Which, if the time required, could brook its wrongs,
And in all outward patience chew the while
The cud of bitter thoughts. He being yet young
The station, which his sire had filled, devolved
Upon a chief, who was alike approved
In council and in war; the right remaining
For Philip to succeed in course of years,
If years should validate the acknowledged claim
Of birthright; for that claim, among the Indians,
Is held defeasible by ill-desert.
During this lapse of time, old rivalries
Revived between the two remaining tribes;
Whom ere the Pequods' power was crush'd, the sense
Of danger from that common enemy
Restrain'd in peace. Not to prolong my tale
With details not required for thy instruction,
The sun was this, that, as by treaty pledged
And justice bound, (for the right cause was theirs,
And interest also led us to uphold
The weaker side,) we aided the Mohegans,
Our first allies; and, when they took in battle
The hostile leader Miantonomimo,
He suffer'd death, by our advice and sanction;
Being however, at our instance, spared
From all those customary cruelties,
Which make the Indians odious in the sight
Of God and man. Seem I to speak severely,
Beyond what truth or Christian charity
May warrant? Soon, my friend, thou wilt have cause
To give that sentence thy convinced assent;
God in his mercy grant thou may'st not buy
The sad conviction dearly!

For awhile
The hatred which this left between those nations
Was our security; albeit we knew
That, in the offended party, the desire
Of vengeance would outlive the gratitude
Due for our help, from those whom we had succour'd.
The sense of injury in the human mind
Is like a drag upon the offended palate,
Clinging when bitterest most abidingly:
The benefits, which men receive, they take
Like wholesome food, that leaves no tang behind it.

We found it thus: for now these Tribes, foregoing
Their mutual hatred, as of lesser moment,
Have leagues against us. Philip is the head
Of the confederacy: his crafty brain
Combines, provides, prepares and plans the mischiefs.
And yet his venomous will and strong desire
Draw him to this, against his better judgment,
Possess'd not more with wise prudential fear
Than with a strange religious awe, so weighty
That, politic as he is, he hath not sought
Even from his own people to conceal
Its dark forebodings. What he wants in hope
His new ally the Narraganset Sachem
Supplies but all too well: for this Canonchet,
Son of that Miantonomimo whose death
He charges on our counsels, is the heart
Of the league. Insidious, resolute, inhuman;
Brave, both in passive and in active courage,
Almost beyond belief; implacable
In malice; wily as a snake to wind
His silent way unseen, when time requires
Concealment; furious as a hungry wolf,

When opportunity allows the indulgence
Of his fierce hatred,—this man is accomplish'd
To the height of savage virtue.

Need I tell thee,
That, as in civil, so in barbarous states,
The course of action takes its bias less
From meditation, and the calm resolve
Of wisdom, than from accident and temper,
Private advantage at all costs pursued,
Private resentments recklessly indulged,
The humour, will, and pleasure, of the leaders,
The passions and the madness of the people.
Under all climes, and in all forms of rule,
Alike the one, the many, or the few,
Among all nations of whatever tint,
All languages, these govern every where;
The difference only is of less or more,
As chance, to use the common speech, may sway;
In wiser words, as Providence directs.
The bond wherein these hostile tribes are knit
Against us, policy cannot untie,
Nor the sword cut. No easy conquest ours,
Such as the Spaniards found in Mexico,
Or Eldorado's priestly monarchies,
Or the well-order'd Incas' rich domains;
They could cope there with multitudinous hosts
Drawn forth in open field, and kings whose will,
Even in captivity, was through the realm
Religiously obey'd. But we must wage
Wars that will yield the soldier neither gold
Nor glory. In the forest and the swamp
Have we to seek our foes; and if the shield
Of the good Angel be not over us,
On all sides from safe cover with sure aim
The death-shots whiz. Would we then clear the land,
It is not to be done by victories;
But head by head must they be hunted down,
Like wolves; a work of danger and of time;
And in this region wild of endless woods,
Possible only to the invertebrate hatred
Of tribe for tribe. We tried the extremity—
Inhuman as it is—against the Pequods;
And, with the ferine help of such allies,
Pursued it to the end. All whom the sword
Spared, or our mercy interpolated to save
From torments, to the Sugar Isles were sold;
And in the daily death of bondage there
The race hath been consumed. But what hath been
The issue? Why, the tribes which aided us
To root them out, stand on the hostile part
Against us now the more audaciously,
Because they feel themselves in union strong,
And see us in the land without allies.
The hope thy hazardous adventure offers
Is this, that, if the die, whereon thy fate
For life or death is set, fall favourably,
And thou shouldst gain access among the elders,
The exasperate mood, which would too surely else
Repel our offer'd terms of amnesty,
May toward thee be soften'd. For these people
Act sometimes upon impulse, like thyself;
A generous action win's them, whom no fear
Can touch, nor pity move; and they will trust,
Like dogs and children, to a countenance,
Wherein, as if instinctively, they read
Fair testimonials from the unerring hand
Of Nature, patent there. And if one tribe,
One chief, unto thy words of peace incline
A willing ear, the league in all its parts
Will feel its ill-compacted strength relax:
Once loosen'd, it dissolves.

The Governor
Paused then; and fixing on the youth a look
Benign though mournful, "Mark me, Oliver,"
He said; "I call upon thy mother's soul
To witness—if the spirits of the dead
Are cognizant of what is done below—
That I have sought in all sincerity
To turn thee from thy purpose! If the event
Be fatal, before thee, and her, and Heaven,
Shall I stand unreproved; and with my sorrow
No self-reproach will mingle. But if still
Thy purpose holdeth firm, God speed thee! Go
In hope! I would not that my words should prove
A load to weigh thy buoyant spirit down.
It may be thou may'st render to the state
Some eminent service in this time of need.
And thus—O son of an unhappy house,
Born to a sad inheritance! it may be,
That in this other England, this new world,
Thou may'st reconstrue thy fortunes; may'st acquire
Such honour as consists with peace of mind
In the end; and for thy children's children gain
In this good land a goodwill heritage."

VIII.

PARTING WORDS.

Soo of a hapless house!
What were the thoughts which then within thy breast,
At thy true friend's concluding words, arose?
Dost that quick flush disclose
A feeling thou hast labour'd to control,
And hitherto represt
In singleness of heart and strength of soul?
A light, which like a sudden hope might seem,
Kindled his cheek, and brighten'd in his eye:
But it departed like a gleam,
That for a moment in the heavy sky
Is open'd when the storm is hurrying by;
And then his countenance resumed
Its meek serenity.

Nor did that sad composure change,
When of the gentle maiden Leverett spake,
Who in to his charge her mother's dying prayer
In Christian confidence consign'd.
And yet it was a theme which well might wake
Oppugnant feelings in his inmost mind;
For with a hope upon that mother's heart,
Impled, though not express'd, the solemn care
Was given; and therefore in the young man's heart
Uneasily it lay,
As if he were unjust,
And had received a trust
He could not, must not, did not dare—
And yet would fain—repay.

"That trust I could not choose but take," he said;
"And all that I stand pledged for to the dead
Is soon discharged; it will not from my way
Detain me long, nor lead me far astray."

"Tis but the easy distance of a day
From Hadley," quoth the Governor; and he spread
A map before them, rudely drawn, wherein
Wild forests stretching far and wide were seen,
Rivers whose inland course was unexplored,
And infant settlements, as yet ill-stored,
Few, and with dreamy intervals between
"Here in the vale of the Connecticut,"
Said Leverett, "Williboy's allotment lies:
A part from our immediate enemies
Remote, and, if reliance might be put
On distance, safe. From hence it bears due west
Some five day's travel through the woods; and now
The least frequented path will be the best,
That thou may'st leave behind thee on the left
The troubled country. Here thou see'st it south,
About these creeks and inlets and the mouth
Of Providence river, and the region wide
Of lakes and swamps in woodland interspersed,
That darkens o'er the land on every side.
This then will be thy course, to render first
The damsel to her father's hands; then seek
Thy fortune with thine Indian company
In the Narhaganaset lands. If it fall fair,
Thou wilt among their people leave them there,
And to that painful interview proceed,
Which of thy dearest hope, full well I know,
Must undeceive thee. It shall be my care
To the Connecticut thy way to speed;
From thence, alas! I can but follow thee
With anxious thoughts in spirit and in prayer.
But I will suffer no ill bodings now:
The Lord is merciful, and thy intent
Is righteous, and to him we leave the event."

Thus having ended, to the board he led
His guest: too full of care were they
For appetite or easy talk that day.
"This caution let me give thee," Leverett said,
"That Williboy is a high old Cavalier!"
"Fear not lest I should jar upon his ear
With ill-attuned discourse," the Youth replied.

"He bore a part, a brave one too, I hear,
In those unhappy times, and may look back
Upon the strife with passion and with pride:
My soul abhors the ill deeds on either side,
Even if it had not cost me all too dear.
Likelihood it is that in my Father's sight
I may appear degenerate, and excite
Sorrow or sterner notions in a heart,
The which, albeit with piety imbued,
Is to a Christian temper unsubdued:
But this too I can bear. Oh what a strength
For sufferance to the patient soul is given
When, wholly humbled, it hath placed at length
Its only hope in Heaven."

"Nay," answer'd Leverett, "earth, I trust, hath yet
Good hope for thee in store,
One day with fair performance to be crown'd:
For one who doth so well discharge the debt
Of filial duty, will not Heaven fulfill
The eternal promise which it made of yore?
Happy, and long, I trust, thy days shall be,
Here, in the land which the Lord giveth thee."
And then, as if with such discursive speech
To draw his mind from gloomy thoughts away,
Did Leverett reach
His lifted hand towards the town and bay,
Bright in the morning sunshine as they lay
Before them: "Is it not a goodly land,"
He cried, "where nought is wanting that may bless
The heart of man with wholesome happiness?
Summer subdues not here
To sloth the dissolute mind;
Nor doth the rigorous year
In long inaction bind
His ice-lock'd arm and torpid faculties.
But changeful skies
And varying seasons, in their due career,
Bring forth his powers; and in the vigorous frame
The human spirit thrives and ripens here!
Where might the sober mind,
Which Heaven with temperate desires hath blest,
A land of happier promise find?
Where might a good man fitter fix his rest?
Where better might he choose a burial-place
For him and for his race?
Where wiselier plant the tree
Of his posterity?"

The smile wherewith the youth received his speech
Was cold and feeble,—one in which the heart
Too plainly had no part;
Constrain'd it came, and slowly past away.
"Truly thou say'st, O friend!"
He said; "and well are they
Who, far from plagues and plots, and from the rage
Of faction, for their children may prepare
A peaceful heritage.
For me, if other end

Awhit me, fell my fortune as it may,
A comfort and a strength it is to know
That whence'er I go,
There is the same Heaven over me on high,
Whereon in faith to fix the steady eye;
The same access for prayer;
The same God, always present, every where;
And if no home, yet every where the bed
Which Earth makes ready for the weary head.

"But wherefore should I talk of weariness
Thus early in the day,
And when the morning calls me on my way?
In brightness and in beauty hath it risen,
As if the eternal skies
Approved and smiled upon our enterprise!
Now then farewell! That we shall meet again,
True friend! we know; but whether among men
Or angels who can tell? It is not ours
To choose, or to foresee;
Such choice or foresight would but ill agree
With man's imperfect powers,
Enough for him, that what is best will be."

IX.

JOURNEY THROUGH THE FOREST.

They are on their way, and they have enter'd now
The forest that from earliest time hath stood,
By human culture unsubdued.
Strangelier assorted company
Than this, which through that ancient wood
Their solitary course pursued,
No errant knight might chance to see,
Wandering, in good King Arthur's days,
Through Faery or Loegria land,
Where most adventures were at hand.
Lik'en'd the gentle Annabel might be
To sweet Serena, ere the blatant mouth
And cankerous tooth
Had with their venom stain'd her harmless youth.
And he who paced beside her steed
Might seem, in form, and strength, and manly grace,
Like Calidore, when he had laid aside
His glorious thoughts and martial pride,
And, as a shepherd, in the sylvan shade,
Woo'd Pastorella for his bride,
Contented to forgo for her the meed
Of high desert; and with true love
How largely for ambition overpaid!
Such Oliver might seem, and such the maid.
A NEW ENGLAND TALE.

But lighter hearts, I ween, of yore
The errant knights and damsels bore,
In ages when the shield and lance
Gave law through all the realms of Old Romance;
Who roam'd at hap, or on adventure bent,
Searching the seas, the isles, and continent;
When they, inbower, in hermitage, and hall,
Were welcomed every where by all,
Or underneath the Greenwood tree
Took up their urn contentedly.

For in that pensive maiden's mien
Had recent sorrow left its trace,
And plainly too might there be seen
A present trouble in her face;
She fear'd the melancholy meeting
When grief would mar her father's greeting;
And hardly less, I ween, the pain
With which she soon must part
From one whose image would remain
The inmate of her heart.

For wishes, from herself till now conceal'd
Conceal'd, if not repent—
And thoughts, to which the will had not consented,
Forlornly as she felt them now reveng'd,
Her secret soul unwillingly confess'd,
Unwillingly repented:
And hopes, that had arisen she scarce knew how,
Were first acknowledged when they fail'd her now.

Think not that Oliver was free
The while from painful sympathy:
What more had he required his lot to bless,
Than in the depth of those clear eyes was seen—
The modest, meek, confiding gentleness,
That soften'd while it sanctified her mien;
Those looks, devoid of art,
Whose mild intelligence he loved to meet;
The voice, that, varying still, but always sweet,
Still found a chord responsive in his heart?
If ever at his fate he half repin'd,
If ever o'er his calm and constant mind
The doubt, the trouble, and the cloud, were brought,
'Twas at the thought,
That cruel circumstance two souls must sever,
Whom God, he surely felt, would else have join'd for ever.

Uneasy now became perforce
The inevitable intercourse,
Too grateful hitherto:
Each in the other could descry
The tone constrain'd, the alter'd eye.
They knew that each to each could seem
No longer as of yore;
And yet, while thus estranged, I deem,
Each loved the other more.
Hers was perhaps the saddest heart;
His the more forced and painful part;
A sense of proper maiden pride
To her the needful strength supplied.

Then first perhaps the Virgin thought
How large a dower of love and faithfulness
Her gentle spirit could have brought
A kindred heart to bless;
Herself then first she understood
With what capacities endowed;
Then first, by undeserved neglect
Roused to a consciousness of self-respect,
Felt she was not more willing to be won
Than worthy to be woo'd.

Had they from such disturbant thoughts been free,
It had been sure for them
A gladsome sight to see
The Indian children, with what glee
They breathed their native air of liberty.
Food to the weary man with toil forespent,
Not more refreshment brings,
Than did the forest breeze upon its wings
To these true younglings of the wilderness:
A happy sight, a sight of hearts content!
For blithe were they
As swallows, wheeling in the summer sky
At close of day;
As insects, when on high
Their mazy dance they thread
In myriads overhead,
Where sunbeams through the thinner foliage gleam,
Or spin in rapid circles as they play,
Where winds are still,
Upon the surface of the unrippled stream:
Yea, gamesome in their innocence were they
As lambs in fragrant pasture, at their will
The udder when to press
They run, for hunger less
Than joy, and very love and wantonness.
Nor less contentment had it brought
To see what change benevolence had wrought
In the wild Indian mother, whom they first
Had seen, her spirit strong
Madden'd by violence of wrong,
For vengeance in her utmost soul,
With natural but with ferine rage, a thirst.
That soul unhooped—for kindness had subdued:
Her looks, and words, and actions, now combined,
Express'd, in that composure of the mind
Which unapproachable sorrow had left behind,
A lively ever-watchful gratitude.
Oliver seem'd to her a creature
Less of this earth than of celestial nature,
And Annabel as well
Had won from her a love like veneration;
(So goodness on the grateful heart can gain)
Though charms of European tint and feature
No beauty to an Indian eye convey,
Regarded with disdain,
As if they were the original stamp and stain
Of an inferior clay,
Proved in some earlier, inexpert creation,
And then, for degradation,
When the red man was fashion'd, put away.
Pamya was troubled now, for she had seen
Their alter'd mien:
Some change there was, she knew not what, nor why,
Some inidelity;
Which yet she might desery
Rose not from wrath nor alienated will;
For in their converse still
The tones were such as meet
The car of love, and still
The smiles they interchanged, though sad, were sweet:
Yet plainly she could tell, all was not well.
They too could read in her observant eye
Its apprehension and its sympathy:
And surely she, had but her speech been free,
Had prest, how earnestly! for explanation,
And sought to bring about
The full and perfect reconciliation
Dearly desired by both, she did not doubt.
Their hearts were merciful and meek she knew,
And could not to each other but be true:
But on her tongue the curse of Babel hung,
And when the eager wish her breast was swelling,
Eye-speaking thoughts were all she could impart,
Intelligibly telling
The deep indwelling yearnings of the heart.

Four days they travell'd through the endless wood,
Measuring their journey still to reach at eve
Some settler's home, and sure of their receiving
Such hospitality, sincere though rude,
As men who felt no want, and had no vice
Of chilling avarice,
In their plain kindness found a joy in giving.
The fifth morn rose, and with the morn rose they,
That they might reach that day
Their journey's end; and through the forest wide
Did they their weary way
Hold on from early dawn till eventide;
But cre the light of eve
Began to fade, their guide,
Accustomed to descry
With instananeous eye
The slightest trace of man, a smoke espied,
Staining a little space of open sky:
"Yon is the place we seek!" he said; nor knew
What a cold feeling, at the words, ran through
The veins of Annabel, and Newman too.

X.

Oh, what a happy meeting had been here,
Willoby thought, in anguish, when he prest
His daughter to his widow'd breast;

If that dear hope which served so long to cheer
His patient labours in the wilderness
Had wholly been fulfill'd, as now in part;
After so many storms and troubles past,
Here had the faithful partner of his heart
Rejoiced to reach the quiet port at last.

* * * *

APPENDIX

TO

OLIVER NEWMAN.

The following sketch of the story intended to be
worked out in this poem is, with the exception of
those passages otherwise appropriated by references,
drawn from very brief and sometimes contradictory
notes in Mr. Southey's handwriting.

In the published letters from Mr. Southey to Mr.
W. Taylor of Norwich, there is a passage, written
in Jan. 1811, which records the earliest germ of this
poem in his mind. "In reviewing Holmes's American
Annals, I pointed out Philip's war as the proper
subject for an Anglo-American Iliad. I have now
fallen in love with it myself, and am brooding over
it with the full intention of falling to work as soon as
Pelayo is completed. The main interest will fix
upon Gofle, the regicide, for whom I invent a Qua-
ker son, a new character you will allow for heroic
poetry. This Oliver Gofle, however, is to be the hero." The poem itself
is in the first draught called Oliver Gofle.

The facts relating to those regicides whose fate is
alluded to in the poem are as follow: "When the re-
stitution appeared inevitable, Colonel Gofle, with
his father-in-law, Colonel Whalley, seeing that their
life was in danger, left the kingdom, and arrived in
America on the 27th of July, 1660. For some time
they resided at Cambridge, four miles from Boston,
attending public service, and being received with re-
spect and hospitality by the inhabitants. But when
the Act of Idemnity, out of which they were ex-
pressly excepted, arrived at Boston, in November,
the magistrates withdrew their protection, and
Whalley and Gofle retired to New Haven. Here they
were forced to conceal themselves, and eventually to
fly to a retirement, called Hatchet's Harbour, in the
woods, where they remained two nights, till a cave
in the side of a hill was prepared to conceal them.
To this hill they gave the name of Providence, and
remaining some weeks in their hiding-place, sleeping,

* See "Trial of Charles I. and the Regicides," in Murray's
Family Library.
when the weather was tempestuous, in a house near it. They behaved with great honour to their friends; and when Mr. Davenport, the minister of New Haven, was suspected by the magistrates of concealing them, they went publicly to the deputy-governor of New Haven to offer themselves up; but he refused to take any notice of them, suffering them to return again to the woods. The pursuit of them afterwards relaxing, they remained two years in a house near Milford, where they frequently prayed and preached at private meetings in their chamber; till the king's commissioners coming to Boston, they were again driven to their cave in the woods. Here some Indians discovered their beds, which obliged them to seek a fresh refuge: and they went to Hadley, 100 miles distant, where they were received by Mr. Russell, the minister, and remained as long as they lived, very few persons knowing who they were. Whalley's death took place about 1679. They confessed that their lives were "miserable, and constant burdens to them; especially when their fanatical hopes of some divine vengeance on Charles II. and his advisers were perpetually disappointed. The facility and allusion of Goffe's wives to his husband were remarkably displayed in her letters."

While they were at Hadley the Indian war broke out, which was particularly disastrous in that part of the colony.*  "The following story has been traditionally conveyed down among the inhabitants of Hadley. In the course of Philip's war, which involved almost all the Indian tribes in New England, and amongst them those in the neighbourhood of this town, the inhabitants thought it proper to observe the 1st of September, 1675, as a day of fasting and prayer. While they were in the church, and employed in their worship, they were surprised by a band of savages. The people instantly betook themselves to their arms, which, according to the custom of the times, they had carried with them to the church, and, rushing out of the house, attacked their invaders. The panic under which they began the conflict was, however, so great, and their number was so disproportioned to that of their enemies, that they fought dauntlessly at first, and in a short time began evidently to give way. At this time an ancient man, with hoary locks, of a most venerable and dignified aspect, and in a dress widely differing from that of the inhabitants, appeared suddenly at their head, and with a firm voice, and an example of undaunted resolution, reanimated their spirits—led them again to the conflict—and totally routed the savages. When the battle was ended, the stranger suddenly disappeared; and no person knew whence he had come, or whether he had gone. The relief was so timely, so sudden, so unexpected, and so providential; the appearance and the retreat of him who furnished it, were so unaccountable, his person was so dignified and commanding, his resolution so superior, and his interference so decisive, that the inhabitants, without any uncommon exertion of credulity, readily believed him to be an angel sent by Heaven for their preservation. Nor was this opinion seriously controverted until it was discovered, several years afterwards, that Goffe and Whalley had been lodged in the house of Mr. Russell. Then it was known that their deliverer was Goffe, Whalley having become superannuated some time before the event took place." The latter part of Goffe's life seems not to be known with certainty. Dwight says, immediately before the passage above quoted, "After Whalley's death, Goffe quitted Hadley, went into Connecticut, and afterwards, according to tradition, to the neighbourhood of New York. Here he is said to have lived some time, and, the better to disguise himself, to have carried vegetables at times to market. It is said that having been discovered here, he retired secretly to the colony of Rhode Island, and there lived with a son of Whalley during the remainder of his life."

Goffe's was a divided family—one of his brothers being a clergyman of the Church of England, while another was become a Roman Catholic priest. To this division allusion is made in Leverett's conversation with Oliver. Of the other persons introduced, the following are historical: Leverett the governor, who succeeded Bellingham, in 1673; he had been a Cromwellian, and is sobered into a rational conformist; his known to where they were, and connived at their concealment, as he is represented doing in the poem; and Randolph, of whom the people of New England said "that he went up and down to devour them." Also the names of the Indian chieftains, and the general account of the war, are matter of history.

The hero Oliver himself is therefore a purely imaginary character: he was originally intended to be a Quaker; but it would appear that the author afterwards considered that the noble points of character and of principle intended to be exhibited—viz., zeal for the Christian faith, inflexible truth, peacefulness, and endurance—were not exclusively belonging to that sect whose operations and whose sufferings in New England he had been contemplating; and at the same time, that some features of their character were both unmanageable in poetry and distasteful to his own mind. There was also another reason for the alteration, namely, that he found it necessary for his plot, that, at least in one instance, Oliver's usual mode of conduct should bend to circumstances; and such a compliance would be morally, and therefore poetically, probable in a person swayed only by a reasonable principle, but not so in one governed by an absolute rule of life. The following notes will explain the intended bearing of this character upon the story.

1811. "A son of Goffe, a Quaker, gone after his mother's death to seek his father. He, by converting one of the principal Sachems, weakens Metacom's party so materially as to decide the contest; and with that Sachem he retires into the interior. He and his father are discovered, and he will not lift his hand in defence. A party of Indians take them all, he still passive; hence his influence begins with their astonishment." The points on which Oliver's Quakerism is put to the test are, in not denying his father's name, and in not lifting a hand to defend him;"

1814. "Oliver must be so far instrumental in terminating the war as to obtain security for his father; and this instrumentality must be effected wholly by means conformable to his peculiar opinions. But those opinions must yield where they are wrong."

Imperfectly as the latter part of the story can be ascertained, it has been thought better to sketch it out, however rurally, from the author's hints, than to leave an entire blank.

X. Oliver at Willoby's House.

They remain awhile at Willoby's, that Pamya may be their protection. When some Indians appear, she goes out, and finds among a party of Indians one of her own tribe. After her story, the calumet is smoked, and the door of Willoby's house painted with marks indicating that it was under their protection. Then they venture to depart. A sort of half-confidence has first been made to Willoby in consequence of his wife's letter, and a sort of half-engagement formed. Willoby had known one of the Goffes. His moral reasons for leaving England,—on account of his sons, seeing the character of the times, and that all that we pray in the Litany to be delivered from, was come upon the country—blindness of heart, pride, vain-glory and hypocrisy, envy, hatred and malice, false doctrine, heresy and schism, sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion, &c.

XI. The Wounded Indian.

Oliver journeying with Pamya and her children through the forest, finds a wounded Indian, by whom they stay till a party of his countrymen see them. This is the Mohawk, whom Philip had meant to kill, and not scalped, to create a belief that he had been killed by the English. (An historical fact, and represented as not of unfrequent occurrence.) Many hints for forest scenery, which are noted down, would probably belong to this canto. At night Oliver is seen reading by firelight in the wood.

XII. Whalley's body.

The Indians conduct the party to their Sachem; on the way they meet with Whalley's body being conveyed somewhere for interment. Oliver knows it by a mutilated hand. Likeness of Whalley to his daughter [Oliver's mother]; that family character of face which the infant brings into the world, and into which the countenance settles in old age, when the character which individual pursuits and passions have induced fades away, and the natural lineaments recover their primary cast. The death of Whalley sets Goffe at liberty. They reach the encampment of Indians, and Pamya is restored to her own friends, the Narragansets.

XIII. The Affair of Hadley.

A renegade (in one place named Joshua Tift, the English savage and traitor,) being among the Indians, calls Oliver a spy, insults and strikes him. This Oliver endures patiently, making no retaliation. This fellow relates the affair of Hadley, "the most disastrous day that ever befell New England," and especially the marvellous apperition of one during the conflict, who was really Goffe, Oliver's father.

XIV. Reasoning with the Sachems.

The interest of this scene is to turn chiefly upon two points: the effect for good which Oliver's words have upon an old Indian chief, who has formerly been impressed by Elliot or R. Williams, and who now puts himself under Oliver's guidance. This man belongs to the tribe of Sakunets, who are probably connected with the Narraganset stock. It would have been contrary to history to make the Narraganset chief join himself influenced at this time by Oliver. The other point is, the peculiar character of Philip, composed of hatred and vindictiveness against the English, united with gloomy forebodings about the issue of the war.

These may be some of his words, or rather the more hopeful Canonchet's:—

The forest and the swamp are our allies;
Have we not with these giants of the wood
A sacred immemorial brotherhood?
The land itself will aid her proper children.

XV. Oliver reaches his Father.

When Oliver mentions the wilderness, Goffe replies, it is not there that he must prepare the way of the Lord, but in the streets of London.

XVI. The Arrest.

A party sent by Randolph, with Willoby the cavalier at their head, surprise them.—Willoby offers to let them go, if Oliver will declare that this person is not Goffe. Meeting with Randolph.

XVII. Rescue.

The whole party are surprised by the Sakonets.—Goffe and Willoby escape.—Randolph and Oliver are taken, and carried to the encampment of the Sachems. Oliver is recognized and welcomed,—Randolph is to be burnt, but Oliver obtains his life and safe discharge: they separate.

XVIII. Defeat of the Indians.

Goffe meanwhile has rallied some stragglers, who attack and defeat the Sakonet party, and take some of whom Oliver intercedes, engaging for them that they shall commit no more hostilities.—He then goes with these Indians to negotiate with their tribe.

XIX. Annabel a Prisoner.

While this discussion is going on, Annabel is brought in a prisoner by the renegade: in the dispute which ensues, Oliver kills him. This is the point in which Oliver's passiveness is to give way to a just wrath. Before he knocks out the fellow's brains he stands "trembling, but not with fear."

XX. Peace.

The Sakonet tribe make peace with the English; Oliver going with the chiefs to the English headquarters to sign it.—The Mohawk, whom he had saved in the forest, meets him there, at the head of his party.

XXI. Death of Philip.

Oliver's services are now clearly seen.—Randolph solicits for him a grant of land.—Willoby gives him his daughter, and Russell marries them.—Pamya's children baptized.
Miscellaneous Poetical Remains.

FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS

occasioned by his son's death.*

Thy life was a day, and sum it well, life is but a week of such days,—with how much storm, and cold, and darkness! Thine was a sweet spring holiday,—a vernal Sabbath, all sunshine, hope, and promise.

and that name
In sacred silence buried, which was still
At morn and eve the never-wearying theme
Of dear discourse.

playful thoughts
Turn'd now to gall and eisel.

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 Amreea cup.

Beauty of nature,—the passion of my youth,
Nursed up and ripen'd to a settled love,
Whereeto my heart is wedded.

Feeling at Westminster, when summer evening
sent a sadness to my heart, and I sate pining for green fields, and banks of flowers, and running streams,—or dreaming of Avon and her rocks and woods.

No more great attempts, only a few autumnal flowers, like second primroses, &c.

They who look for me in our Father's kingdom
Will look for Him also; inseparably
Shall we be so remembered.

* 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."

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.

Come, then,
Pain and infirmity—appointed guests,
My heart is ready.

My soul
Needed perhaps a longer discipline,
Or sorer penance, here.

A respite something like repose is gain'd
While I invoke them, and the troubled tide
Of feeling, for a while allay'd, obeys
A tranquillizing influence, that might seem
By some benign intelligence dispensed,
Who lends an ear to man.

They are not, though,
Mere unrealties: rather, I ween,
The ancient Poets, in the graceful garb
Of fiction, have transmitted earliest truths,
Ill understood; adorning, as they deem'd,
With mythic tales things erringly received,
And mingling with primeval verities
Their own devices vain. For what to us
Scripture assures, by searching proof confirm'd,
And inward certainty of sober Faith,
Tradition unto them deliver'd down
Changed and corrupted in the course of time,
And imply also by delusive art
Of Evil Powers.

SHORT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE,
RHYTHMICALLY ARRANGED OR PARAPHRASED.

Jer. vi. 4.
Woe unto us!
For the day goeth down,
For the shadows of evening
Are lengthen'd out.

Jer. ix. 23—4.
Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom,
Let not the rich man glory in his riches,
Let not the mighty glory in his might,
But in only this let him that glorieth, glory,
That he knoweth the Lord, the Lord of infinite mercy,
Who exerciseth on the earth
His loving-kindness and his righteousness.

**Jer. xiii. 16.**
Give glory to the Lord your God!
Lest, while ye look for light,
He bring the darkness on,
And the feet that advanced
With haughty step,
Marching astray in their pride,
Stumble and fall
In the shadow of death.

**Jer. xlvi. 6, 7.**
Sword of the Lord! how long
Ere thou be quiet? O thou sword, how long?
Put up thyself
Into thy scabbard,
Rest and be still.

**Jer. xlix. 7.**
From the prudent hath counsel departed?
Is wisdom no more in the land?
Hath it utterly perish'd?
Is it vanish'd and gone?

**Jer. l. 25.**
... the Lord
Open'd his armoury, and brought forth
The weapons of his wrath.

**Jer. l. 15.**
Ye nations, shout against her round about;
Take vengeance upon her.
It is the vengeance of the Lord,
As she hath done, do unto her.

**Luke, iii. 5.**
When every valley shall be filled,
And every mountain be brought low;
The crooked be made straight,
The rough ways smooth.

**Lamentations, iii. 44.**
The Lord
Covered himself with a cloud,
That the prayer should not pass through.

**Hosea, x. 12, 13.**
Break up your fallow-ground,
Sow to yourselves in righteousness, and reap
In mercy; it is time to seek the Lord.
Ye have plough'd wickedness, and ye have reap'd
Iniquity: the fruit of lies hath been
Your harvest and your food.

**Daniel, ix. 7, 8, 9, 18.**
To Thee belongeth righteousness, O Lord!
Confusion and shame to us;
To our kings and our princes,
Our priests and our rulers,
Ourselves and our children,
Because we have sinned against Thee.

But mercies and forgivenesses belong
To Thee, O Lord our God,
Rebellious though we be.

Incline thine ear, and hear;
Open thine eyes, and pitifully see
Our sins, our miseries,
The impending punishment,
Too long, too much deserved.

**Amos, v. 8.**
Who calleth for the waters of the sea,
And poureth them in seasonable rain
Upon the face of earth.

**Nahum, i. 3—8.**
The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind,
The Lord hath his way in the storm,
The clouds are the dust of his feet,
And darkness shall pursue his enemies.

**Nahum, iii. 15, 17.**
There shall the fire devour thees,
The sword shall cut thee off.
Make thyself many as the canker-worm,
As the locusts make thyself many.
Thou hast multiplied thy merchants
Above the stars of heaven!
But the canker-worm spoileth,
Then fleeth away,
And his place is not found.

1 Kings, viii. 23. 27. 30.
Lord God of Israel!
There is no God like Thee,
In heaven above, or on the earth beneath,
Who keepest covenant
And mercy with thy servants, when with all
Their heart they walk before Thee.

.... will God indeed
Dwell on the earth? Behold, the heaven, and
heaven
Of heavens, cannot contain Thee; how much less
This house that man hath builded!

.... hear Thou in heaven, thy dwelling place;
And when Thou hearest, O Lord God, forgive!

Isaiah, xxv. 1. 4. 7.
Thy counsels, Lord, of old,
Are faithfulness and truth.
A strength to the weak hast thou been,
A help to the poor in his need,
A refuge from the storm,
A shadow from the heat.

The covering that is cast
Over all people shall be then removed,
And the veil that is spread
Over all nations be taken away.

Isaiah, xxvi. 3. 5. 8.
Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace
Whose mind is staid on Thee.
He bringeth down them that dwell on high;
The lofty city he layeth it low,

He layeth it low to the ground,
He bringeth it down to the dust:
The foot shall tread it down,
The feet of the poor and the needy.

In the way of thy judgments,
O Lord, have we waited for thee.

Isaiah, xxviii. 15. 17. 18.
They have made lies their refuge,
And under falsehood have they hid themselves;
Their covenant is with death, with hell
The agreement wherein they trust.
O fools! O miserable!
The covenant shall be annul'd,
The agreement shall not stand.
By the storm shall their refuge be swept away,
Their hiding-place
By the flood be overflown.

Isaiah, xxviii. 16.
In Zion the foundation hath been laid,
A precious corner-stone, a sure foundation.

Isaiah, xxxi. 3.
When the Lord shall put forth his anger,
Then both he that helpeth shall fall, and he that is
holpen.

Isaiah, lvii. 1.
The righteous perisheth,
And none layeth it to heart!
The merciful man
Is taken away
From the evil to come.

Ezekiel, vii. 5, 6, 7. 12.
An evil, an only evil,
Behold, is come! an end
Is come,—the end is come!
It watcheth for thee, behold it is come.
The time of trouble is near,
The morning is gone forth;
Behold the day is come.
Let not the buyer rejoice,
Nor let the seller mourn,
For wrath, the wrath of God,
Is upon all the multitudes thereof.
LITTLE BOOK, IN GREEN AND GOLD.

Little Book, in green and gold,  
Thou art thus bedight to hold  
ROBERT SOUTHEY’s Album rhymes,  
Wrong 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 un pity seen  
Thus apparet’d for her pleasure,  
Like the casket of a treasure.  
Other owner, well I know,  
Never more can prize thee so.

Little Book, when thou art old,  
Time will dim thy green and gold.  
Little Book, thou wilt outlive  
The pleasure thou wert made to give:  
Dear domestic recollections,  
Home-born loves, and old affections,  
Incommunicable they:  
And when these have passed away,  
As perforce they must, from earth,  
Where is then thy former worth?  
Other value, then, I ween,  
Little Book, may supervene,  
Happily if unto some  
Thou in due descent shouldst come,  
Who would something find in thee  
Like a relic’s sanctity,  
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 transfigured 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  
ROTHA Q.

ROTHA, 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;  
Nowhere find a better theme  
Than thy native namesake stream.
Lovelier river is their none  
Underneath an English sun;  
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  
They flow and uncontaminate.

Rotha, such from youth to age  
Be thy mortal pilgrimage;
Thrice in childhood blithe and free,
Thrice in thy maturity,
Blest and blessing, may it be;
And a course in welfare past,
Thus serenely close at last.

---

IMAGINATION AND REALITY.

The hill was in the sunshine gay and green,
The vale below could not be seen;
A cloud hung over it,
A thin white cloud, that scarce was seen to fly,
Yet cloud methinks I err in calling it,
It spread so evenly along the sky.
That I stood loitering for the view:
Loitering and musing thoughtfully stood I,
For well those hills I knew,
And many a time had travel’d them all o’er;
Yet now such change the hazy air had wrought,
That I could well have thought
I never had beheld the scene before.
But while I gazed the cloud was passing by;
On the slow air it slowly travel’d on,
Eftsoon and that deceitful haze was gone,
And all things seem’d again the things they were.
Alas! but then they were not half so fair
As I had shaped them in the hazy air!

---

MADRIGAL,

TRANSLATED FROM LUIS MARTIN.

[This poem is selected for publication from a small volume of translations, because, having been printed before in a newspaper, it attracted the attention of Mr. D’Israeli, who has inserted it in the "Commentaries of Literature," as a beautiful specimen of a kind of extravagance characteristic of Spanish poetry. It seemed, therefore, worth while to place it among the poems of the Translator.]

On the green margin of the land,
Where Guadalhorce winds his way,
My Lady lay.
With golden key Sleep’s gentle hand
Had closed her eyes so bright,
Her eyes—two suns of light,
And bade his balmy dews
Her rosy cheeks suffuse.

The River God in slumber saw her laid,
He raised his dripping head
With weeds o’erspread.
Clad in his watery robes approach’d the maid,
And with cold kiss, like Death,
Drank the rich perfume of the maiden’s breath.
The maiden felt that icy kiss;
Her suns unclosed, their flame
Full and unclouded on the intruder came.
Amazed, the bold intruder felt
His frothy body melt,
And heard the radiance on his bosom hiss;
And forced in blind confusion to retire,
Leapt in the water to escape the fire.

February, 1799.

---

MOHAMMED;

A FRAGMENT, WRITTEN IN 1799.

Cloak’d in the garment of green, who lies on the
bed of Mohammed,
Restless and full of fear, yet semblant of one that
is sleeping?
Every sound of the feet at his door he hears, and
the breathing
Low of inaudible words: he knows their meaning
of murder,
Knows what manner of men await his outgoing,
and listens
All their tread, and their whispering, till even the
play of his pulses
Disturbs him, so deep his attention. The men of
the Koreish
Fix on the green-robed youth their eyes; impatiently watchful
Wait they the steps of his rising, the coming of
him whom they hated.
He rises and makes himself pure, and turning to-
wards the Caaba,
Loud he repeats his prayer: they hear, and, in ca-
gerness trembling,
Grasp the hilts of their swords—their swords that
are sworn to the slaughter.
But when the youth went forth, they saw, and be-
hold! it was Ali!
Steady the hero’s face: it was pale, for his life was
a blessing;
It was calm, for in death he look’d on to the crown
of the martyr.
Dark as they were of soul, and goaded by rage dis-
appointed,
MISCELLANEOUS POETICAL REMAINS.

They shed not the blood of the youth, but remember'd their chieftain his father,
Abu Taleb the good, and respected the virtue of friendship.

Baffled, and full of wrath, through Mecca they scatter the tidings:
"He has fled, has discovered our plans, has eluded our vengeance.
Saw ye the steps of his flight? Where lurks he, the lying blasphemer?
Now to the chase, to the chase; seize now the bow and the quiver;
Now with the sword and the spear, ye stubborn of Mecca! pursue him;
Seek him now to the north and the south, to the sunset and sunrise;
Follow, follow the chosen one's flight!" They rush from the city:
Over the plain they pursue him, pursue him with cries and with curses—
Sounds that rang over the plain, and rung in the echoing mountains;
And Mecca received in her streets the din of their clamorous uproar.
But the voice of the Moslem, the silent prayer of the faithful,
Rose to the throne of God; and tears of the heart overflowing
Interceded for him whom they loved and believed his apostle.

"Where is the blasphemous fled?—the lying disturber of Mecca?
Has he journey'd to Tayef? Under the shield of his uncle
Lurks he for safety there?—or to Yathreb, the credulous city?
Or seeks he the Ethiop's court, where the earlier runaways shelter?"
Lashing their steeds, they pursue; to the east and the dwelling of Abbas
Hasten the thirsty for blood; to the north they hurry, to Yathreb;
Some to the shore of the sea, lest haply a bark might await him,
And the waves should become his protectors: impulsively rushing,
Drive they in fury along; beneath the hoofs of their horses
Sparkles the rock of the valley, and rises the dust of the desert.
Othert the while, more cool in wrath, and thoughtful in fury,
Over the town search sedulous; they in the Hashemites' dwellings
Seek for the man proscribed; in the dwellings of Hamza and Omar,
Ali, Abubeker, and Saad, and Abu Obeidah;
All whom the Prophet loved, who believed in the son of Abdallah.
Every house they search in the populous city, whose threshold
Ever his feet had trod: thus vainly through Mecca they seek him;
Then, unassuaged of hate, of ranccour and wrath unabated,
They to the mountains turn, to seek in their dens and retirings.
If from the death he lurks: they enter the cavern of Hira,
Place of his fasting and prayer; the cavern of Hir'a is lonely.
Not in the depth of the cave, and not in the mountain retirings,
Not in their hollows and glens, can they track the steps of his going.
So through the day they sought; and still, when the sun was descending,
They were among the hills: then faint, disappointed, and weary,
Turning their faces homeward, they journey'd slowly and sullen
Down their rough mountain path; but often paused, and around them
Linger'd with prowling eyes: a little wide of their pathway,
Thus as they paused, they saw in the side of the stony mountain
A cave-mouth, narrow and high: the hill had the hue of the evening
Rich on its rugged sides, and the chasm was distinct in its blackness.
Thither turning, they sped; and one who foremost his companions
Came to the cavern's mouth: disturb'd by the noise of his footsteps,
From her nest, in the side of the chasm, a pigeon affrighted
Fled. The advancing pursuers heard the whirr of her pinions,
And he who was first exclaim'd, "There is none in the hole of the mountain;
For lo! a pigeon fled from her nest at the sound of my coming,
And the spider hath spread his network over the entrance."
Then from the cave he turn'd.
Was thy spirit shaken, Mohammed,
When in the depth of the rock thou hearest the voice of the Koreish?
He who was with thee trembled; the sweat on his forehead was chilly,
And his eyes in alarm were turn'd towards thee in the darkness.
Silent they sat in the rock; nor moved they, nor breathed they; but listen'd
Long to the tread of the feet, that, fainter and fainter sounding,
Died in the distance now: yet still they were silent, and listen'd.

Abubeker first, as his fear gave faith to the echo,
Fresh in his sense alarm'd—"Hark! hark! I hear them returning;
They are many, and we but two!" he whisper'd,
in terror.

"There is a third!" aloud replied the son of Abdallah—"God!"

So the night came on, and they in the place of their refuge
Silently sat. And now in hope they listen'd, awaiting
Sound of approaching feet—of trusted friend or disciple,
Bringing them food and tidings, now that the darkness had settled.

Slow past the expectant hours: nearer the mouth of the cavern
Eagerly now they drew. The sound of the wind that was passing
Took from their hope its tone; and now in its distant murmur's
They heard the tread of feet; and now despairingly argued
Danger was yet abroad, and none could venture towards them.

Midnight came; and a step was heard—distinctly they heard it:

Heavier it comes,—and now in the rock—and a voice—it is Ali.

He in the cave laid down the water-skin that he carried,

And the figs wrapt under his robe: then told he his tidings.
Low was his voice, for he spake in fear: "The peril is pressing,
Prophet of God, I saw thy foes return in the twilight:
Sullen they came from their toil, and talk'd of the search on the morrow.
The Idolaters joy in thy flight, and grieve at thy safety:
God shall remember their joy, and that grief, in the day of his judgment.

They shall feel in their evil load! A price is appointed
His who shall shed thy blood: but keep thou close in the mountain;
God will confound their plots."

He paused; so suddenly checking
Words on their way, as one who tells but half of his errand,
Loth to utter the worse remainder, that yet must be utter'd.

Sure if Mohammed had seen his eye, he had read in its trouble
Tidings of evil to come. At length to the son of Abdallah,

Telling his tale of woe, spake Ali the first of believers:
"Prophet, there is grief in thy dwelling: Cadijah, in sickness
Lies on her bed of pain: for death she is stricken, I fear me."

Mohammed heard; and he bow'd his head, and groan'd for his exile.

THE END.
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

JOAN OF ARC.

From a Statue executed by the late Princess Marie d'Orleans.

(To face Title.)

MONUMENT OF JOAN OF ARC AT ROUEN.

Engraved Title-page.

PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

Painted by Lane.

P. 7.

SAPPHO.

Painted by R. Westall.

Hark! how the rude deep below
Roars round the rugged base, as if it called
Its long reluctant victim! I will come!
One leap, and all is over!

Monodramas, p. 121.

THALABA AND ONEIZA.

Painted by Ed. Corbould.

How happily the days
Of Thalaba went by!

Thalaba the Destroyer, p. 247.

SENEA.

Painted by Middleton.

But she the while did off
Her bridal robes, and clipt her golden locks,
And put on boy's attire, through wood and wild
To seek her own true love.

Madoc in Atzlan, p. 411.
ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

Painted by Kenny Meadows.

"I hastened 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."

_Ballads and Metrical Tales_, p. 466.

ELEEMON AND CYRA.

Painted by R. Westall.

She seized him by the arms,
And hurrying him into the street,
"Come with me to the church," she cried,
"And to Basil the Bishop's feet!"

_All for Love_, p. 542.
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