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POEMS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY

CONTAINING

THALABA, THE CURSE OF KEHAMA
RODERICK, MADOC, A TALE OF PARAGUAY
AND SELECTED MINOR POEMS

EDITED BY

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

'Few people,' it has been said, 'have written so much and so well as Southey, and have been so little read.' The remark refers to his work as a whole—in prose as well as in verse—but it is singularly applicable to his poetry. As a poet Southey is now scarcely known, save as the author of the lines beginning: 'My days among the Dead are past,' and of a few ballads such as *The Battle of Blenheim* and *The Inchcape Rock*, which are learnt by children in the nursery. The general estimation in which he is held may be illustrated by the *obiter dictum* in a recent review, that 'it is impossible to take Southey as a poet seriously'; and he is usually condemned as unreadable without a trial. But it is surely impossible to accept so summary a verdict—a verdict, be it remarked, which is in direct contradiction to that pronounced upon Southey's poetry by the most competent judges of his own day. No one, indeed, would pretend that Southey was one of the greatest of English poets. His position in our poetical hierarchy is far more modest. But a man may attain to an honourable place on the roll of Parnassus, although he fall considerably short of the highest rank, and in his lifetime Southey had no cause to fear the judgement of his peers. The praise bestowed upon his poetry by S. T. Coleridge, and by W. S. Landor, might perhaps be discounted on the ground that each of these two critics was influenced by close personal friendship for its author. But we may cite the opinions of other men free from any suspicion of such bias and equally well qualified to speak. In 1813 Sir Walter Scott declined the laureateship which had been offered him (though without the Regent's knowledge or approval), by Lord Liverpool; and in declining he suggested to Croker that the post should be offered to Southey. On September 4 of that year he writes to Southey to explain what he has done, and to make it clear, as he expresses it, that he has not himself refused the laurel 'from any foolish prejudice against the situation: otherwise, how durst I mention it to you, my elder brother in the muse?'—but from a sort of internal hope that they would give it to you, upon whom it would be so much
Gasquet, O.S.B., p. xix.) Carlyle, though far from being unqualified in poems—(I don't know Spenser)—I mean morally sublime. The versification of are reading blank verse.' (Quoted in he wrote in 1850, 'has ever been to my feelings the most sublime of English The influence exercised upon the former by Southey as a poet by men so eminent and so different from one another, as Cardinal Newman and Thomas Carlyle. And in his review of Southey's Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society he criticizes his opponent's writings both in prose and verse with unsparing severity. Yet in the midst of his censure he makes the following remarkable admission: 'His poems, taken in the mass, stand far higher than his prose works. His official Odes, indeed, among which the Vision of Judgement must be classed, are, for the most part, worse than Pye's and as bad as Cibber's; nor do we think him generally happy in short pieces. But his longer poems, though full of faults, are nevertheless very extraordinary productions. We doubt greatly whether they will be read fifty years hence; but that, if they are read, they will be admired, we have no doubt whatever.' And, to come down to more recent times, we may cite in conclusion the favourable judgements pronounced upon Southey as a poet by men so eminent and so different from one another, as Cardinal Newman and Thomas Carlyle. The influence exercised upon the former by Thalaba is well known. 'Thalaba', he wrote in 1850, 'has ever been to my feelings the most sublime of English poems—I don't know Spenser—I mean morally sublime. The versification of Thalaba is most melodious too—many persons will not perceive they are reading blank verse.' (Quoted in Lord Acton and his Circle, ed. Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B., p. xix.) Carlyle, though far from being unqualified in his praise, tells us in his Reminiscences how his early prejudice against Southey, derived from the Edinburgh Review, was overcome by the reading of his chief poems. 'It must have been a year or two later,' he says, 'when his Thalaba, Curse of Kehama, Joan of Arc, &c., came into my hands, or some one of them came, which awakened new effort for the others. I recollect the much kindlier and more respectful feeling these awoke in me, which has continued ever since. I much recognize the piety, the gentle deep affection, the reverence for God and man, which reigned in these pieces: full of soft pity, like the wailings of a mother, and yet with a clang of chivalrous valor finely audible too.' (T. Carlyle's Reminiscences, vol. ii, Appendix, p. 311 [1881].)

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

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

One further caution must be added. All poets—even the greatest—have written a quantity of verse that is comparatively worthless. Southey himself frankly admitted that many of his shorter pieces were fit for little but the flames. But he could at least plead in excuse that he had written them under pressure of sheer necessity, in order to earn money wherewith to maintain his own family and others dependent upon his generosity. For several years he wrote verses for the Morning Post at a guinea a week; and these and other like pieces of task-work could not be expected to reach a very high level of merit. The necessity for doing such task-work to some extent spoiled Southey as a poet. But those who have learnt to know and to love him can hardly wish that it had been otherwise. For the noble self-denial, the ceaseless industry, the unfailing cheerfulness with which he bore this burden, are among the most attractive features in his character. If Southey missed greatness as a poet, he attained it as a man: and to know him as a man is to gain immensely in appreciation of his poetry, for his character is stamped upon everything that he wrote. In this connexion let us listen to the witness of Sir Henry Taylor, himself a poet and a man of a keen critical faculty. He had been the intimate friend of Southey's later years and had known him as he was; and this is how he writes of him:

'If he expected for himself a larger measure of attention from posterity than may now seem likely to be accorded him, it should be remembered, though as long as his mind lasted he "lived laborious days" for the sake of his family and of others whom, in the generosity of his heart, he helped to support, yet all the labours of all the days did not enable him to do more than make preparations for the three great works which it was the object and ambition of his life to accomplish.

'Of what he did accomplish a portion will not soon be forgotten. There were greater poets in his generation, and there were men of a deeper and more far-reaching philosophic faculty; but take him for all in all—his ardent and genial piety, his moral strength, the magnitude and variety of his powers, the field which he covered in literature, and the beauty of his life—it may be said of him, justly and with no straining of the truth, that of all his contemporaries he was the greatest man.' (The English Poets, ed. T. H. Ward, iv, p. 164.)

It does not fall within the scope of this series to give critical estimates of the authors whose works are published in it. But it seemed worth while to say so much in order to justify the inclusion of Southey among the 'Oxford Poets'. The nature of the present volume may now be briefly explained.
In 1837-8 Southey published his collected Poetical Works in ten volumes. That edition included a few pieces not previously printed, and all those poems already published which Southey thought, for any reason, worthy of preservation. It was originally intended to reprint in the present volume all the poems published in 1837-8 together with the following additions:

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

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

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

It was discovered, however, that such an edition would demand a volume of no less than 1,100 pages. It therefore became clear that some system of selection must be adopted. The loss involved in this change of plan was the less important since, as has been noticed above, Southey was impelled by the stern necessity of winning his daily bread to write for the newspapers great quantities of verse admittedly of very little merit. Such productions of uninspired drudgery may safely be disregarded in forming an estimate of a poet's true worth. Again, in the case of a Shakespeare or a Milton there may be some justification for gathering together every line of verse that the author ever wrote, the same argument does not apply to the works of lesser men. The office of a literary Resurrection Man has little to recommend it. And a poet may fairly claim that the reputation due to his best work brought together in a convenient form, instead of having to hunt it out for himself from the entire mass of his writings which he would himself wish forgotten. Further, it should be remembered in the present instance that Southey himself set the example of making a selection from his own poems: for there were many of his early pieces which he deliberately did not republish in 1837-8.

The necessity of selection once admitted, it was clear that the only rational principle on which that selection could be based was the literary merit of each particular poem. Upon that principle I have tried to act in preparing the present volume. I have, indeed, retained a few pieces which have no great claim to survival except as they serve to illustrate Southey's own personality or the development of his art. And no poem here printed appears in a mutilated form. But I believe that I have omitted nothing of permanent value as literature. Indeed, I doubt whether Southey himself would have fought very strenuously for the retention of any of the poems excluded, apart from the Vision of Judgement. In that particular instance, it must be admitted, we should probably have failed to convince him: and we should have been reduced to retort upon him his own reply to certain critics of the Vision, that 'de gustibus non est disputandum'. A word, however, should perhaps be said as to the omission of Joan of Arc. On grounds of historical interest I wish it had been possible to retain the poem by which Southey first made his name. But considerations of space demanded its sacrifice, and no serious plea could be advanced in support of its literary excellence. Even the historical interest of Joan of Arc, as it appeared in 1837, is comparatively small. The poem was practically re-written no less than three times after its first publication, and in its final form it presents but a pale reflection of the sentimental ardours which mark the original version of 1796. Of Southey's longer poems, as it is the earliest, so it is from a literary standpoint the least worthy of preservation. And it may therefore be the more readily omitted from an edition intended for lovers of poetry in general rather than for the professional student. Two pieces only will be found in the present volume which have not previously appeared in any collected edition of Southey's Poems—the Lines to Charles Lamb and the Inscription for a Coffee-Pot. The reasons for reprinting these verses are given in the Notes.

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

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

EDITOR’S PREFACE

of Southey’s range. After the Selected Minor Poems the arrangoment
is that adopted by Southey in 1837-8—with the addition, as mentioned
above, of the Lines to Charles Larrib.
The editor of Southey’s poems flnds himself free from one great diffieulty
eommon to editors : he is called upon to decide no quesíion of variant
roadings. The text of the poems as revised by Southey himself in 1837-8
is clearly final. In reprinting that text I liave made no cliange, apart from
the correction of one or two plain misprints, and of certain obvious inadvertcncies in punctuation. I have not thought it worth while to alter
a few archaisms of spelling. Sueh forms as ‘chuse ‘ controul’, or ‘gulph’,
can confuse no one ; and, as Southey preferred to use these forms, there
seems no good reason why we should revise them for liim.
It may here be noted in passing that, while Southey spared no pains in
correcting his earlier poems, when once he had mastered his craft, he wrote
little which he afterwards saw cause to alter. Thus Joan of Arc
was practically rewritten at least three times ; the second edition of Thalaba
is an immense improvement on the first, and is in its turn far inferior in
symmetry and polish to the final versión of the poem as it appeared in
1838 ; and many of the early minor pieces were recast after their first
publication in almost every line. On the other liand, the variations between
the first and later editions of Madoc are comparatively few and unimportant,
and the latest text of The Curse of Kehama and of Roderick differs scarcely
at all from that originally published. In such cases as Joan of Arc and
Thalaba it is not without interest to trace the alterations introduced by
Southey into successive editions of the poem s; but to have cumbered the
present volume with an Apparatus Criticus would have been only to annoy
the general reader in order to gratify the literary pedant. I have, however,
reprinted Southey’s Prefaces to the first nine volumes of the ten-volume
edition of 1837-8, both on account of the light which they throw upon
the composition of many of the poems and for their great personal
interest. But the Preface to the tenth volume has been omitted, as
it is wholly concerned with a discussion of criticisms directed against
the Vision of Judgement—a poem which is not included in the present
edition.
Southey usually printed at the beginning of his shorter pieces full quotations from the sources whence the subjects of the different poems had
been drawn. In a few instances I have preserved these quotations in
extenso, but for the most part, in order to save space, I have contented
myself with giving the referenee. I have been able in many cases to give
the date and place of the first publication of particular poems, but I have

not attem pted to do so in all. Probably it would not be possible to attain
completeness in this respect; nor would any im portant object be served
by doing so. But I have endeavoured to trace the first publication of all
the more notable of the shorter pieces ; and I regret th at in one or two
such instances my search has not met with success. Por all those notes
which are enclosed in square brackets at the beginning of particular poems
I am responsible. The date appended at the foot of any poem is that
of its original composition, as printed by Southey in 1837-8.
Southey published with his poems an immense mass of illustrative notes,
consisting for the most part of extracts from different authors collected
in the course of his wide and varied reading. These notes are full of curious
information, but are not always particularly relevant to the poems to which
they are attached. From considerations of space they have been almost
entirely omitted in the present edition. Some of them, however, will be
found quoted—in whole or in part—in the Notes at the end of this volum e;
the substance of a few others is given in an abridged paraphrase. The
letter (S.) after any Note shows that either its actual words or its substance
may be found in Southey’s note on the passagc in question; and in the
case of actual quotation the words quoted are marked by inverted
commas.
For those Notes which are not followed by the letter (S.) I am responsible.
As has been explained above, no textual qüestions can arise in connexion
with Southey’s poetry. I have therefore confined myself to inserting
a few Notes in order to explain various allusions, to give information as
to the composition and publication of certain poems, or to add a touch of
personal or oritical interest connected with them. In so doing I can hardly
hope to escape the charge of having on occasion either inserted or omitted
too much. But I trust that, in spite of mistakes, m y object has been in
great measure attained.
The Chronological Table of Southey’s life on pp. xxi-xxviii may perhaps be
found useful. In preparing it I have been much indebted to a similar Table
in Mr. T. Hutchinson’s edition of Wordsworth in the present series.
Of the imperfections of this edition of Southey’s Poems I am very sensible.
They may be explained in part by the fact that I have been obliged to prepare
it at a distance from libraries and in the occasional intervals of other and
very different work. Under these circumstances I am the more grateful
to those friends without whose help my task could hardly have been completed. In particular my thanks are due to the Reverend Canon Rawnsley
for kindly allowing me to see his Southey MSS. ; to Miss Geraidine FitzGerald for the work that she has done on my behalf at the British Museum,

X

xi


and also for her help in reading through some of the proofs; and to Mr. E. H. Coleridge for his great kindness in answering my requests for information on various points and in making many useful suggestions. But above all I desire to express my gratitude to Professor Dowden. In preparing this edition I have received from him most generous help in counsel and encouragement. But I owe him a debt of far longer standing; for it was he who, by his delightful volume in the 'English Men of Letters' series, first taught me to know and to love Robert Southey.

M. H. F. G.
CONTENTS

RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE G O T H S ...................................................... 208
I. Roderick and Romano ................................................................. 209
II. Roderick in Solitude ................................................................. 215
III. Adosinda .................................................................................. 220
IV. The Monastery of St. Felix ...................................................... 227
V. Roderick and Siverian ............................................................... 233
VI. Roderick in Times Past ............................................................ 240
VII. Roderick and Pelayo ............................................................... 244
VIII. Alphonso ............................................................................... 247
IX. Florinda .................................................................................. 254
X. Roderick and Florinda .............................................................. 261
XI. Count Pedro's Castle ............................................................... 265
XII. The Vow ............................................................................... 269
XIII. Count Eudon ........................................................................ 274
XIV. The Rescue ........................................................................... 277
XV. Roderick at Cangas ............................................................... 282
XVI. Covadonga ............................................................................ 288
XVII. Roderick and Siverian ......................................................... 293
XVIII. The Acclamations ............................................................... 299
XIX. Roderick and Ruilla ............................................................... 302
XX. Roderick on the Moorish Camp ............................................. 307
XXI. The Fountain in the Forest .................................................... 310
XXII. The Moorish Council ........................................................... 316
XXIII. The Vale of Covadonga ....................................................... 320
XXIV. Roderick and Count Julian ................................................ 326
XXV. Roderick in Battle ............................................................... 331

SELECTED MINOR POEMS ........................................................................... 343
The Holly Tree ............................................................................. 343
The Dead Friend .......................................................................... 344
To Mary ......................................................................................... 344
Funeral Song for the Princess Charlotte of Wales .................. 345
My Days among the Dead are Past ............................................ 347
Imitated from the Persian ........................................................... 347
The Cataract of Lodoro ............................................................... 348

SONNETS:— 1. The Evening Rainbow .................................................. 349
2. Winter ...................................................................................... 350

INSCRIPTIONS:— 1. In a Forest ......................................................... 350
2. Epitaph .................................................................................... 350
3. At Barrosa ............................................................................... 351
4. Epitaph I .................................................................................. 352
5. Epitaph II ................................................................................ 352
Dedication of the Author's Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society:— Little Book, in Green and Gold. 353
Lines written in the Album of Rotha Quillinian ....................... 356
Ode, written during the Negotiations with Buonaparte, in January, 1814 357

SELECTED MINOR POEMS (continued)—

BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES:—
The March to Moscow ................................................................. 360
Lord William .............................................................................. 362
The Well of St. Keynes .............................................................. 364
The Battle of Blenheim ............................................................. 365
The Old Woman of Berkeley .................................................... 366
God's Judgement on a Wicked Bishop .................................... 370
The Incomes Rock ................................................................... 372
Queen Orraca and the Five Martyrs of Morocco ...................... 374
Brough Bells ............................................................................. 376
Inscription for a Coffee-Pot ....................................................... 378

SONNETS:— .................................................................................... 379

LYRIC POEMS:—
To Contemplation ........................................................................ 383
Remembrance ............................................................................. 384
The Widow .................................................................................. 385
The Traveller's Return ................................................................ 385
The Old Man's Comforts .......................................................... 385
To a Spider .................................................................................. 386
The Elb Tode ............................................................................. 387
The Complaints of the Poor ....................................................... 387
To a Friend inquiring if I would live over my Youth again ........ 388

OCCASIONAL PIECES:—
On a Landscape of Gaspar Poussin ......................................... 389
Written on Christmas Day, 1785 ............................................. 390
Written after visiting the Convent of Arrabida ........................ 391
On my own Miniature Picture .................................................... 392
Recollections of a Day's Journey in Spain ................................. 393
To Margaret Hill .......................................................................... 394
History ......................................................................................... 395
Written immediately after reading the Speech of Robert Emmet 396
Verses spoken in the Theatre at Oxford, upon the Installation of Lord Grenville ...................................................... 397
Thanksgiving for Victory ............................................................. 399
Stanzas written in Lady Lonsdale's Album ............................... 399
Stanzas addressed to W. R. Turner, Esq., R.A. ......................... 400
On a Picture by J. M. Wright, Esq. ............................................ 401
To Charles Lamb ........................................................................ 402

THE RETROSPECT ..................................................................................... 403

HYMN TO THE PENATES ........................................................................ 406

ENGLISH ECLOGUES:—
The Old Mansion House ............................................................ 411
Hannah ......................................................................................... 414
The Ruined Cottage ................................................................. 415
The Alderman's Funeral ............................................................ 417

THE DEVIL'S WALK .................................................................................. 420
## CONTENTS

### INSCRIPTIONS
- For a Column at Newbury .................................................. 426
- For a Cavern that over looks the River Avon ....................... 426
- For a Tablet at Silbury-Hill .............................................. 427
- For a Monument in the New Forest .................................... 427
- For a Tablet on the Banks of a Stream .............................. 427
- For the Cenotaph at Ermenonville .................................... 428
- For a Monument at Oxford ............................................... 428
- For a Monument in the Vale of Ewias .............................. 428
- Epitaph on Algernon Sidney ............................................ 429
- Epitaph on King John ...................................................... 429
- For a Monument at Torquay ............................................ 430
- For a Column at Truxillo ................................................. 430
- For the Cell of Honiats, at the Cork Convent, near Cinta ... 430
- For a Monument at Taunton ............................................. 430
- For a Tablet at Penhurst .................................................. 430
- For a Monument at Rolissa ............................................ 432
- For a Monument at Vimeiro ............................................ 432
- At Cornua ................................................................. 432
- Epitaph ................................................................. 433
- To the Memory of Paul Burrell ....................................... 434
- For the Banks of the Douro ............................................ 435
- Talavera. For the Field of Battle .................................. 435
- For the Desert of Busaco ............................................... 436
- For the Lines of Torres Vedras ....................................... 437
- At Santarem ............................................................... 438
- At Fuentes D’Onoro ....................................................... 438
- For a Monument at Milbure ........................................... 438
- To the Memory of Sir William Myers .............................. 439
- For the Walls of Ciudad Rodrigo .................................. 440
- To the Memory of Major General Mackinnon .............. 440
- For the Affair at Arroyo Molinos .................................. 441
- Written in an Unpublished Volume of Letters, &c., by Barré Charles Roberts .... 442
- Epitaph ................................................................. 443

### INScriptions FOR THE CALEDONIAN CANAL:
- I. At Clachnagarry ...................................................... 443
- At Port Augustus ......................................................... 444
- III. At Banvie ............................................................ 445
- Epitaph in Butleigh Church ......................................... 445
- Epitaph ................................................................. 446

### Carmen Triumphale
For the Commencement of the Year 1814 .......................... 447

### Epistle to Allan Cunningham ............................................. 453

### Madoc
- Dedication ................................................................. 460
- Preface ................................................................. 460

### Madoc in Wales: Part I
- I. The Return to Wales ................................................. 461
- II. The Marriage Feast ................................................. 464

### Madoc (continued)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>III. Cadwallon</td>
<td>467</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. The Voyage</td>
<td>472</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. Lincna</td>
<td>475</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI. Erilliab</td>
<td>479</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII. The Battle</td>
<td>483</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIII. The Peace</td>
<td>486</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IX. Emma</td>
<td>491</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X. Mathraval</td>
<td>493</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XI. The Cloister</td>
<td>496</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XII. Donevar</td>
<td>499</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIII. Llewelyn</td>
<td>502</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIV. Llaian</td>
<td>506</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XV. The Excommunication</td>
<td>510</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVI. David</td>
<td>514</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVII. The Departure</td>
<td>516</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVIII. Rodri</td>
<td>520</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Madoc in Aztlan: Part II

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I. The Return to Aztlan</td>
<td>521</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. The Tiding</td>
<td>523</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. Neolin</td>
<td>527</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. Amalatha</td>
<td>530</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. War Denounced</td>
<td>532</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI. The Festival of the Dead</td>
<td>534</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII. The Snake God</td>
<td>539</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIII. The Conversion of the Hoamen</td>
<td>543</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IX. Thalala</td>
<td>545</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X. The Arrival of the Gods</td>
<td>549</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XI. The Capture</td>
<td>552</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XII. Hoel</td>
<td>555</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIII. Coel</td>
<td>558</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIV. The Stone of Sacrifice</td>
<td>560</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XV. The Battle</td>
<td>566</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVI. The Women</td>
<td>568</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVII. The Deliverance</td>
<td>573</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVIII. The Victory</td>
<td>577</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIX. The Funeral</td>
<td>581</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XX. The Death of Coel</td>
<td>584</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXI. The Sports</td>
<td>586</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXII. The Death of Lincna</td>
<td>588</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXIII. Caradoc and Senena</td>
<td>590</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXIV. The Embassy</td>
<td>592</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXV. The Lake Fight</td>
<td>594</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXVI. The Close of the Century</td>
<td>596</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXVII. The Migration of the Azticans</td>
<td>602</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Ballads and Metrical Tales
- Mary, the Maid of the Inn ........................................... 600
- Doneca ................................................................. 611
- Rudiger ................................................................. 612
- Jaspar ................................................................. 614
- St. Patrick’s Purgatory ............................................. 616
- The Cross Roads ......................................................... 619
CONTENTS

BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES (continued)—

The Pious Painter 621
St. Michael's Chair 623
King Henry V and the Hermit of Dreux 624
Cornelius Agrippa 625
St. Romuald 629
The Rose 627
The Lover's Rock 629
Garci Ferrandez 630
Bishop Bruno 632
A True Ballad of St. Antidius, the Pope, and the Devil 633
Henry the Hermit 633
St. Gualberto 635
Queen Mary's Christening 639
Roprecht the Robber 644
The Young Dragon 650
Epilogue to the Young Dragon 655

A TALE OF PARAGUAY

Preface 657
Dedication 657
Proem 660
Canto I 668
Canto II 678
Canto III 686
Canto IV 694

THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO

Proem 698

THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO

Part I. THE JOURNEY

I. Flanders 701
II. Brussels 706
III. The Field of Battle 708
IV. The Scene of War 715

PART II. THE VISIT

I. The Tower 720
II. The Evil Prophet 725
III. The Sacred Mountain 727
IV. The Hopes of Man 733

MISCELLANEOUS POETICAL REMAINS

Fragmentary Thoughts, occasioned by the Death of the Author's Son 740
Imagination and Reality 741
Additional Fragment 741

APPENDIX. LIST OF POEMS NOT REPRINTED IN THE PRESENT EDITION 748

NOTES 746
INDEX OF FIRST LINES 765

LIST OF AUTHORITIES

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

(a) AUTHORITIES

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

(b) MISCELLANEOUS

### BIOGRAPHICAL TABLE

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

S. = Robert Southey, the Poet.
Thomas, &c. S. = Thomas, &c. Southey.
S. T. C. = Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.D.</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1735</td>
<td>About this year Thomas Southey, son of a yeoman farmer of Wellington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>in Somerset, settles on a farm at Holford, a village in the Quantock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hills.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1736</td>
<td>George Crabbe born.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1737</td>
<td>William Lisle Bowles born.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1738</td>
<td>Samuel Rogers born.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1739</td>
<td>[The Traveller (O. Goldsmith).]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1740</td>
<td>Percy's Reliques.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1742</td>
<td>The Deserter's Village (Goldsmith).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1743</td>
<td>Gray died. Scott born.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>[The Minstrel (Beattie).]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1744</td>
<td>Robert Southey, a linen-dyer at Bristol, (born 1745, second son of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Thomas S.), married Margaret Hill. To them were born nine children,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>five of whom died young. The surviving children were Robert,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Thomas, Henry Herbert, and Edward. [S. T. Coleridge born.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1745</td>
<td>Robert Southey born at Bristol, August 12, his parents' second and</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>eldest surviving child.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1746</td>
<td>Charles Lamb born.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1747</td>
<td>W. Savage Landor born.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1748</td>
<td>During 1776-80 S. spends most of his time with his mother's half-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>sister, Miss Tyler, at Bath.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1749</td>
<td>Thomas S. born.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>[H. Hallam born. Thomas Campbell born.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1750</td>
<td>W. Hazlitt born.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1751</td>
<td>Thomas Moore born.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1752</td>
<td>S. sent as a day-boy to a school kept by a Mr. Foot at Bristol.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1753</td>
<td>S. removed to a school at Corsdon, nine miles from Bristol. [The</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Library (Crabbe).]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1754</td>
<td>(Or Jan. 1783) S. placed as a day-boarder at a school at Bristol kept</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>by a Mr. Williams, spending his holidays in general with Miss Tyler.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>From 1778 onwards Miss Tyler regularly takes him to the theatre.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>He reads Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher before he is</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>eight years old. He also reads The Faerie Queene about this time.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>[Cowper's first volume of Poems.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1755</td>
<td>Henry Herbert Southey born (d. 1865). S. begins to write verses,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Epics on the Trojan Britus, Egbert, &amp;c. [The Village (Crabbe).]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1756</td>
<td>Thomas Robinson died.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Leigh Hunt born.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1757</td>
<td>Thomas Love Peacock born.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Henry Kirke White born.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Task (Cowper).</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### BIOGRAPHICAL TABLE

#### A.D. \( \rightarrow \) \(^{xxii} \) AT \(^{xxiii} \)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1796</td>
<td>12 At the end of this year or early in 1787 S. sent as a day-boy to a Mr. Lewis, a clergyman in Bristol, who took pupils. <em>Poems</em> (Robert Burns, ed.). <em>Kilmarnock ed.</em> (Robert Burns, Kilmarnock ed.).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>27 <em>The Flagellant</em> published. Curse of Kehama begun (May). S. returns to England (June). Completely abandons all idea of adopting the law as a profession. Begins to review again, a task-work from which he is unable to free himself for the rest of his active life. Stays with S. T. C. at Keswick (Sept.). Accepts post of private secretary to Mr. Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1798</td>
<td>[Cowper died. Macaulay born. Taylor born.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1799</td>
<td>28 <em>Tales of Wonder</em> (W. G. Lewis).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1799</td>
<td>29 Death of S.'s mother (Jan.). S. resigns his post as secretary. At Bristol (May). Birth of his first child, Margaret (Sept.).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1800</td>
<td>30 <em>Poems</em> (ed. Southey and Cottle) published by subscription. Peace of Amiens. This of critical importance in the development of S.'s political opinions. 'It restored me in the English feeling which had been deadened; it placed me in sympathy with my country, bringing me thus into that natural and healthy state of mind upon which time, and knowledge, and reflection were sure to produce their proper and salutary effect,' (Warter, iii. 320).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1801</td>
<td>29 <em>Amadis of Gaul</em>, writing portions of a <em>History of Portugal</em>, reviewing, and continuing <em>Curse of Kehama</em>. Chatterton's <em>Works</em> (ed. Southey and Cottle) published by subscription. Peace of Amiens. This of critical importance in the development of S.'s political opinions. 'It restored me in the English feeling which had been deadened; it placed me in sympathy with my country, bringing me thus into that natural and healthy state of mind upon which time, and knowledge, and reflection were sure to produce their proper and salutary effect,' (Warter, iii. 320).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1802</td>
<td>30 <em>Amadis of Gaul</em> published. Death of Margaret S. (Aug.). S. and his wife go to stay with S. T. C. at Keswick (Sept.).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1803</td>
<td>29 Bristol. <em>Amadis of Gaul</em> published. Death of Margaret S. (Aug.). S. and his wife go to stay with S. T. C. at Keswick (Sept.).</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
1810 36

Curse of Kehama and "Tales in Verse." Published.

1811 37

S. plans Oliver Newman and The Book of the Church. At work on Life of Nelson, an expansion of an article in the fifth number of the Quarterly Review. Visits Landor at Lanthony (July 1). Shelley at Keswick, winter of 1811–12. S. writes an article in the Quarterly (Oct.) on the Bell and Lancashire system of Education, advocating the establishment in every parish of a national school. This article subsequently enlarged and published separately, "Curse of Kehama," 2nd ed. [Thackeray born. Don Roderick (Scotts).]

1812 38

S. T. C. at Greta Hall, Feb. 23–March 26,—his last visit to the Lake Country. Isabel S. born (Nov.). Dr. Bell at Keswick. Ownsma published.


1813 39

S. offers to write for the Edinburgh Annual Register owing to irregularity of payment. Visits Stratham and London (Sept.). Meets Lord Byron at Holland House. Appointed Poet Laureate (partly on Scott's recommendation) on Scott declining the office (Oct.). Life of Nelson published. The Doctor begun. Ode Written during Negotiations with Buonaparte (and, apparently, act in some measure as editor), at a salary of £2,000 a year, together with a share in the profits. Tour through Europe to Italy in 1814, including Florence and Rome.

1814 40

S. endeavours, through Cottle, to induce S. T. C. to return to Greta Hall (April). Failing even to get an answer from S. T. C. to his letters, he gets up a subscription among friends and relations to pay Hartley C.'s college expenses (autumn). Begins correspondence with Bernard Barton. Roderick published. S. appointed Member of the Royal Academy of Madrid. A Tale of Paraguay begun.

[The Excursion (Wordsworth). The Feast of the Poets (Leigh Hunt.).]

1815 41

Oliver Newman begun. Minor Poems (rearranged, &c.) published 3d ed. (Scott). Roderick, 2nd ed. Tour in Holland and Belgium with Mrs. and Edith S. and Edward Nash, the artist (Sept.–Oct.).

[First collective ed. of Wordsworth's poems published. The White Doe of Rylstone (Wordsworth). The Lord of the Isles (Scott).]

1816 42

Death of Mrs. Wordsworth (March 8).—A blow from which S. never recovers. The Poet's Pilgrimage and The Lay of the Laureate published. An endeavour made by the Ministry to induce S. to conduct a political journal in London in opposition to revolutionary principles. This proposal S. declines. At this time S. advocates as palliatives of social distress the establishment of savings banks and a national system of education, the colonization of waste lands in the British Isles, and the encouragement of emigration.

[Alastor (Shelley). Christabel (S. T. C.). The Story of Rimini (Leigh Hunt). Childe Harold, Cantos iii (Byron).]

1817 43

Wat Tyler surreptitiously published (spring). S., in consequence, attacked by William Smith, member for Norwich, in House of Commons as a "rafgado" (March 14). Replies in a letter to The Courier (reprinted in his Essays), and is defended in that paper by S. T. C. Declines a proposal that he should write chief leading article in The Times, (and, apparently, act in some measure as editor), at a salary of £2,000 a year, together with a share in the profits. Tour through
### Biographical Table

| A.D. | 1818 | 1819 | 1820 | 1821 | 1822 | 1823 | 1824 | 1825 | 1826 | 1827 | 1828 | 1829 | 1830 | 1831 | 1832 | 1833 | 1834 | 1835 | 1836 | 1837 | 1838 | 1839 | 1840 | 1841 | 1842 | 1843 | 1844 | 1845 | 1846 | 1847 | 1848 | 1849 | 1850 |
|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
|      | 44   | 45   | 46   | 47   | 48   | 49   | 50   | 51   | 52   | 53   | 54   | 55   | 56   | 57   | 58   | 59   | 60   | 61   | 62   | 63   | 64   | 65   | 66   | 67   | 68   | 69   | 70   | 71   | 72   | 73   | 74   | 75   | 76   | 77   | 78   | 79   |
| Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss | Swiss |
|      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |
S. declines the offer of a baronetcy from Sir R. Peel, who then obtains for him an additional pension of £300 a year. Mrs. S., though without regaining her reason, so far recovers as to be allowed to return to Keswick (March). Publication of Life and Works of Cowper (15 vols., 1835-37) begun.

[Yarrow Revisited and other Poems (Wordsworth).] Mrs. Hemans died. James Hogg died. Paracelsus (R. Browning.)


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


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

Robert Southey died (March 21). Buried in Crosthwaite Churchyard. All of the above events happened between 1835 and 1843.

PREFACES

TO THE COLLECTED EDITION OF TEN VOLUMES,
PUBLISHED IN 1837, 1838.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST VOLUME

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; inasmuch 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 imitated a passage, or borrowed an expression, to acknowledge the specific
PREFACE

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 Bull's circulating library at Bath (an excellent one for those days), and asking whether they had the Faery Queen, I was told yes; when I looked for it; or they were in stanzas as cumbersome as they were ill constructed. Years went upon a different principle, and succeeded admirably. I read his Dramatic Sketches of Northern Mythology when they were first published, and convinced myself that when I had acquired some skill in versification, the kind of verse in which his choruses were composed was not less applicable to the task of rendering Homer and the Bible. It was not likely to be corrupted afterwards.

My school-boy verses savoured of Gower and Chaucer, my predecessors Warson; 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 muse at that 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 accordance 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 baulked him when he looked for it; or they were in stanzas as cumbersome as they were ill constructed. Years went upon a different principle, and succeeded admirably. I read his Dramatic Sketches of Northern Mythology when they were first published, and convinced myself that when I had acquired some skill in versification, the kind of verse in which his choruses were composed was not less applicable to the task of rendering Homer and the Bible. It was not likely to be corrupted afterwards.

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, commingling with my own heart, and taking that course which upon mature consideration seemed best to myself, I have said every thing necessary to account for the character of my poetry, whatever it may be.

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

Keswick, May 10, 1837.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

BEING THE FIRST OF TWO VOLUMES ENTITLED ' JUVENILE AND MINOR POEMS', BEGINNING WITH ' THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN', AND ENDING WITH ' HYMN TO THE PENATES'.

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, etc. by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey, 1795; and with this motto—

"Minuentur atrae Carminum curae." 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 Alcinae :

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

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

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

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

A separate volume, entitled Metrical Tales and other Poems, was published in 1805, with this advertisement:—'These Poems were published some years ago in the Annual Anthology. (Bristol, 1799, 1800.) They have now been revised and printed in this collected form, because they have pleased those readers whom the Author was most desirous of pleasing. Let them be considered as the desultory productions of a man sedulously employed upon better things.' These various pieces were re-arranged in three volumes, under the title of Minor Poems, in 1815, with this motto,

'Nos habe novimus esse nihil;'
and they were published a second time in the same form, 1823.

The Ballads and Metrical Tales contained in those volumes, belong to a different part of this collection; their other contents are comprised here; and the present volume consists, with very few exceptions, of pieces written in youth or early manhood. One of these written in my twenteth 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 generality of posterity, should itself imitate the familiar despatch of salticorns, mount his Pegasus, unhood his Muse, and, with a few flights, boast he hath provided a fit prince. Such being the case, the second volume of my Essays Moral and Political, 1832, reprinted in the second edition of Joan of Arc, and commencing with the Vision of the Maid of Orleans, was separately published in quarto in 1814, and reprinted together in a little volume in 1822.

The Juvenile and Minor Poems in this collection bear an inconsiderable proportion to those of substantive length: for a small part only of my youthful effusions were spared from those destructions in which the odors which as Post Laureat I have written upon national occasions. Of these the Carmen Triumphant, and the Carmen Aulica, were separately published in the Annual Anthology, 1799, and reprinted in the second edition of Joan of Arc, 1822.

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PREFACE

In a former Preface my obligations to Akenside were acknowledged, with especial reference to the Hymn to the Penates; the earliest of my Inscriptions also originated in the pleasure with which I perused those of this favourite author. ... that: we met accidentally at the Prince Regent's levee, each in pursuit of his pretensions,* and that some words which 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.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD VOLUME.

BEING THE SECOND OF 'JUVENILE AND MINOR POEMS'

were not over-courteous on either side passed between us on the occasion;— 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 obstinacy; and it was thus relieved to work upon a new subject. I then expressed a wish to Mr. Croker that it might be placed upon a footing which would extend to the holder of the office, and make it a duty to accept the appointment. I then expressed a wish to Mr. Croker that it might be placed upon a footing which would extend to the holder of the office, and make it a duty to accept the appointment. 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.

Keswick, Dec. 12, 1837.

with Sir William Parsons's compliments, requesting that I would let him have the Ode as soon as possible, Mr. Pye having always provided him with it six weeks before the New Year's Day. I was not wanting in punctuality; nevertheless, it was certain that nothing would be expected from me during the life of George III. But the labour which the Chief Musician bestowed upon the verses of the Chief Poet was so much labour lost. The performance of the Annual Odes had been suspended from the time of the King's illness, in 1810. Under the circumstances of his malady, any festal celebration of the birth-day would have been a violation of natural feeling and public propriety. The performance of the Annual Odes related to the annual Odes related to the circumstances of the passing times, and could have been appropriately performed only when they were composed, and this was certainly. It was indeed well suited for its purpose. It was indeed well suited for its purpose. All my other Odes related to the present state of the present state of the war afforded 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 1 Vol. iii, p. 88.
PREFACE TO THE FOURTH VOLUME.

CONTAINING 'THALABA THE DESTROYER'.

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

That subject I had fixed upon when a schoolboy, and had often conversed upon the probabilities of the story with the schoolfellows to whom, sixteen years afterwards, I had the satisfaction of inscribing the poem. It was commenced at Bath in the autumn of 1794; but, upon putting Joan of Arc to the press, its progress was necessarily suspended, and it was not resumed till the second edition of that work had been completed. Then it became my chief occupation during twelve months that I resided in the village of Westbury, near Bristol. This was one of the happiest portions of my life. I never before or since produced so much poetry in the same space of time. The smaller pieces were communicated by letter to Chatterton, who had the advantage of his animadversions. I was then also in habits of the most frequent and intimate intercourse with Davy,—then in the flower and freshness of his youth. We were within an easy walk of each other, over some of the most beautiful ground in that beautiful part of England. When I went to the Pneumatic Institution, he had to tell me of some new experiment or discovery, and of the views which it opened 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 oxyde with which he generally regaled me upon my visits to him, was not required for raising my spirits to the degree of settled fair, and keeping them at that elevation.

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

When we removed from Westbury to Midsummer, 1799, I had reached the penultimate book of Madoc. That poem was finished on the 12th of July following, at Kingsdown, Bristol, in the house of an old lady, whose portrait has hung, 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 subject of Madoc with a view to the publication of Joan of Arc; and the materials collected. It was pursued with unabating ardour at Exeter, in the village of Burton, near Christ Church, and afterwards at Kingsdown, till the ensuing spring, when Dr. Beddoes advised me to go to the south of Europe, on account of my health. For Lisbon, therefore, we set off; and, hastening to Falmouth, found the packet, in which we wished to sail, detained in harbour by westerly winds. 'Six days we watched the weathercock, and sighed for north-easters. I walked and things which would otherwise have been forgotten have thus been brought to my recollection. Herein also the alterations were inserted which the poem underwent before it was printed. They were very numerous. Much was pruned off, and more was ingrained. I had the satisfaction of inscribing the poem to the 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 there was no two poets in whose productions the difference not being that between good and bad, less resemblance could be found. But, of the Lake Poets; and every young sportsman who carried a popgun in the field of satire, considered them as fair game.
When Madoc was brought to a close in the summer of 1799, Mr. Coleridge advised me to publish it at once, and I was disposed of committing a second imprudence. But four years had passed over my head since Joan of Arc was sent to the press, and I was not prepared to undertake any subject without due preparation. 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 now divided into two parts, and enlarged in the proportion of a full third. Shutter 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 sub-divisions were in like manner indicated by the sub-parts. 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 Sand was published about the same time as Madoc, said to me a year or two afterwards, 'You and I, Sir, find that blank verse will not do in these days; we must stand upon another tack.' Mr. Sotheby considered the decision of the Pie-Poudre Court as final. But my suit was in that Court of Record which sooner or later pronounces unerringly upon the merits of the cause.

Madoc was immediately reprinted in America in numbers, making two octavo volumes. About nine years afterwards there appeared a paper of 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 this poem as being 'meditated a most serious injury against the reputation of the New World, by attributing its discovery and colonization to negro guards instead of Welsh Princes.' This, he said, 'being a most insidious attempt against the honour of America and the reputation of Columbus.'

The title of this notable pamphlet is, ' The United States and England ; being a Reply to the Criticism on Inchiquin's Letters, contained in the Quarterly Review, for January 1814. New York : published by A. Van Winkle and Wiley, Printer, 1815.' The United States was in a state of excitement; the Americans 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 sub-divisions were in like manner indicated by the sub-parts. The alterations in the conduct of the piece occasioned its increase of length. The alterations in the conduct of the piece occasioned its increase of length.
12

PREFACE

12

PREFACE

13

PREFACE TO THE SIXTH VOLUME,
BEING THE FIRST OF "BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES"

Most of the pieces in this volume were written in early life, a few are comparatively of recent date, and there are some of 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 comic 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 1800), 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; and 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, I disagreed 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. Sayer'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 verifying 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 time, it was agreed, should be wasted 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 was consulting 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 the 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. Sayer'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
PREFACE

...last day of our pleasant visit at Hereford; and on the following morning the remainder of the Bailad was pencilled in a post-chaise on our way to Abberley.

Mr. Wathen, a singular and obliging person, who afterwards made a voyage to the East Indies, and published an account of what he saw there, traced for me a facsimile of a wooden cut in the Nuremberg Chronicle (which was among the prisoners in the Cathedral).

It represents the Old Woman's forcible abduction from her intended place of burial. This was put into the hands of a Bristol artist; and the engraving in wood which he made from it was prefixed to the Ballad when first published, in the second volume of my poems, 1799. The Devil alludes to it in his Walk, when he complains of a certain poet as having 'put him in ugly ballads with libellous pictures for sale.'

The passage from Matthew of Westminster was prefixed to the Ballad when first published, and it has continued to be in every subsequent edition of my minor poems from that time to the present: for whenever I have founded either a poem, or part of one, upon any legendary or written part 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.

The discovery is thus stated in that gentleman's Poetical Decameron (vol. i. p. 225). Speaking of the book, one of his Interlocutors says, 'It is not of such rarity or singularity as to deserve particular notice, but if you refer to p. 448, 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 Guillerimus, in Special. Histor. lib. xxvi. c. 26. He afterwards relates, as Southey, that the Devil placed the Old Woman of Berkeley before him on a black horse, and that her screams were heard four miles off.'

'It cannot, however, be disputed, that Heywood quotes Guillerimus, in Special. Histor. lib. xxvi. c. 26. He afterwards relates, as Southey, that the Devil placed the Old Woman of Berkeley before him on a black horse, and that her screams were heard four miles off.'

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

'The Tale of Paraguay was published separately in 1826, having been so long in hand that the Dedication was written many years before the Poem was completed. All for Love, and The Legend of a Cock and a Hen, were published together in a little volume in 1829.'
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 the English language, I soon perceived that the best mode of treating it would be to construct a story altogether mythological. In what form to compose it was then to be determined. No such question had arisen concerning any of my former poems. I should never for a moment have thought of any other measure than blank verse for Joan of Arc, and for Madoc, and afterwards for Roderick. The reason why the irregular rhymless lyrics of Dr. Sayers were preferred for Thalaba was, that the freedom and variety of such verse were suited to the story. Indeed, of all the laudatory criticisms with which I have been favoured during a long literary life, none ever gratified me more than that of Henry Kirke White upon this occasion, when he observed, that if any other known measure had been adopted, the poem would have been deprived of half its beauty, and all its propriety. And when he added, that the author never ventured to compromise with any other taste than his own, I myself would treat a subject, or what that course which his own sense of fitness pointed out, I have desired more appropriate commendation.

The same sense of fitness which made me choose for an Arabian tale the simpler and easiest rhyme of the east, 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 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 endeavoured, therefore, to combine the utmost richness of versification with the greatest freedom. The spirit of the poem was Indian, but there was nothing Oriental in the style. I had learnt the language and poetry of that country when I was conducting at Lef- den on the first of May, 1801, and recommenced in the summer of the same year at Kingsdown, in the same house (endeared to me by many once delightful but now mournful recollections) in which Madoc had been finished, and Thalaba begun. A little was added during the winter of that year in London. It was resumed at Kingsdown in the summer of 1802, and then laid aside till 1806, during which interval Madoc was reconstructed and published. Resuming it then once more, all that had been written was reconstituted at Keswick: there I proceeded with it leisurely, and finished it in the 29th of November, 1809. It is the only one of my long poems of which detached parts were written to be afterwards inserted in their proper places. Were I to name the persons to whom it was communicated during its progress, it would be admitted now that I might well be encouraged by their approbation; and indeed, when it was published, I must have been very unreasonable if I had not been satisfied with its reception.

It was not till the present edition of these Poems was in the press, that eight-and-twenty years after Keliama 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 favourable opportunity to appeal for a full discharge of our critical duty. We are indeed bound now to make a firm stand for the purity of our poetic taste against this last and most desperate assault, conducted as it is by a writer of considerable reputation, and unquestionably of considerable abilities. If this poem were to be tolerated, all things after it may demand impunity, and it will be in vain to contend hereafter for any one established rule of poetry as to design and subject, as to character and incident, as to language and versification. We may return at once to the rude hymn in honour of Bacchus, and indite strains adapted to the recitation of rustic in the season of vintage:

"Quae canerent agerentque peruncti faeci­bus 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 endeavoured to withhold no praise that can fairly be claimed, and no censure that is obviously deserved.

The Reviewer fulfilled his promises, however, he had no success in his object. He was not more liberal of censure than of praise, and he was not sparing of quotations. The analysis was sufficiently complete for the purposes of criticism, except that the critic did not always give himself the trouble to understand what he was determined to ridicule. 'It is necessary for us,' he said, 'according to our purpose of deterring future writers from the choice of such a story, or from such a management of that story, to detail the gross follies of the work in question; and tedious as the operation may be, we trust that in the judgement of all those lovers of literature who duly value the preservation of sound principles of composition among us, the end will excuse the means.' The means were ridicule and reprobation, and the end was to 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, unembarrassingly 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, but such assistance was of most value; nor by whom I was subsequently, during several years, favoured in the same Journal with such flagrant civilities as those of which the reader has here seen a sample.
The lamps and tapers now grew pale, And through the eastern Windows slanting fell The roseate ray of morn. Within those walls both versions, may be regarded as curiously exemplifying the difference between French and English poetry.

‘N’importe,’ said Vautel, vint s’arrêler sur la tombe de la femme pécheresse, et la lumière du ciel sombre enceinte, les sons joyeux, ni le tableau mouvant de la vie qui se réveille ; celie sombre enceinte, les sons joyeux, ni le tableau mouvant de la vie qui se réveille ; les hauts croisées tournées vers l’Orient, les semis papulaires de nuit, oyant leurs ailes pesantes bourdonnaient encore sous les voûtes ténébreuses. Bientôt le premier rayon du soleil, glissant obliquement par-dessus l’autel, vint s’arrêter sur la tombe de la femme pécheresse, et la lumière du ciel semblant y pénétrer. ‘Que ce présage accomplisse,’ s’écria Pelayo, qui, absorbé dans ses méditations, fixait en ce moment ses yeux sur le tombeau de sa mère ; ‘Diet mès mésaricorde, qu’il en soit ainsi ! Puisse ta bonté vivifiante y verser de même le pardon ! Que les sanglots de la pénitence expirante, et que mes prières amères ne montent point en vain devant le trône éternel. Et toi, pauvre ame, qui de ton séjour dououreux de souffrances et de larmes appris en mon étonnement, et devoir ton sacrifice, et ton fils doit dorénavant me faudra veiller, le soir, avant que le soleil ne commence sa course.’——T. i, pp. 175-177.

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

Returning day restored no cheerful sounds Or joyful motions of awakening life; But in the stream of light the speckled motes, As if in mimicry of insect play, Floated with many movement. Sloping down Over the altar pass’d the pillar’d beam, And rested on the sinful woman’s grave. As if it enter’d there, a light from Heaven. So be it! cried Pelayo, even so! So be it, Heavenly Father, even so! Thus may thy vivifying goodness shed Forgiveness there; for let not thy groans Of dying penitence, nor my bitter prayers Before thy mercy-seat, be heard in vain! And thou, poor soul, who from the dborah house Of weeping and of pain, dost look to me To shorten and assuage thy penal term, Pardon me that these hours in other thoughts And other duties than this garb, this night Enjoin, should thus have pass’d! Our mother-land

1 'Ainsi soit-il,' s’écria Pelayo, 'ainsi sois-il, ô divin Créateur! Puissé ta vivifiante bonté verser ainsi le pardon en ce lieu! Que les gémissements d’une mort pénible, que mes amères prières amères ne montent point en vain devant le trône miséricordieux! Et toi, qui, de ton séjour de souffrances et de larmes, regardes vers ton fils, pour abréger et soulever les peines, parle, as d’autres devoir ont rempli les heures que cette nuit et cet habit m’enjoignent de le consoler! Notre patrie exige ce sacrifice; d’autres sighs n’attendent dans les bois et les défilés de nos montagnes; et bientôt sous la teinte, il me faudra veiller, le soir, avant que le ciel ne couvre d’étoiles, être prêt pour le travail du jour, avant que le soleil ne commence sa course.'——pp. 92, 93.

A very good translation in Dutch verse was published in two volumes, 1823-4, with this title:——'Rodrigo de Goth, Koning van Spanje.' Naar het Engelsli van Southey gevolgd, door Vrouwe Katharina Wilhelmina Bilderdijk. Te 's Gravenhage.' It was sent to me with the following epistle from her husband Mr. Willem Bilderdijck.

Roberto Southey, vio spectatissimo, Gulielmus Bilderdijck, S. P. D.

‘Etsi ea nunc temporis invaluiter opitio, poetarum genus quam maxima gloriae cupiditate flagrare, mihi tamen contraria semper inesistit persuasio, qui divinæ Poëses altitudinem veramque ludam non nisi ab ilis cognosce putavi quorum praecellentes mihi luno lünixer præcordia Titan, neque aut verè aut justè judicari vatem nisi ab ilis qui eodem æfifatu movantur. Seraxæmus autem jam agitur annus ex quo et ipse meos inter aequales poëtas salutus,cumque locum quam aequales adolescentia occupare contigit, in hune usque diem teneisse videtur, popularis annus nunquam capitare, quin immo perpetuum contemplor; parcus aut ipse laudatur, sensus gravis et nonnullum molestus. Turibus vero nomen, Vir celeberissime spectatissimo, jam ante veneratur, perlecto tuo de Roderico rege poëmate, non peti ne summis extollere ludibus,
 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 endeavours to procure a favourable notice of the poem in the Edinburgh Review.

"My Dear Sir,

I was very happy at seeing the postmark of Keswick, and quite proud of the pleasure you make me believe my Wake has given to the beautiful and happy group at Greta Hall. Indeed, few things could give me more pleasure, for I left my heart a sojourner among them. I have had a higher opinion of the public opinion 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 you will send me some communications that I have got, the public opinion of it is high; but these communications to an author are not to be depended on."

"I have read "Roderick" over and over again, and am the more and more convinced that it is the noblest epic poem of the age. I have had some correspondence and a good deal of conversation with Mr. Jeffrey about it, though he does not agree with me in every 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 favour. I had even teased him to let me review it, as I said, that he could not appreciate its merits. I copy one sentence out of the letter he sent in answer to mine:—"

"For Southey I have, as well as you, great respect, and when he will let me, great admiration; but he is a most provoking fellow, and at least as conceited as Wordsworth. I cannot just trust you with his "Roderick"; but I shall be extremely happy to talk over that and other kindred subjects with you, for I am every way disposed to give Southey a lavish allowance of praise, and few things would give me greater pleasure than to find he had afforded me a fair opportunity. But I must do my duty according to my own apprehensions of it."

"I supped with him last night, but there was so many people that I got but little conversation with him, but what we had was solely about you and Wordsworth. I suppose you have heard what a crushing review he has given the latter. I still found him persisting in his first asseveration, that it was heavy; but what was my pleasure to find that he had only got to the seventeenth division. I assured him he had the marrow of the thing to come at yet, and in that I was joined by Mr. Alison. There was at the same time a Lady Miss—joined us at the instant; short as her remark was, it seemed to make more impression on Jeffrey than all our arguments:—"Oh, I do love Southey!" that was all.

Atwick, June 16, 1838.

' I have no room to tell you more. But I beg that you will not do anything, nor publish anything that will nettle Jeffrey 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 your's most truly,

James Hogg.'
THALABA THE DESTROYER

THE FIRST EDITION

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

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

One advantage this metre assuredly possesses,—the dullest reader cannot distort it into discord: he may read it prosaically, but its flow and fall will still be perceptible. Verse is not enough favoured by the English reader: perhaps this is owing to the obtrusiveness, the regular Jew’s harp twang-twang, of what has been foolishly called heroic measure. I do not wish the improvisoré 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.

Cintra, October, 1800.

THALABA THE DESTROYER

THE FIRST BOOK

... Worse and worse, young Orphane, be thy payne, If thou due vengeance doe forbear, Till guiltie blood her guerdon do obtayne. Faeiry Queen, B. ii. Can. I.

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-orb’d glory yonder Moon divine Rolls through the dark blue depths.

Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like th’ 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, [boy,
The widow’d mother and the fatherless
They at this untimely hour
Wander o’er the desert sands.
Alas! the setting sun 
Saw Zeinab 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. 

No tear relieved the burthen of her heart; 
Stunn'd with the heavy woe, she felt like one 
[blood. 
Half-waken'd from a midnight dream of 
But sometimes when the boy 
Would wet her hand with tears, 
And, looking up to her fix'd countenance, 
Sob out the name of Mother! then 
she groan'd. 

At length collecting, Zeinab turn'd her 
To heaven, and praised the Lord; 
' He gave, he takes away! ' 
The pious sufferer cried, 
'The Lord our God is good!' 

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

Then Zeinab beat her breast in agony, 
' O God, forgive the child! 
He knows not what he says; 
Thou know'st I did not teach him 
thoughts like these; 
O Prophet, pardon him!' 

She had not wept till that assuaging 
prayer; 
Then, 
The fountains of her grief were open'd 
And tears relieved her heart. 
She raised her swimming eyes to Heaven, 
'Alah, 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 shalt I know, 
O Lord! 

Why in thy mercy thou hast stricken me; 
Then see and understand what now 
My heart believes and feels.' 

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? ' 
Young Thalaba exclam'd. 
Zeinab replied and said, [loc. 
'I knew not that there lived thy father's 
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.' 

'But I will hunt him through the world!' 
Young Thalaba exclam'd. 
'Already I can bend my father's bow; 
Soon will my arm have strength 
To drive the arrow-feathers to his heart.' 
Zeinab replied, 'O Thalaba, my child, 
Thou lookest on to distant days, 
And we are in the desert, far from men! 

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

A sudden cry of wonder 
From Thalaba aroused her; 
She raised her head, and saw 
Where high in air a stately palace rose. 
Amid a grove embower'd 
Stood the 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. 

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

They enter'd, and through aromatic 
paths 
Wondering they went along. 
At length, upon a mossy bank, 
Beneath a tall mimosa's shade, 
Which o'er him bent its living 
canopy, 
They saw a man reclined. 
Young he appear'd, for on his cheek 
there shone 
The morning glow of health, 
And the brown beard curl'd close around 
his chin. 
He slept, but at the sound 
Of coming feet awak'ing, fix'd his eyes 
In wonder, on the wanderer and her 
child. 

'Forgive us,' Zeinab cried, 
'Distress hath made us bold. 
Relieve the widow and the fatherless! 
Blessed are they who succour the 
distrest; 
For them hath God appointed Paradise.' 

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

To Zeinab turning then, he said, 
'O mortal, who art thou,
Whose gifted eyes liave pierced
The shadow of concealment that hath
wrapt
These bowers, so many an age,
From eye of mortal man? 160
For countless years have pass'd,
And never foot of man
The bowers of Irem trod, . .
Save only I, a miserable wretch
From Heaven and Earth shut out! 17

Fearless, and scarce surprised,
For grief in Zeinab's soul
All other feebler feelings over-power'd,
She answer'd, ' ... 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!'

Then said the stranger, ' Not by Heaven unseen,
Nor in unguided wanderings, hast thou
This secret place, be sure! Nor for light purpose is the veil,
That from the Universe has long shut
These ancient bowers, withdrawn. Hear thou my words, O mortal, in thine heart
Treasure what I shall tell; And when amid the world
Thou shalt emerge again,
Repeat the warning tale,
Make weep the fathers suffer'd, but to
The children wisely safe?

The Garden, . . copious springs
Blest that delightful spot,
And every flower was planted there
That makes the gale of evening sweet. He spake, and bade the full-grown forest rise,
His own creation; should the King
Wait for slow Nature's work? All trees that bend with luscious fruit,
Or wave with feathered boughs,
Or point their spiring heads to heaven,
Or spreading wide their shadowy arms,
Invite the traveller to repose at
Hither, uprooted with their native soil,
We sent to call on God; [earth
Ah fools! unthinking that from all the
The soul ascends to him.
We sent to call on God;
Ah fools! to think the Lord
Would hear their prayers abroad, 33
Who made no prayers at home!

6
"Meantime the work of pride went on,
And still before our Idols, wood and stone,
We bow'd the impious knee."
The Prophet Houd exclain'd;
"Turn men of Ad, and call upon the
Lord,"
The Prophet Houd exclain'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, 30
Or art thou drunk with wine?
Future woe and wrath to come,
Still thy prudent voice forebodes;
When it comes will we be wise,
Till it comes will we go on
In the way our fathers went.
Now are thy words from God?
Or dost thou dream, oíd man,
Or art thou drunk with wine?"

27
So spake the stubborn race, 33
The unbelieving ones.
I too, of stubborn unbelieving heart,
Heard him, and heeded not.

28
The Day of Visitation was at hand,
30
The fear'ful hour of Judgement hast'en'd on.
Lo! Shedad's mighty pile complete,
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 snow of solitude!

29
Ye must have heard their fame;
Or likely ye have seen 37
The mighty Pyramids... [lived
For sure those awful piles have over...
The feeble generations of mankind.
What though unmoved they bore the
deleterious weight,
Survivors of the ruined world?
What though their founder fill'd with
miracles
[vaules?
And wealth miraculous their spacious

30
Compared with yonder fabric, and they
shrink
The baby wonders of a woman's work.

31
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, [him,
That they should branch and bud for
That art should force their blossoms and their fruit,
And re-create for him what' er
Was lost in Paradise.
Therefore at Shedad's voice
Here to'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
'0 Ad! my country! evil was the day
That thy unhappy sons
Crouch'd 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 heritage
Their fathers handed down.
What was to him the squander'd wealth?
What was to him the burdens of the land,
The lavish'd misery?
He did but speak his will,
And, like the blasting Siroc of the sands,
The ruin of the royal voice
Found its way every-where.
I marvel not that he, whose power
No earthly law, no human feeling curb'd,
Mock'd at the living God!

33
And now the King's command went forth [young
Among the people, bidding old and
Husband and wife, the master and the
slave,
All the collected multitudes of Ad, 43
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,
30

THALABA THE DESTROYER

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

34

' Intoxicate with joy and pride,
He heard their blasphemies;
And in his wantonness of heart he bade
The Prophet Houd be brought;

And o'er the marble courts, And o'er the gorgeous rooms
Glittering with gems and gold,
He led the Man of God.

"Is not this a stately pile?"
Cried the monarch in his joy.
"Hath ever 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 aweful smile, he answer'd him,
"O Shedad! only in the hour of death
We learn to value things like these aright."

36

"Hast thou a fault to find
In all thine eyes have seen?"
With unadmonished pride, the King exclaimed,
"Yea!" said the Man of God;
The walls are weak, the building ill secure.

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,
[beams,
One red, as it had drunk the evening One black and heavy with its load of rain.
A voice went forth from Heaven, 'Choose, Kæl, of the three!'
I thank'd the gracious Power, And chose the black cloud, heavy with its wealth."

41

'Then stood the Prophet up, and cried aloud,
"Woe, woe to Irem! 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 unearthly 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
Grave my age must groan for you, and to the
Go down in sorrow. Thou wilt give thy
Fruits, [will ripen, But who shall gather them? They grapes
But who shall tread the wine-press? Fly
the wrath, [alive!] Ye who would live and save your souls
For strong is his right hand that bends the Bow,
The Arrows that he shoots are sharp,
And err not from their aim!"

43

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

45

There were no waters there! There fell no kindly rain!
The Sarsar from its womb went forth, The Icy Wind of Death.

49

They fell around me; thousands fell around,
The King and all his people fell; All! all! they perish'd all!
God hath remember'd thee.
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.

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 passe'd! 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.

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 bowers, No insect sweetly buzz'd amid these groves, From all things that have life, Save only me, concea'ld.

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!

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 oíd, And the solé of my shoe is not worn.

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

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

She ceased; and the rushing of wings Was heard in the stillness of night, And Azrael, the Death-Angel, stood before them. His countenance was dark, Solemn, but not severe, It saved, but struck no terror to the heart. 'Zeinab, thy wish is heard! 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.

Me too! me too! ' young Thalaba exclaim'd, As wild with grief he kiss'd His Mother's livid lips; 'O Angel! take me too!'

Son of Hodeirah! ' the Death-Angel said, As with grief he kiss'd His Mother's livid hand, His Mother's livid lips; 'O Angel! take me too!'

'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 enterprize That mortal man hath wrought. Live! and remember Destiny!'

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!

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.

THE SECOND BOOK

Sithoicel, expertes vitae sensusque, capessunt Jussa tamen superum venti. Mambrini Constantinus.

In the Domdaniel caverns, Under the Roots of the Ocean, Met the Masters of the Spell. Before them in the vault, Blazing unfuel'd from its floor of rock, Ten magic flames arose.

'Burn, mystic fires; ' Abdaldar cried; 'Burn while Hodeirak's dreaded race exist. This is the appointed hour, night.'

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

'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.'

Curse thee, Okba!' Khawla cried,  
As to the den the Sorcerer came;  
He bore the dagger in his hand,  
Red from the murder of Hodeirah's race.  
'Bear 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 believe'd 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!'  

The Murderer, answering, said,  
'O vowed in all enchanted lore,  
Thou hast the power in thine hand!  
Eight blows I struck, eight home-driven blows,  
Needed no second stroke  
From this envenom'd blade.  
Ye frowned at me as if the will had fail'd;  
As if ye did not know  
My double danger from Hodeirah's race,  
The deeper hate I feel, [arm!  
The stronger motive that inspir'd my  
Ye frowned 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 unapproachable had risen,  
A cloud that mock'd my searching eyes.  
I would have probed it with the dagger-point,  
The dagger was repell'd;  
A Voice came forth and said,  
"Son of Perdition, cease! Thou canst not change  
What is in the Book of Destiny is written."  

Khawla to the Teraph turn'd,  
'Tell me where the Prophet's hand  
Hides our destined enemy?  
The Teraph's eyes were dimm'd,  
Which like two twinkling stars  
Shone in the darkness late.  
The Sorcerers on each other gazed,  
And every face, all pale with fear,  
And ghastly, in that light was seen  
Like a dead man's by the sepulchral lamp.  

Even Khawla, fiercest of the enchanter brood,  
Not without effort drew  
Her fear-suspended breath.  
Anon a deeper rage  
Infamed her reddening eye.  
'Mighty is thy power, Mohammed!'  
Loud in blasphemy she cried;  
'But Eblis would not stoop to Man,  
When Man, fair-figur'd as the stately palm  
From his Creator's hand  
Was undeceived 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?'  

She said, and raised her golden hand  
As in defiance to high Heaven,  
And stretch'd her long lean finger forth,  
And spoke aloud the words of power.  
The Spirits heard her call,  
'Spirit!' the Enchantress cried,  
'Where lives the Boy, coeval with whose life  
On magic Fire must burn?'  

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.  

Bring the dead Hodeirah here,' Khawla cried,  
'and he shall tell!'  
The Demon heard her bidding, and was gone.  
A moment pass'd, and at her feet  
Hodeirah's corpse was laid;  
His hand still held the sword he grasp'd in death.  
The blood not yet had clotted on his wound.  

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

She said, and mutter'd charms which
Held in fear,
And Heaven in horror heard.
Soon the stiff eye-balls roll'd,
The muscles with convulsive motion
shook,
Her soul
The white lips quiver'd.
She said, and mutter'd charms
which
Held in fear,
And Heaven in horror heard.

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

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

'God! God!' Hodeirah cried,
'Prophet! behold my power!' Not even death secures
Thy slaves from Khawla's spell.

Who shall seek through Araby
Hodeirah's dreaded son?
They mingle the Arrows of Chance,
Thirteen moons must wax and wane
Ere the Sorcerer quit his quest.
He must visit every tribe
Or dwell beside perennial streams;
Nor leave a solitary tent unsearch'd,
Till he hath found the Boy,
Who from the tree above,
Cast with the other down the clustcr'd dates.

Ripening there it lay beneath
Rock above rock, and mountain ice up-piled
On mountain, till the incumbent mass
So huge its bulk, the Ocean's azure hue.

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

It was no mortal element; the Abyss
Supplied it, from the fountains at the first
And glows Prepared. In the heart of earth it lives
Her vital heat, till, at the day decreed,
The voice of God shall let its billows loose,
To deluge o'er with no abating flood
Our consummated World;
Which must from that day in infinity
Through endless ages roll,

A penal orb of Fire.

Unturban'd and unsandal'd there, Abdaldar stood before the Flame,
And held the Ring beside, and spake
The language that was con-
Gem of the gem, its living Eye of fire.
When the hand that wears the spell
Shall touch the destined Boy,
Then shall that Eye be quench'd,
And the freed Element
Fly to its sacred and remember'd Spring.

Now go thy way, Abdaldar! Servant of Edlis,

Over Arabia
Seek the Destroyer!

Over the sands of the scorching Tehama,
Over the waterless mountains of Nayd;
In Arud pursue him, and Yemen the happy.

And Hejaz, the country beloved by believers,
Over Arabia,
Servant of Edlis,
Seek the Destroyer!

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

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

At length to the cords of a tent,
That were stretch'd by an Island of Palms,
In the desolate sea of the sands,
The 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.
When raising from the cup his moisten'd lips, [drank again.
The stranger smiled, and praised, and
35
Whither is gone the Boy? He had pierced the Melon's pulp, And closed with wax the wound, And he had duly gone at morn And watch'd its ripening rind, 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.

They brought the Traveller rice, With no false colours 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.

The Damsel from the Tamarind tree Had pluck'd its acid fruit, And steep'd it in water long ; And whoso 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.

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

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?

Look! how his eye delighted watches thine! . .

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

Oneiza
Oh yes . . yes! [needs A wicked man! . .

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!

Thalaba
I would not touch it!

Oneiza
Bury it . . oh! bury it!

Thalaba
If not written as the Koran is: Some other tongue perchance; . . the accursed man

Said he had been a traveller. Moath (coming from the tent)

Thalaba
What hast thou there? 20

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

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.

Gape at the winning tale! . . And nearer now he comes. 39

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.

While the sudden shoot of joy Made pale Abdaldar's cheek, The Master's voice was heard; ' It is the hour of prayer, . . My children, let us purify ourselves, And praise the Lord our God!' 391

The Boy the water brought; After the law they purified themselves, And bent their faces to the earth in prayer.

All, save Abdaldar; over Thalaba He stands, and lifts the dagger to destroy. Before his lifted arm received Its impulse to descend, The Blast of the Desert came. Prostrate in prayer, the pious family Felt not the Simoom pass. They rose, and lo! the Sorcerer lying dead. Holding the dagger in his blasted hand.

THE THIRD BOOK

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

1

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

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

Moath
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 accursed man

Said he had been a traveller. Moath (coming from the tent)

Thalaba, What hast thou there? 20

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

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.
40

MOATH

It were better hid
Under the desert sands. This wretched man, [purpose
Whom God hath smitten in the very
And impulse of his unpermitted crime,
Belike was some magician, and these lines
Are of the language that the Demons use.

ONEIZA

Bury it! bury it. dear Thalaba!

MOATH

Such cursed men there are upon the earth, [powers,
In league and treaty with the Evil
The covenanted enemies of God 49
And of all good; dear purchase have they made [sway,
Of rule and riches, and their life-long
Masters, yet slaves of Hell. Beneath the
roots
Of Ocean, the Domedanil caverns lie,
Their impious meeting; there they learn the
words
Unutterable by man who holds his hope
[and let
Of heaven; there brood the pestilence,
The earthquake looses.

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

I know not; but it may be
That on the Table of Destiny, thy name
Is written their destroyer, and for this
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Heaven.

THALABA

His ring has some strange power then?

CONVERSATION BETWEEN THALABA AND MOATH

THALABA

My father, I will wear it.

MOATH

Thalaba!

THALABA

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

So Thalaba drew on
The written ring of gold.

Then in the hollow grave
They laid Abdaldar's corpse.

And lovel'd over him the desert dust.

THE SUN AROSE, ASCENDING FROM BENEATH THE HORIZON'S CIRCILING LINE

As Thalaba to his ablutions went,
Lo! the grave open, and the corpse exposed!
It was not that the winds of night
Had swept away the sands which covered it;
For heavy with the undried dew
The desert dust lay dark and close around;
And the night air had been so calm and
It had not from the grove
Shaken a ripe date down.
'The Ring! the Ring!' the youth exclaimed.
'For that the Spirit of Evil comes;
By that I see, by that I hear.
In the name of God, I ask thee,
Who was he that slew my Father?'

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

THALABA
Where does the Murderer dwell?
DEMON
In the Domdaniel caverns,
Under the Roots of the Ocean.

THALABA
Why were my Father and my brethren slain?
DEMON
We knew from the race of Hodeirali
The destined Destroyer would come.

THALABA
Bring me my father's sword!
DEMON
A Fire surrounds the fatal sword;
No Spirit or Magician's hand
Can pierce that fated Flame.

THALABA
Bring me his bow and his arrows!

Distinctly Moath heard the youth, and She [watch'd
Who, through the Veil of Separation,
Tho while in listening terror, and suspense
All too intent for prayer.
They heard the voice of Thalaba;
But when the Spirit spake, the motion-
less air
Felt not the subtle sounds,
Too fine for mortal sense.

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.
Amen 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!'

Nor ever from that hour
Did rebel Spirit on the tent intrude,
Such virtue had the Spell.

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?

When the Father of the Rains
Comes he in darkness and storms?
When the sun's first rays, the clouds disperse,
When the sun's last rays, the clouds disperse?

Now with sudden burst of anger,
Now in the agony of tears,
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 calld him brother; and the youth
More fondly than a brother loved the maid;
The loveliest of Arabian maidens she.
How happily the years
Of Thalaba went by!

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

Years of his youth, how rapidly ye fled
In that beloved solitude!
Is the morn fair, and doth the freshening breeze
Flow with cool current o'er his cheek?

Flow with cool current o'er his cheek?
Lo! underneath the broad-leaved sycamore
With lids half-elosed 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 wonted cares

Or comes the Father of the Rains
From his caves in the uttermost West,
Comes he in darkness and storms?
When the blast is loud;
When the waters fill
The traveller's tread in the sands;
When the pouring shower
Streams adown the roof;
When the door-curtain hangs in heavier folds;
When the cut-strain'd tent flags loosely,
Within there is the embers' cheerful glow,
The sound of the familiar voice,
The song that lighten's toll,
Domestic Peace and Comfort are within.
Under the common shelter, on dry sand.
The quiet Camels ruminate their feed;
The lengthening cord from Meath falls,
As patiently the Old Man
Entwines the strong palm-fibres; by
the hearth
The Damsel shakes the coffee-grains,
That with warm fragrance fill the tent;
And while, with dexterous fingers,
Thalaba
Shapes the green basket, happily at his feet
Her favourite kidling gnaws the twig.
Forgiven plunderer, for Oneiza's sake.

Or when the winter torrent rolls
Down the deep-channel'd rain-course, foamingly,
Dark with its mountain spoils,
With bare feet pressing the wet sand,
There wanders Thalaba,
The rushing flow, the flowing roar,
Filling his yielded faculties,
A vague, a dizzy, a tumultuous joy.

Or fingers it a vernal brook
Gleaming o'er yellow sands?
Beneath the lofty bank reclin'd,
With idle eye he views its little waves,
Quietly listening to the quiet flow;
While in the breakings of the stirring gale,
The tall canes bend above,
Floating like streamers on the wind
Their lank uplifted leaves.

Nor rich, nor poor, was Moath; God hath given Enough, and blest him with a mind No hoarded gold disquieted ... full udders to the Damsel's hand. Dear child! the tent beneath whose shade they dwelt It was her work; and she had twined
His girdle's many hues; And he had seen his robe Grow in Oneiza's loom. How often, with a memory-mingled joy Which made ... the thin cake on spreading paira, Or (ix'd it on the glowing oven's side With hare wet arm, and safe dexterity.

'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-illumined dome, Its marble walls bedeck'd with flourished

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.

She called him Brother; was it sister-love For which the silver rings Round her smooth ankles and her tawny arms, [eye Shone daily brightened? for a brother's Were her long fingers tinged, As when she trimm'd the lamp, And through the veins and delicate skin The light shone rosy? that the darken'd lids Gave yet a softer lustre to her eye? That with such pride she trick'd Her glossy tresses, and on holy-day Wreathed the red flower-crown round Their waves of glossy jet? How happily the days Of Thalaba went by! Years of his youth how rapidly ye fled!

Yet was the heart of Thalaba Impatient of rest; Restless he ponder'd still The task for him decreed, The mighty and youthful ardour, 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. One morn, as was their wont, in sportive mood, The youth and damsels bent Hodeirah's
Behold the mighty army! Moath cried,
Blindly they move, impell'd
By the blind Element.
And yonder birds our welcome visitants,
See! where they soar above the embodied host,
Pursue their way, and hang upon the rear,
And thin the spreading flanks.
Rejoicing o'er their banquet! Deemest thou
These also liath he doom'd to meet their way:
Both passive instruments
Of his all-acting will,
Solé mover He, and only spring of all.'

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

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

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.

Alas! Oneiza sees the spot increase!
And lo! the ready youth
Over his shoulder the full quiver slings,
And grasps the slacken'd bow.

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

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

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

Whose is yon dawning form, That in the darkness meets
The delegated youth?
Dim as the shadow of a fire at noon, Or pale reflection on the evening brook
Of glow-worm on the bank, Kindled to guide her winged paramour.

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

The Spirit hung toward him when she ceased, As though with actual lips she would have given
A mother's kiss. His arms outstretched, His body bending on
His mouth unclosed and trembling into speech, He prest to meet the blessing, but the Play'd on his cheek: he look'd, and he beheld [he cried,
The darkness close. 'Again! again!
'Let me again behold thee!' from the darkness
His Mother's voice went forth;
'Thou shalt behold me in the hour of death.'
Day dawns, the twilight gleam dilates,
The Sun comes forth, and like a god
Rides through rejoicing heaven.
Old Moath and his daughter, from their tent,
Beheld the adventurous youth,
Dark-moving o'er the sands,
A lessening image, trembling through their tears.

Visions of high emprise
Reguiled his lonely road;
And if sometimes to Moath's tent
The involuntary mind recurred,
Fancy, impatient of all painful thoughts,
Pictured the bliss should welcome his return.
In dreams like these he went,
And still of every dream
Oneiza form'd a part,
And hope and memory made a mingled joy.

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

As thus in vacant quietness he sate,
A Traveller on a Camel reached the Well,
And courteous greeting gave.

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

His speech was copious, and his winning words
Enrich'd with knowledge, that the attentive
Listening with a thirsty joy.

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

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 for ever bar
The gates of mercy on them.

Men are not what they were; their crimes and follies
Have dwarf'd them from the old hero race.

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

"Tis a history,
Handed from ages down; a nurse's tale...
.

The Angels at the wickedness of man
Express'd indignant wonder; that in vain

The power of Time and Change; thistles
Usurp the desolate palace, and the weeds
Of falsehood root in the aged pile of Truth.
.

The Old Man
Son, thou art young for travel.
Until now
I never pass'd the desert boundary.
They own'd their crime, and heard the doom deserved.
Then they besought the Lord, that not for ever
His wrath might be upon them; and implored
That penal ages might at length restore them [Babylon, 
Clean from offence; since then by
In the cavern of their punishment, they dwell.
Runs the conclusion so?

So I am taught.

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?

Is it not the truth?

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

And hast thou never, in the twilight, fancied
Familiar object into some strange shape And form uncouth?
The sorcery-secret?

Is it not the truth?

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

The murmuring wind, the moving leaves,
Soothed him at length to sleep.
With mingled lullabies of sight and sound.

Not so the dark Magician by his side, 200 Lobaba, who from the Domdaniel 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 Abdal adar's ring.
Arm'd by whose amulet zio He slept from danger safe.

Wrap'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, movel ess 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-friends,
He bade the Genii rob the sleeping youth.
By the virtue of the Ring,
By Mahommed's holier power,
By the holiest name of God,
Had Thalaba disarm'd the evil race.

Baffled and weary, and convinced at length,
Anger, and fear, and rancour gnawing
The accused Sorcerer ceased his vain

Content perforce to wait
Temptation's likelier aid.
Restless he lay, and brooding many a while,
And tortured with impatient hope,
And envying with the bitterness of hate
The innocent youth, who slept so sweetly by.

The ray of morning on his eyes did 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.

Renew'd the unfinish'd converse of the night.
The ray of morning on his eyes did 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,
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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 eider times; And his Camel, than the monstrous Elephant,
Seem of a vaster bulk.

THALABA
So in his loosen'd cloak
The Old Man wrapt 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 mary fretting framed,
Or with a pale transparent green
Lighting the restless leaves,
The thin Acacia leaves that play'd above.
Should we for this forego
The needful element? Because the searing summer Sun
Darts its ray, would'st thou quench the orb of day? [form'd]
Or deemest thou that Heaven in anger
Iron to till the field, because when man
Had tipt his arrows for the chase, he rush'd
A murderer to the war? [HALABA]

What follows hence?

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

All men hold in honour
The skilful Leech. From land to land he goes
Safe in his privilege; the sword of war Spares him; Kings welcome him with costly gifts; [pain]
And he who late had from the couch of Languor, lapsed to his aid, beholds him with glad eyes, and blesses him [HALABA]

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 was foolishness to think.

LOBABA
O what a glorious animal were Man, Knew he but his own powers, and, knowing, gave them Room for their growth and spread! The Horse obeys
His guiding will; the patient Camel bears him [waits
Over these wastes of sand; the Pigeon Bidding the skies:... and with these triumphs He rests contented;... with these ministers, ...
When he might awe the Elements, and make Myriads of Spirits serve him! [HALABA]

But as how? By a league with Hell, a covenant that binds The soul to utter death!

LOBABA
Was Solomon Aecurst of God? Yet to his talismans Obedient, o'er his throne the birds of Heaven, Their waving wings his sun-shield, fann'd around him [to place,
The motionless air of noon; from place As his will rénd'd the viewless Element, He rode the Wind;... the Genii rear'd his temple, [HALABA]
And ceaseless in fear while his dread eye [their toil,
O'erlook'd them, day and night pursued
So dreadful was his power.

THALABA
But 'twas from Heaven His wisdom came;... the guardon Of early virtue.

LOBABA
Learn thou, O young man! God hath appointed wisdom the reward Of study! "Tis 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 Because the Hern soars upward in the sky [Falcon
Above the arrow's flight, to train the Whose beak shall pierce him there? The powers which Allah Granted to man, were granted for his use;... All knowledge that befits not human 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.

LOBABA
That cannot be recall'd! Something The properties of herbs, and have some times [relief
Brought to the afflicted comfort and By the secrets of my art; under His blessing [Characters
Without whom all had fail'd! Also of I have some knowledge, and the [set
That tell beneath what aspect they were

LOBABA
Bellikeyou can interpret the graving Around this Ring?

LOBABA
My sight is feeble, Son, And I must view it closer; let me try!

LOBABA
The unsuspecting Youth Held forth his finger to draw off the spell. Even whilst he held it forth, There settell there a Wasp, And just above the Gem infix'd its dart; All purple-swoln the hot and painful flesh Rose round the tighten'd Ring. The baffled Sorcerer knew the hand of Heaven, And inwardly blasphemed.

LOBABA
Ere long Lobaba'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 over the mountain side. With joy the thoughtless youth That grateful shadowing hail'd; For grateful was the shade, Some of the loose hanging skirts

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.
But soon that beacon fail'd; -
A heavier mass of cloud, -
Impenetrably deep;
Hung o'er the wilderness.
'Knowest thou the track?' quoth Thalaba,
'Or should we pause, and wait the wind
To scatter this bewildering fog?' -
The Sorcerer answer'd him, -
'Now let us hold right on, . . for if we stray,
The Sun to-morrow will direct our So saying, he toward the desert depths
Misleads the youth deceived.

Earlier the night came on,
Nor moon, nor stars, were visible in heaven; -
And when at morn the youth unclosed
He knew not where to turn his face in prayer. -
What shall we do? ' Lobaba cried,
* The lights of heaven have ceased
To guide us on our way.

The wily sorcerer willingly assents,
And farther in the sands,
Elate of heart, he leads the credulous youth.

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

Oh for the Vulture's scream,
Who haunts for prey the abode of humankind! -
Oh for the Plover's pleasant cry
To tell of water near! -
Oh for the Camel-driver's song
For now the water-skin grows light,
Though of the draught, more eagerly desired,
[ thirst.

In vain! for still the deadly calm en-
Another day pass'd on,
For there was motion in the air!
And lo! their famish'd beast
Sees the restoring sight! -
Hope gives his feeble limbs a sudden strength,
He hurries on! ...

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

In uncommunicating misery
Silent they stood. At length Lobaba said,
'Son, we must slay the Camel, or we die
For lack of water! thy young hand
Wretch accurst!

Who that beheld thy venerable face,
Thy features stiff with suffering, the dry
Rows of tears, could deem that all within
Was magic ease, 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 gasping beast
Dies, over-worn with want.

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.

Who that beheld 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 in-
Flaqed;
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 over the desert with a show of
Of distant waters, mocking their distress.

The youth’s parch’d lips were black,
His tongue was dry and rough,
His eye-balls red with heat.
Lobaba gazed on him with looks
That seem’d to speak of pity, and he said,
‘Let me behold thy Ring;
It may have virtue that can save us yet!’
With that he took his hand
And view’d the writing close,
Thaw 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.’

‘Nay!’ answer’d Thalaba,
‘Shall I distrust the providence of God?
If Allah wills it not, Vain were the Genii’s aid.’

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


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.

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!
Now by the virtue . . .
The youth made no reply,
Gazing in awful wonder on the scene.

‘Why dost thou wait?’ the Old Man exclaim’d,
If Allah and the Prophet will not save,
Call on the powers that will!’

‘Ha! do I know thee, Infidel accurs’d?’ Exclaim’d the awak’ned youth.
And thou hast led me hither, Child of Sin!
That fear might make me sell
My soul to endless death!’

‘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!’

Hark! hark! . . he shrieks . . Lobaba shrieks!

Dipt down their callow heads.
Fill'd the swoln membrane from their
plumeless throat
Pendant, and bills yet soft;
And buoyant with arch'd breast,
Fle'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
And nestle underneath her outspread
The spotted prowler of the wild
Lapt the cool wave, and satiate, from the
Guiltless of blood, withdrew.

4
The mother-bird had moved not,
But cowering o'er her nestlings,
Sate confident and fearless,
And watch'd the wonted guest.
But when the human visitant approach'd,
The alarmed Felican
Retiring from that hostile shape
Gathers her young, and menaces with
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
And blest, in thankfulness,
Their common Father, provident for all.

With strength renew'd, and confident in
faith,
The son of Hodeirah proceeds;
Till after the long toil of many a day,
At length Bagdad appear'd,
The City of his search.
He hastening to the gate,
Roams o'er the city with insatiate eyes;
Its thousand dwellings, o'er whose
level roofs
mosques.
Fair cupolas appear'd, and high-domed
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
Servitude,
Pollute thy dwellings now,
Rest for the Mighty and the Wise re-
nown'd.
O yet illustrious for remember'd fame,—
Thy founder the Victorious,—and the
pomp [defiled.
Of Haroun, for whose name by blood
Thalaba's, and the blameless Barmecides',
Genius hath wrought salvation,—and the
years [22.
When Science with the good Al-Maimon
dwell;
[Mosques
So one day may the Crescent from thy
Bo pluck'd by Wisdom, when the
enlighten'd 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
Met in her arch'd Bazars;
All day the active poor
Shower'd a cool comfort o'er her
thronging streets;
Labour was busy in her looms;
Through all her open gates
Long troops of laden Camels lined the
roads;
And Tigris bore upon his tameless
Armenian harvests to her multitudes.

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

The many-coloured domes
Yet wore one dusky hue;
The Cranes upon the Mosque
Kept their night-clatter still;
When through the gate the early Trav-
eller pass'd.
And when at evening o'er the swampy
The Bittern's boom came far,
Distinct in darkness seen
Above the low horizon's lingering light,
Rose the near ruins of old Babylon.

Once from her lofty walls the Charioteer
Look'd down on swarming myriads; once she flung
Her arches o'er Euphrates' conquer'd
tide, [she pour'd
And through her brazen portals when
Her armies forth, the distant nations
look'd [fear.
As men who watch the thunder-cloud in
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 sanct-
uary
The She-Wolf hid her whelps.
Is yonder huge and shapeless heap, what once
Hath been the aerial Gardens, height on
height. [with wood,
Rising like Media's mountains crown'd
Work of imperial dotage? Where the
fame [now,
Of Belus? Where the Golden Image
Which at the sound of dulcimer and lute,
Cord and sweet, 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 [tide,
Alone unchanged, a free and bridgeless
Euphrates rolls along;
Eternal Nature's work.

Through the broken portal,
Over weedy fragments,
Thalaba went his way.
Cautious he trod, and felt
The dangerous ground before him with
his bow.
The Jackal started at his steps;
The Stock, 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.

Twilight and moonshine dimly mingling
gave
An awful light obscure,
Evening not wholly closed,
THALABA THE DESTROYER

The Moon still pale and faint:
An awful light obscure,
Broken by many a mass of blackest shade;
Long column stretching dark through
weeds and 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.

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.

Soon at approaching step
Startling, he turn'd and saw
A Warrior in the moon-beam drawing near.

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 ?

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 ?’

The man was fearless, and the temper'd pride
Which toned the voice of Thalaba
Displeased not him, himself of haughty heart.

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These ruins, yawning from their rooted base,
Disclose their secret wealth ?

The youth replied, ‘Nor wandering traveller,
Nor robber of the night,
'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.

Moliareb, when the long re-echoing ceased, Exclaim'd, 'Fate favour'd thee, Young Arab! when she wrote upon thy brow The meeting of to-night; Else surely had thy name this hour been blotted from the Book of Life!' So saying, from beneath His cloak a bag he drew: 'Young Arab! thou art brave,' he cried, 'But thus to rush on danger unprepared, is blind, brute courage. Zohak keeps the cave: Against that Giant of primeval days No force can With 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 its hold, Pursued: 'A murderer on the stake had died! For from his shoulders grew Two snakes of monster size, Which ever at his head Aim'd their vipers' fangs, and in his giant 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.

To him approaching now, Mohareb held the wither'd arm, nor hast 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, Maugre the doom of Heaven, The judicial spell Shall hush his penal agony to sleep, And leave the passage free.'

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 chasm Rose lotter 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: For from his shoulders grew Two snakes of monster size, Which ever at his head Aim'd their vipers' fangs, and in his giant 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.

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.

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 Buoy'd on the wavy air, Still struggling to flow on, and still withheld. The scent of living flesh Inflamed their appetite.

Prepared for all the perils of the cave, Mohareb came. He from his wallet drew Two human heads, yet warm. To him approaching now, Mohareb held the wither'd arm, nor hast 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, Maugre the doom of Heaven, The judicial spell Shall hush his penal agony to sleep, And leave the passage free.'

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The flames, the red and yellow sulphur, And the black darkness of the vault, Commingling indivisibly.

'There,' quoth Mohareb, 'do the Angels dwell, The Teachers of Enchantment,' Thalaba Then raised his voice, and cried, 'Haruth and Maruth, hear me! Not with rites Accursed, to disturb your penitence, And learn forbidden lore, Repentant Angels, seek I thy abode; But sent by Allah and the Prophet here, Obediently I come, Their chosen servant I. Tell me the Talisman' —

And dost thou think, Mohareb 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!
'Twll serve thee in the Mosque
And in the Market-place,
But Spirits view the lieart.
Only by strong and torturing spells enforced,
Those stubborn ángels teach the charm
By which we must descend.

'Descend?' said Thalaba.
But then the wrinkling smile
Forsook Mohareb's cheek, And darker feelings settled on his brow.'Now by my soul,' quoth he,
and I believe,
Idiot! that I have led
Some camel-knee'd prayer-monger through the cave!What brings thee hither? Thou should'st have a hut [way,
By some Saint's grave beside the públic
There to less-knowing fools Retail thy Koran-seraps,
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 ... Your threshold, this atones!—Fit sacrifice he falls!
And forth he flash'd his seymetar, And raised the murderous blow.

There ceased his power; his lifted arm,
Suspended 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!'

'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 diffident of God, In Magic spells I trust? Liar! let witness this!
And he drew off Abdal'dar'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.

Then joy suffused Mohareb's cheek, And Thalaba beheld The blue blade gleam, descending to destroy.
The undefended youth Sprung forward, and he seized Mohareb in his grasp, And grappled with him breast to breast. Sinewy 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 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 upwhirling flood received Mohareb, then, absorb'd, Engulph'd him in the abyss.

Thalaba's breath came fast, And panting, he breathed out A broken prayer of thankfulness. At length he spake and said,

'Haruth and Maruth! are ye here? Or hath that evil guide misled my search?
I, Thalaba, the Servant of the Lord, Invoke you. Hear me, Angels! so may Heaven Accept and mitigate your penitence.
I go to root from earth the Sorcerer brood, Tell me the needful Talisman!

Thus as he spake, recumbent on the rock
Beyond the blask abyss, Their forms grew visible.
A settled sorrow sate upon their brows,.. Sorrow alone, for trace of guilt and shameNone now remain'd ; and gradual as by prayer The sin was purged away, Their robe of glory, purified of stain, Resumed the lustre of its native light.

In awe the youth received the answering voice, 'Son of Hodeirah! thou hast proved it here; The Talisman is Faith.'
Pure and unmingled, from the royal steeds
Of Solomon came down.

4

The chosen Arab's eye
Glanced o'er his graceful shape,
His rich expansions,
His crimson trappings gay.
But when he saw the month
Uncur'd, the unbridled neck,
Then his heart leapt, and then his cheek
Was flush'd; for sure he deem'd that Heaven had
A courser, whom no erring hand might guide.
And lo! the eager Steed
Throws his head and paws the ground,
Impatient of delay!
Then up leapt Thalaba,
And away went the self-govern'd courser.

5

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

6

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

That crost 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
Percipient, 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-blazing rose, like a young cypress tree
Sway'd by the heavy wind;
Anon to Thalaba it moved,
And wrapt him in its pale innocuous fire;
Now, in the darkness drown'd,
Left him with eyes bedimm'd,
And now, emerging, spread the scene to sight.

9

Led by the sound and meteor-flame,
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 sprung, a boiling tide.
A second course with better hap he tries,
The wave intensely cold
Temp't to a copious draught.
There was a virtue in the wave:
His limbs, that stiff with toil

Dragg'd heavy, from the copious draught
Lightness and supple strength.
O'joyed, and weening the benignant Power,
Who sent the reined steed,
Had bless'd these healing waters to his use,
He laid him down to sleep.
Lull'd by the soothing and incessant sound,
The flow of many waters, blending oft
With shriller tones and deep low murmurs,
Which from the fountain caves
In mingled melody

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

11

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

12

This was a wild and wondrous scene,
Strange and beautiful, as where
By Oton-tala, like a sea of stars,
The hundred sources of Hoangho burst.
High mountains closed the vale,
Bare rocky mountains, to all living things
In hospitable; on whose sides no herb
Rooted, no insect fed, no bird awake
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 cheerful place! the solitary Bee,
Whose buzzing was the only sound of life,
Flow there on restless wing.

Seeking in vain one flower, whereon to

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

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

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

There hung a horn beside the gate,
Ivory-tipt and brazen-mouth’d;
He took the ivory tip,
And through the brazen-mouth he breath’d;
Like a long thunder-peal,
From rock to rock rebounding rung the blast.

And steeper now the ascent,
A rugged path, that tired
The straining muscles, toiling slowly up.

Favour’d of Fortune, thus he said,
‘Go taste The joys of Paradise!’

Favour’d of Fortune thou, go taste
The joys of Paradise!

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-hued, arose;
And rich pavilions through the opening woods
Gleam’d from their waving curtains sunny gold;
And winding through the verdant vale,
Went streams of liquid light;
And fluted cypresses 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. joys
Wearied with endless beauty, did his
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.

And he prest 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.

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

But the re incessant 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 herod’s acts they may go on
More ardent, eager to return and reap
Endless enjoyment here, their destined need.
THALABA THE DESTROYER

24

Full of the bliss, yet still awake
To wonder, on went Thalaba;
On every side the song of mirth,
The music of festivity.
Invite the passing youth.
Wearied at length with hunger and 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 [tinged]
Of pearly shell, like the pale moon-beam
Or where the wine-vase fill'd the aperture,
Rosy as rising morn, or softer gleam
Of saffron, like the sunny evening mist:
Through every hue, and streak'd by all
The strong essential sweetness ripens there.
Here cas'd in ice the apricot,
A topaz, crystal-set:
Here, on a plate of snow,
The sunny orange rests;
And still the aces and the sandal-wood,
From golden censers, o'er the banquet room
Diffuse their dying sweets.

25

But Thalaba took not the draught;
For rightly he knew had the Prophet forbidden
That beverage, the mother of sins.
Nor did he partake the odorous fruits,
For all rich fruits were there;
Water-carats rough of rind,
Whose pulp the thirsty lip
Dissolved into a draught;
Pistachios from the heavy-cluster'd trees
Of Malavert, or Haleb's fertile soil;
And Casbin's luscious grapes of amber hue,
That many a week endure
The summer sun intense,
Till by its powerful heat
All watery particles exhaled, alone
The strong essential sweetness ripens there;
And he partook the odorous fruits,
For all rich fruits were there;
Water-carats rough of rind,
Whose pulp the thirsty lip
Dissolved into a draught;
Pistachios from the heavy-cluster'd trees
Of Malavert, or Haleb's fertile soil;
And Casbin's luscious grapes of amber hue,
That many a week endure
The summer sun intense,
Till by its powerful heat
All watery particles exhaled, alone
The strong essential sweetness ripens there.

26

Anon a troop of females form'd the dance,
Their ankles bound with bracelet-bells,
That made the modulating harmony.
Transparent garments to the greedy eye
Exposed their harlot limbs,
Which moved, in every wanton gesture skill'd.

27

With earnest eyes the banqueters
Fed on the sight impure;
And Thalaba, he gazed,
For 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.

28

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

29

From tents of revelry,
From festal bowers, to solitude he ran;
And now he came where all the rills
Of that well-water'd grove unroll'd their collected waves.
A straight and stately bridge
Stretch'd its long arches o'er the ample stream.
[shade]
Strong in the evening and distinct its 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 carolus came and song,
And unveil'd women bade the advancing youth
Come merry-make with them!

30

Then turning to the woman, he beheld
His own Oneiza, his Arabian Maid.
"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.
And nature for a moment woke the thought,
And murmur'd, that, from all domestic joys
Estranged, he wander'd o'er the world
A lonely being, far from all he loved.
Son of Hodeirah, not among thy crimes
That momentary murmur shall be written!

31

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 fame,
With joyance bring her, and with jollity.
Never had man more joyful day than this,
When Heaven would heap with bliss.

32

At length the Arabian Maid recovering
Threw around Thalaba her arms, and cried,
"My father! O my father! ... Thalaba
In wonder lost, yet fearing to enquire,
Bent down his cheek on hers,
And their tears met, and mingled as they fell.

33

Deserts of Araby!
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 NEIZA

Alas!
We should not find him, Thalaba! Our tent
Is desolate! the wind hath heap'd the sands [is left
Within its door; the lizard's track
Fresh on the unrodden 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 wretched 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 NEIZA

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

THALABA

Are O neiza's limbs
Equal to that long toil?

O NEIZA

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

So saying, yet again in hope
Quickening their eager steps,
They turn'd them thitherward.

Silent and calm the river roll'd along,
And at the verge arrived
Of that fair garden, 0'er a rocky bed
Toward the mountain-base,
Still full and silent, held its even way.
But farther as they went its deepening sound
Louder and louder in the distance rose,
As if it forced its stream [course
Struggling through crags along a narrow pass,

And lo! where raving o'er a hollow
The ever-flowing flood
Foams in a thousand whirlpools! There adown
The perforated rock
Plunge the whole waters; so precipitous,
So fathomless a fall,
That their earth-shaking roar came deaden'd up
Like subterranean thunders.

'O Allah save us! Oneiza cried; 'there is no path for man
From this accursed place!' And as she spake, her joints
Were loosen'd, and her knees sunk under her.

'Cheer up, Oneiza!' Thalaba replied; 'Bo of good heart. We cannot fly
The dangers of the place,
But we can conquer them!'

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

The Arabian Maid replied,
'The Women, when I enter'd, welcomed me
To Paradise, by Alodin's will
Chosen, like themselves, a Houri of the Earth. [phrenies,
They told me, credulous of his blas-
That Alodin 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?

'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!'

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

He raised his hand to Heaven,
'Is there not God, Oneiza?
I have a Talism'an, that, whoso 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!'

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 asleep fell on her. By her side 
Silent sate Thalaba, 
And gazed upon the Maid, 
And as he gazed, drew in 
New courage and intense faith, 
And waited calmly for the eventful day.

Then off he shook the clothed earth, 
And broke away the head 
And boughs, and lesser roots; 
And lifting it aloft, 
Washed 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 Zaccoum's fruit accurst."

With that the Arabian youth and maid Toward the centre of the garden went. It chanced that Aloadin 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 neighbour notes 
The quiver'd Maid, 'Haply,' he says, 
'Some daughter of the Homericus, 
Or one who yet remembers with delight 
Her native tents of Himiar.' 'Nay!' rejoins 
His comrade, 'a love-pageant! for the man 
Mimes with that fierce eye and knotty 
Some savage lion-tamer; she forsooth 
Must play the heroine of the years of old!' 

Radiant with gems upon his throne of gold 
Sate Aloadin; 'er the Sorcerer's 
Hover'd a Bird, and in the fragrant air 
Waved his wide winnowing wings, 
A living canopy. 
Large as the hairy Cassowar 
Was that o'er-shadowing Bird; 
So huge his talons, in their grasp 
The Eagle would have hung a helpless prey.

His heak was iron, and his plumes 
Glitter'd like burnish'd gold, 
And his eyes glow'd, as though an inward 
Shone through a diamond orb.

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 Aloadin rose and waved his hand. And they stood mute, and moveless, 
In idolizing awe.

'Thumbnail the 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 Aloadin rose and waved his hand. And they stood mute, and moveless, 
In idolizing awe.

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 arañes, 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 
For ever 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?' 

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

Aloadin fell not, though his skull 
Was shattered by the blow, 
For by some talisman 
His miserable life imprison'd still 
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, hear the bow, 
Now draw the arrow home! 

True feel the arrow from Oneiza's hand; 
It pierc'd the monster Bird, 
It broke the Talisman; . . . 
Then darkness cover'd all; 
Earth shook, Heaven thunder'd, and amid the yells 
Of evil Spirits perished 
The Paradise of Sin.

At last the earth was still; 
The yelling of the Demons ceased! 
Opening the wreck and ruin to their sight, 
The darkness roll'd away. 

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 
For ever 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?'
Ahmed Al-Ghazzawi
THALABA THE DESTROYER

And now the marriage feast is spread, And from the finish’d banquet now The wedding guests are gone.

Who comes from the bridal chamber? It is Azrael, the Angel of Death.

With song, with music, and with dance, The bridal pomp proceeds.

The EIGHTH BOOK

Qua potius decuit nostro te inferre sepulchro, Petronilla, tibi spargimus has lacrimas. Spargimus has lacrimas moestis et aures patris jungere nomen avi; Heu ! gener est Orcus; quique, 0 dulcisima ! per te Se sperabat avum, desinit esse pater.

WOMAN
Go not among the tombs, Old Man! There is a madman there.

OLD MAN
Not he, poor miserable man! But 'tis a wretched sight to see His utter wretchedness.

WOMAN
He came a stranger to the land, And did good service to the Sultan, And well he was rewarded. The Sultan named him next himself, And gave a palace for his dwelling, And dower’d his bride with rich domains.

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.

Then to the Sepulchre Whereto 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.

The Old Man knew him not, But drawing near him, said, ‘ Countryman, peace be with thee!’

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!’

The woe in which he spake, The resignation that inspired his speech, They soften’d Thalaba. ‘Thou hast a solace in thy grief,’ he cried, ‘A comforter within! Moath! thou thinkest me mad; But when the Cryer from the Minaret Proclaims the midnight hour, Hast thou a heart to see her? ’
80  THALABA THE DESTROYER  81

THE EIGHTH BOOK

7  In the Meidan now
The clang of clarions 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 neighbouring Mosque:
Then Thalaba's eye grew wild,
'Pray! I' 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 no
Beat on the monument above.

9  The Cryer from the Minaret
Proclaim'd the midnight hour.
'This is not she! ' the Old Man exclaim'd;
A Fiend; a manifest Fiend!
And to the youth he held his lance;
'Stike, and deliver thyself!' 'Stike her!' cried Thalaba,
And, palsied of all power,
Gazed fixedly upon the dreadful form.

10  'This is not she! ' the Old Man exclaim'd;
'A Fiend; a manifest Fiend!'
And to the youth he held his lance;
'Stike, and deliver thyself!' 'Strike her!' cried Thalaba,
And, palsied of all power,
Gazed fixedly upon the dreadful form.
'Yes, strike her!' cried a voice, whose tones
Flow'd with such sudden healing through his soul,
As when the desert shower
From death deliver'd him; But unobedient to that well-known voice,
His eye was seeking it,
When Moath, firm of heart,
Perform'd the bidding: through the vampire corpse
He thrust his lance; it fell,
And bowing with the wound,
Its fendish tenant fled.

11  'O Thalaba! ' she cried,
'Abandon not thyself! Wouldst thou for ever 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  'O Thalaba! ' she cried,
'Abandon not thyself! Wouldst thou for ever 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.'

13  Thalaba 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 charm
Of Heaven between, a star,
Leaving along its path continuous light,
Shot castward. 'See my guide!' quoth Thalaba;
And turning, he received
Old Moath's last embrace.

14  Evening was drawing nigh,
When an old Dervise, sitting in the sun
At his 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 flowed
The brook of which they drank.

15  So as they sate at meal,
With song, with music, and with dance,
A wedding train went by;

16  And arms out-reaching, when again
The darkness closed around them.
The soul of Thalaba revived;
He from the floor his lance,
And, bowed, to the Youth, he cried.
'To-morrow, and its livelier tone will sing,
In tort vibration to the arrow's flight.
I . . . but I also, with recover'd health
Of heart, shall do my duty.
My Father! here I leave thee then!'

17  'Repine not, O my Son!' the Old Man replied,
'That Heaven hath chasten'd thee. Behold this vine,
I found it a wild tree, whose wanton strength
Had swoln into irregular twigs,And bold excrescences,
And spent itself in leaves and little rings,
So in the flourish of its outwardness
Wasting that sap and strength
That should have given forth fruit.
But when I pruned the plant,
Then it grew temperate in its vain expense
Of useless leaves, and knotted, as thou
Into these full clear clusters, to repay
The hand that wisely wounded it.
Repine not, O my Son! 241
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 it from me,' the Old Man replied,
' To shake that pious confidence; And yet, if knowledge may be gain'd, methinks
Thy course should be to seek it...
That trave1 where I will, I cannot stray,
For Destiny will lead my course aright. ' 20 ' Far be it from me,' the Old Man replied,
' To shake that pious confidence; And yet, if knowledge may be gain'd, methinks
Thy course should be to seek it painfullv.
In Kaf the Simorg hath his dwelling
place,
The all-knowing Bird of Ages, who hath
The World, with all its children, three
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. ' 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
Overspreads the face of the sky,
And the snows are beginning to fall.
Dost thou wish for thy deserts, O Son of
Hodeirah? 230
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! 237
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 Damsel's face,
And yet her hair was grey,
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; 310
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-planes 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 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 spoke;
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 sate watching it,
And she observed his wonder,
And then again she spoke,
And still her speech was song;
And yet her hair was grey,
She bade him welcome with a smile,
And still continued spinning,
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Cold! cold! there is no Sun in Heaven,
A heavy and uniform cloud
Overspreads the face of the sky,
And the snows are beginning to fall.
Dost thou wish for thy deserts, O Son of
Hodeirah? 230
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! 237
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 Damsel's face,
The prize is won, The work is done, For I have made captive Hodeirah's Son.

Borne in her magic car The Sorceress came, Khawla, the fiercest of the Sorcerer brood. She gazed upon the youth, She had him break the slender thread, She laughed aloud for scorn, She clapt her hands for joy.

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

There! there! quoth Maimuna, And pointing to the prisoner-youth, She spurned him with her foot, And bade her make her meal. But then their mockery failed them, And anger and shame arose; For the She Bear fawned on Thalaba, And quietly looked his hand.

The grey-haired Sorceress stamped 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 fetter'd here With hunger and cold to die?

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

They were no steeds of mortal race That drew the magic car With the swiftness of feet and of wings. The snow-dust rises behind them, The ice-rook'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!

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.

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

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

They were no steeds of mortal race That drew the magic car With the swiftness of feet and of wings. The snow-dust rises behind them, The ice-rook'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 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.

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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 sublime region of a court, Know all is good we make so, and go on Secured by the prosperity of our crimes.

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

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 stood, and smote the air, And down she stooped, and smote the floor.

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.

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

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, Clasch'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.
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 whirs,
Loudly, incessantly, still she calls;
The motion is ever the same,
Ever around and around;
The calling is still the same,
Still it is, 'Eblis! Eblis!'
Till her voice is a shapeless yell,
And dizzily rolls her brain;
And now she is full of the Fiend.
She reels! Look! look! she appears in the darkness!
Her flamy hairs curl up
All living, like the Meteor's locks of light!
Her eyes are like the sickly Moon!
It is her lips that move,
Her tongue that shapes the sound;
But whose is the Voice that proceeds?
Ve may hope and ye may fear,
The danger of his stars is near.
Sultán! if he perish, woe!
Fate hath written one death-blow
For Mohareb and the Foe! Triumph;
That knit his bonds can set him free.'
She waked as from a dream,
She asks the utter'd voice;
But when she heard, an anger and a grief
Darken'd her wrinkling brow.
'Then let him live in long captivity!
She answer'd: but Mohareb's quicken'd eye
Perused her sullen countenance,
That lied not with the lips.
A miserable man!
What boots it that in central caves,
The Powers of Evil at his Baptism pledged
The Sacrament of Heli?
His death secures them now.
What boots it that they gave Abdal's guardian ring?
When, through another's life,
The blow may reach his own?
The righteouse will of Heaven!
So Thalaba received again
The written ring of gold.
She spake the Oracle,
And senselessly she fell.
They knelt in care beside her...
Her Sister and the King;
They sprinkled her palms with water,
They wetted her nostrils with blood.

**THE NINTH BOOK**

An unintended friend in enmity.
The Hand that caught thy ring
Received and bore me to the scene I sought.
Now know me grateful. I return
That amulet, thy only safety here.'
Artful he spake, with show of gratitude
Veiling the selfish deed.
Lock'd in his magic chain,
Thalaba on his passive powerless hand
Received again the Spell.
Remembering then with what an ominous faith
First he drew on the ring.
The youth repeats his words of augury;
'In God's name and the Prophet's be its power [evil, Good, let it serve the righteous! if for God and my trust in Him shall hallow it, Blindly the wicked work
The righteous will of Heaven!'
So Thalaba received again
The written ring of gold.
Thoughtful awhile Mohareb stood,
And eyed the captive youth.
Then, building skilfully sophistic speech,
Thus he began. 'Brave art thou, Thalaba! [would buy
And wherefore are we foes? for I
Thy friendship at a princely price, and make thee
To thine own welfare wise.
Hear me! in Nature are two hostile Gods,
Makers and Masters of existing things,
Equal in power: nay, hear me patiently...
Equal... for look around thee! The same Earth [Camel finds
Bears fruit and poison; where the His fragrant food, the horned Viper
Sucks in the juice of death: the Elements
Now serve the use of man, and now assert [hear
Dominion o'er his weakness: dost thou
The sound of merriment and nuptial song? [mourners cry,
From the next house proceeds the Launcenting o'er the dead. Say'st thou
That Sin .
Enter'd the world of Allah? that the Fiend,
Permitted for a season, provosts for pray?
When to thy tent the venomous serpent creeps,
[80, Dost thou not crush the reptile? Even
Be sure, had Allah crush'd his Enemy,
But that the power was wanting. From the first,
Eternal as themselves their warfare is;
To the end it must endure. Evil and Good... [the strife
What are they, Thalaba, but words? in
Of Angels, as of Men, the weak are guilty;
Power must decide. The Spirits of the Dead
Quitting their mortal mansion, enter not,
[seat
As falsely ye are preach'd, their final
Of bliss, or bale; nor in the sepulchre
Sleep they the long, long sleep: each joins the host
Of his great leader, aiding in the war
Whose fate involves his own.
Woe to the vanquish'd then! Woe to the sons of man who follow'd him!
[eternity,
They, with their Leader, through
Must howl in central fires.
Thou, Thalaba, hast chosen ill thy part,
If choice it may be call'd, where will
It choice it may be call'd, where will
Nor searching doubt, nor judgement wise to weigh.
Hard is the service of the Power, beneath whose banners thou wert born; his Severe, yea cruel; and his wages, rich Only in promise; who hath seen the pay? Of the pleasures of the world are Riches and rule, the kingdoms of the Earth.

We met in Babylon adventurers both, Each zealous for the hostile Power he served; We meet again; thou feelest what thou Thy own crimes, and Truth, and God in Heaven? And this then is thy faith! this monstrous creed! The Old Woman had laid her lips on her shrivelled finger; and whistled with a long, long breath; That long breath was the sound like the howl of the winter wind at night.

Mohareb knew her not, as to the chase he went, The glance of his proud eye passing in scorn over age and wretchedness. She stands in the depth of the wood. And now the death-sweat darkens his heart, his groans, his agony, his death, Are the sport, and the joy, and the triumph!

She knew the place where the Mandrake grew, And round the neck of the ounce, And round the Mandrake’s head, She tightened the ends of her cord. Her cars are closed with wax, And her pret’s finger fastens them, Dead 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 and

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 lips, Her shrivelled finger on her shrivelled 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;

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

Alike rewarded, in that holy cause, The Conqueror’s and the Martyr’s palm above my blood with one glory. Hope ye that Can quench the dreaded flame? and know ye not, [and, Wise, That leagued against ye are the Just And all Good Actions of all ages past, Yea, your own crimes, and Truth, and God in Heaven? ' Slave!’ quoth Mohareb, and his lip Quiver’d with eager wrath, 'I have thee! thou shalt feel my power, And in thy dungeon loathsomest Rot piece-meal, limb from limb!’ And out the Tyrant rushes, And all impatient of the thoughts That canker’d in his heart. Seeks in the giddiness of boisterous sport Short repose from the avenging power within. What Woman is she So wrinkled and old, That goes to the wood? She leans on her staff With a tottering step, She telis her bead-string slow Through fingers dull’d by age. The wanton boys bemock her; The babe in arms that meets her Turn round with quick affright And elings to his nurse’s neck.

Mohareb has gone to the chase. The dogs, with eager yelp, Are struggling to be free; The hawks in frequent stoop Short respite from the avenging power within. What Woman is she So wrinkled and old, That goes to the wood? She leans on her staff With a tottering step, She tells her bead-string slow Through fingers dull’d by age. She tells her bead-string slow Through fingers dull’d by age. The wanton boys bemock her; The babe in arms that meets her.

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Around a lonely dwelling;
Springs forceful from the source;
With that the dying plant all agony,
Feeling its life-strings crack,
Utter'd the unimaginable groan
That none can hear and live.

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

In a cavern of the wood she sits,
And moulds the wax to human form;
And, as her fingers kneaded it,
By magic accents, 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 accrout.
She lays her finger to the pile,
And blue and green the flesh
Glowed with emitted fire,
A fire to kindle that strange fuel meet.

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

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

The righteous will of Heaven!
The doom'd Destroyer wears Abdaldar'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.

'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 Polycearp of old,
When, by the glories of the burning stako
O'er-vaulted, his grey hairs
Curled, life-like, to the fire
That baloed round his saintly brow.

'Wherefore is this!' cried Khawla, and she stamp't
Thrice on the cavern floor:
'Maimuna! Maimuna!'

Thrice on the floor she stamp't,
Then to the rocky gateway glanced
Her eager eyes, and Maimuna was there.
'Nay, Sister, nay!' quoth she, 'Mehareb's life
Is link'd with Thalaba's!
Nay, Sister, nay! the plighted oath!
The common sacrament!

'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?
What powerful amulet
Protects Hodeirah's Son?

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
Cling to the cave-roof, loosed her hold,
Death-blackening with the beat;
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,
rolled out rings.
Their thin curls, tender as the tender
Ere the green beauty of their brittle youth
Grows brown, and toughens in the Cold, marble-cold, the wax
Lay on the raging pile,
The silver quivering of the element
O'er its pale surface shedding a dim gloss.

Amid the red and fiery smoke,
Watching the portent strange,
The blue-eyed Sorceress and her Sister stood,
Seeming a ruined 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 marv' not!
It were as wise to bring from Ararat
The fore-world's wood to build the magic pile,
And feed it from the balm universal strife!

The Bat, that with her hook'd and leathery wings
Cling to the cave-roof, loosed her hold,
Death-blackening with the beat;
The Toad, which to the darkest nook
had crawled,

To the cave-arch of entrance, and scoow'd up,
Mocking the blessed Sun:
'Shine thou in Heaven, but I will
shadow Earth!
Thou wilt not shorten day,
But I will hasten darkness!' Then the Witch
Began a magic song,
One long low tone, through teeth half-closed,
Through lips slow-moving, muttered
One long-continued breath,
Till to her eyes a darker yellowness
Was driven, and fuller-swoln the prominent veins
On her loose throat grew black.
Then looking upward, thrice she breathed
Into the face of Heaven;
The baneful breath infected Heaven;
A midewing fog it spread
Darker and darker; so the evening sun
Pour'd his unentering glory on the mist,

Thou startest, Maimuna,
Because the breeze is in thy lifted locks!
Is Khawla's spell so weak?

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The Bat, that with her hook'd and leathery wings
Cling to the cave-roof, loosed her hold,
Death-blackening with the beat;
The Toad, which to the darkest nook
had crawled,
Were labouring late, flies now before the gale,
Thin 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;
Cloudless and calm it left the firmament,
And beautiful in the blue sky
Arose the summer Moon.

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 trines
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.

There sate 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.

‘Nay, Sorceress! not to-night!’ the Spirit cried,
The flesh in which I sinn’d may rest
From suffering; all things, even I,
To-night, to-night!’

The flesh of Maimuna [knees Crept on her bones with terror, and her Trembled with their trembling weight.’

The gnawing of his hundred poisonous mouths!
God! God! is there no mercy after death?

Soul-struck, she rush’d away,
She fled the Place of Tombs,
She cast herself upon the earth,
AU agony, and tumult, and desperate agony
Sure Maimuna had died the utter death,
If aught 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,
Yes, Earth and Ocean, and the infinite Heaven,
With all its Worlds. Man only doth not
The universal Sabbath, doth not join
With Nature in her hommage. Yet the prayer love,
Flows from the righteous with intenser
A holier calm succeeds, and sweeter dreams
Visit the slumbers of the penitent.

Therefore on Maimuna the Elements
Shed healing; every breath she drew was balm.

Hereharm hath loosed the chain it bound,
But massy walls and iron gates Confine Hodeirah’s Son.
Heard ye not, Genii of the Air, her spell, That o’er her face there Hits
The sudden flush of fear?

Thus in the moon-beam? Oh! she weeps; she weeps!
And the Good Angel that abandoned her
Shines in the moon-beam, by her tears drawn down,
Resumes his charge. Then Maimuna
Quick as the lightning flash
It’s import glancing 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 fans’d the face
Of Thalaba, and he awoke and saw
The Sorceress of the Silver Locks.

One more permitted spell.
She takes the magic thread.

Her eye is anxious, her cheek paler,
Her pulse plays fast and feebly.
Nay, Maimuna! thy power hath ceased,
And the wind scatters now
The voice which ruled it late.

Be comforted, my soul!’ she cried,
With the wide eye of wonder, Thalaba Watohes 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
Fill’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.

Hereharm hath loosed the chain it bound,
But massy walls and iron gates
Confine Hodeirah’s Son.
Heard ye not, Genii of the Air, her spell,
That o’er her face there fits
The sudden flush of fear?

Her eye is anxious, her cheek pale,
Her pulse plays fast and feebly.
Nay, Maimuna! thy power hath ceased,
And the wind scatters now
The voice which ruled it late.

And the Angel that was sent unto me said,
Thinkest thou to comprehend the way of the Most High! Then said I, Yea, my Lord. And he answered me, and said, I am sent to show thee these ways, and to set forth three similitudes before thee; whereof if thou canst declare me One, I will shew thee also the way that thou desirest to see, and I shall shew thee from whence the wicked heart cometh. And I said, Tell on, my Lord. Then said he unto me, Go thy way, weigh me the weight of the fire, or measure me the blast of the wind, or call me again the day that is past.—Ezra, i. 4.
Then came the weakness of her natural age
At once on Maimuna;
The burthen of her years
Fell on her, and she knew
That her repentance in the sight of God
Had now found favour, and her hour was come.

Her death was like the righteous: 'Turn my face
To Mecca!' in her languid eyes
The joy of certain hope
Lit a last lustre, and in death
A smile was on her cheek.

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

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

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 around; the darkness,
The dizzy floating of the feathery sky
Close in his narrow view.

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.

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 unclose'd!
All silent... he goes in.

There lay a Damsel, sleeping on a couch:
His step awoke her, and she gazed at him
With pleased and wondering look,
And he shook off his heaviness,
And hope revived within him.

Now sunk the evening sun,
A broad and beamless orb,
Adown the glowing sky;
Through the red light the snow-flakes fell like fire.
Louder grows the biting wind,
And it driffs the dust of the snow.
The snow is clotted in his hair,
The breath of Thalaba Is iced upon his lips.

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Bends thitherward his way.

It was a little, lowly dwelling-place,
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

forms that wait upon my solitude, Human to eye alone; thy hunger would not

Question so idly else.

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

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

THALABA
Mark me, Lady! Many and restless are my enemies; My daily paths have been beset with snares Till I have learnt suspicion, bitter sufferings Teaching the needful vice. If I have wrong’d you... For yours should be the face of inno- I pray you pardon me! In the name of God

And of his Prophet, I partake your food.
She turn'd her gentle eyes Toward him then with anxious tender- ness. 

'Thala,

'So let him pierce my breast,' cried I £ it hide thought to harm you !

LAILA

'Tis a figure,Almost I fear to look at!.. yet come on. 'Twill ease me of a heaviness that seems To sink my heart; and thou 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 Whieh made my misery liere, ... 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 in- fluence.

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 

[ask,The wonders he can work; and when It is not in his power to say me nay. Perhaps thou know'st the happiness it is To have a tender Father ?

THALABA

He was one, ... [taintedWhom, like a loathsome leper, I have With my contagious destiny. One evening

He kiss'd me as he wont, and laid his hands [slept. Upon my head, and blst me ere I His dying groan awoke me, for the Murderer Had stolen upon our sleep! ... For me was meant The midnight blow of death; my Father died;

The brother playmates of my infancy, The baby at the breast, they perish'd all, ... [saved All in that dreadful hour! ... but I was To remember and revenge.

She answer'd not; for now, Emerging from the o'er-arch'd avenue, The finger of her upraised hand Mark'd where the Guardian of the garden stood.

It was a brazen Image, every limb And swelling vein and muscle true to life: The left knee bending on, [hand The other straight, firm planted, and his Lifted on high to hurl The lightning that it grasp'd.

When Thalaba approach'd, The enchanted Image knew Hodeirah's son, [foe. And hurl'd the lightning at the dreaded But from Moliareb's hand Had the lightning-bolt was driven; The scatter'd fire recoil'd;Like the flowing of a summer gale he felt Its ineffectual force; 

His countenance was not changed, Nor a hair of his head was singed.

He started, and his glance Turn'd angrily upon the Maid. The sight disarmed't suspicion; ... breath- less, pale.

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

Anon she started with a scream of joy, Seeing her Father there, And ran and threw her arms around his neck. [come! 'Save me !' she cried, 'The Enemy is Save me ! save me ! Okba !'

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 graspt an arrow-shaft, And he rush'd on to strike him.

'Son of Hodeirah!' the Old Man replied, 'My hour is not yet come; ... And putting forth his hand Gently he repel'd the Youth.' My hour is not yet come ! But thou may'st shed this innocent Maiden's blood; That vengeance God allows thee !'

Around her Father's neck Still Laila's hands were clasp'd; ...[arm For vengeance !'] and again his lifted Threaten'd the Sorcerer:
25 Thalaba's unbelieving frown
Soowl'd on the Sorcerer, [heard, When in the air the rush of wings was
And Azrael stood before them. 390
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 had 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 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 what'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 [word Is written down for judgement! every 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!' exclam'd Okba, 'darest thou disobey, Abandoning all claim To Allah's longer aid?'

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

THE ELEVENTH BOOK

Thou, Sir, that traffic in these seas, Fraught not their bark with fears.

Sir Robert Howard.

1 O fool, to think thy human hand Could check the chariot-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, [chain! Might break one link of the eternal 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 grey beard, and lay Thine ineffectual hand to close her wound, 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 exclam'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 Hodeirah's son. Pitying and silently heard The victim of his own iniquities; Not with the officious hand Of consolation, fretting the sore wound He could not hope to heal.

4 So as the Servant of the Prophet stood, With sudden motion the night-air Gently fann'd his cheek. "Twaas a Green Bird, whose wings Had waved the quiet air. On the hand of Thalaba The Green Bird perch'd, and turn'd 40 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: 51 Unknowing he what blessed messenger Had come to guide his steps... That Laila's spirit went before his path.
Brought up in darkness, and the child of sin,
Yet, as the meed of spotless innocence,
Just Heaven permitted her by one good deed
To work her own redemption after
So, she might abide in bliss,
Green warbler of the Bowers of Paradise.

The morning sun came forth,
Wakening no eye to life
In this wide solitude;
His radiance, with a saffron hue, like heat,
Suffused the desert snow.
The Green Bird guided Thalaba;
Now caring with slow wing her upward way,
Descending now in slant descent
On out-spread pinions motionless;
Floating now, with rise and fall alternate,
As if the billows of the air Heaved her with their sink and swell.

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.
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 are light, and hills of snow,
Alas! the precipice.

Be firm, be firm, O Thalaba! One motion now, one bend,
And on the cliffs below Thy shatter'd flesh will harden in the blood flow fast All purple o'er their sable skin? His arms are folded on his breast, Nor seourge nor goad hath he,
No hand appears to strike, No sounding lash is heard; But piteously they moan and whine, And track their way with blood.

The Youth is firm, the Dogs are fleet, The Sledge goes rapidly; The thunder of the avalanche Re-echoes far behind. On... pace, Adown that dreadful way! The Dogs are fleet, the way is steep, The Sledge goes rapidly; They reach the plain below.

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 stop and look'd at Thalaba, The Youth performed his prayer! They kneelt beside him while he pray'd, They turn'd their heads to Meces, 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 nesting in his breast.

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 slept, 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 nesting in his breast.

In that most utter solitude It oheer'd his heart to hear Her soft and soothing voice. Her voice was soft and sweet, It rose not with the blackbird's song; But if it swell'd with no exuberant joy, Ithad at one that touch'd a finer string,

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

Oh joy! the signs of life appear, The first and single Fir That on the limits of the living world Strikes in the ice its roots. Another, and another now; And now the Larch, that flings its arms Down-curving like the falling wave; And now the Aspin's branches, and 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 wood. The little Ermine now is seen, White wanderer of the snow; And now from yonder pines they hear The clatter of the wood. The little Ermine now is seen, White wanderer of the snow; And now from yonder pines they hear The clatter of the wood.

And speech was given her then: "Servant of God, I leave thee now; If rightly I have guided thee, Give me the boon I beg!"

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

"Son of Hodeirah!" she replied. "When thou shalt see an Old Man bent beneath The burthen of his earthly punishment, Forgive him, Thalaba! Yea, send a prayer to God in his behalf!"

A flush o'erspread the young Destroyer's cheek; Ho turn'd his eye towards the Bird As if in half repentance; for he thought Of Okba; and his Father's dying groan Came on his memory. The celestial Bird Saw and renew'd her speech; 'O Thalaba, if she who in thine arms Received the dagger-blow and died for thee, Deserve one kind remembrance, save, O save [less death!]

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

But who am I, that I should save
The sinful soul alive ?

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

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

It was the early morning yet,
When, by the well-head of a brook
They stopt, their journey done.
The spring was olear, the . .
Its loosen'd bed below,
Heaved strangely up and down,
And to and fro, from side to side,
It heaved, and waved, and toss'd,
And yet the depths were olear,
And yet no ripple wrinkled o'er
The face of that fair Well.

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

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

The gentle Damsel made reply ;
' Poor servants of the God I serve,
When all this witchery is destroy'd,
Your woes will end with mine.

A hope, alas ! how long unknown !
This new adventurer gives ;
Now God forbid, that he, like you,
Should perish for his fears !
Poor servants of the God I serve,
Wait ye the event in peace.'
A deep and total slumber as she spake
Seized them. Sleep on, poor sufferers !
Ye wake no more to anguish:
Ye have borne The Chosen, the Destroyer !
Adown the efficient blow;
And shaking off your penal forms,
Ye will embark with me !

The Moon is bright, the sea is calm,
The little boat falls rapidly
Across the ocean waves.

What heart were his, who could gainsay
That melancholy smile ?
I will, quote Thalaba,
' I will, in Allah's name !'

Wilt thou go on with me ?
The Moon is bright, the sea is calm,
The little boat falls rapidly
Across the ocean waves ;

The line of moonlight on the deep
Still follows as they voyage on ;
The winds are motionless;
The gentle waters gently part
In dimples round the prow.
He looks above, he looks around,
The boundless heaven, the boundless seas,
The crescent moon, the little boat,
Nought else above, below.
The Moon is sunk; a dusky grey
Spreads o’er the Eastern sky;
The stars grow pale and paler; . . . 5°° Oh beautiful! the godlike Sun
Is rising o’er the sea!
Without an oar, without a sail.
The little boat rides rapidly; . . .
Is that a cloud that skirts the sea? There is no cloud in heaven!
And nearer now, and darker now . . .
It is, it is, the Land!
For yonder are the rocks that rise
Dark in the reddening morn;
For loud around their hollow base
The surges rage and foam.

Then Thalaba drew off Abdaldar’s ring, And cast it in the sea, and cried aloud,' Thou art my shield, my trust, my hope, 0 God!’ Behold and guard me now, Thou who alone canst save.
If from my childhood up I have look’d on With exultation to my destiny;
If in the hour of anguish I have own’d The justice of the hand that chasten’d me; If all selfish passions purified I go to work thy will, and from the world Root up the ill-doing race, [arm Lord 1  let not thou the weakness of my Make vain the enterprise!

The Sun was rising all magnificent, Ocean and Heaven rejoicing in his beams. And now had Thalaba [stood Perform’d his last ablutions, and he 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 glitterance 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; [hope, His spirit, troubled with tumultuous

Toil’d with futurity: 29
His brain, with busier workings, felt The roar and raging of the restless sea, The boundless waves that rose and roll’d and rock’d: The everlasting sound Opress him, and the heaving infinite: He closed his lids for rest.

Meantime with fuller reach and stronger swell, Wave after wave advanced; Each following billow lifted the last foam [hnes; That trembled on the sand with rainbow The living flower that, rooted to the rock, Late from the thinner element Slunk down within its purple stem to sleep, Now feels the water, and again Awakening, blossoms out All its green anthem-necks. Was there a Spirit in the gale That fluttered o’er his cheek? For it came on him like the new-risen sun [closed flower, Which plays and dallies o’er the night- And woos 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 liker the first sound of seraph song And Angel greeting, to the soul Whose latest sense had shudder’d at the groan Of anguish, kneeling by a death-bed side.

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 favour of the Lord, My Thalaba, go on!’ [bliss. My husband, I have drest our bower of Go, and perform the work; Let me not longer suffer hope in Heaven!’

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. [she ask’d. ‘Hast thou had comfort in thy prayers?’ ‘Yes,’ Thalaba replied. ‘A heavenly visitation.’ ‘God be praised!’ [vain! She answer’d, ‘Then I do not hope in And her voice trembled, and her lip Quiver’d, and tears ran down.

‘Stranger,’ 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. [love Shame on me, Stranger! in the arms of 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, Snote him in anger... Years and years are gone... And in his place of penance he awaits
110 THALABA THE DESTROYER

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

As thus she spake, the entrance of the cave darkened the boat below. Around them from their nests, the screaming sea-birds fled. Wondering at that strange shape, yet unalarmed at sight of living man, unknowing of his sway and power misuse’d; the clamours 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 yet, of the out-breakers deaden’d; farther 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.

Reclining on the rock beside, sat a grey-headed man, watching an hour-glass by. To him the Damsel spake, ‘Is it the hour appointed?’ The Old Man, nor answer’d her awhile, nor lift 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 spoke the adamantine gates.

The gates of adamant unfolding at the stroke, open’d and gave the entrance. Then she turn’d to Thalaba and said, ‘Go, in the name of God! I cannot enter… I must wait the end in hope and agony. God and Mahommed prosper thee, for thy sake and for ours!’

He tarried not, he pass’d the threshold, over which was no return. All earthly thoughts, all human hopes and passions now put off, he cast no backward glance toward the gleam of day, there was a light within. A yellow light, as when the autumn through travelling rain and mist shines on the evening hills: whether, from central fires effused, or that the sun-beams, day by day, from earliest generations, there absorb’d, were gathering for the wrath-flame. Shade was none in those portentous vaults; crag overhanging, nor columned 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 pass’d; Adown the long descent; he heard not his own footsteps on the rock. That through the thick stagnation sent 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!

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.

At length the long descent ends on a precipice; no feeble ray enter’d its dreadful gulph; for in the pit profound, black darkness, utter Night, repell’d the hostile gleam, and over the surface the light atmosphere floated, and mingled not. The depth, four over-awning unplumbed and huge and strong, bowed up a little car; four living pinions, headless, bodiless, sprung from one stem that branch’d below in four down-arching limbs, and clenched the carriages ending and athwart with claws of griffin grasp.

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 exclaim’d, ‘Servant of God, I forget my pray’er!’ I answer’d, ‘Son of Man, I sim’d, and am torment’d; I endure in patience and in hope. [Hell, the hour that shall destroy the Race of God! That hour shall set me free.’
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 claspt his knees, And cried, ' Deliverer! ' struggling then With joyful hope, ' and where is she,' he cried, ' Whose promised coming for so many a year ... ' Go! ' answered Thalaba, ' She waits thee at the gates.' ' And in thy triumph,' he replied, ' There thou wilt join us!' ... The Deliverer's eye Glanced on the abyss, way else was none ... The depth was unsupportable. ' Await not me,' he cried, ' My path hath been appointed! go ... embark! Betum to life, ... live happy!' ... OTHATHA

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

THALABA

Bless the Merciful!

17

Then Thalaba pronounced the name of God, And leapt into the car.

With steady effort and knit 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. Dim grew the dying light; But Thalaba leapt onward to the doors Now visible beyond. And while the Aref's 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 Tost in worse agony, And the rocks shudder'd, and the rocky doors Rent at the ... 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 Khawla met the youth, And leapt upon him, and with clinging arms Clasps him, and calls Mohareb now to...
114 THALABA THE DESTROYER

25

Vain are all spells! the Destroyer
Treads the Domdaniel floor.
They crowd with human arms and
human force
To crush the single foe.
Vain is all human force!
He wields his Father's Sword,
The vengeance of awakend Deity.
But chief on Thalaba Mohareb preest;
The Witches in her oscular speech
Announced one fatal blow for both,
And, desparate 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 recede,And leave him space for combat. Wretched man... . . .
What shall the helmet or the shield
Against Almighty anger?... Wretched man,
chosen
Too late Mohareb finds that he hath
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...

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-eminent he raised his radiant head,
Prince of the Morning. On his brow
A coronet of meteor flames,
Flowing in points of light,
Self-poisoned in air before him
Hung the Round Altar, rolling like the World
On its diurnal axis, like the World
Chequed with sea and shore,
The work of Demon art.
For where the sceptre in the Idol's hand
Touched the Round Altar, in its answer-ing realm,
Earth felt the stroke, and Ocean rose in storms,
And shatter'd Cities, shaken from their seat,
Crush'd all their inhabitants.
His other arm was raised, and its spread palm
Sustain'd the ocean-weight,
Whereon 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 arm
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
Of Heaven may kindle in the penitent
The strong and purifying fire of hope,
Till, at the Day of Judgement, he shall see
The Mercy-Gates unfold.

30

The astonish'd man stood gazing as he spake,
[tears
At length his heart was soften'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!

31

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

32

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

34

'My Child, my dear, my glorious ... blessed ... Child,
My promise is perform'd ... full thy work!'

35

Thalaba knew that his death-hour was come;
And on he leapt, and springing up, Into the Idol's heart Hilt deep he plunged the Sword.
The Ocean-vaunt fell in, and all were crush'd.
In the same moment, at the gate Of Paradise, Uneiza's Houri form Welcomed her Husband to eternal bliss.

THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

KATAPAI, ΟΧ ΚΑΙ ΤΑ ΛΑΕΚΤΡΟΝΟΝΕΟΤΤΑ, ΟΙΚΟΝ ΑΕΙ ΟΥΕ ΚΕΝ ΕΙΑΝΗΕΝ ΕΙΚΑΟΙΣΟΜΕΝΑΙ ΆΜΟΡΦ. ΑΝΕΙ ΤΟΥ ΠΟΜΑ, ΤΟΥ ΜΥΓ.

CURSES ARE LIKE YOUNG CHICKENS, THEY ALWAYS COME HOME TO ROOST.

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

ORIGINAL

In the religion of the Hindoos, which of all false religions is the most monstrous in its fables, and the most fatal in its effects, there is one remarkable peculiarity. Prayers, penances, and sacrifices are supposed to possess an inherent and actual value, in no degree depending upon the disposition or motive of the person who performs them. They are drafts upon Heaven, for which the Gods cannot refuse payment. The worst men, bent upon the worst designs, have in this manner obtained power which has made them formidable to the Supreme Deities themselves, and rendered an Aesop, or Incarnation of Vishnoo 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 its 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.

PREFACE

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THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

I. THE FUNERAL

1 Midnight, and yet no eye
Through all the Imperial City closed in sleep!
Behold her streets a blaze
With light that seems to kindle
Her myriads warming 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 insatiable sight
To view the funeral pomp which passes
As if the mournful rite
Were but to them a scene of joyous and delight.

2 Vainly, ye blessed twinklers of the night,
Your feeble beams ye shed,
Quench'd in the unnatural light which
Might out-stare
Even the broad eye of day;
And thou from thy celestial way
Pourest, O Moon, an ineffectual ray!
For lo! ten thousand torches flame and flaro
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-peal the car
Assailing;
Ten thousand voices then join in,
And with one deep and general din
Pour their wild wailing.
The song of praise is crown'd
Amid the deafening sound;
You hear no more the trumpet's tone,
You hear no more the mourner's mean,
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 cooed and re-cooed name,
From all that countless rout;
Arvalan! Arvalan!
Arvalan! Arvalan!
Ten times ten thousand voices in one shout
Call Arvalan! The overpowering sound,
From house to house repeated rings about,
From tower to tower rolls round.

4 The death-procession moves along;
Their bald heads shining to the torches' ray,
The Bramins lead the way, Chaunting the funeral song.
And now at once they shout, Arvalan! Arvalan!
With quick rebound of sound,
All in accordance 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 palankeen,
There Arvalan is seen!
A glow is on his face, . . . a lively red;
It is the crimson canopy.
Which o'er his cheek a reeking shade
Bath 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 deprest . . .
And arms enfolded on his breast,
Silent and lost in thought he moves along.
King of the World, his slaves, unvarying now,
[they see]
Behold their wretched Lord; rejoiced
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 Azia, young Nealliny, are seen!
Their widow-robes of white,
With gold and jewels bright,
Each like an Eastern queen.
Woe! woe! around their palankeen,
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
Flutter and glitters to the torch's glare.
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

I. THE FUNERAL

7
A man and maid of aspect wan and wild,
Then, side by side, by bowmen guarded, came;
O wretched father! O unhappy child!
They were all eyes of all the throng exploring.
Is this the daring man
Who raised his fatal hand at Arvalan?
Is this the wretch condemned to feel
Kehama's dreadful wrath?
Then were all hearts of all the throng
deploring;
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,
Rols on the undistinguishable elanour,
Of horn, and trumpet, 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 winding on their way below,
Deep and strong the waters flow.
Here doth the... (text continues)

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! Nealliny,
They strip her ornaments away,
Braelet and anklet, ring, and chain,
Around her neck they leave The marriage knot alone,
That marriage band, which when Yon waning moon was young,
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 discionance 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 effort struggles yet for life;
Her arms contracted now in fruitless
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 ministring
Dramins 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,
The fragrant oil is pour'd,
The rapid flames rush up.
Then hand in hand the victim band
Roll in the... (text continues)

15
Then all was still; the drums and clarions ceased;
The multitude were hush'd in silent
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
He call'd upon his son.
Lo! Arvalan appears;
Only Kehama's powerful eye beheld
The thin ethereall spirit hovering nigh;
Only the Rajah's ear
Received 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 pageanties 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?
I thought thou wouldst embody me anew,
Dying as I am...
Yea, re-create me!... Father, is this all?
This all? and thou Almighty!

4
But in that wrongful and upbraiding tone,
Kehama found relief,
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

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

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

Already dost thou feel their power is
saile.
Fear not! I cannot call again the
past,
Fate hath made that its own; but Fate
shall yield
To me the future; and thy doom be
fix'd 60
By mine, not Yamen's will. Meantime
all power
Whereof thy feeble spirit can be made
Participant, I give. Is there aught else
To mitigate thy lot?

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

KEHAMA
What, boy? is that cup sweet? then take thy
fill!

So as he spake, a glow of dreadful pride
Inflamed his cheek, with quick and
angry stride
He moved toward the pile,
And raised his hand to hush the crowd,
and cried,
Bring forth the murderer! At the
Rajah's voice,
Calmly, and like a man whom fear had
stunn'd,
Ladurlad came, obedient to the call;
But Kaiyal started at the sound,
And gave a womanly shriek, and back
she drew.

And eagerly she roll'd her eyes around,
As if to seek for aid, albeit she knew
No aid could there be found.

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

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

Irreverently bold, they deem the maid
Relax'd her stubborn hold,
And now with force redoubled drag their
prey;

And now the rooted Idol to their sway
Bends, yields, and now it falls.
But then they scream.
For 'tis they feel the crumbling bank
give way,
And all are plunged into the stream.

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

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

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

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

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 unknowingly why,
And half unconscious that he watch’d its way.
Belike it is a tree
Which some rude tempest, in its sudden sway,
Tore from the rock, or from the hollow shore
The undermining stream hath swept away.

But when anon ontswelling by its side,
A woman’s robe he spied,
Oh then Ladurlad started; the actual misery;
He staggered from the dreadful spot; the actual misery;
Like one, who in his grave
Had heard an Angel’s call.
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.

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.
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

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 unclosed.
The look she fix'd upon his face, implies
Nor thought nor feeling: senselessly she lies,
Composed like one who sleeps with open
eyes.

Long he leant over her,
In silence and in fear.
Kailyal!... at length he cried in such a tone
As a poor mother ventures who...

And hath he spared us then? she cried,
Half rising as she spake,
For hope and joy the sudden strength supplied;
No in her voice the while a fear exprest,
Which in her larger eye was manifest.

This is a dream! exclaim'd the incredulous maid,
Yet in her voice a fear expressed,
Which in her larger eye was manifest.

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.

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.

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It murmurs not, it moves not.

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

Musing so long he lay, that all things seem
Unreal to his sense, even like a dream,
A monstrous dream of things which could not be.

And hath he spared us then? she cried,
Half rising as she spake,
For hope and joy the sudden strength supplied;
No in her voice the while a fear exprest,
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While young and old, assembled round,
Listened, as if by witchery bound,
In fearful pleasure to her wondrous tongue.

Musing so long he lay, that all things seem
Unreal to his sense, even like a dream,
A monstrous dream of things which could not be.

And hath he spared us then? she cried,
Half rising as she spake,
For hope and joy the sudden strength supplied;
No in her voice the while a fear exprest,
Which in her larger eye was manifest.

This is a dream! exclaim'd the incredulous maid,
Yet in her voice a fear expressed,
Which in her larger eye was manifest.

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.

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

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Unreal to his sense, even like a dream,
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They hear it not, they feel it not,
It murmurs not, it moves not.

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

The boatman thought they lay
At that lone hour, and who so blest as they?

The boatman thought they lay
At that lone hour, and who so blest as they?

The boatman thought they lay
At that lone hour, and who so blest as they?

The boatman thought they lay
At that lone hour, and who so blest as they?

The boatman thought they lay
At that lone hour, and who so blest as they?
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

Air knows him, Water knows him; Sleep his dreadful word will keep; 
Even in the grave there is no rest for me, 
Cut off from that last hope, the wretch's joy; 
And Veeshno hath no power to save, Nor Serna to destroy.

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

Here then, the maiden cried, dear Father, here 
Raise our own Goddess, our divine Preserver! The mighty 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.

So saying on her knees the maid 
Began the pious toil. 
Soon their joint labour scoops the easy soil; They raise the Image up with reverence And round its rooted base they heap the sand. 
O Thou whom we adore, O Mariataly, thee do I implore, The virgin cried; my Goddess, pardon thou The unwilling wrong, that I no more, 
With dance and song, Can do thy daily service, as of yore! The flowers which last I wreathed around thy brow, Are withering there; and never now Shall I at eve adore thee, And swimming round with arms outspread, Poise the full pitcher on my head, In dexterous dance before thee, While underneath the reedy shed, at rest My father sat the evening rites to view, And blest thy name, and blest His daughter too.

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

Father, away! she cried, away! Why linger we so nigh? For not to him hath Nature given The thousand eyes of Destiny. 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

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 scatter 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 Bramin strikes the hour. For leagues and leagues around, the brazen sound Rolls through the stillness of departing day. 

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 yon cocoas 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.

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.

Before them full in sight, A white flag flapping to the winds of night Marks where the tiger seized a human prey. Far, far away with natural dread, Shunning the perilous spot, At other times abhorrent had they fled; But now they heed it not. Nothing they care; the boding death-flag now
In vain for them may gleam and flutter there,
Despair and agony in him,
And Kailyal hath no heart or sense for aught,
Save her dear father’s strange and miserable lot.

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

It play’d around his head and touch’d him not,
It knew Kehama’s Curse.

Listening, Ladurlad lay in his despair,
If Kailyal slept, for woe would she share
Her father’s wretchedness, which none
Could cure?
Better alone to suffer; he must bear
The burden of his Curse, but why endure
The unavailing presence of her grief?
She too, apart from him, might find relief;
For dead the Rajah deem’d her, and as thins
Already she his dread revenge had fled,
So might she still escape and live secure.

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 dim 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 baleful red.

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

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

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

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

With mighty trunk wrenched 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
Arvalan with flesh'y arm of might
Seized her. That instant the insulted God
Caught him aloft, and from his sinuous grasp.

The poison-dews descend.
What Power will now restore her?
What God will be her friend?

Bright and so beautiful was that fair night,
It might have calm'd the gay amid their mirth,
And given the wretched a...
In sportivo flight was floating round and round,
Unknowning where his joyous way was tending.
He saw the Maid where... closed,
Her cheeks are pale and livid like the dead,
Down hangs her loose arms lifelessly,
Down hangs her languid head.

With timely pity touch'd for one so fair,
The gentle Glendoveer
Press'd her thus pale and senseless to his breast,
And springs aloft in air with sinewy wings,
And bears the Maiden there,
Where Himakoost, the holy Mount, on high
From mid-earth rising in mid-Heaven,
Shines in its glory like the throne of Even.
Soaring with strumous flight above,
He bears her to the blessed Grove,
Where in his ancient and august abodes,
There dwells old Casyapa, the Sire of Gods.

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

I found her in the Groves of Earth,
Beneath a poison-tree.
Thus hideous as thou seest her.

In pity have I brought her to these bowers,
Not erring, Father! by that smile.
By that benignant eye!

What if the Maid be sinful? if her ways
Were ways of darkness, and her death 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, [died, in these fair characters! and she had Sure proof of purer life and happier doom, [Heaven, now in the moonlight, in the eye of If I had left no fair a flower to fade. But thou, all knowing as thou art, Why askest thou of me? O Father, oldest, holiest, wisest, best, To whom all things are plain, Why askest thou of me? 

CASYAPA

Knowest thou Kehama?

EREENIA

The Almighty Man! Who knows not him and his tremendous power? The Tyrant of the Earth, The Enemy of Heaven!

CASYAPA

Fearest thou the Rajah?

EREENIA

He is terrible!

CASYAPA

Yea, he is terrible! such power hath he That hope hath enter'd Hell. The Asuras and the spirits of the damn'd Acclaim their Hero; Yamen, with the might Of Godhead, scarce can quell The rebel of torture they up- And half uproot their chains. Is there not fear in Heaven? The Souls that are in bliss suspend their joy; The calm of Deity, And Brama fears, and Veeshnoo turns his face In doubt toward Seeva's throne.

EREENIA

I have seen Indra tremble at his prayers, And at his dreadful penances turn pale. They claim and wrest from Seeva power so vast, That even Seeva's self, The Highest, cannot grant and be secure.

CASYAPA

And darkest thou, Ereenia, brave The Almighty Tyrant's power?

EREENIA

I brave him, Father! I? 

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

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. 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 bow'd its sacred head, And dropped its dew 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, Pain 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 eyes She gazed 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 would'st thou bear her? cries The ancient Sire of Gods. Straight to the Swerga, to my Bower of Bliss, The Glendoveer 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, . . .

134 135
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

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 fall 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, EREENIA laid
The waking, wondering Maid; The Ship of Heaven, instinct with thought, display'd 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, [force; Before its presence check their charm'd The Winds that lott'ring lagg'd along their course, Around the living Bark enamour'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, [bring. On festal day, their duteous offerings Its hue? Go watch the last green light [Night; Ere Evening yields the western sky to Or fix upon the Sun thy stremulous sight Till thou hast reach'd its orb of chrysolite.

3

Recumbent there the Maiden glides along On her aerial way, How swift she feels not, though the swiftest wind Had flagg'd in flight behind. Motionless as a sleeping babe she lay, And all serene in mind, Feeling no fear; for that ethereal 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; [beside, And that angelic form, who mov'd Was some good Spirit sent to be her guide.

4

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

5

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.

6

The wings of Eagle or of Cherubim Had seem'd unworthy him; Angelic power and dignity and grace Were in his glorious pennons; from the neck Down to the ankle reach'd their swelling web Richer than robes of Tyrian dye, that deck Imperial Majesty:
Their colour like the winter's moonless sky, When all the stars of midnight's canopy Shine forth; or like the azure deep 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, Beauteous as fragrant, gives to scent and sight A like delight; now like the juice that flows From Donro's generous vine; Or ruby when with deepest red it glows; Or as the morning clouds refulgent shine, When, at forthcoming of the Lord of Day, The Orient, like a shrine, Kindles as it receives the rising ray, And heralding his way, Proclaims the presence of the Power divine.

7

Thus glorious were the wings Of that celestial Spirit, as he went Disporting through his native element. The gorgeous beauties that they gave to view; Through the broad membrane branched a plant bone, [stem, Spreading like fibres from their parent Its veins like interwoven silver shone, Or as the chaster hue Of pearls that grace some Sultan's diadem. Now with slow stroke and strong behold him smite The buoyant air, and now in gentler flight, On motionless wing expanded, shoot along.

8

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, [flight, Swift as a falling meteor, shapes its Yet gently as the dews of night that Yet gently as the dews of night that join, And do not bend the hare-bell's tenderest stem. Daughter of Earth, Ereenia cried, alight; This is thy place of rest, the Swerga this, Lo, here my Bower of Bliss!
138

THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

8
He furl'd his azure wings, which round
him fold
Graceful as robes of Grecian chief of old.
The happy Kailyal knew not where
to gaze;
Her eyes around in joyful wonder roam,
Now turn'd upon the lovely Glendoveer,
Now on his heavenly home. 178

EREENIA

Here, Maiden, rest in peace,
And I will guard thee, feeble as I am.
The Almighty Rajah shall not harm thee here,
While Indra keeps his throne.

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.

EREENIA

Long years of life and happiness,
O Child of Earth be thine! 120
From death I saved 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; 179
O gentle Deveta, protect him too!

EREENIA

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.

9
Then to the Garden of the Deity
Erekia led the Maid.
In the mid garden tower'd a giant Tree;
Rock-rooted on a mountain-top, it grew;
Roar'd its unrival'd head on high,
And stretch't a thousand branches o'er the sky, 140
Drinking with all its leaves celestial dew.
Lo! where from thence as from a living well
A thousand torrents flow! For still in one perpetual shower,
Like diamond drops, otherial 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 cataracts 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 are-araching waves:
Forth issuing from that lovely Lake
A thousand rivers water Paradise.
Full to the brink, yet never overflowing,
They cool the amorous gales, which, ever blowing,
Over their melodious surface love to stray;
Then winging back their way,
Their vapours to the parent Tree repay;
And ending thus where they began.

10
On that ethereal lake, whose waters lie
Blue and transpersious, 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 pinnaclcs of fire
Round watery cupolas aspire,
And domes of rainbow rest on fiery towers.
And roofs of flame are turretcd around
With cloud, and shafts of cloud with flame are bound.
Here too the Elements for ever rear,
Ranging around with endless inter-changing;
Pursued in love, and so in love pursuing,
In endless revolutions here they roll;
For ever their mysterious work renewing;
The parts all shifting, still unchanged the whole.
Even we on earth at intervals descry
Gleams of the glory, streams of flowing light,
Openings of heaven, and streams that flash at night.
In fitful splendour, through the northern sky.
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

140

For she is one who groans beneath the power
Of the dread Rajah, terrible alike
To men and Gods. His son, dead Arvalan, [power,]
Arm'd with a portion, Indra, of thy
Already wrested from thee, persecutes
The Maid, the helpless one, the innocent.
What then behoved me but to waft her here
To my own Bower of Bliss? what other choice?

The Spirit of foul Arvalan not yet
Hath power to enter here; here thou art yet [own.] Supreme, and yet the Swerga is thine

INDRA
No child of man, Ereenia, in the Bowers
Of Bliss may sojourn, till he hath put off
His mortal part; for on mortality
Time and Infirmitie 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 Swerga; but, Ereenia, if we fall,
Let it be Fate's own arm that casts us down;
We will not rashly hasten and provoke
The blow, nor bring ourselves the
run on.

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

INDRA
All may yet be well.
Who knows but Vesshnoo will descend
and save,
Once more incarnate?

ERENIA
Look not there for help,
Nor build on unsubstantial hope thy
trust.
Our Father Casyapa hath said he turns
His doubtful eye to Seeva, 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 your lightnings which play
idly there,
In inoffensive radiance round thy head!
The Swerga should not need a champion
now, [vain!]
Nor Earth implore deliverance still in

INDRA
Thinkest thou I want the will? Rash Son of Heaven,
What if my arm be feebler 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
sacrifices
That should, to men and gods, proclaim
him Lord [World,
And Sovereign Master of the vassal
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 thunder-bolt
Should have gone forth, and hurl'd him
from his throne
Down to the fiery floor of Padalon,
To everlasting burnings, agony
Eternal, and remote which knows no end.
That hour went by: grown impious in
success,
By prayer and penance he wrested now
Such power from Fate, that soon, if
Seeva turn not
His eyes on earth, and no Avatar save,
Soon will he seize the Swerga for his own,
Roll on through Padalon his chariot
wheels,
Tear up the adamantine bolts which lock
The accurate Asuras to its burning floor,
And force the drink of Immortality
From Yaman's change... 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 [Powers
Are feeble here; but there are higher
Who will not turn their eyes from wrongs
like ours;
Take me to earth, O gentle Deveta!...

VII. THE SWERGA

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 Glendover
Her eyes, more eloquent than Angel's
tongue, [here!]
Again she cried, There is no comfort
I must be with 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 Ereenia, thus he said,
Take her where Ganges hath its second birth,
Below our sphere, and yet above the
earth; [power
There may Ladurlad rest beyond the
Of the dread Rajah, till the fated hour.

VIII. THE SACRIFICE

1
Dost thou tremble, O Indra, O God of
the Sky,
Why slumber those thunders of thine?
Dost thou tremble on high...
Wilt thou tamely the Swarga resign, ...
Art thou smitten, O Indra, with dread?

2
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 [Powers
Are feeble here; but there are higher
Who will not turn their eyes from wrongs
like ours;
Take me to earth, O gentle Deveta!...

141
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

Nine and ninety steeds have bled; so
One more, the rite will be complete,
One victim more, and this the dreadful
day. [seal,
Then will the impious Rajah seize thy
And wrest the thunder-sceptre from thy
sway.
Along the mead the hallowed 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?

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

The Sun rides high; the hour is nigh;
The multitude who long,
Lest aught should mar the rite,
In circling wide on every side,
Have kept the Steed in sight,
Contrast their circle now, and drive him near,
Here, moving onward still, they drive him near,
Then, opening, give him way to enter.
Behold him, how he starts and flings his head!
On either side in glittering order spread,
The archers ranged in narrowing lines appear;
The multitude behind close up the rear,
With moon-like bend, and silently await
The awful end,
The rite that shall from India wreck his power.
In front, with far-stretched walls, and
many a tower,
Turret and dome and pinnacle elate,
The huge Pagoda seems to load the land:
And there before the gate
The Bramin band expectant stand,
The axe is ready for Kehama's hand.

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.

Lo! how the Steed, with sudden start,
Turns his quick head to every part;
The multitude who long,
Of breath, or motion rises round,
No stir is heard in all that mighty crowd;
He neighs, and from the temple-wall
The voice re-echoes loud,
Loud and distinct, as from a hill
Across a lonely vale, when all is still.

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 eunuchs stand,
Freshening with fans of peacock-plumes the air,
Which, redolent of all rich gums and
flowers,
Seems, overcharged with sweets, to
stagnate there.

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

They seize, they drag him to the Rajah's feet.
What doom will now be his...what vengeance meet
Will he, who knows no mercy, now require?
The obsequious guards around, with blood-hound eye,
Look for the word, in slow-consuming
fire,
By piece-meal death, to make the
wretch expire,
Or hoist his living carcass, hook'd on
To feed the fowls and...the wicked will with wicked hand.

To work the wicked will with wicked hand.
Far other thoughts were in the multitude;
Pity, and human feelings, held them still;

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 clasped his hands in agony
And saw him grasp the hallowed courser's mane,
Spring up with sudden bound,
And with a frantic cry,
And madman's gesture, gallop round and round.

They seize, they drag him to the Rajah's feet.
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To work the wicked will with wicked hand.
Far other thoughts were in the multitude;
Pity, and human feelings, held them still;
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

And stifled sighs and groans supprest were there,
And many a secret curse and inward prayer
Call’d on the insulted Gods to save mankind,
Expecting some new crime, in fear they stood,
Some horror which would make the natural blood
Start, with cold shudderings thrill the sinking heart,
Whiten the lip, and make the abhorrent eye
Roll back and close, prest in for agony.

How then fared he for whom the mighty crowd
Suffer’d in spirit thus, how then fared he?
A ghastly smile was on his lip, his eye
Glared with a ghastly hope, as he drew
And cried aloud, Yes, Rajah! it is I!
And wilt thou kill me now?
The countenance of the Almighty Man rell when he knew... free! he cried; he hath his Curse,
And vengeance upon him can wreak no worse.

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 scymitars at once up
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 splendour queen’d in gone.

At noon the massacre begun,
And night closed in before the work of death was done.

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,
Wheeling around, they hover’d over head;
Or, on the temple perch’d, with greedy

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,
Wheeling around, they hover’d over head;
Or, on the temple perch’d, with greedy

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?

IX. THE HOME-SCENE

3
Behold his lovely home,
By yonder broad-bough’d plane o’er-shaded:
There Marriataly’s Image stands,
And there the garland of the young?

11
Leaves not its own, and many a borrow’d flower,
Had then deck’d it, withering ere the night;
But he who look’d from that auspicious day
For years of long delight,
And would not see the marriage bower decay,

30
Leaves not its own, and many a borrow’d flower,
Had then deck’d it, withering ere the night;

60
Leaves not its own, and many a borrow’d flower,
Had then deck’d it, withering ere the night;
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

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

They knew not that the wretched man was near,
And yet it seemed, to his distempered
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.

Despair had roused him to that hopeless prayer,
Yet thinking on the heavenly Powers,
Drew comfort; and he rose and gather'd flowers,
And twined a crown for 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,
Who crown'd thee with these garlands day by day,
And danced before thee eye at even-tide
In beauty and in pride.
O Marritaly, whereas'er she stray
Forlorn and wretched, still be thou her guide!

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

Ladurlad knew him well: enraged to see
The cause of all his misery,
He stoop'd and lifted from the ground
A stake, whose fatal point was black
With blood;
The same wherewith his hand had dealt the wound,
When Arvalan, in hour with evil fraught,
For violation seized the shrieking Maid.

Thus arm'd, in act again to strike he stood,
And twice with insufficient wrath essay'd
To smite the impassive shade.
The lips of scorn their mockery-laugh renewed;
And Arvalan put forth a hand and caught
The sunbeam, and condensing there its
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 charm'd him.

Anon the Spirit waved a second hand;
Down rush'd the obedient whirlwind from the sky,
Scoop'd up the sand like smoke, and
Shed the hot shower upon Ladurlad's head;
Where'er he turns, the accursed Hand is
East, West, and North, and South, on every side
The Hand accursed waves in air to guide
The dizzying storm; ears, nostrils, eyes, and mouth
It fills and choaks, 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
The Goddess buried by the sandy shower.

Blindly, with staggering step, he reeks about.
And still the accursed Hand pursued,
And still the lips of scorn their mockery-laugh renewed.

What, Arvalan! hast thou so soon forgot the grasp of Pollear? 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 Erecnia hastens from the ethereal height,
Bright is the sword celestial in his hand;
Like lightning in its path athwart the sky.
He comes and drives, with angel-arm, the blow.
Oft have the Asuras, in the wars of Heaven,
Felt that keen sword by arm angelic driven,
And fled before it from the fields of light.
Thrice through the vulnerable shade
The Glendoveer impels the gridding blade.
The wicked Shade flies howling from his foe.

So let that Spirit foul
Fly, and for impotence of anger, howl,
Writhe with anguish, and his wounds delore;
Worse punishment hath Arvalan de-
And righteous Fate hath heavier doom in store.

Not now the Glendoveer pursues his flight;
He had the Ship of Heaven alight,
And gently there he laid
The astonish'd Father by the happy Maid,
The Maid now shedding tears of deep delight. Beholding all things with incredulous eyes, they lay, he lay, while sailing up the skies, the living Through air and sunshine held its heavenly way.

**X. MOUNT MERU**

1

Swift through the sky the vessel of the Suras Sails up the fields of ether like an Angel. Rich is the freight, O Vessel, that thou bearest! Beauty and Virtue, Fatherly care and filial veneration, Hearts which are proved and strengthened by affliction, Manly resoluteness, fortitude and action, Womanly goodness; All with which Nature halloweth her daughters, Tenderness, truth, and purity and meekness, Piety, patience, faith and resignation, Love and devotion. Ship of the Gods, how richly art thou laden! Proud of the charge, thou voyagest rejoicing, Clouds float around to honour 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 venturous Goddess, in her mirth, On Seen a’s eyes, the light and life of Earth. Thereat the heart of the Universe stood still: The Elements ceased their influences; the Hours Stopt on the eternal round; Motion and Breath, Time, Change, and Life and Death, In sudden trance oppress, forgot their powers. A moment, and the dread eclipse was ended; But at the thought of Nature thus suspended, The sweat on Seen a’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, And there the new-born River lies Outspread beneath its native skies, As if it should to the ocean springs at once, with sudden leap, Down from the immeasurable steep, 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, [dawning; With rainbow wreaths the holy stream And duly the adoring Moon at night Sheds her white glory there, And in the watery air Suspends her halo-crowns of silver light.

4

A mountain-valley in its blessed breast Receives the stream, which there delights to lie, Untroubled and at rest Beneath the blue and the dark and deep, Their secret way the holy Waters wind, Till, rising underneath the root Of the Tree of Life on Hemakoot, Majestic forth they flow to purify mankind. Towards this Lake, above the nether sphere, The living Bark with angel eye Directs its course along the obedient sky. The etherial gales its agony aslake, His daughter’s tears are on his cheek, His hand is in the water; The innocent man, the man opprest, Oh joy! . hath found a place of rest Beyond Kehama’s sway; The Curse extends not here; his pains have pass’d away.

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 Glen-doveer Then lays Ladurlad by the blessed Lake; . . [Daughter! O happy sire, and yet more happy The ethereal gales his agony aslake, His daughter’s tears are on his cheek, His hand is in the water; The innocent man, the man opprest, Oh joy! . hath found a place of rest Beyond Kehama’s sway; The Curse extends not here; his pains have pass’d away.

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 Swerga thither fled, And heavenly odours there were shed Above, below, and overhead; And Earth rejoicing in her heart, 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 Glen-doveer. A fourth approaches, . . who is this That enters in the Bower of Bliss? No form so fair might painter find Among the daughters of mankind; For death her beauties hath refined, And unto her a form hath given Framed of the elements of Heaven; Pure dwelling place for perfect mind. She stood and gazed on Sire and Child; Her tongue not yet had power to speak,
The tears were streaming down her cheek;
And when those tears her sight beguiled,
And still her faltering accents fail'd,
The Spirit, mute and motionless,
Spread out her arms for the carress,
Made still and silent with excess
Of love and painful happiness.

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

Not so Ladurlad; he could trace,
Though brighten'd with angelic grace,
His own Yedillian's earthly face;
He ran and held...

If of ten would Ereenia tell
Of what in elder days befell,
When other Tyrants in their might
Usurp'd dominion o'er the earth;
And Veeshnoo took a human birth,
Deliverer of the Sons of men,
And slew the huge Ermeasen,
And piece-meal rent, with lion forse,
Etrenen's accursed core,
And humbled Baby in his pride;
And when the Giant Ravanen
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 deliht;
And he would have his nigh,
Yet fear'd to meet the wish'd embrace,
At once with love and awe opprest.

The Sun, careering round the sky,
Beheld them with rejoicing eye;
And bade his willing Charioteer
Relax his speed as they drew near;
Around his wheel the rainbow reins,
The seven green coursers shook their manes,
And brighter rays around them threw;
And Surya, through his veil of light,
Beheld the Bower, and blest the sight.

And for often would Ereasia tell
Of what in elder days befell,
When other Tyrants in their might
Usurp'd dominion o'er the earth;
And Veeshnoo took a human birth,
Though all in Heaven and Earth beside
Stood mute in dolorous expectation;
And, rushing forward in that hour,
Saved the Sworga from his power.

One God alone, with wanton eye,
Beheld them in their bower; O ye, he cried,
Who have dethroned 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, quoth he, have felt those darts,
Shall ye alone, of all in story,
Boast impenetrable hearts?

Then in the dewy evening sky,
The bird of gorgeous plumery
Poised his wings and hovered nigh.
It changed at that delightful hour
Kailyal sate 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 careering, swept along;
Now shooting downward from his heavenly height,
Plunged in the deep below,
Then rising, soar'd again,
And shook the sparkling waters off like rain,

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

The shaft, unerringly adrest,
Unerring flew, and smote Ereenia's breast.
Ah, Wanton! cried the 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!

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

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

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

Of her dead Mother there might strengthen her,
Feeding her with the milk of heavenly
And influxes of Heaven imbue her heart
With hope and faith, and holy fortitude,
Against the evil day. Here rest a while
Peace, O father! mark'd for misery
Above all sons of men; O daughter! doom'd
For sufferings and for trials above all
Of women; yet both favour'd, both beloved.

By all good Powers, rest here a while in

XL. THE ENCHANTRESS

When from the sword by arm angelic driven,
Foul Arvalan fled howling, wild in pain,
His thin essential spirit, rent and riven
His soul the ignominious thought disdain'd.
Or to his mighty Father should he go,
Complaining of defeature twice sustain'd,
And ask new powers to meet the immortal foe.
Repulse he fear'd not, but he fear'd rebuke,
And shamed to tell him of his overthrow.
There dwelt a dread Enchantress in a nook,
Obsure; old holpmate she to him had
Lending her aid in many a secret sin;
And there for counsel now his way he took.

She was a woman, whose unlovely youth,
Even like a canker'd rose which none will cult,
Had wither'd on the stalk; her heart
Was full Of passions which had found no natural scope,
Feelings which there had grown but ripen'd not,
Desires unsatisfied, abortive hope,
Repinings which provoked vindictive thought.
These restless elements for ever wronged
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 were loved.
And thus, in wrath and hatred and despair,
She tempted Hell to tempt her; and resigned'd.
Her holy 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, [left, Carcass of man or beast that life hath Foul instrument for them of fouler mind. To those the Witch her wretched body gave, So they would wreak her vengeance on mankind; She thus at once their mistress and their slave; And they to do such service nothing loth, So Obey'd her bidding, slaves and masters both.

So from this cursed intercourse she caught Contagious power of mischief, and was taught Such secrets as are damnable to . . .

154 THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

The wine which from you wounded palm on high.

The wine which from you wounded palm on high.

Fills yonder gourd, as slowly it distills,

Fills yonder gourd, as slowly it distills,

Grows sour at once if Lorrinite pass by.

Grows sour at once if Lorrinite pass by.

The deadliest worm from which all creatures fly

Fled from the deadlier venom of her eye;

Fled from the deadlier venom of her eye;

The babe unborn, within its mother's womb,

Started and trembled when the Witch came nigh;

And in the silent chambers of the tomb, Death shudder'd her unholy tread to hear,

And from the dry and moulderings bones did fear

Force a cold sweat, when Lorrinite was near.

Power made her haughty: by ambition fired,

Power made her haughty: by ambition fired,

Ere long to mightier mischiefs she aspired.

The Calis, who o'er Cities rule unseen,

The Calis, who o'er Cities rule unseen,

And Famine, at her bidding wasted

And Famine, at her bidding wasted

The wretched land; till, in the public way, 115 Promiscuous where the dead and dying lay,

Dogs fed on human bones in the open light of day.

The pregnant seeds of death he bade her sow,

All deadly plagues and pestilence to brew.

The Locusts were her army, and their bands,

Where'er she turn'd her skinny finger, flew.

The floods in ruin roll'd at her commands;

And when, in time of drought, the husbandman

Beheld the gather'd rain about to fall;

Her breath would drive it to the desert sands.

While in the marshes' parch'd and gaping

The rice-roots by the searching Sun

were dried,

And in lean groups, assembled at the side

Of the empty tank, the cattle dropt and died;

And the earth, with toil and sweat,

And in revenge would have my will.

A Devota with wings of blue, 131 And sword whose edge even now I rue,

In a Ship of Heaven on high,

Plots her along the sky.

Where they voyage thou canst tell,

Mistress of the mighty spell.

At this the Witch, through shrivell'd

Lips and thin, Sent forth a sound half whistle and half hiss.

Two winged Hands came in, Armless and befeiff'd, 140 Bearing a globe of liquid crystal, set In frame as diamond bright, yet black as jet. 142 151

A thousand eyes were quench'd in endless To form that magic globe; for Lorrinite Had, from their sockets, drawn the liquid sight, And kneaded it, with re-creating skill, Into this organ of her mighty will. Look in yonder orb, she cried, Tell me what is there described.

ARVALAN

She for whom so ill I sped, Whom my Father deemeth dead, Lives, for Marriataly's aid From the water saved the Maid. In hatred I desire her still, And in revenge would have my will.

A Devota with wings of blue, 131 And sword whose edge even now I rue,

In a Ship of Heaven on high,

Plots her along the sky.

Where they voyage thou canst tell,

Mistress of the mighty spell.

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ARVALAN

A mountain top, in clouds of light Enveloped, rises on my sight; 15 Scence 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 Tower 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.

Then she led him to the den, Where her chariot, night and day, Stood harness'd ready for the way. Two Dragons, yoked in adamant, convey The magic car; from either collar sprung An adamantine rib, which met in air, O'er-arch'd, and crust and bent diverging there, And firmly in its arc upright, Upon their brazen necks, the seat of power. Arvalan mounts the car, and in his hand Receives the magic reins from Lorripite; The dragons, long obedient to command, Their ample sails expand; Like steeds well-broken to fair lady's hand, They feel the reins of might, And up the northern sky begin their flight.

What Power was that, which, with resistless might, Poil'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. Involved in clouds and light, So far above its roots of ice and snow.

Down from his shatter'd mail the unhappy Soul Is dropt, ten thousand thousand fathoms down. Till in an ice-rift, 'mid the eternal snow, Foul Arvalan is stoop. There let him howl, Groan there, and there with unavailing moan, For aid on his Almighty Father call.

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.
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

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 Mera Mount, partake The joya which Heaven hath destined for the blest,Swift, swift, the moments ... this momentous hour,Again to save the Swarga 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 spy Old Casyapa, the Sire of Gods, alight. But when Ereenia saw the Sire appear, At that unwonted and unwelcome sight His heart received a sudden shock of fear: Thy presence doth its doleful tidings tell, O Father! cried the startled Glendover. The dreadful hour is near! I know it well! [Gods Not for less import would the Sire of 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, prepare 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. Neither fly all the Sons of heavenly race; I too forsake mine ancient dwelling-place. And now, O Child and Father, ye must Take up the burden of your woe, And wander once again below.

4
Oh tell me, cried Ereenia, 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 events, 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. When, to his heart and brain, The fiery Curse again like lightning shot. Gone like a morning rainbow, gone like a dream, A star that shines and falls, and then is seen no more.

6
With patient heart hold onward to the end,. . Be true unto yourselves, and bear in mind [friend; That every God is still the good Man’s And when the Wicked have their day assign’d, Then they who suffer bravely save mankind.
Now! now! Before the Golden Palaces, The Brahm strikes the inevitable hour, 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 Aauraa and the Gianta join the cry; The damn'd in Padalon aelaim Their hoped Deliverer's ñame; Heaven tremblea ... 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.

XIII. THE RETREAT

A round her Father's neck the Maiden lock'd Her arms, when that portentous blow was given; [uproar, Clinging to him she heard the ... underneath them rock'd, Her strong foundations heaving in commotion, Such as wild winds upraise in raving Ocean.

As though the solid base were rent asunder, [sky. And lo! where, storming the astonished Kehama and his evil host ascend to Before them rolls the thunder, Ten thousand thousand lightnings round them fly, Upward the lengthening pageanties aspire, Leaving from Earth to Heaven a widening wake of fire.

When the wild uproar was at length allay'd, And Earth recovering from the shock was still, Thus to her father spake the imploring Maid: [borne Oh! by the love which we so long have Each other, and we ne'er shall cease to bear, ... Oh! by the sufferings we have shared, And must not cease to share... One boon I supplicate in this dread hour, One consolation in this hour of woe! Father, thou hast it in thy power, Thou wilt not, Father, sure refuse me now. The only comfort my poor heart can know. The Maiden, at those welcome words, imprest A passionate kiss upon her father's cheek! They look'd around them then as if to Where they should turn, North, South, or East, or West, Wherever to their vagrant feet seem'd best.

But, turning from the view her mournful eyes, [cries, Oh, whither should we wander, Kailyal Or whither seek in vain a place of rest? Have we not here the Earth beneath our tread, Heaven overhead, A brook that winds through this squaler'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.

'Twas a fair scene wherein they stood, A green and sunny glade amid the wood, And in the midst an aged Banian grew. Its high and 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 their way, Fixing their bearded fibres, round and round, With many a ring and wild contortion
They built them here a bower, of jointed cane, [long
Strong for the needful use, and light and
ting for the wear of winter's rain;
And the slight framework gave
Beneath the genial sky. 100
And here did Kailyal, each returning day, [pay
Four forth libations from the brook to
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 Marratally's praise,
The Maid, as with an angel's voice of song,
Poured her melodious lays
Upon the gales of even.

Thus ever, in her Father's doating eye, Kailyal perform'd the customary rite; He, patient of his burning pain the while, Beheld her, and approved her pious toil; And sometimes at the sight A melancholy smile Would gleam upon his awful countenance.

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, Within the circle of that mystic glade; Submiss he crouched before the heavenly maid, And offer'd to her touch his speckled side; [head, Or with arch'd back erect, and bending And eyes half-closed for pleasure, would he stand, Courting the pressure of her gentle hand.
Hope we have none, said Kaiyal to her Sire. [Maid said she aright? and had the mortal No thoughts of heavenly aid, 

No secret hopes her most heart to move [desire, 

With longings of such deep and pure 

As Vestal Maids, whose pious love, 

Feel in their ecstasies, when rapt above, 

Their souls unto their heavenly Spouse aspire? 

Why else so oft doth that searching eye 

Roam through the scope of sky? Why, if she sees a distant speck on high, 

Then pensive averts her mournful sight. 

Why ever else, at morn, that waking sigh, 

Because the lovely form no more is nigh 

Which hath been present to her soul all night; 

And that injurious fear 

Which ever, as it riseth, is repressed, 

Yet riseth still within her troubled breast, [veer! That she no more shall see the Glendo- 

Hath he forgotten me? The wrongful thought Would stir within her, and though still repell’d 

With shame and self-reproaches, would recur. 

Days after days unvarying come and go, 

And neither friend nor foe 241 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 decree divine, 

Kehama, in the fulness of his power, 

Perceives her thread of fate entwine with thine. 

The Glendoveer, from his far sphere, 

With love that never sleeps, beholds thee here, 

And in the hour permitted will be near. 

Dark Lorrinite on thee hath fix’d her sight, 

And laid her viles, to aid 

Foul Arvalan when he shall next appear; 

For well she ween’d his Spirit would renew [hate; 

Old vengeance now, with unremitting 

The Enchantress well that evil nature knew, 

The accused Spirit hath his prey in view; 

And thus, while all their separate hopes pursue, 

All work, unconsciously, the will of Fate. 

Fate work’d its own the while. A band 

Of Yoguees, as they roam’d the land 

Seeking a spouse for Jaga-Naut their 

God, 

Stray’d to this solitary glade, 

And reach’d the bower wherein the 

Maid abode. 

Wondering at form so fair, they deem’d the Power 

Divine had led them to his chosen bride, 

And seiz’d and bore her from her 

Father’s side. 

Joy in the City of great Jaga-Naut ! 

Joy in the seven-headed Idol’s shine! 

A virgin-bride his ministers have brought, 

A mortal maid, in form and face divine, 

Peerless among all daughters of mankind; 

Seek’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 God’s shrine! 

The fairest Maid his Yoguees sought, 

A fairer than the fairest have they brought, 

A maid of charms surpassing human thought, 

A maid divine. 

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 yo 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...
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.
Prostrate the frantic votaries in its road,
And calling on the God,
Their self-devoted bodies there they lay
To pave his chariot-way.

And soarce can draw along the enormous load.
And calling on the God,
Their self-devoted bodies there they lay
To pave his chariot-way.

Through flesh and bones it ploughs its
dreadful path.
Groans rise unheard: the dying cry,
And death and agony
Are trodden under foot by yon mad throng,
Who follow close, and thrust the deadly wheels along.

Pale grows the Maid at this accursed sight;
The yells which round her rise
Have roused her with affright,
And fear hath
But open they start at the crack of the blast.

Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia!
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.

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
Such a gong, that seems, with its thunders dread
To awe the living, and awaken the dead.
The ear-strings throb, and the eyelids drop as stunned and spent.

Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia, where?
Where
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 sanguine 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 peals of the drum
Are there,
And the startling burst of the trumpet's blare;
And the gong, that seems, with its thunders dread
To awe the living, and awaken the dead.

The drum hath ceased its peals; the trump 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 tinkled as they wheel'd around.

There, in the Temple-court with song and dance,
A harlot-band, to meet the Maid, advance.
The drum hath ceased its peals; the trump and gong
Are still; the frantic crowd 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 tinkled as they wheel'd around.

Then, in despair,
Anguish and agony, and hopeless prayer,
Prostrate she laid herself upon the floor.
There trembling as she lay,
The Brain 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 re-animate,
She saw the dead arise,
And in the fiendish joy within his eyes,
She knew the hateful Spirit who look'd through
Their specular orbs, clothed in the

Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia, where?
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 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.

Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia, where?
Where
From the loathed 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 Brain of the fane advanced
And came to seize his prey.

But as the abominable Priest drew nigh,
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And in the fiendish joy within his eyes,
She knew the hateful Spirit who look'd through
Their specular orbs, clothed in the

There issued forth the dreadful Lorrimite.
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.

Lo! from the pregnant air, heart-withering sighs,
There issued forth the dreadful Lorrimite.
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,
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

Not that celestial faulchion, which in
fight
So oft had put the rebel race to flight.
There are no Gods on earth to give
him aid;
Hemm'd round, he is overpower'd, beat
down, and bound,
And at the feet oforrinite is laid.

12
Meantime the scatter'd members of the
slain,
Obedient to her mighty voice assum'd
Their vital form again, 18:
And that foul Spirit upon vengeance
bent,
Fled to the fleshly tenement.
Lo! here, quoth Lorrinite, thou seest thy foe!
Him ... help him now, and there
Por Man there is no way.
To that dread scene of durance and despair,
Asuras, bear your enemy! I go
To chain him in the Tombs. Meantime do thou,
Freed from thy foe, and now secure from fear,
Son of Kehama, take thy pleasure here.

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 heretofore,
Alone with Arvalan the Maid was left.
But in that hour of agony, the Maid
Deserted not herself; her very dread
Knew the whole horror, and its only part.

Yamen, receive me undeviled! she said, And seized a torch, and fired the bridal
bed.
Up ran the rapid flames; on every side They find their fuel wheresoe'er they spread;
Thin hangings, fragrant gums, and odorous wood,
That piled like sacrificial altars stood.
Around they run, and upward they aspire, [fire.
And, lo! the huge Pagoda lined with

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, [flame.
Howling and scorched by the devouring Accursed Spirit! Still condemn'd 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.

15
Soon she subdued her heart; O Father! she exclaim'd, there was no way But this! And thou, Ercenia, who for me [pity.
Sufferest, my soul shall bear thee com-

A sudden cry withheld her, . . Kailyal, stay!
Child! Daughter! I am here! the
voice exclaims.
And from the gate, unharm'd, through smoke and flames,
Like as a God, Ladurlad made his way; Wrapt his preserving arms around, and bore
His Child, unirjured, o'er the burning floor.

16
KAILYAL
Ercenia!

LADURLAD
Nay, let no reproachful thought
Wrong his heroic heart! The Evil Powers
Have the dominion o'er this wretched World, [here.
And no good Spirit now can venture
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,

17
And suffer all things for their own wise end,
Have made them blessings to us all
KAILYAL
Then thou knowest
Where they have borne him?

LADURLAD
To the Sepulchres Of the Ancient Kings, which Baly in his
power
Made in primeval times; and built above them
A City, like the Cities of the Gods,
Being like a God himself. For many an age
Hath Ocean war'd against his Palaces, Till, overwhelm'd, they lie beneath the waves,
Not overthrown, so well the aweful Chief Had laid their deep foundations. Rightly said
The Accursed, that no way for man was there,
But not like man am I!

18
Up from the ground the Maid exultant sprung, And clapp'd her happy hands in attitude Of thanks to Heaven, and flung

20
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... [away!
He is in torments there, . . away! ...
The Curse of Kehama

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.

Their talk was of the City of the days
Of old, Earth's wonder once, and of the fame
Of Baly its great founder, ... he whose name
In ancient story and in poet's praise,
Liveth and flourisheth for endless glory,
Because his might
Put down the wrong, and aye upheld the right.
Till for ambition, as old sages tell,
At length the universal Monarch fell:
For he too, having made the World his own,
Then in his pride, had driven
The Devas from Heaven,
And seized triumphantly the Swarga throne.
The Incarnate came before the Mighty One,
In dwarfish stature, and in mien obscure;
The sacred cord he bore,
And ask'd, for Brahma's sake, a little boon,
Three steps of Baly's ample reign, no
Poor was the boon required, and poor was he
Who begg'd; ... a little wretch it seem'd to be;
But Baly ne'er refused a supplicant's plea;
He on the Dwarf cast down
A glance of pity in contemptuous mood,
And bade him take the boon,
And measure where he would.
Lo, Son of giant birth,
I take my grant! the Incarnate Power replies.
With his first step he measured o'er the Earth,
The second span'd the skies,
Three paces thou hast granted,
Twice have I set my footstep, Yecshno cries,
Where shall the third be planted?
Then Baly knew the God, and at his feet,
In homage due, he laid his humbled head.
Mighty art thou, O Lord of Earth and Heaven,
Mighty art thou! he said,
Be merciful, and let me be forgiven.
He ask'd for mercy of the Merciful,
And mercy for his ... 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 hymn'd and honour'd by the grateful voice
Of humankind, and in his fame rejoice.

Or, visiting their solitary caves,
The lonely sound of winds, that moan around
Accordant to the melancholy waves.
With reverence did the travellers see
The works of ancient days, and silently
Approach the shore.
Where round their feet the rising augers part,
They stand.

Thou dost the wondrous destiny
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
Yen 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 stones
And showy, Ere thou liest down at evening, scare them out,
And in this robe of mine involve thy feet.
Duly commend us both to Heaven
In prayer, [sweet! Be of good heart, and may thy sleep be...
So saying, he put back his arm, and gave The cloth which girt his loins, and 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 seaweeds play, Lashing her polished ankles, and the spray Which off her Father, like a rainbow, falls on her like a shower; there Kailyal stands, And sees the billows rise above his head. She at the starting 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... Her chamber-lamps were in the starry sky, Her chamber-lamps were in the starry sky, Her chamber-lamps were in the starry sky. 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 Erechias, 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. 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 pass’d beside them on the strand. Bright shine the golden summits in the light Bright shine the golden summits in the light. And lift the elephant, and on the wind whirl him away, with sway and swing, Even like a pebble from the practised sling. Toward Ladurlad darted; Beholding then that human form erect, How like a God the depth he trod, And in his fear departed. Onward Ladurlad went with heart elate, And now hath reached the Ancient City's gate. Wondering he stood awhile to gaze Upon the works of elder days. The brazen portals open stood, Even as the fearful multitude Had left them, when they fled Before the rising flood, High over-head, sublime, The mighty gateway's storied roof was spread, Dwarring 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 practised sling. Those streets which never, since the days of yore, Those streets which never, since the days of yore, A human foot shall tread, Ladurlad trod. In sun-light and sea-green, The thousand Palaces were seen

XV. THE CITY OF B Aly

Fair is the dark-green deep: by night and day Unvex’d with storms, the peaceful billows play, As when they closed above 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 everywhere; 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! 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

XVI. THE ANCIENT SEPULCHRES

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 many network to and fro Light shadows shift and play. The hungry Shark, at scent of prey.
Of that proud City, whose superb abodes
Seem'd rear'd by Giants for the immortal Gods.
How silent and how beautiful they
Like things of Nature: the eternal rocks
Themselves not firmer. Neither hath the sand
Drifted within their gates and choked their doors,
Nor slime defiled their pavements and their floors.
Did then the Ocean wage
His war for love and envy, not in rage,
O thou fair City, that he spared thee thus?
Art thou Varomi'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.

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
Where Baly held of old his aweful reign.

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.

It was a Garden still beyond all price,
Even yet, it was a place of Paradise;
For where the mighty Ocean could not spare,
There had he with his own creation,
Sought to repair his work of devastation.
And here were coral bowers,
And grots of madrepores.
And banks of sponge, as soft and fair to eye
As e'er was mossey bed
Whereon the Wood Nymphs lie
With languid limbs in summer's sultry hours.
Here too were living flowers
Which, like a bud compacted,
Their purple cups contracted,
And now in open blossom spread,
Stretch'd like green anthers many a seeking head.

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 dispers'd.
Others that, like the broad bananas growing,
Raised their long wrinkled leaves of purple hue,
Like streamers wide out-flowing.
And whatsoever the depths of Ocean hide
From human eyes, Ladurlad there espied,
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 Ladurlad 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,
In rapid glance, like lightning go
Through that unwonted element.
176

THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

9

Trembling with hope, the adventurous man descended.
The sea-green light of day
Not far along the vault extended;
But where the slant reflection ended,
Another light was seen
Of red and fiery hue,
That with the water blended,
And gave the secrets of the Tombs to view.

10

Deep in the marble rock, the Hall
Of Death was hollow'd out, a chamber wide,
Low-roof'd, and long; on either side,
Each in his own alcove, and on his throne,
The Kings of old were seated; in his
Each held the sceptre of command,
From whence, across that scene of endless night,
A carbuncle diffused its everlasting light.

11

So well had the embalmers done their part
With spice and precious unguents to
The perfect corpse, that each had still the hue
Of living man, and every limb was still
Supple and firm and full, as when of yore
Its motion answer'd to the moving will,
The robes of royalty which once they wore,
Long since had moulder'd off and left them bare:
Naked upon their thrones behold them
Statues of actual flesh, a fearful sight!

12

Glazed, fix'd, and meaningless, yet, open wide,
Their gashly balls beheld
The mockery of life in all beside.
But if amid these chambers dream,
Dead 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 Baby should have lain, had he obey'd
Man's common lot, behold Ereenia laid.
Strong fetters link him to the rock; his eye
Now rolls and widens, as with effort vain
He strives to break the chain,
Now seems to brood upon his misery.
Before him could they lay
One of the mighty monsters of the deep;
Whom Lorrincent encounters on the way,
There station'd, his perpetual guard to keep;
In the sport of wanton power, she charm'd him there,
As if to mock the Glendoveer's despair.

13

Upward his form was human, save that here
The skin was cover'd o'er with scale on scale
Compact, a panoply of natural mail.
His mouth, from ear to ear,
Weapon'd with triple teeth, extended wide,
And tusks on either side;
A double snare 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 unsheath'd.
Then on he sprang, and in his scaly arms seized him, and fasten'd on his neck, to suck,
With greedy lips the warm life-blood, and sure
But for the mighty power of magic
As easily as, in the blithesome hour
Of spring, a child doth crop the meadow-flower,
Piece meal those claws had rent their victim, and those armed jaws stood, snapt him in twain.
Naked Ladurlad yet fearless and unharm'd in this dread strife,
So well Kehama's Curse had charm'd his fated life.

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,
And grappling breast to breast,
With foot firm-planted stands, and seized the monster's throat with both his hands.
Vainly, with throttling grasp, he prest the impenetrable scales,
And lo! the Guard rose up, and round his foe,
Then tighten'd all their folds with stress and strain.
They knew not the raging Tiger's strength avail to toils;
If once involved within those mighty
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
The impassive limbs; but when the Monster found
His utmost power was vain,
A moment he relax'd in every round.
Then knitt his coils again with closer strain,
And, bearing forward, forced him to the ground.

16

Ereenia groan'd in anguish at the sight
Of this dread fight; once more the Glendoveer
Essay'd to break his bonds, and fear
For that brave father who had sought him here,
Stung him to wilder strugglings.
Till his immortal sinews fail'd at length;
And yielding, with an inward groan, to fate,
Despairingly, he let himself again
Fall prostrate on his prison-bed of stone,
Body and chain alike with lifeless...
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 reprieve, no repose!
But day and night, and night and day,
Involved in mortal strife they lay;
Six days and nights have passed away,
And still they wage, with mutual rage,
The unremitting fray.

With mutual rage their war they wage,
But not with mutual will;
For when the seventh morning came,
The monster's worn and wounded frame
In this strange contest fails;
And weaker, weaker, every hour,
He yields beneath strong Nature's power,
For now the curse prevails.

Sometimes the Beast sprung up to bear
His foe aloft; and trusting there
To shake him from his hold,
Relax'd the rings that wreath'd him round;
But on his throat
Ladurlad liung
And weigh'd him to the ground.
With stubborn clasp 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 his hollow eye,
Well could Ladurlad now descry
The certain signs of victory.

And now the Beast no more can keep
His painful watch; his eyes, oppressed,
Are fainting for their natural sleep;
His living flesh and blood must rest.
The Beast must sleep or die.

Then be, full faint and languidly,
Unwreathes his rings and strives to fly,
And still retreating, slowly trails
His stiff and heavy length of scales.
But that unwearable foe,
With will relentless follows still;
No breathing time, no pause of fight
He gives, but presses on his flight;
Along the vaulted chambers, and the ascent
Up to the emerald-tinted light of day,
He hasard's his way.

Till lifeless, underneath his grasp,
The huge sea-monster lay.

That obstinate work is done; Ladurlad cried,
One labour yet remains!
And thoughtfully he eyed Ereenia's ponderous chains;
And with faint effort, half-despairing, tried
The rivets deep in-driven.

In search of aid, he look'd around:
Oh, then how gladly, in the near alcove,
Fallen on his ground his lifeless Lord beside,
The crescent scymitar he spied,
Whose cloudy blade, with potent spells imbued,
Had lain so many an age unhurt in solitude.

Joyfully springing there
He seized the weapon, and with eager stroke
He smote the chain; the force was dealt in vain,
For not as if through yielding air
Past'd the descending scymitar,
Its deadly way the heavy water broke;
Yet it bit deep. Again, with both his hands,
He wielded 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.

Tis the appointed night,
The night of joy and consecrated mirth,
When from his judgement-seat in Padalon,
By Yamen's throne, Baly goes forth, that he may walk the Earth
Unseen, and hear his name
Still hymn'd and honour'd by the grateful voice
Of humankind, and in his fame rejoice.

Therefore from door to door, and street to street,
With willing feet,
Shaking their firebrands, the glad children run;
Baly! great Baly! they acclaim,
Where'er they run they hear the mighty name,
Where'er they meet,
Baly! great Baly! still their choral tongues repeat.
Therefore at every door the votive flame
Through pendant lanterns sheds its painted light.
And rockets hissing upward through the sky,
Fall like a shower of stars
From Heaven's black canopy.

Therefore, on yonder mountain's templ'd height,
The brazen caldron blazes through the night.
Huge as a Ship that travels the main sea
Is that capacious brass; its wick as tall
As is the mast of some great admiral.

Ten thousand votaries bring
Camphor and glee to feed the sacred flame.
And while, through regions round, the nations see
Its fiery pillar curling high in heaven,
Baly! great Baly! they exclaim,
For ever hallowed be his blessed name!
Honour and praise to him for ever more be given!

Why art not thou among the festive throng,
Baly, O righteous Judge! to hear thy name?
Still, as of yore, with pageantry and song,
The glowing streets along,
They celebrate thy name:
Baly! great Baly! still
The grateful inhabitants of Earth acclaim,
Baly! great Baly! still
The ringing walls and echoing towers proclaim.
From yonder mountain the portentous flame
Still blazes to the nations as before;
All things appear to human eyes the same,
As perfect as of yore;
To human eyes, but how unlike to thine!
Thine which were wont to see
The Company divine,
That with their presence came to honour thee!
For all the blessed ones of mortal birth
Who have been clothed with immortality;
From the eight corners of the Earth,
From the Seven Worlds assembling, all
Wont to attend thy solemn festival.
Then did thine eyes behold
The wide air peopled with that glorious train;
Now may'st thou seek the blessed ones in vain,
For Earth and Air are now beneath the Rajah's reign.

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.

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.

Beholding her, how beautiful she stood,
In that wild solitude,
Baly from his invisibility
Had issued then, to know her cause.
But that in the air beside her, he espied
Two Powers of Evil for her hurt allied,
Foul Arvalan and dreadful Lorrinite.
Walking in darkness him they could not see
And marking with what demon-like delight
They kept their innocent prey in sight,
He waits, expecting what the end may be.

She starts; for lo! where floating many a rood,
A Monster, hugest of the Ocean brood,
Weltering and lifeless, drifts toward the shore.
Backward she starts in fear before the flood,
And, when the waves retreat,
They leave their hideous burthen at her feet.

She ventures to approach with timid tread,
She starts, and half draws back in fear,
Then stops, and stretches out her hands exultingly
To Heaven in gratitude.
Then spreading them toward the Sea,
While pious tears bedim her streaming eyes,
Come! come! my Father, come to me, Ereenia, come! she cries,
Lo! from the opening deep they rise,
And to Ladurlad's arms the happy Kailyal flies.

She turn'd from him, to meet with beating heart,
The Glendoveer's embrace.
Now turn to me, for mine thou art!
Foul Arvalan exclaimed; his loathsome face
Came forth, and from the air,
In fleshly form, he burst.
Always in horror and despair
Had Kailyal seen that form and face accurst,
But yet so sharp a pang had ne'er
Shot with a thrill like death through all her frame.
As now when on her hour of joy the Spectre came.

Vain is resistance now,
The fiendish laugh of Lorrinite is heard;
And at her dreadful word,
The Asuras once again appear,
And seize Ladurlad and the Glendoveer.

Hold your accursed hands!
A voice exclaim'd, whose dread commands
Were fear'd through all the vaults of And,
On every side an hundred arms,
And seized the Sorceress; maugre all her charms,
With forcé as uncontroulable as fate;
And that unhappy Soul, to whom
Living to avert, nor dead to mitigate
His righteous doom.
Help, help, Kehama! Father, help! he cried,
But Baly tarried not to abide
That mightier Power; with irresistible feet
He stamp'd and clept the Earth; it opened wide,
And gave him way to his own judgment-seat.

Down, like a plummet, to the World below
He sunk, and bore his prey
To punishment deserved, and endless woe.

XVIII. KEHAMA'S DESCENT

The Earth, by Baly's feet divided,
Closed o'er his way as to the Judgment-seat
He plunged and bore his prey.
Scarce had the shock subsided,
When, darting from the Swarga'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 forcing way from every limb,
Like furnace-smoke, with terrors wrapt him round.
Furious he smote the ground;
Earth trembled underneath the dreadful stroke,
Again in sunder riven;
He hurl'd in rages his whirling weapon down.
But lo! the fiery she Steak's 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 Padalon!
Earth and the Swarga are thine own,
But, till Kehama shall subdue the throne
Of Hell, in tortures Yamen holds his son.

Fool that he is!... in tortures let him lie!
Kehama, wrathful at his son, replied.
But what am I,
That thou should'st brave me?... kindling in his pride
The dreadful Rajah cried:
Ho! Yamen! hear me. God of Padalon,
Prepare thy throne,
And let the Amreeta cup be ready for my lips, when I anon
Triumphantly shall take my seat thereon,
And plant upon thy neck my royal feet.

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 Ereenia rose and pass'd away.

Always had she so joyfully
Beheld the coming of the Glendoveer,
Dear as he was and he deserved to be,
As now she saw him rise and disappear.
Come now what will, within her heart said she,
For thou art safe, and what have I to fear?

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 whose 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.

In fear no longer for the Glendoveer,
Now towards the Rajah Kailyal turn'd her eyes
As if to ask what doom awaited her.
But 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 unsubduable by pain,
And pride triumphant over agony.

Ladurlad, said the Rajah, thou and I
Alike have done the work of Destiny,
Unknowning each to what the impulse tended;
But now that over Earth and Heaven
Is stabliah'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 tortures 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 falling limb
The power and sense of life forsaking him.

Then turning to the Maid, the Rajah cried,
O Virgin, above all of mortal birth
Favour'd alike in beauty and in worth,
And in the glories of thy destiny,
Now let thy... 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 Amreta-drink divine
Of immortality. Come, Maiden mine!
High-fated One, ascend the subject sky,
And by Kehama's side sit on the Swerga throne, his equal bride.

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 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 influence,
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 Sorrow, oppression, pain and agony,
The spirit of the good is unsubdued,
And, suffer as they may, they triumph still.

11
Obstinate fools! exclaim'd the Mighty One,
Fate and my pleasure must be done,
And ye resist in vain!
Take your fit guerdon 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 renovating pain,
Rush'd to its seat, Ladulrad 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 sibled,
'Er all her frame with quick contagion spread.
Strong as her spirit was, it had not borne
The appalling thought, nor dared to hope for his return.
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
He hoped to rise! Him who is throned beyond the reach of thought,
The Alone, the Inaccessible, he sought.
That throne to find, for he must leave behind
This World, that in the centre,
Within its salt-sea girdle, lies confined;
You 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.
Nor 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!
Seven ladders stand, so high, the aching eye,
Seeking their tops in vain amid the sky,
Might deem they led from earth to highest Heaven.

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 nestled his wing,
That all-surmounting will,
Intensity of faith and holiest love,
Sustain'd Ereenia still,
And she hath gain'd the plain, the sanctuary above.
Lo, there the Silver Bell,
That, self-sustain'd, hangs buoyant in the air!
Lo! the broad Table there, too bright
For mortal sight,
From whose four sides the bordering gems unite
Their harmonising rays,
In one mid fount of many-colour'd light.
The stream of splendour, flashing as it flows,
Plays round, and feeds the stem of ye celestial Rose!
Where is the Sage whose wisdom can
The hidden things of that mysterious flower, [declare]
That flower which serves all mysteries
The sacred Triangle is there,
Holding the Emblem which no tongue may tell;
Is this the Heaven of Heavens, where Seeva's self doth dwell?
Here first the Glendoveer
Felt his wing fail, and paused upon his flight.
Was it that fear came over him, when 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 spoke.
There is oppression in the World below;
Earth groans beneath the yoke; yes, in her woe.
She asks if the Avenger's eye is blind?
Awake, O Lord, awake!
Too long thy vengeance sleepeth. Holiest One!
[sake, 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! be Thou art not here, . . for how should those 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, hast seen thy secret throne?
But thou art not alone,
Not unapproachable!
O all-containing Mind,
Thou who art every where,
Whom all who seek shall find,
Hear me, O Seeva! hear the suppliant's prayer!
11

So saying, up he sprung,
And struck the Bell, which self-suspended hung.
Before the mystic Rose.
From side to side the silver tongue
Melodious swung, and far and wide
Soul-thrilling tones of heavenly music rung.
Abash'd, confounded,
It left the Glendoveer; 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.

I2

Where shall he rest his wing, where turn for flight,
For all around is Light,
Primal, essential, all-pervading Light! ...
... bear
That Glory unimaginably bright;
The Sun himself liad seem'd
A speek of darkness there,
Amid that Light of Light!

I3

Down fell the Glendoveer,
Down through all regions, to our mundane sphere
He fell; but in his ear [heard, A Voice, which from within him came, was
The indubitable word
Of Him to whom all secret things are known:
Go, ye who suffer, go to Yamen's
He hath the remedy for every woe;
He setteth right what'er is wrong below.

XX. THE EMBARKATION

1

Down from the Heaven of Heavens
Ereenia fell
Precipitate, yet imperceptible
His fall, nor had he cause nor thought of fear;
And when he came within this mundane sphere,
And felt that Earth was near,
The Glendoveer his azure wings expanded,
And, sloping down the sky
Toward the spot from whence he sprung on high,
There on the shore he landed.

2

Kailyal advanced to meet him,
Joy in her eye and in her eager pace;
With a calm smile of melancholy pride
She met him now, and turning half aside
Her warning hand repel'd the dear embrace.

Strange things, Ereenia, have befallen us here,
The Virgin said; the Almighty Man hath read
The lines which, traced by Nature on my brain,
There to the gifted eye
Make all my fortunes plain,
Mapping the mazes of futurity.
He sued for peace, for it is written there
That I with him the Amreeta cup must share;
Wherefore he bade me come, and by his side
Sit on the Swerga throne, his equal bride.

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
For ever hovering round those shores,
Hide all things from their sight;
The Sun upon that darkness pours
His unavailing light,
Nor ever Moon nor Stars display,
Through the thick shade, one guiding ray
To show the perils of the way.

7

There in a creek a vessel lay,
Just on the confines of the day,
It rode at anchor in its bay,
These venturous pilgrims to convey
Across that outer Sea.
Strange vessel sure it seem'd to be,
And all unfit for such wild sea!
For through its yawning side the wave
Was oozing in; the mast was frail,
And old and torn its only sail.
How may that crazy vessel brave
The billows that in wild commotion
For ever roar and rave?
How hope to cross the dreadful Ocean
O'er which eternal shadows dwell,
Whose secrets none return to tell!
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 aweful 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.

Self-hoisted then, behold the sail Expanda itself before the gale; no 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!

Swift as an arrow in its flight The Ship shot through the incumbent night; And they have left behind The raging billows and the storm, the darkness, and all mortal fears; And lo! another light To guide their way appears, The light of other spheres.

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.

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.

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, [pyre, Force or strong error led, to share the As to their everlasting marriage-bed; And babes, by sin unstain'd, Whom erring parents vow'd To Ganges, and the holy stream profaned [unordain'd With that strange sacrifice, rite By Law, by sacred Nature unallow'd; Others more hapless in their destiny, Searce 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 ovens. The Pismires blacken'd o'er, then bleach'd and bare Left their unharden'd bones to fall on the ground.

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 names tended, And with their growth ethereal substance blended. Less pure than these is that strange Indian bird, [bill, Who never dips in earthly streams her But, when the sound of coming showers is heard, Looks up, and from the clouds receives her fill. Less pure the footlose fowl of Heaven, who ever Rest upon earth, but on the wing for Hovering o'er flowers, their fragrant food inhale, Drink the descending dew upon its way, And sleep aloft while floating on the gale.

And thus these innocents in yonder sky Grow and are strengthen'd, while the allotted years Perform their course; then hitherward they fly, Being free from moral taint, so free from fears, A joyous band, expecting soon to soar To Indra's happy spheres. And mingle with the blessed company Of heavenly spirits there for ever more.
A Gulph profound surrounded
This icy belt; the opposite side
With highest rocks was bounded;
But where their heads they hide,
Or where their base is founded,
None could spy. Above all reach of sight
They rose, the second Earth was on their height,
[night.
Their feet were fix'd in everlasting

So deep the Gulph, no eye
Could plum its darke profundity,
Yet all its depth must try; for this the road
To Padalon, and Yamen's dread abode.

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 burthen fraught,
Plunged down, and bore them to receive their doom.

Then might be seen who went in hope, and who
Trembled to meet the meed
Of many a foul misdeed, as wild they threw
Their arma retorted from the Demons' grasp,
And look'd around, all eagerly, to seek
For help, where help was none; and strove for aid
To chasp the nearest shade;
Yea, with imploring looks and horrent shriek, [bending,
Even from one Demon to another
With hands extending,
Their mercy they essay'd.
Still from the verge they strain,
And from the dreadful gulph avert their eyes,

In vain; down plunge the Demons, and their cries
Feebly, as down they sink, from that profound arise.

What heart of living man could, undisturb'd, [there
Bear sight so sad as this! What wonder
If Kailyal's lip were blanch'd with inmost dread!
The chill which from that icy belt
Struck through her, was less keen than what she felt
With her heart's blood through every limb dispread.
Close to the Glendoveer she clung,
And clasping round his neck her trembling hands,
She closed her eyes, and there in silence hung.

Then to Ladurlad said the Glendoveer,
These Demons, whom thou seest, the ministers
Of Yamen, wonder to behold us here;
But for the dead they come, and not
for us; [thus
Therefore albeit they gaze upon thee
Have thou no fear.
A little while thou must be left alone,
Till I have borne thy daughter down,
And placed her safely by the throne
Of him who keeps the Gate of Padalon.

Then taking Kailyal in his arms, he said,
Be of good heart, Beloved! it is I
Who bear thee. Saying this, his wings he spread,
Sprung upward in the sky, and poised his flight,
Then plunged into the Gulph, and sought the World of Night.

The strong foundations of this inmost Earth
Rest upon Padalon. That icy Mound
Which girt the mortal Ocean round,
Reach'd the profound; [there
Ice in the regions of the upper air,
Crystal midway, and adamant below,
Whose strength sufficed to bear
The weight of all this upper World of ours,
[of Woe.
And with its rampart closed the Realm
Eight gates hath Padalon; eight heavenly Powers
Have them in charge, each alway at his post,
Lest from their penal caves the accursed host,
Mangre the might of Baly and the God,
Should break, and carry ruin all abroad.

These gates stand ever open, night and day,
And Souls of mortal men
For ever throng the way.
Some from the dolorous den,
Children of sin and wrath, return no more:
They, fit companions of the Spirits accurst,
Are doom'd, like them in baths of fire immerst,
Or weltering upon beds of molten ore,
Or stretch'd upon the brazen floor,
And from the sight of mortal man
Hang and pul'd, and worms of fire for ever gnaw their food,
That, still renew'd,
Freshens for ever their perpetual pains.

Others there were whom Baly's voice condemn'd,
By long and painful penance, to stone
Their fleshly deeds. Them, from the Judgement-throne;
Dread Azyoruca, where she sat involved
In darkness as a tent, received, and dealt
To each the measure of his punishment;
Till, in the central springs of fire, the Will
Impure is purged away; and the freed soul,
Thus fitted to receive a second birth,
Embodied once again, revisits Earth.

But they whom Baly's righteous voice absolved,
And Yamen, viewing with benignant eye,
Dismiss'd to seek their heritage on high.
How joyfully they leave this gloomy bourn,
The Dread sojourn
Of Guilt and twin-born Punishment and Woe,
And wild Remorse, here link'd with worse Despair!
They to the eastern Gate rejoicing go:
The Ship of Heaven awaits their coming there. [flight
And on they sail, greeting the blessed
Through realms of upper air,
Bound for the Swerga once; but now no more
Their voyage rests upon that happy shore,
Since Indra, by the dreadful Rajah's Compell'd, hath taken flight;
On to the second World their way they wend,
And there, in trembling hope, await the doubtful end.
For still in them doth 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 dizzy din
Of mutinous uproar, each in all his hands we groan:
In torments, Come, Deliverer! yonder throne!
Awaits thee... Now, Kehama! Rahaj, now!
Earthly Almighty, whence tarriest thou?
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, to rise,
Struggling against their fotters, strove,
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.

These were the sounds which, at the southern gate,
Assail'd Ereenia's ear; alighting here
He laid before Neroodi's feet the Maid,
Who, pale and cold with fear, hung on his neck, well-nigh a lifeless weight.

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 Swarga bowers,
And sweet society of heavenly Powers,
Than this... a doleful scene,
Even in securest hours.
And whither would ye go?
Alas! I can human or celestial ear,
Unmadd'n'd, hear
The shrieks and yellings of infernal woe!
Can living flesh and blood
Endure the passage of the fiery flood?

Lord of the Gate, replied the Glendoveer, We come obedient to the will of Fate; And haply doom'd to bring Hope and care, secure from harm, I leave her, while I ascend to bear her father down. Beneath the shelter of thine arm receive her!

Then quoth he to the Maid, Be of good cheer, my Kailyal! dearest dearest queen,
In faith subdue thy dread; Anon I shall be here. So having said, Aloft with vigorous bound the Glendoveer sprang in celestial might, and soaring up, in spiral circles, wound his indefatigable flight.

But as he thus departed, The Maid, who at Neroodi's feet was lying, Like one entranced or dying, Recovering strength from patient arms, and at his feet, preprad' to meet
The awful will of Fate with equal mind,
She took her seat resign'd.

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, Ere long the World's deliverance would be wrought, And Padalon escape the Rahaj's power. With pious mind the Maid, in humble guise inclined, received his blessing silently, And raised her grateful eyes a moment, then again a highest sound. Ereenia of the distant sound. Ereenia brings his burthen down! Upstarting from her seat,
How joyfully she rears
Her eager head! and scarce upon the ground
Ladurlad's giddy feet their footing
When, with her trembling arms, she claspt him round.
No word of greeting,
Nor other sign of joy at that strange meeting;
Expectant of their fate,
Silent, and hand in hand,
Before the Infernal Gate,
The Father and his pious Daughter stand.

Then to Neroodi said the Glendoveer,
No Heaven-born Spirit e'er hath visited
This region drear and dread; but I, the first
Who tread your World aecurst.

Lord of the Gate, to whom these realms are known,
Direct our fated way to Yamen's throne.

Bring forth my Chariot, Carmala! quoth then
The Keeper of the way.
It was the Car wherein
On Yamen's festal day,
When all ... Hell attend their King,
Yearly to Yamenpur did he repair
To pay his homage there.

Then Carmala brought forth two mantles, white
As the swan's breast, and bright as mountain snow,
When from the wintry sky
The sun, late-rising, shines upon the height,
And rolling vapours fill the vale below.
Not withont 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 wherein the robes were wrought; [tried,
So long had it in tenfold fires been
And blanched, and to that brightness purified.

Apparel'd thus, alone,
Children of Earth, Neroodi cried,
In safety may ye pass to Yamen's throne.

Of other frame, O son of Heaven, art thou!
Yet hast thou now to go
Through regions which thy heavenly mould will try.
Glories unutterably bright, I know,
And beams intense of empyrean light,
Thine eye divine can bear:
But fires of woe,
The sight of torment:
And how, with quicken'd feet, he hastens up,
Eager again to greet
The living World and blessed sunshine there,
And drink, as from a cup

Nor thy good heart, which horror might assail
And pity quail,
Pity in these abodes of no avail;
But take thy seat this mortal pair beside,
And Carmala the infernal Car will guide.
Go, and may happy end your way beside!
So, as he spake, the self-moving Car
And lo! they pass the Gate of Padalon.

1
Whoe'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...

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

3
There rolls the fiery flood,
Girding the realms of Padalon around.
A sea of flame it seem'd to be,

20
Of joy, with thirsty lips, the open air.

30
Their way was through the adamantine rock
Which girt the World of Woe; on either side
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.

40
Sea without bound;
For neither mortal nor immortal sight,
Could pierce across through that intensest light.
A single rib of steel,
Koen as the edge of keenest scymitar.
Spann'd this wide gulph of fire. The infernal Car
Roll'd to the Gulph, and on its single wheel
Self-balanced, rose upon that edge of steel.

50
Red-querving float the vapours over;
The fiery gulph beneath them spread.
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

Tosses its billowing blaze with rush and roar;
And with united power,
And with their arms again in happier hour;
And with united power,
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THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

XXIII. PADALON

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... of eye,
Reflecting back upon the sinful mind,
Heightened with vengeance, and with wrath divine
Its own inborn deformity.

14
But to the righteous Spirit how benign
His awful countenance, where, tempering justice with parental love,
Goodness and divinity;
For hope and fear
In him, for change in Yamen could not be,
The Immutable is he.

10
Oh what a gorgeous sight it was to see
The Diamond City blazing on its height
With more than mid-sun splendour, by the light
Of its own fiery river!
Its towers and domes and pinnacles and spires,
Turrets and battlements, that flash and quiver
Through the red restless atmosphere for ever;
And hovering overhead,
The smoke and vapours of all Padalon,
Fit firmament for such a world, were spread,
With surge and swell, and everlasting motion.
Heaving and opening like tumultuous

9
On roll'd the Car, and lo! afar
Upon its height the towers of Yamenpur
Rise on the astonish'd sight. Behold the Infernal City, Yamen's seat
Of empire, in the midst of Padalon, Where the eight causeys meet.

11
Nor were there wanting there
Such glories as beseem'd such region well;
For though with our blue heaven and genial air
The Firmament of Hell might not compare,
Whose clouds of all metallic elements
Sublimed were full. For, when its thunder broke,
Not all the United World's... solid arch was shaken with the
And Cities in one mighty ruin fell. Through the red sky terrific meteors scour;
Huge stones come hailing down; or sulphur-shower,
Kindles in its descent, And with blue fire-drops rains on all below.

Anoned, all decreed
An ample meed and recompense at length.
High-fated Maid, the righteous hour
is nigh!
The all-embracing Eye
Of Retribution still beholdeth thee;
Bear onward to the end, O Maid, courageously!

8
And Appointment, deoreed An immense meed and recompense at length.
High-fated Maid, the righteous hour
is nigh!
The all-embracing Eye
Of Retribution still beholdeth thee;
Bear onward to the end, O Maid, courageously!
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

Here, issuing from the car, the Glen-doveer
Did homage to the God, then raised his head.
Suppliants we come, ho said,
For nought can pass on earth to thee unknown;
Sufferers from tyranny we seek for rest,
And Saneva bade us go to Yamen's throne;
Here, he hath said, all wrongs shall be redrest.
Yamen replied, Even now the hour draws near,
When Fate its hidden ways will manifest.
Not for light purpose would the Wised 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! [Hell,
The voice of lamentation ceased in And sudden silence all around them heard, advancing on And deepening on their way; For now the inexorable hour Was come, and, in the fulness of his power,

Now that the dreadful rites had all been done,
Kehama from the Swerga hasten'd 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 the seven bridges from the fiery flood arose Growing before his way; and on he goes, And drives the thundering Chariotwheels along,
At once o'er all the roads of Padalon.

Silent and motionless remain The Asuras on their bed of pain, Waiting, with breathless hope, the great event.

And lo! where multiplied, Behind, before him, and on every side, Wielding all weapons in his countless hands,

Nor had its voice been heard, though all its rout
Innumerable had lifted up one shout; Nor if the internal firmament
Had in one unimaginable burst
Spent its collected thunders, had the sound,
Been audible, such louder terrors went
Before his forms substantial. Round about wide,
The presence scattered lightnings far and
That quench'd on every side,
With their incessant blaze, the feeble fires Of Padalon, even as the stars go out, When, with prodigious light, Some blazing meteor fills the astonish'd night.

The Diamond City shakes!
The adamantine Rock
Is loosen'd with the shock!
Falling it heaves and shakes; and
The brazen portals crumbling fall to Prone fall the Giant Guards Beneath the Aulays crush'd; On, on, through Yamenpur, their thundering feet
Speed from all points to Yamen's judgement-seat.
And who? where multiplied, Proceeding round, and on every side, Wielding all weapons in his countless hands,

Silent and motionless remain The Astras on their bed of pain, Waiting, with breathless hope, the great event.

And lo! where multiplied, Behind, before him, and on every side, Wielding all weapons in his countless hands,

The power of Fate and Sacrifice prevail'd,
Nor had its voice been heard, though all its rout
Innumerable had lifted up one shout; Nor if the internal firmament
Had in one unimaginable burst
Spent its collected thunders, had the sound,
Been audible, such louder terrors went
Before his forms substantial. Round about wide,
The presence scattered lightnings far and
That quench'd on every side,
With their incessant blaze, the feeble fires Of Padalon, even as the stars go out, When, with prodigious light, Some blazing meteor fills the astonish'd night.

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The brazen portals crumbling fall to Prone fall the Giant Guards Beneath the Aulays crush'd; On, on, through Yamenpur, their thundering feet
Speed from all points to Yamen's judgement-seat.
And who? where multiplied, Proceeding round, and on every side, Wielding all weapons in his countless hands,

The influence of the Man-God re-assume 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.

Silent the Man-Almighty sate; 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.

Sipping its subtle flavour ere he drink:
Even so Kehama now forborne his haste;
Hearing within his reach what'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 torment'd there? He cried; for whom doth Destiny prepare
The Imperial Seat, and why are ye but Three?
I of the Children of Mankind was first, Me miserable! who, adding store to store, hearted up superfluous wealth; and now For ever I the frantic crime deplore.

SECOND STATUE
I o'er my Brethren of Mankind the first Usurping power, set up a throne sublime, A King and Conqueror: therefore thus accursed, For ever I in vain repent the crime.

THIRD STATUE
I on the Children of Mankind the first, In God's most holy name, imposed a tale Of impious falsehood: therefore thus accursed, For ever 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 no more Our pain, at yonder vacant corner bear His portion of the burden, and compleat The Golden Throne for Yamen's Judgement-seat: Thus hath it been appointed: he must equal in guilt to us, the guilty Three. Kehama, come! too long we wait for thee!

Thereat, with one accord, The Three took up the word, like choral song, Come Rajah! Man-God! Earth's Almighty Lord! Kehama, come! we wait for thee too long.

A short and sudden laugh of wondering pride [reply Burst from him in his triumph: to Soornful he deign'd not; but with altered eye Wherein some doubtful meaning seem'd to lie, [cried, How vain it is to strive with Fate's decree, [from me, When hither thou hast fled to fly And lo! even here thou find'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.

The answer'd: 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, can there be Communion, Rajah, between thee and me. Once more, quoth he, I urge, and once alone. Thou seest yon Golden Throne, Where I anon shall set thee by my side; Take thou thy seat thereon, Kehama's willing bride.
O fool of drunken hope and frantic vice! 
Madman! to seek for power beyond thy scope 
Of knowledge, and to deem less than Omniscience could suffice 
To wield Omnipotence! O fool, to dream 
That immortality could be 
Victim of thine own wicked heart's device, 
Thou hast thine object now, and now must pay the price. 

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. 

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.
Roderick, the Last of the Goths:
A Tragic Poem.


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,
Barred like an unceasing fire of light
In the green trees; and kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yes, 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 incumbrances of mortal life,
From palpable oppressions of Despair.'
Wordsworth.

Preface.
The history of the Wisi-Goths for some years before their overthrow is very imperfectly known. It is, however, apparent, that the enmity between the royal families of Chindasintho and Wamba was one main cause of the destruction of the kingdom, the latter party having assisted in betraying their country to the Moors for the gratification of their own revenge. Theodred and Favila were younger sons of King Chindasintho; King Witiza, who was of Wamba's family, put out the eyes of Theodofred, and murdered Favila, at the instigation of that Chieftain's wife, with whom he lived in adultery. Pelayo, the son of Favila, and afterwards the founder of the Spanish monarchy, was driven into exile. Roderick, the son of Theodofred, 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 can be 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 Wisi-Goths; deposed and blinded by Roderick.
Theodofred...son of King Chindasintho, 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 Wisi-Goths; son of Theodofred.
Felato...the founder of the Spanish Monarchy; son of Favila.
Gadero...his wife.
Gethel...his sister.
Pavila...his son.
Hemesindo...his daughter.
Rusilia...widow of Theodofred, and mother of Roderick.
Coney Pedro...powerful Lords of Can.
Coney Durando...Count Julián; called invaders; not because
Er stal'd their country; not because
they came.
Romano...a Monk of the Canilian Schools, near Merida.
Abdalaz...the Moorish Governor of Spain.
Estolina...formerly the wife of Roderick, now of Abdalaz.

Abulcacear...Moorish Chiefs.
Alchamian...
Atub...
Ibrahim...
Margar...
Orpas...brother to Witiza, and formerly Archbishop of Seville, now a renegade.
Sisibert...son of Witiza and of Ebba.
Felix...Pelayo's mother.
Nubian...a renegade, governor of the
Empire.
Coney Julián, a powerful Lord among the Moors.
Flandor...his daughter, violated by King Roderick.

...The four latter persons are imaginary. All the others are mentioned in history. I ought, however, to observe that Romano is a creature of monkish legends; that the name of Pelayo's sister has not been preserved; and that that of Roderick's mother, Rusilia, has been altered to Rusila, for the sake of euphony.

I. Roderick and Romano.
Long had the crimes of Spain cried out to Heaven;
At length the measure of offence was full.
Count Julián 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
Waits from the plains of wasted Africa,
The Musselmen upon Iberia's shore
Descend. A countless multitude they came.
Syrian, Moor, Saracen, Greek renegade,
Persian and Copt and Tartar, in one bond
Of erring faith 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 accurst, 
Drunk as with wine, had sanctified to them
All bloody, all abominable things.

Thou, Calpe, saw'st their coming; ancient Rock
Renown'd, no longer now shalt thou be call'd
From Gods and Heroes of the years of yore,
Kronos, or hundred-handed Briareus,
Bacchos or Hercules; but doom'd to bear
The name of thy new conqueror, and thenceforth
To stand his everlasting monument.
Thou saw'st the dark-blue waters flash before
Their ominous way, and whiten round their keels;
Their swarthy myriads darken 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 armour, shields engrai'd
With gold, and scimitars of Syrian steel;
And gently did the breezes, as in sport,
Curled their long flags outrolling, and display
The blazon'd scolls of blasphemy.

Then fell the kingdom of the Goths; their hour
Was come, and Vengeance, long withheld, went loose.
Famine and Pestilence had wasted them,
And Traason, 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 scep'tre 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 dishonour'd.
On the banks of Corypus, Roderick's royal car was found,
His battle-horse Orecio, and that helm
Whose horns, amidst the thickest of the fray
Eminent, had mark'd his presence. Did the stream
Receive him with the undistinguish'd dead,
Christian and Moor, who ebb'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 charg'd their crimes upon his head, and curs'd
His memory.
Bravely in that eight-days' fight
The King had striven... for victory first, while hope
Remain'd, then desperately in search of death.
The arrows pass'd him by to right and left,
The spear-point pierc'd him not, the scymitar
Glanc'd from his helmet. Is the shield
Of Heaven,
Wretch that I am, extended over me?
Cried Roderick, and he dropp'd Orecio'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 inmost heart
There answer'd him a secret voice, that spake
Of righteousness and judgement after death,
And God's redeeming love, which fair would save
The guilty soul alive. 'Twas agony, And yet 'twas hope;... a momentary light,
That flash'd through utter darkness on the Cross.
To point salvation, then left all within Dark as before. Fear, never felt till then,
Sudden and irresistible as stroke
Of lightning, smote him. From his horse he dropt
Whether with human impulse, or by Heaven
Strook down, he knew not; loosen'd from his wrist
The sword-chain, and let fall the sword, whose hilt
Clung to his palm a moment ere it fell,
Glided there with Moonish gore. His royal robe,
His horned helmet and enamell'd mail,
Caste aside, and taking from the dead
A peasant's garment; in those weeds involved
Stole, like a thief in darkness, from the field.

Evening closed round to favour him. All night
He fled, the sound of battle in his ear
Ringing, and sights of death before his eyes,
With forms more horrible of eager fiends
That seemed to hover round, and gulphs 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 calld
In answering groans on his Redeemer's name,
That word the only prayer that pass'd his lips
Or rose within his heart. Then would he see
The Cross whereon a bleeding Saviour hung,
Who call'd on him to come and cleanse his soul
In those all-healing streams, which from his wounds,
As from perpetual springs, for ever flow'd.
No hurt e'er panted for the waterbrooks
As Roderick thirsted there to drink and live;
But Hell was interposed; and worse than Hell...
Yea to his eyes more dreadful than the fiends
Who flock'd like hungry ravens round his head...
Florinda stood between, and war'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; where'er he went
The tidings of defeat had gone before;
And leaving their defenceless homes to seek
What shelter walls and battlements might yield,
Old men with feeble feet, and tottering babes,
And widows with their infants in their arms,
Harried along. Nor royal festival,
Nor sacred pageant, with like multitudes
E'er fill'd the public way. All whom the sword
Had spared were here; bed-rid infirmity
Alone was left behind; the cripple plied
His crutches, with her child of yester-day
The mother fled, and she whose hour was come
Fell by the road. Less dreadful than this view
Of outward suffering which the day disclosed,
Had night and darkness seem'd to Roderick's heart,
With all their dread creations. From the throng
He turn'd aside, unable to endure
This burthen of the general woe; nor walls,
Nor towers, nor mountain fastnesses he sought,
A firmer hold his spirit yearn'd to find,
A rock of surer strength. Unknowing where,
Straight through the wild he hasten'd on all day,
And with unslacken'd speed was traveling still
When evening gather'd round. Seven days from morn
Till night he travel'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 Caulian 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 had fled
To save themselves within the embattled walls
Of neighbouring Mérida. One aged Monk
Alone was left behind; he would not leave
The sacred spot beloved, for having served
There from his childhood up to ripe old age
God's holy altar, it became him now,
He thought, before that altar to await
The nobleless unbelievers, and lay down
His life, a willing martyr. So he said
When all were gone, and duly fed the lamps.
And kept devoutly the altar drest,
And duly offer'd up the sacrifice.
Four days and nights he thus had pass'd alone,
In each high mood of saintly fortitude,
That hope of Heaven became a heavenly joy;
And now at evening to the gate he went
If he might spy the Moors, for it seem'd long
To tarry for his crown.
Before the Cross Roderick had thrown himself; his body raised,
Half kneeling, half at length he lay; his arms
Embraced its foot, and from his lifted face
Tears streaming down below'd the senseless stone.
He had not wept till now, of Heaven. In attitude, but not in act
Of prayer he lay; an agony of tears
Was all his soul could offer. When the Monk
Beheld him suffering thus, he rais'd him up
And took him by the arm, and led him in;
And there before the altar, in the name
Of Him whose bleeding image there was hung,
Space comfort, and adjured him in that name
To tell its whole abhorred history.

There to lay down the burden of his sins.
Lo! said Romano, I am waiting here
The coming of the Moors, that from their hands
My spirit may receive the purple robe
Of martyrdom, and rise to claim its crown.
That God who willeth not the sinner's death
Hath led thee hither. Threescore years and five,
Even from the hour when I, a five-years' child,
Enter'd the schools, have I continued here
And served the altar: not in all those years
Hath such a contrite and a broken heart
Appeared 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... but memory
And suffocating thoughts repress'd the word,
And shudderings, like an ague fit, from head
To foot convulsed him; till at length, subduing
His nature to the effort, he exclaim'd
Spreading his hands and lifting up his face,
As if resolved in penitence to bear
A human eye upon his shame... Thou seest
Roderick the Goth! That name would have sufficed
To tell its whole abhorred history.
He not the less pursued, the ravisher, The cause of all this ruin! Having said, In the same posture motionless he knelt, Arms straighten'd down, and hands out-spread, and eyes Raised to the Monk, like one who from his voice Awaited life or death.

All night the old man Pray'd with his penitent, and minister'd unto the wounded soul, till he infused A healing hope of mercy that allay'd 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 this day should sing
Hosannas at thy throne; but thou hast yet last ye;
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

The wanderers journey'd on; still having passed the danger (for in Mérida Sacarau long in resolute defence Withstood the tide of war,) with easier pace
The wanderers journey'd on; till having crossed Rich Tagus, and the rapid Zezere, They from Albardos' lofty height, to the sea, Where Alcaz, mingled there with Baza's stream, Rests on its passage to the western sea, That sea the aim and boundary of their toil.

The fourth week of their painful pilgrimage Was full, when they arrived where from the land A rocky hill, rising with steep ascent, O'erhung the glittering beach; there on the top A little lowly hermitage they found, And a rude Cross, and at its foot a grave, Bearing no name, nor other monument. Where better could they rest than here, where faith And secret penitence and happiest death

To break the third. In all his intervals Of prayer, save only when he searched the woods And fill'd the water-cruise, he laboured 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 burthen of the solitary hours:

To spread the sackcloth, and with ashes strew 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 kneel'd, Moist'n'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
Beside them on the beach, regardlessly
They saw his coming; and their whirring
wings
Upon the height had sometimes fann'd
his cheek.
As if, being thus alone, humanity
Had lost its rank, and the prerogative
Of man were done away.

For his lost crown
And sceptre never had he felt a thought
Of pain; repentance had no pangs to
spare
For trifles such as those... the loss of
those
Was a cheap penalty... that he had
fallen
Down to the lowest depth of wretched-
ness.
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 liim
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 assail'd him still.

A wilder form
Sometimes his poignant penitence as-
sumed,
Starting with force revived from inter-
vals
Of calmer passion, or exhausted rest;
When floating back upon the title of
thought
Remembrance to a self-executing strain
Beguiled him, and recall'd in long array
The sorrows and the secret impulses
Which to the abyss of wretchedness and
guilt
Led their unwary victim. The evil hour
Returned upon him, when reluctantly
Yielding to worldly counsel his ascent,
In welldo... 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 attune... a spirit like his own,
Of lofty pitch, yet in affection mild,
And tender as a youthful mother's joy... Oh
was it strange if at such sympathy
The feelings which within his breast
reppell'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 union to his
soul.)
If they 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-con-
ceal'd;
And when confess'd in silence, long
control'd;

Treachery occasion, human frailty, fear
Of endless separation, worse than
death,
The purpose and the hope with which the
Fiend
Tempted, deceived, and madd'en'd him... but
then
As at a new temptation would he start,
Shuddering beneath the intolerable
shame,
And enemies in agony his matted hair;
While in him 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 engulph'd!
At length, as life when it hath lain long
time
Oppress'd beneath some grievous mal-
adly,
Seems to rise up with re-collected
strength,
And the sick man doth feel within him-
self
A second spring; so Roderick's better
mind
Arose to save him. Lo! the western sun
Flames o'er the broad Atlantic; on the
verge
Of glowing ocean sets; 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.
Tracking the way with blood; there day by day
Inflict upon this guilty flesh the surgeons
Counsels with anguish and prophetic tears,
His headstrong youth. And let his Mother stand
Before him in the vision; in whose hand
Which never from the hour when to the grave
She follow'd her dear lord Theodred
Rusilla laid aside, but in her face
A sorrow that bespeaks 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 kiss
Of her eyesless husband; wiped away the mark
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 kneel'd 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 she know
These shameful fotters? Pedro, Theud-derg,
Athanagild, where are ye? Roderick's arm
Is wither'd; . . . Chiefs of Spain, but where are ye?

Which sung his fretful infancy to sleep
So patiently; which soothed his childish griefs,
Counseld with anguish and prophetic tears,
His headstrong youth. And let his Mother stand
Before him in the vision; in whose hand
Which never from the hour when to the grave
She follow'd her dear lord Theodred
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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 tarriest 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 breast-plate, in her shield display'd
Erect a lion ramp'd; her helmet head
Rose like the Berecynthian Goddess crown'd
With towers, and in her dreadful hand the sword
Red as a fire-brand 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-cries and tumult, strife and hate and rage,
Blasphemous prayers, confusion, agony,
Rout and pursuit and death; and over all
The shout of victory. . . Spain and Victory!

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 Rusilla lived, . .
If shame and anguish for his crimes not yet
Had brought her to the grave, . . sure she would bless
Her penitent child, and pour into his heart
Prayers and forgiveness, which, like precious balm,
Would heal the wounded soul. Nor to herself
Less precious, or less healing, would the voice
That spake forgiveness flow. She wept her son
For ever lost, cut off with all the weight
Of unrepented sin upon his head,
Sin which had weigh'd a nation down . . .

To know that righteous Heaven had in its wrath
Remember'd mercy, and she yet might meet
The child whom she had borne, redeem'd, in bliss.
The sudden impulse of such thoughts confirmed
That unacknowledged purpose, which till now
Vainly had sought its end. He girt his loins,
Laid holiest Mary's image in a cleft of the rock, where, shelter'd from the elements,
It might abide till happier days came on.
From all defilement safe; pour'd in 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 Albardos, pour'd his light
Amid the forest, and with rays salutant
Entering its depth, illum'd the branchless pines,
Brighten'd their bark, tinged with a redder hue
Its rusty stains, and east along the floor
Long lines of shadow, where they rose erect
Like pillars of the temple. With slow foot
Roderick pursued his way; for penitence,
Remorse which gave no respite, and the long
And painful conflict of his troubled soul,
Had worn him down. Now lighter thoughts arose,
And that triumphant vision floated still
Before his sight with all her blaze blown
Her castell'd helm, and the victorious sword
That flash'd like lightning o'er the field of blood.
Sustain'd by thoughts like these, from morn till eve
He journey'd, and drew near Layria's walls.
'Twas even-song time, but not a bell was heard;
Instead thereof, on her polarized towers
Bidding the Moors to their unhaull'd prayer,
The cryer stood, and with his sonorous voice
Fell the delicious vale where Lena winds
Thro' groves and pastoral meads. The sound, the sight
Of turban, girdle, robe, and scymitar,
And tawny skins, awoke contending thoughts
Of anger, shame, and anguish in the Goth;
The face of human-kind so long unseen
Confused him now, and through the streets he went
With haggard men, and countenance like one
Craz'd or bewilder'd. All who met him turn'd, and
Wonder'd as he pass'd. One stoop'd 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,
Brook'd out into a quick convulsive voice,
That seem'd like laughter first, but ended soon
In hollow groans suppress'd; the Mussulman
Shrank 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
'Heard she,' 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 starry canopy of Heaven,
The sense of solitude, so dreadful late,
Was then repose and comfort. There he stopp'd
Beside a little rill, and brake the loaf;
And shedding o'er that long untasted food
Painful but quiet tears, with grateful soul
He breathed thanksgiving forth, then made his bed
On heath and myrtle.

But when he arose
At day-break and pursued his way, his heart
Felt lighten'd that the shock of mingling first
Among his fellow-kind was overpast;
And journeying on, he greeted whom he met
With such short interchange of benison
As each to other gentle travellers give,
Recovering thus the power of social speech
Which he had long disused. When hunger prest
He ask'd for alms: slight supplication serv'd;
A countenance so pale and woe-begone
Moved all to pity; and the marks it bore
Of rigorous penance and austerest rule
Of rigorous penance and austerest life,
With something too of majesty that still
Appeal'd amid the wreck, inspired a sense
Of reverence too. The goat-herd on the hills
Before Fernando's banner through her gate

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 bold imps
Sporting beside the way, at his approach
Brake off their games for wonder, and stood still
In silence; some among them cried, A Saint!
The village matron when she gave him food
Beguird his prayers; and one entreated him
to lay his healing hands upon her child,
For with a sore and hopeless malady
Wasting, it long had lain; and sure, she said,
He was a man of God.

Thus travelling on
He pass'd the vale where wild Arunca pours
Its wintry torrents; and the happier site
Of old Conimbrica, whose ruin'd towers
Bore record of the fierce Alani's wrath.
Mondego too he cross'd, not yet renown'd
In poets' amorous lay; and left behind
The walls at whose foundation pioue hands
Of Priest and Monk and Bishop meekly toil'd,
So had the insulting Arian given command.
Those stately palaces and rich domains
Were now the Moor's, and many a weary age
Must Coimbra wear the misbeliever's yoke.
Must Coimbra wear the misbeliever's yoke.

Before Fernando's banner through her gate
Shall pass triumphant, and her hallowed
Mosque
Behold the hero of Bivar receive
The knighthood which he glorified so oft
In his victorious fields. Oh, if the years
To come might then have risen on Roderick's soul,
How had they kindled and consol'd his heart!
What joy might Douro's haven then have given,
Whence Portugal, the faithful and the brave,
Shall take her name illustrious! what, those walls
Where Mumadona one day will erect
Convent and town and towers, which shall become
The cradle of that famous monarchy!
What joy might these prophetic scenes have given,
What ample vengeance on the Muselman,
Driven out with foul defeat, and made to feel
In Africa the wrongs he wrought to Spain;
And still pursued by that relentless sword,
Even to the farthest Orient, where his power
Received its mortal wound.
O years of pride!
In undiscoverable futurity,
Yet unevolved, your destined glories lay they went
And all that Roderick in these fated scenes
Beheld, was grief and wretchedness, the waste
Of recent war, and that more mournful calm
Of joyless, helpless, hopeless servitude.
'Twas not the ruin'd walls of church or tower,
Cottage or hall or convent, black with smoke;
'Twas not the unburied bones, which where the dogs
And crows had strewn them, lay amid the field
Bleaching in sun or shower, that wrung his heart
With keenest anguish: 'twas when he beheld
The turban'd traitor show his shameless front
In the open eye of Heaven, . . . the renegade,
On whose base brutal nature unredeem'd
Even black apostacy itself could stamp
No deeper reprobation, at the hour Assign'd fall prostrate; and unite the names
Of God and the Blasphemer, . . . impious prayer,
Most impious, when from unbelieving lips
The accursed utterance came.
Then Roderick's heart
With indignation burnt, and then he long'd
To be a King again, that so, for Spain
Betray'd and his Redeemer thus renounced,
He might infect 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
Freyed, 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 jealously 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 rook'd that city, once the seat renowned
Of Suevi kings, where, in contempt of Rome
Degenerate long, the North's heroic race
Raised first a rival throne; now from its state
Of proud regality debased and fallen.
Still bounteous nature o'er the lovely vale,
Where like a Queen rose Bracara august,
Pour'd forth her gifts profuse; perennial springs
Flow'd for her habitants, and genial suns,
With kindly showers to bless the happy clime,
. . . and in the vale
Now mask'd in Moorish mufflers, to the Mosque
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Now mask'd in Moorish mufflers, to the Mosque
Holding uncompanied their jealously way,
224 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS

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 con- 
vey'd  
Than all the havoc round: for though she spake  
With the calm utterance of despair, in tones  
Deep-breathed and low, yet never sweeter voice  
Pour'd forth its hymns in ecstasy to  
Heaven.  
Her hands were bloody, and her gar- 
ments 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  
clothed gore;  
A venerable ancient, by his side  
A comely matron, for whose middle age,  
(If ruthless slaughter had not inter- 
vened,)  
Nature it seem'd, and gentle Time,  
might well  
Have many a calm declining year in store;  
The third an armed warrior, on his breast  
An infant, over whom his arms were cross'd  
There,... with firm eye and steady  
countenance  
Unaltering, she address't him,... there they lie,  
Child, Husband, Parents,... Adosinda's  
all!  
I could not break the earth with these poor hands,  
Nor other tomb provide,... but let that pass!  
Auria itself is now but one wide tomb  
For all its habitants,—What better grave?  
What worthier monument?... Oh cover not  
Their blood, thou Earth!... and ye, ye  
blesseed 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  
Full,... over-flowing vengeance!  
While she spake  
She rais'd her lofty hands to Heaven,  
as if  
Calling for justice on the Judgement- 
seat;  
Then laid them on her eyes, and leaning  
on  
Bent o'er the open sepulchre.  
But soon  
With quiet mien collect'dly, like one  
Who from intense devotion, and the act  
Of ardent prayer, arising, girls himself  
For this world's daily business,... she arose,  
And said to Roderick, Help me now to raise  
The covering of the tomb.

With half-burnt planks,  
Which she had gather'd for this funeral use,  
They roof'd the vault, then, laying  
stones above,  
They closed it down; fast, rendering all  
secure,  
Stone upon stone they pile'd, till all appeared  
A huge and shapeless heap. Enough,  
she cried;  
And taking Roderick's hands in both her  
own,  
And wringing them with fervent thank- 
fulness,  
May God shew mercy to thee, she exclam'd,  
When most thou needest mercy!... Who  
thou art  
I know not;... not of Auria,... for of all  
Her sons and daughters, save the one who stands  
Before thee, not a soul is left alive.  
But thou hast render'd to me, in my hour  
Of need, the only help which man could  
give  
What else of consolation may be found  
For one so utterly bereft, from Heaven  
And from myself must come. For deem not thou  
That I shall sink beneath calamity:  
This visitation, like a lightning-stroke,  
Hath seath'd the fruit and blossom of  
my youth;  
One hour hath orphan'd me, and widow'd me,  
And made me childless. In this  
sepulchre  
Lay 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,  
Yes, all my former nature. There  
remain  
Revenge and death:... the bitterness of  
death  
Is past, and Heaven already hath  
vouchsafed  
A foretaste of revenge.  
Look here! she cried,  
And drawing back, held forth her  
bloody hands,  
'Tis Moorish!... In the day of massacre,  
A captain of Alahman's murderous  
host  
Reserved me from the slaughter. Not  
because  
My rank and station tempted him with thoughts  
Of ransom, for amid the general waste  
Of ruin all was lost;... Nor yet, be sure,  
That pity moved him... they who from  
this race  
Account for pity look, such pity find  
As ravenous wolves show the defenseless  
fool.  
My husband at my feet had fallen; my  
baby,  
Spare me that thought, O God!... and  
then... even then  
Amid the maddening throes of agony  
Which rent my soul... when if this  
solid Earth  
Had open'd and let out the central fire  
Before whose all-involving flames wide  
Heaven  
Shall shrivel like a scroll and be con- 
sumed,  
The universal wreck had been to me  
Relief and comfort;... even then this  
Moor  
Turn'd on me his libidinous eyes, and bade  
His men reserve me safely for an hour  
Of dalliance,... me!... me in my agonies!  
But when I found for what this mis- 
crant child
Of Hell had snatched me from the butchery, The very horror of that monstrous thought Saved me from madness; I was calm at once...

Yea comforted and reconciled to life: Hatred became to me the life of life, Its purpose and its power.

The glutted Moors
At length broke up. This hell-dog turn'd aside Toward his home; we travelled 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 composed 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

Kneel'd on the ground, and bowed my face to earth; But when the neighbouring 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 scimitar, 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 Auria, 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 prevailed. With open lips, And eager ear, and eyes which, while they watch'd Her features, caught the tone of his deep prophetio eehoes. On his brow The pride and power of former majesty Dawn'd once again, but changed and purified: Duty and high heroic purposes Now hallow'd it, and as with inward light Illumed his meagre countenance austere.

Awhile in silence Adosinda stood, Reading his 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 veil'd and vow'd To pass my days in holiness and peace; Nor yet between sepulchral walls imured, 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 plety, 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.

Then rising from the earth, she spread her arms, And looking round with sweeping eyes exclaim'd, Auria, and Spain, and Heaven receive the vow!

IV. THE MONASTERY OF ST. FELIX

Thus long had Roderick heard her powerful words In silence, awed before her: but his heart Was fill'd the while with swelling sympathy, And now with impulse not to be restrain'd The feeling overpower'd him. Hear me too,

Auria, and Spain, and Heaven! he cried; and thou
Who rises 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 night... this flesh, this life, 
Yea this whole being, do I here devote 
For Spain. Receive the vow, all Saints in Heaven, 
And prosper its good end! ... Clap now your wings, 
The Goth with louder utterance as he rose 
Exclaim'd... clap now your wings exclamingly, 
Ye ravenous fowl of Heaven; and in your dew 
Set up, ye wolves of Spain, a yell of joy; 
For, lo! a nation hath this day been sworn 
To furnish forth your banquet; for a strife 
Hath been commenced, the which from this day forth 
Permits no breathing-time, and knows no end. 
Till in this land the last invader bow 
His neck beneath the exterminating sword. 

Roderick replied. My name was lost 
When from the Goths the scep'tre 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 
Arose 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, Macabeo, 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 heart's 
And altars, for her cradles and her graves, 
Hast thou thyself devoted. Let us now 
Each to our work. Among the neighbouring hills, 
I to the vassals of my father's house; 
Thou to Visonia. Tell the Abbot there 
What thou hast seen at Auria; and with him 
Take counsel who of all our Barony 
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 other prophet mount 
The fiery chariot, and the steeds of fire, 
Trampling the whirlwind, bear him up to the sky: 
Thus gazing after her did Roderick stand; 
And as the immortal Tishbite left behind 
His mantle and prophetic power, even 
Had her inspiring presence left infused 
The spirit which she breathed. Gazing he stood, 
As at a heavenly visitation there 
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 Bierzo his obedient way.
She roar'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 subdued and sanctified, Must be to all the loyal sons of Spain The pole-star of their faith, their rule and rite, Observance and worthiest princely wills To rouse the vassals of her father's house: I at her bidding hitherward, 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 spake 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. Her's was the spirit which inspired old age, Ambitious boyhood, girls in timid youth, And virgins in the beauty of their spring, And youthful mothers, doting like herself With ever-anxious love: She breathed through all That zeal and that devoted faithfulness, Which to the invader's threats and promises Turn'd a deaf ear alike; which in the head And flood of prosperous fortune check'd his course, Repell'd him from the walls, and when at length His overpowering numbers forced their way, Even in that uttermost extremity Unyielding, still from street to street, from house To house, from floor to floor, maintain'd the fight: Till by their altars falling, in their doors, And on their household hearths, and by their beds And cresses, and their fathers' sepulchres, This noble army, gloriously revenged, Embraced their martyrdom. Heroic souls! Well have ye done, and righteously discharged

IV. THE MONASTERY OF ST. FELIX

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, 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? Sacara, Theudemir, Athanagild, All who survived that eight days' obstinate fight, When clogg'd with bodies Chrysus scarce could force Its bloody stream along? Witiza's sons, Bad offspring of a stock accurst, I know, Have put the turban on their recreant heads. Where are your own Cantabrian Lords? I ween, Eudon, and Pedro, and Pelayo now have ceased their rivalry. If Pelayo live, His were the worthy heart and rightful hand To wield the sceptre and the sword of Spain. Odoar and Urban eyed him while he spake, As if they wonder'd whose the tongue might be Familiar thus with Chiefs and thoughts of state.
They scanned his countenance, but not a trace
Betray'd the Royal Goth: sunk was that eye
Of sovereignty, and on the emaciate cheek
Had penitence and anguish deeply drawn
Their furrows premature; forestalling time,
And shedding upon thirty's brow more snows
Than three-score winters in their natural course
Might else have sprinkled there. It seems indeed
That thou hast pass'd thy days in solitude,
Replied the Abbot, or thou would'st not ask
Of things so long gone by. Athanagild
And Theudemir have taken on their necks
The yoke. Sacarri play'd a nobler part. Long within Mérida...
He holds Pelayo, as suspecting most
That calm and manly spirit; Pedro's son
There too is held as hostage, and secures
His father's faith; Count Eudon is despised,
And so lives unmolested. When he pays
His tribute, an uncomfortable thought
May then perhaps disturb him: or more like
He meditates how profitable 'twere
To be a Moor; and if apostacy
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, 260
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 essay
The future, yet methinks my soul
decrees
How in Pelayo should the purposes
Of Heaven be best accomplished. All too long,
Here in their own inheritance, the sons
Of Spain have groan'd beneath a foreign yoke;
Punic and Roman, Keit, and Goth, and Greek:
This latter tempest comes to sweep away
All proud distinctions which conningling blood
And time's long course have 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 Auria's sacrifice, and all they ask
In him to guide them on. In Odoar's name
And Urban's, tell him that the hour is come.

Then pausing for a moment, he pursed,
The rule which thou hast taken on thyself.
Toledo ratifies: 'tis meet for Spain,
And as the will divine, to be received,
Observed, and spread abroad. Come hither thou,
Who for thyself hast chosen the good part;
Let me lay hands on thee, and consecrate
Thy life unto the Lord.

Me! Roderick cried;
Me! sinner that I am!... and while he spake
His wither'd cheek grew paler, and his limbs
Shook. As thou goest among the infidels,
Pursued the Primate, many thou wilt find
Fallen from the faith; by weakness some betray'd,
Some led astray by base hope of gain,
And haply too by ill example led
Of those in whom they trusted. Yet have these
Their lonely hours, when sorrow, or the touch
Of sickness, and that awful power divine
Which hath its dwelling in the heart of man,
Life of his soul, his monitor and judge,
Move them with silent impulse; but they look
For help, and finding none to succour them,
The irrevocable moment passeth by.

Thou with His gracious promises may'st raise
The fallen, and comfort those that are in need;
And bring salvation to the penitent.

Now, brother, go thy way: the peace of God
Be with thee, and his blessing prosper us!

Between St. Felix and the regal seat
Of Abdalazis, ancient Cordoba,
Lay many a long day's journey interposed;
And many a mountain range hath Roderick crossed,
And many a lovely vale, ere he beheld
Where Betsa, winding through the unbounded plain,
Roll'd his majestic waters. There at eve,
Entering an inn, he took his humble seat
With other travellers round the crackling hearth.

Therefore, my brother, in the name of Christ
Thus I lay hands on thee, that in His name
Thou with His gracious promises may'st raise
The fallen, and comfort those that are in need;
And bring salvation to the penitent.

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V. RODERICK AND SIVERIAN

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V. RODERICK AND SIVERIAN
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 miserant's beck, and propagate
A breed of slaves to serve them. Here
there was one
Who told of fair possessions lost, and babes
To goodly fortunes born, of all bereft.
Another for a virgin daughter mourn'd;
The lewd barbarian's spoil. A fourth
had seen
His only child forsake him in his age,
And for a Moor renounce her hope in Christ.
His was the heaviest grief of all, he says
He cursed King Roderick's soul.
Oh curse him not!
Roderick exclaim'd, all shuddering as he spoke.
Oh, for the love of Jesus, curse him not!
Sufficient is the dreadful load of guilt
That lies upon his miserable soul!
O brother, do not curse that sinful soul,
Which Jesus suffer'd on the cross to save!

But then an old man, who had sate thus long
A silent listener, from his seat arose,
And moving round to Roderick took his hand;
Christ bless thee, brother, for that
Christian speech,
He said; and shame on me that any tongue
Rooderick than mine was found to utter it!
His own emotion fill'd him while he spoke,
So that he did not feel how Roderick's hand
Shook like a palsied limb; and none
could see
How, at his well-known voice, the countenance
Of that poor traveller suddenly was changed,
And sunk with deadlier paleness; for the flame
Was spent, and from behind him, on the wall
High hung, the lamp with feeble glimmering play'd.

Oh it is ever thus! the old man pursued,
The crimes and woes of universal Spain
Are charged on him; and curses which should aim
At living heads, pursue beyond the grave
His poor unhappy soul! As if his sin
Had wrought the fall of our old monarchy!
As if the Mussulmen in their career
Would ne'er have overtop the gulf
which parts
Iberia from the Mauritania 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 exclaim'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 infamy,
For that abhorred act. Even thou...
But here
Siverian taking up the word, brake off
Unwittingly the incautious speech. Even I,
Quoth he, who nursed him 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 Favilla's shameless wife,
Throned in Witiza's ivory car, parade
Our towns with regal pageantry, and bid
The murderous tyrant in her husband's blood
Dip his adulterous hand? Did we not see
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, Theodred,
As through the streets I guided his dark steps,
Roll mournfully toward the noon-day sun
His blank and senseless eye-balls?
Spain saw this,
And suffer'd it! ... I seek not to excuse
The sin of Roderick. Jesu, who beholds
The burning tears I shed in solitude,
Knows how I plead for him in midnight prayer.
But if, when he victoriously revenged
The wrongs of Chindasuintho's house,
Had not for mercy turn'd aside its edge,
Upon the banks of Chryseus! Curse not him,
Who in that fatal conflict to the last
So valiantly maintain'd his country's cause;
But if your sorrow needs must have its vent
In curses, let your imprecations strike
The saintish, who, when Roderick's horned helm
Rose eminent amid the thickest fight,
Betraying him who spared and trusted them,
To forsake their King, their Country, and their God,
And gave the Moor his conquest.
Aye! they said,
Those were Witiza's hateful progeny;
And in an evil hour the unhappy King
Had spare the viperous brood. With that they talk'd
How Sisibert and Ebba through the land
Guided the foe: and Orpas, who had cast
The mitre from his renegado brow,
Went with the armies of the infidels;
And how in 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 exclaim'd;
Was she not married to the enemy,
The Moor, the Misbeliever? What a heart
Were hers, that she could pride and plume herself
To rank among her herd of concubines,
Having been what she had been! And who could say
How far domestic wrongs and discontent
Had wrought upon the King!... Hereat
the old man,
Raising beneath the knit and curly brow
His mournful eyes, replied, This I can
tell,
That unquiet spirit and unblest,
Though Roderick never told his sorrows,
drove
Rusilla from the palace of her son.
She could not bear to see his generous
mind
Wither beneath the unwholesome influence,
And 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 pained anxiety
The sight of that old venerable man
Avvoke. A sickening fear came over him:
The hope which led him from his hermitage
Now seem'd for ever gone, for well he knew
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 embers, 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 replied;
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 heaven,
And linger'd for Siverian by the way,
Beside a fountain, where the constant fall
Of water its perpetual gurgling made,
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 Cordova,
On weighty mission from Vianois sent,
To breathe into Pelayo's ear a voice
Of spirit-stirring power, which, like the trump
Of the Arch-angel, shall awake dead Spain.

The northern mountaineers are unsubdued;
They call upon Pelayo for their chief;
Odour 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 viewed
The wan and withered features of the King.
The face is of a stranger, but thy voice
Disturbs me like a dream.

Thou seekest me as I am, a stranger; one
Whose fortunes in the general wreck were lost,
His name and lineage utterly extinct,
Himself in mercy spared, surviving all;
In mercy, that the bitter cup might heal
A soul diseased. Now, having cast the slough
Of old offences, thou beholdest me
A man new born; in second baptism named,
Like those who in Judea bravely raised
Against the Heathen's impious tyranny
The banner of Jehovah, Maccabees;
So call me. In that name hath Urban laid
His consecrating hands upon my head;
And in that name have I myself for Spain
Devoted. Tell me now why thou art sent
To Cordoba; for surely 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
Design'd, yet such as well may work with thine.
My noble Mistress sends me to avert
The shame that threatens his house. The renegade
Numidian, he who for the infidels
Oppresses Gregio, insolently woos
His sister. Moulded in a wicked womb,
The unworthy Guisla hath inherited
Her Mother's leprous taint; and willingly
She to the circumcised and upstart slave,
Disdaining all admonishment, gives ear.

The Lady Gaudiosa sees in this,
With the quick foresight of maternal care,
The impending danger to her husband's care.

The impending danger to her husband's house,
Knowing his generous spirit ne'er will brook
The base alliance. Guisla levishly sets
His will at nought; but that vile renegade,
From hatred, and from avarice, and from fear,
Will seek the extinction of Pelayo's line.

This too my venerable Mistress sees;
Wherefore these valiant and high-minded dames
Send me to Cordoba; that if the Prince
Cannot by timely interdiction stop
The 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?

Said Roderick. 'Tis her natural home, rejoind's.
Siverian: Chindasuintho's royal race
Have ever shared one lot of weal or woe:
And she who hath beheld her own fair shoot,
The godly summit of that ancient tree,
Struck by Heaven's bolt, seeks shelter now beneath
The only branch of its majestic stem
That still survives the storm.

Thus they pursued
Their journey, each from other gathering store.
For thought, with many a silent interval
Of mournful meditation, till they saw
The temples and the towers of Cordoba,
Shining majestic in the light of eve;

Before them Betis roll'd his glittering stream,
In many a silvery winding traced afar
Amid the ample plain. Below 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 bowers 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.
And there, the traveller who with a heart at ease
Had seen the godly vision, would have loved
To linger, seeking with insatiate sight
To treasure up its image, deep impress'd,
A joy for years to come.

Cordoba, Exclaim'd the old man, how princely are thy towers,
How fair thy vales, thy hills how beautiful!

The sun who sheds on thee his parting smiles
Saw not in all his wide career a scene
Lovelier, nor more exuberantly blest
By bounteous earth and heaven. The very gates
Of Eden waft not from the immortal bowers
Odours to sense more exquisite, than these
Which, breathing from thy groves and gardens, now
Recall in me such thoughts of bitterness.
The time has been when happy was their lot
Who had their birthright here; but happy now
Are they who to thy bosom are gone home,
Because they feel not in their graves the feet
That trample upon Spain. 'Tis well that age
Hath made me like a child, that I can weep:
My heart would else have broken, overcharged,
And I, false servant, should lie down to rest
Before my work is done.

A little way without the walls, there stood
An edifice, whereto, as by a spell,
Siverian's heart was drawn. Brother, quoth he,
'Tis like the urgency of our return
Will brook of no retardment; and this spot
It were a sin if I should pass, and leave
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!

Unvisited. Beseech you turn with me,
The while I offer up one devout prayer.

Take bethought you where I go, and after,
In your own thoughts review the scenes of our
Ancestral haunts, and how they were.

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 sudden shrieks with hopeless vows,
And uttering franticly 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... of bitter and severe delight,
When Roderick came for vengeance, she endured,
And then for ever left her bridal halls.

Oh when I last beheld you princely
pale,
Exclaim'd Siverian, with what other
thoughts
For his adulterous leman and himself
The stately pile: but to that sepulchre,
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
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Exclaim'd Siverian, with what other
thoughts
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.
Among his sins. Oid man, thou maj'st regret
The mercy ill deserved, and worse
But not for this wouldst thou reproach
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 thou... not even on that glorious day,
When on the field of victory, elevate me
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’d away, since all within
The Pyrenean hills, and the three seas
Which girdle Spain, echoed in one response
The acclamation from that field of fight...
Or doth aught all thee, that thy body quakes
And shudders thus?
'Tis but a chill, replied
The King, in passing from the open air
Under the shadow of this thick-set grove.
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, over-power'd,
And calling upon earth to cover him,
Threw himself prostrate on his father's grave.

Thus as they lay, an aweful 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 return. But now her fears are even
While his speech
Was faltering;... while from head to foot he shook
With icy feelings from his inmost heart.

Of course 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 his had been her first-born, and the love
Which at her breast he drew, and from her smiles,
And from her voice of tenderness imbibed,
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, '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, 30
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.

VII. RODERICK AND PELAYO

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, exclaimed,
And Prince, Pelayo!... and approaching near,
He bent his knee obsequious: 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
Of this abhor'd 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 hear, but one that touches not the heart
Like what thy fears forbode. The renegade
Numaian wos thy sister, and she lends
To the vile slave, unworthily, her ear:
The Lady Gaudiosa hath in vain
Warn'd her of all the evils which await
A union thus accurst: 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
Threw himself prostrate on his father's grave.

To the vile slave, unworthily, her ear:
The Lady Gaudiosa hath in vain
Warn'd her of all the evils which await
A union thus accurst: 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, hath then the infectious taint
Survived thy dread remorse, that it should run
In Guida's veins? he cried;... I should have heard
This shameful sorrow any where but here!

Humble thyself, proud heart; thou, gracious Heaven,
Bo 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 the sorrow: turning then,
And what doth Gaudiosa counsel me?
He ask'd the oíd 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
Besets 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 re-
join'd,
Whatever be my Lord's resolve, he
knows
I bear a mind prepared.

Us and our children's children to the
work
Of holy hatred. In the name of Spain
That vow hath been pronounced and
registered.
Above, to be the bond whereby we
stand
For condemnation or acceptance.

Heaven

Received the irrevocable vow, and Earth
Must witness its fulfillment, Earth and
Heaven

Call upon thee, Pelayo! Upon thee
The spirits of thy royal ancestors
Look down expectant; unto thee, from
fields
Laid waste, and hamlets burnt, and
cities sack'd,
The blood of infancy and helpless age
Cries out; thy native mountains call
for thee,
Echoing from all their armed sons thy
name.

And doth not thou that hallowed promise
of thy
countrymen to counsel immature,
Odar and Urban from Vistia's banks
Send me, their sworn and trusted mes-
enger,
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,
That with unwearied perseverance still
Hath striving against its mightier
enemies,
Roman or Carthaginian, Greek or Goth;
So often by superior arms oppress'd,
Sustain the weight of bondage. Him alone,
Of all the Gothic baronage, the Moors
Watch'd with regard of wary policy,
Knowing his powerful name, his noble mind,
And how in him the old Iberian blood,
Of royal and remotest ancestry,
From undisputed source flow'd unde-
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 Chindasintho's regal line
Sole remnant now, drew after him the love
Of all true Goths, 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
Engender'd cruellest hatred, still ad-
The extinction of Pelayo's house; but most
The apostate Prelate, in iniquity
Witiza's genuine brother as in blood,
Orpas, pursued his life. He never ceased
With busy zeal, true traitor, to infuse
His deadly rancour in the Moorish chief;
Their only danger, ever he observed,
To let their private purposes incline
His counsels, and believing Spain sub-
Smiled, in the pride of power and
Distant in thought of farther strife.
Howbeit he held Pelayo at his court,
And told him that until his countrymen
Submissively should lay their weapons down,
He from his children and paternal hearth
Apart must dwell; nor hope to see again
His native mountains and their vales beloved,
Till all the Asturian and Cantabrian hills
Had bow'd before the Caliph; Cordoba
Must be his nightly prison till that hour.
This night, by special favour from the Moor
He from Pelayo's heart Had, like a thing forgotten, pass'd away;
And pity'd child and parent, separated
The ancient enmity Of rival houses from Pelayo's heart
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
And genius heightening and ennobling all;
The blossom of all manly virtues made
His boyhood beautiful. Shield, gracious
In this ungenial season perilous,
The aspirations of prophetic hope,
Shield, gracious Heaven, the blooming tree,
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,
Shield, gracious Heaven, the blooming tree,
And genius heightening and ennobling all;
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Shield, gracious Heaven, the blooming tree,
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.
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Heaven,
In this ungenial season perilous,
Thus would Pelayo sometimes breathe
in prayer.
The aspirations of prophetic hope,
Shield, gracious Heaven, the blooming tree,
Pardon me that these hours in other thoughts And other duties than this garb, this night Enjoin, should thus have pass'd! Our mother-land Exacted of my heart the sacrifice; And many a vigil must thy son perform Henceforth in woods and mountain fastnesses, And tented fields, outwatching for her sake The starry host, and ready for the work Of day, before the sun begins his course.

The noble Mountaineer, concluding then With silent prayer the Service of the night, Went forth. Without the porch awaiting him He saw Alphonso, pacing to and fro With patient step and eye 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 grow pale and paler as the sun Scatter'd the flying shades; but woe is me, For on the towers of Cordova the while That hateful crescent glitter'd in the morn, And with its insolent triumph seem'd to mock The men I had found... Last night I dreamt That thou wert in the field in arms for Spain, And I was at thy side: the infidels Beset us round, but we with our good swords Hew'd out a way, Methought I stabb'd a Moor Who would have slain thee; but with that I woke For joy, and wept to find it but a dream. Thus as he spake a livelier glow o'er-spread His cheek, and starting tears again suffused The brightening lustre of his eyes. The Prince Regard'd him a moment steadfastly, As if in quick resolve; then looking round On every side with keen and rapid glance, Drove him within the church. Alphonso's heart Throbb'd with a joyful boding as he mark'd The calmness of Pelayo's countenance Kindle with solemn thoughts, expressing High purposes of resolute hope. He gazed All eagerly to hear what most he wish'd. If, said the Prince, thy dream were... In quick' resolve; then looking round On every side with keen and rapid glance, Drove him within the church. Alphonso's heart Throbb'd with a joyful boding as he mark'd The calmness of Pelayo's countenance Kindle with solemn thoughts, expressing High purposes of resolute hope. He gazed All eagerly to hear what most he wish'd. If, said the Prince, thy dream were...
The voice of pity soothed and melted her;
And when the Prince bade her be comforted,
Proffering his zealous aid in whatsoever
Might please her to appoint, a feeble smile
Past slowly over her pale countenance,
Like moonlight on a marble statue.
Heaven
Requite thee, Prince! she answer'd.
All I ask
Is but a quiet resting-place, wherein
A broken heart, in prayer and humble hope,
May wait for its deliverance. Even this
My most unhappy fate denies me here. Griefs which are known too widely and too well
I need not now remember. I could bear
Privation of all Christian ordinances,
The woe which kills hath saved me too, and made
A temple of this ruin'd tabernacle,
Wherein redeeming God doth not 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 offended 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
Dannation down. Orpas, the perjured Priest,
The apostate Orpas, claims me for his bride.

The African hath conquer'd for himself;
But Orpas coveth Count Julian's lands,
And claims to have the covenant perform'd.
Friendless, and worse than fatherless, I come
To thee for succour. Send me secretly...
For well I know all faithful hearts must be
At thy devotion... with a trusty guide
To guard me on the way, that I may reach
Some Christian land, where Christian rites are free,
And there discharge a vow, alas! too long,
Too fatally delay'd. Aid me in this
For Roderick's sake, Pelayo! and thy name
Shall be remember'd in my latest prayer.

Be comforted! the Prince replied; but when
He spake of comfort, twice did he break off
The idle words, feeling that earth had none
For grief so irretrievable 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 said in bitter hour
What for my country's honour, for my rank,
My faith, and sacred knighthood, I am bound
In duty to perform; which not to do
Would show me undeserving of the names
Of Goth, Prince, Christian, even of Man. This day,
Lady, prepare to take thy lot with me. And soon as evening closes meet me here.
Duties bring blessings with them, and I bold
Thy coming for a happy augury,
In this most awful crisis of my fate.

X. RODERICK AND FLORINDA

With sword and breast-plate, under rustic weeds
Conceal’d, at dusk Pelayo pass’d the gate;
Florinda following near, disguised alike.
Two peasants on their mules they seem’d, at eve
Returning from the town. Not distant far,
Alphonso by the appointed orange-grove,
With anxious eye and agitated heart.
Watch’d for the Prince’s coming.
Eagerly
At every foot-fall through the gloom he strain’d.
His sight, nor did he recognize him when
The Chief 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 perceived
The way 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
Enquired 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.

The timorous blackbird, starting at their step,
Fled from the thicket with shrill note of fear;
And far below them in the woodland shade,
Sprung up like sparks, and twinkled round their way;

The fire-flies, swarming in the woodland shade,
Sprung up like sparks, and twinkled round their way;

The fire-flies, swarming in the woodland shade,
Sprung up like sparks, and twinkled round their way;

The distant watch-dog’s voice at times was heard,
Answering the nearer wolf. All through
The night

255

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.

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.

By the light of the fire they took their seat,
Partook of needful food and grateful rest.

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.

Duties bring blessings with them, and I bold
This vile bondage, I was given in charge.
How could I look upon my father’s face
If I had in my joy desecrated him,
Who was to me found faithful? Rightly 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.

So soon by devious tracts
They turn’d aside. The favouring moon arose,
To guide them on their flight through upland paths
Remote from frequentage, and dales retired,
Forest and mountain gleam. 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

The unhappy walls of Cordoba, not less
Of consolation doth my heart receive
At sight of one to whom I may disclose
The sins which trouble me, and at his feet
Lay down repentantly, in Jesus’ name,
The burden of my spirit. In his name
I hear me, and pour into a wounded soul
The balm of pious counsel… Saying thus,
She drew toward the minister curfain’d,
And kneeling by him, Father, dost thou know
The wretch who kneels beside thee?

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
 cease’d,
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 suffused 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 alike
Both souls had taken flight. She mark’d him not;
For having told her name, she bow’d her head,
Breathing a short and silent prayer to Heaven,
While, as a penitent, she wrought herself
To open to his eye her hidden wounds.

Father, at length she said, all tongues amid
This general ruin shed their bitterness
On Roderick, load his memory with shame
And with their curses persecute his soul...
Why shouldst thou tell me this? exclaim’d the Goth,
From his cold forehead w APIng as he spake
The death-like moisture... Why of Roderick’s guilt
Tell me? or thinkest thou know it not?
Alas! who hath not heard the hideous tale
Of Roderick’s shame! Babes learn it from their nurses,
And children, by their mothers unproved,
Link their first executions to his name.
Oh, it hath caught a taint of infamy,
That, like Beartio’s, through all time shall last.
Reeking and fresh for ever!
There! she cried, Drawing her body backward where she knelt,
And stretching forth her arms with head upraised,
There! it pursues me still!... I came to thee,
Father, for comfort, and thou heapest fire
Upon my head. But hear me patiently,
And let me undeceive thee; self-abased,
Not to arraign another, do I come... I come a self-accuser, self-condemned
To take upon myself the pain deserved;
I come a self-accuser, self-condemned
To take upon myself the pain deserved;
For I have drunk the cup of bitterness,
And having drunk 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-abased! exclaims the astound’d King...
Thou self-condemned!... The cup of shame for thee!
Thee... thee, Florinda!... But the very excess
Of passion beckon’d his speech, restraining thus
From farther transport, which had happily else
Master’d him; and he sate like one entranced,
Gazing upon that countenance so fallen,
So changed: her face, raised from its muffle 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?
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 chances
Makes his best virtue from the even line,
With fatal declination, swerve aside.
Ay, thou mayest groan for poor morta-
tality, ...
Well, Father, mayest thou groan!

My evil fate
Made me an inmate of the royal house,
And Roderick found in me, if not a heart
Like his, . . for who was like the heroic
Goth? . .
One which at least felt his surpassing
worth,
And loved him for himself. . . a little yet
Bear with me, reverend Father, for I touch
Upon the point, and this long prologue
goes, As justice bids, to palliate his ofïence,
Not mine. The passion, which I fondly thought
Such as fond sisters for a ... or necessary sleep,
My hope, light, sunshine, life, and every thing.
Thus lapt in dreams of bliss, I might have lived
Contented with this pure idolatry,
Had he been happy: but I saw and knew
The inward discontent and household
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 Florinda had been Roderick's
Queen, . .

Then might domestic peace and happi-

Happiness
Have bled his home and crown'd our
wedded loves.
Too often did that sinful thought recur,
Too foible the temptation was repell'd.

See, Father, I have prob'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.

One eve, as in the bowers which over-
hang
The glen where Tagus rolls between his
rocks.
I roam'd alone, alone I met the King.
His countenance was troubled, and his
speech
Like that of one whose tongue to light dis-
ourse
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 con-
sciously
Together fell abash'd. He took my hand
And said, Florinda, would that thou and I
Earlier had met! oh what a blissful lot

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 em-
brace;
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 impas-

ing 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 woe had thou and I. . . The bitterness
Of that reflection overcame her then,
And choke'd her speech. But Roderick
sate the while
Covering his face with both his hands
close-prest,
His head bow'd down, his spirit to such
point
Of suffrance knit, as one who patiently
Awaits the uplifted sword.
Till now, said she,

St. Mary the Egyptian (S.)
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 dissembled not 390
My cruel self-reproaches, nor my grief,
Yet desperately maintain'd the rash resolve;
Till in the passionate argument he grew
Incensed, inflamed, and madden'd or possed,
For Hell too surely at that hour prevail'd,
And with such subtle toils enveloped him,
That even in the extremity of guilt
No guilt he purport't, but rather meant
An amplest recompense of life-long love
For transitory wrong, which fate perverse,
Thus madly he deceived himself, compel'd,
And therefore stern necessity excused. Here then, O Father, at thy feet
I ora
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 ex-
claim'd; 399
Father, I come to thee because
I gave
The reins to wrath too long; because
I wrought
His ruin, death, and infamy. O God,
Forgive the wicked vengeance thus indulged,
As I forgive the King! But teach me now
What reparation more than tears and prayers
May now be made; how shall I vindicate
His injured name, and take upon my-
self ...
Daughter of Julian, firmly he replied,
Speak not of that, I charge thee! On his fame
The Ethiop dye, fixed insusceptibly,
For ever will abide; so it must be,
Should he be: 'tis his rightful punish-
ment;
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.
Pausing then, he raised
His hand, and pointed where Siverian lay
Stretched 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 and wail
Sinn'd not from violent will, or heart
Corrupt,
But fell by fatal circumstance betray'd.
And if in charity to them thou sayest
Something to palliate, something to excuse
An act of sudden frenzy when the Fiend
O'ercame him, thou wilt do for Roderick
All he could ask thee, all that can be done
On earth, and all his spirit could endure.
Their fine balsamic odour all around;
Strew'd with their blossoms, frail as beautiful.
The thirsty soil at eve; and when the sun
Refused the gladden'd earth, opening anew
Their stores exuberant, prodigal as frail,
Whiten'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 over-
bower'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, or clusters cool of glossy 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 Alvorches wide and stony bed, And Duero distant far, and many a stream
And many a field obscure, in future war
For bloody theatre of famous deeds
Foredoom'd; and desert 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 earliest time
Thrice-greatest Hermes built, so fables say,
Now subjugate, but fated to behold
Ere long 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,
Pre-eminent, their giant bulk display,
Darkening with earliest shade the distant vales
Of León, and with evening prematuro. Far in Cantabria eastward, the long...
The page beside him holds his master's spear
And shield and helmet. In the castle-gate
Count Pedro stands, his countenance resolved
But mournful, for Favinia on his arm
Hung, passionate with her fears, and held
him back.
Go not, she cried, with this deluded crew!
She hath not, Pedro, with her frantic words
Bereft thy faculty she is crazed with grief.
And her delirium hath infected these:
But, Pedro, thou art calm; thou dost not share
The madness of the crowd; thy sober mind
Surveys the danger in its whole extent,
And sees the curtain ruin, for thou know'st
I know thou hast no hope. Unhappy man,
Why then for this most desperate enterprise
Wilt thou devote thy son, thine only child?
Not for myself I plead, nor even for thee:
Thou art a soldier, and thou canst not fear.
The face of death; and I should welcome it
As the best visitant whom Heaven could send.
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His banner be brought forth. Devoid alike
Of purpose and of hope himself, he meant
To march toward the western Mountains.
Where Odoar by his counsel might direct
Their force conjoin'd. Now, said he, we must haste
To Cangas, there, Pelayo, to secure,
With timely speed, I trust in God, thy house.

Then looking to his men, he cried, Bring forth
The armour which in Wamba's wars I wore...
Alphonso's heart leapt at the auspicious words.
Count Pedro mark'd the rising glow of joy.
Doubly to thee, Alphonso, he pressed,
This day above all other days is blest,
From whence as from a birth-day thou wilt date
Thy life in arms! rejoicing in their task,
The servants of the house with emulous love
Dispute the charge. One brings the cuirass,
The buckler; this exultingly displays
The sword, his comrade lifts the helm on high:
The greaves, the gauntlets they divide; a spur
Seems now to dignify the officious hand
Which for such service bears it to his Lord.
Greek artists in the imperial city forged
That splendid armour, perfect in their craft;
With curious skill they wrought it, framed alike

To shine amid the pageantry of war,
And for the proof of battle. Many a time
Alphonso from his nurse's lap had stretch'd
His infant hands toward it eagerly,
Where gleaming to the central fire it hung
High in the hall; and many a time had wish'd
With boyish ardour, that the day were come
When Pedro to his prayers would grant the boon,
His dearest heart's desire. Count Pedro then
Would smile, and in his heart rejoice.
The noble instinct manifest itself.
Then too Favinia with maternal pride
Would turn her eyes exulting to her Lord,
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,
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The noble instinct manifest itself.
Then too Favinia with maternal pride
Would turn her eyes exulting to her Lord,
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... 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
Ever;... this dear Earth, and yonder Sky,
Be witness! for myself I make the vow,
And for my children's children. Here I stand
Their sponsor, binding them in sight... 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 reverence gesture bending then
Devoutly kiss'd its cross.

Roderick, as turning to the assembled troop
He motion'd with authoritative hand,
He 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
Mado 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 up-raised
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 speak 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 rush of feeling, like the voice
Of waters in the stillness of the night.

XII. THE VOW

That awful silence still endured, when one,
Who to the northern entrance of the vale
Had turn'd his casual eye, exclaim'd, The Moors!...
For from the forest verge a troop were seen
Hastening toward Pedro's hall. Their forward speed
Was check'd when they beheld his banner spread,
And saw his order'd spears in prompt array
Marshall'd to meet their coming. But the pride
Of power and insolence of long command
Prick'd on their Chief presumptuous:
We are come...
Late for prevention, cried the haughty Moor,
But never time more fit for punishment!
These unbelieving slaves must feel and know
Their master's arm!... On, faithful Muselmans,
On... and hew down the rebellious dogs!...
Then as he spurr'd his steed, Allah is great!
Mohammed is his Prophet! he exclaim'd,
And led the charge.

Count Pedro met the Chief
In full career; he bore him from his horse
A full spear's length upon the lance transfixed;
Then leaving in his breast the mortal shaft,
Pant'd on, and breaking through the turband'd tiles
Open'd a path. Pelayo, who that day
Fought in the ranks afoot, for other war
Yet unequip'ped, pursued and smote the foe,
But ever on Alphonso at his side
Retai'n'd a watchful eye. The gallant boy
Gave his good sword that hour its earliest taste
Of Moorish blood, that sword whose hungry edge
Through the fair course of all his glorious life...

From that auspicious day, was fed so well.
Cheap was the victory now for Spain achieved;
For the first fervour of their zeal inspired
The Mountainers, the presence of their Chiefs,
The sight of all dear objects, all dear ties,
The air they breathed, the soil 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 Mountainers,
Buckler and spear and aymitar they dropped,
As in precipitate route they fled before
The Asturian sword: the vales and hills and rocks
Received their blood, and where they fell the wolves
At evening found them.

From the fight apart
Two Africans had stood, who held in charge
Count Eudon. When they saw their countrymen
Faltered, give way, and fly before the foe,
One turn'd toward him with malignant rage,
And saying, Infidel! thou shalt not live
To join their triumph! aim'd against his neck
The moon's halcyon's point. His comrade raised
A hasty hand and turn'd its edge aside,
Yet so that o'er the shoulder glancing down
It scare'd him as it past'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 Alphonso and the Prince
Stood on a little rocky eminence
Which overlook'd the vale. Pedro had put
His helmet off, and with sonorous horn
Blew the recall; for well he knew what thoughts,
Calm as the Prince appear'd and 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, re-echoing far and wide.
Slow and unwillingly his men obey'd
The swelling horn's reiterated call;
Rejoining that a single foe escaped
The retribution of that righteous hour.
With lingering step reluctant from the chase
They turn'd, ... their reins full-swoon,
Their sinful strong
For battle still, their hearts unrestasit;
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,
Exulting for his deeds that day display'd
The noble boy. Oh! when had Heaven, they said,
With such especial favour manifest
Illustrated a first essay in arms!
They bless'd the father from whose knees he sprang.

The mother at whose happy breast he fed;
And pray'd that their young hero's fields might be
Many, and all like this.
Thus they indulged
The honest heart, exuberant of love,
When that loquacious joy at once was check'd;
For Eudon and the Moor were brought
Count Pedro. Both came fearfully and pale,
But with a different fear: the African
Felt at this crisis of his destiny
Such apprehension as without reproach
Might blanch a soldier's cheek, when life and death
Hang on another's will, and helplessly
He must abide the issue. But the thoughts
Which qual'd Count Eudon's heart, and made his limbs
Quiver, were of his own unworthiness,
Old infamy, and that he stood in power
Of hatred 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 aymitar
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 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 aymitar
Aside, and trust that life will be the meed
For life by me preserved.
Nor shall thy trust,
Rejoin'd the Count, be vain. Say farther now,
From whence ye came? ... your orders what? ... what force
In Gegio? and if others like yourselves
Are in the field?

The African replied,
We came from Gegio, order'd to secure
This Baron on the way, and seek thee here
To bear thee hence in bonds. A messenger
From Cordova, 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 went. Four hundred in the city then were left. If other force be moving from the south, I know not, save that all appearances denote alarm and vigilance.

The Prince

Fix'd upon Eudon then his eye severe; Beron, 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 troden in the dust

The sceptre of the Goths;... the throne destroy'd,

Our towns subdued,... our country overrun,

The people to the yoke of their new Lords

Resign'd in peace,... Can I not mediate?...

Were it not better through my agency To gain such terms;... such honourable terms...

Terms! cried Pelayo, cutting short at once

That dastard speech, and checking, ere it grew

Too powerful for restraint, the incipient wrath

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 be the law between Thee and thy Country. Our portentious age,

A 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 fortitude, 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 want shall be fed; as from a patri-mony Which hath reverted to the common stock,

Be fed;... such tribute, too, as to the Moors

Thou renderest, we will take; it is the price Which in this land for weakness must be paid

While evil stars prevail. And mark me, Chief!

Fear is a treacherous counsellor! I know Thou thinkest that beneath his horses' hoofs

The Moor will trample our poor numbers down; But join not, in contempt of us and Heaven.

His multitudes!... for if thou shouldst be found Against thy country, on the readiest tree

Those recreant 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 loosen'd, every fibre of his flesh Thrill'd, and from every pore effused, cold sweat Clung on his quivering limbs. Shame forced it forth,

Envy, and inward consciousness, and fear

Predominant, which stilled in his heart Hatred and rage. Before his vivid 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 fervour, not of grief.

The sun was verging to the western slope Of Heaven, but they till midnight travel'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 Pionia's stream they came. Massive and black

Pelayo's castle there was seen; its lines And battlements against the deep blue sky

Distinct in solid darkness visible.

No light is in the tower. Eager to know The worst, and with that fatal certainty To terminate intolerable dread, He spurr'd his courser forward. All his fears Too surely are fulfill'd;... for open stand The doors, and mournfully at times a dog

Fills with his howling the deserted hall. A moment overcome with wretchedness, Silent Pelayo stood! recovering then, Lord God, resign'd he cried, 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 whatsoe'er was my resolve
She bore a mind prepared. And well I know
The evil, be it what it may, hath found
In her a courage equal to the hour.
Captivity, or death, or what worse pangs,
She in her children may be doomed to
Face, and even, in the commerce of its hour;
Cast broad and bright a transitory glare.
That sight inspired with strength the mountaineers;
All sense of weariness, all wish for rest
At once were gone; impatient in desire
Of second victory alert they stood;
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 breast-plate glitter'd as they came,
No turban'd race, no sons of Africa
Wondered who where, who how they came.
As waving wide before their horses' feet
The flame, which floated, with its hovering glare
Blackening the incumbent and surrounding night.
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 breast-plate glitter'd as they came,
And spears erect; and nearer as they drew
Were the loose folds of female garments seen
On those who led the company. Who then
Had stood beside Pelayo, might have heard
The beating of his heart.
But safely there
Sought he with wistful eye the well-known forms
Beloved; and plainly might it now be seen
That from some bloody conflict they 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
Sent forth with one accord the glad reply,
Friends and Asturians. Onward moved the light,
The people knew their Lord.
Then what a shout
Rung through the valley! From their clay-built nests,
Beneath the overbrowning battlements,
Now first disturb'd, the affrighted martins fled,
And uttering notes of terror short and shrill,
Amid the yellow glare. And ever from the east
In the vale, which floated, with its hovering glare
Blackening the incumbent and surrounding night.
Helmet and breast-plate glitter'd as they came,
And spears erect; and nearer as they drew
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And uttering notes of terror short and shrill,
Amid the yellow glare. And ever from the east
In the vale, which floated, with its hovering glare
Blackening the incumbent and surrounding night.
Helmet and breast-plate glitter'd as they came,
For yet, amid the fluctuating light
And tumult of the crowd, he knew them not.

Guisla was one. The Moors had found in her
A willing and concerted prisoner.
Gladly to Gegio, to the renegade no
On whom her loose and shameless love
Was bent.

She cursed the busy spirit, who, with powerful call
Rousing Pelayo's people, led them on
In quick pursual, and victoriously
Achieved the rescue, to her mind perverse
Unwelcome as unlooked for. With dismay
She recognized her brother, dreaded now
More than he once was dear; her countenance
Was turned toward him, not with eager joy
To court his sight, and meeting its first glance,
Exchange delightful welcome, soul with soul;
Hers was the conscious eye, that cannot choose
But look to what it fears. She could not shun
His presence, and the rigid smile constrain'd,
With which she coldly drest her features,
Ill conceal'd her inward thoughts, and the despite
Of obstinate guilt and unrepentant shame.

Sullenly thus upon her mule she sate,
Waiting the greeting which she did not dare
To bring on. But who is she that at her side,
Upon a stately war-horse eminent,
Holds the loose rein with careless hand?
A helm
Presses the clusters of her flaxen hair;
The shield is on her arm; her breast is mail'd;
A sword-belt is her girdle, and right well
It may be seen that sword hath done its work
To-day, for upward from the wrist her sleeve
Is still with blood. An unregardant eye,
As one whose thoughts were not of earth, she cast
Upon the turmoil round. One countenance
So strongly mark'd, so passion-worn was there,
That it recall'd her mind. Ha! Macabbe!

Lifting her arm, exultingly she cried,
Did I not tell thee we should meet in joy?
Well, Brother, hast thou done thy part,
I toold not been wanting! Now, be His praise,
That voice so well remember'd, touch'd the Goth
With timely impulse now; for he had seen
His Mother's face, and at her sight, the past
And present mingled like a frightful dream,
Which from some dread reality derives
Its deepest horror. Adosinda's voice
Dispersed the waking vision. Little deem'd
Rusilla at that moment that the child,
For whom her supplications day and night
Were offered, breathed the living air.

Was calm; her placid countenance,
Though grief deeper than time had left its traces there,
Retain'd its dignity serene; yet when
Siverian, pressing through the people, kis'd
Her reverend hand, some quiet tears ran down.

As she approach'd the Prince, the crowd made way
Respectful. The maternal smile which bore
Her greeting, from Pelayo's heart at once
Dispell'd its bounding. What he would have asked
She knew, and bending from her palfrey down,
Told him that they for whom he look'd were safe,
And that in secret he should hear the rest.

A lovelier, purer light than that of day
Rests on the hills; and oh how awfully
Into that deep and tranquil firmament
The summits of Auseva rise serene!

The watchman on the battlements pakes
The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
The silence of the earth, the endless sound
Of flowing water soothes him, and the stars,
Which in that brightest moon-light well-nigh quench'd,
Scarcely visible, as in the utmost depth
Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
Draw on with elevating influence
toward eternity the attemper'd mind.

Musing on worlds beyond the grave he stands,
And to the Virgin Mother silently
Prefers her hymn of praise.

The mountain-trees
Before the castle, round their mouldering tares,
Lie on the hearth outstretch'd. Pelayo's hall
Is full, and he upon his careful couch
Hears all around the deep and long-drawn breath
Of sleep; for gentle night hath brought to these
Perfect and undisturb'd repose, alike
Of corporal powers and inward faculty.
Wakeful the while he lay, yet more by hope
Than grief or anxious thoughts possessed,
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;

How calmly gliding through the dark-blue sky
The midnight Moon ascends! Her placid beams
Through thinly scatter'd leaves and boughs grotesque,
Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope;
Here, o'er the chestnut's fretted foliage grey
And massy, motionless they spread, here shine
Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
Theirchasms; and there the glittering argenery
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.

XIV. THE RESCUE

XV. RODERICK AT CANGAS
And the whole peril of the future lay Before him clearly seen. He had heard all; How that unworthy sister, obstinate In wrong and shameless, rather seem'd to woo The upstart renegade than to wait His wooing; how, as guilt to guilt led on, Spurning at gentle admonition first, When Gaudiosa hopelessly forbore From farther counsel, then in sullen mood Resentful, Guisla soon began to hate The virtuous presence before which she felt Her nature how inferior, and her fault so foul. Despiteful thus she grew, because Humbled yet unrepentant. Who could say To what excess bad passions might impel A woman thus possess'd? She could not fail To mark Siverían'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 morn, 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 beholds Pavilla's form In opening youth robust, and Hermessaid, His daughter, lovely as a budding rose; Their images beguile the hours of night, Till with the earliest morning he may seek Their secret hold. The nightingale not yet Had ceased her song, nor had the early lark Her dewy nest forsaken, when the Prince upward beside Pionia took his way toward Auseva. Heavily to him, Impatient for the morrow's happiness, Long night had lingered, 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 Pionia's side Wandering alone and slow. For he had left The wearying place of his unrest, that morn With its cold dews might bathe his throbbing brow, And with its breath assuage the feverish heat That burnt within. Alas! the gales of morn Reach not the fever of a wounded heart! How should 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 Siverían drawing near, New and with a dim but quick foreboding met The good old man; yet when he heard him say, My Lady sends to seek thee, like a knell To one expecting and prepared for death, But fearing the dread point that hastens on, It smote his heart. He follow'd silently And knit his suffering spirit to the proof. He went resolved to tell his Mother all, Fell at her feet, and drinking the last dregs Of bitterness, receive the only good, Of heart's desire. 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 Pionia took his way toward Auseva. Heavily to him, Impatient for the morrow's happiness, Long night had lingered, 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 Pionia's side Wandering alone and slow. For he had left The wearying place of his unrest, that morn With its cold dews might bathe his throbbing brow, And with its breath assuage the feverish heat That burnt within. Alas! the gales of morn Reach not the fever of a wounded heart! How should he meet his Mother's eye, how make

Roderick approached, and bending, on his breast crossed 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 Mæcessæ, this is a hard world, And hasty in its judgements! Time has been, When not a tongue within the Pyrenees Dared whisper in disparage of Roderick's name. Last, 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 looked 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,
Deathly 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 raised his eyes,
Then slowly shaking as he bent his head,
Venerable Lady, he replied, If aught may comfort that unhappy soul,
It must be thy compassion, and thy prayers.
She whom he most hath wrong'd, she who alone
On earth can grant forgiveness for his crime,
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 hath been, as sure we may believe,
A penitent sincere.
Oh had he lived,
Reply'd Rusilla, never penitence
Had equal'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 rigour should have made
The memory of his fault, o'erpower'd and lost
In shuddering pity and astonishment;
Faded like a feeble horror. Otherwise
Seem'd good to Heaven, I murmured not,
or 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 dread-
ful thought,
Not even amid the first fresh wretched-
ness,
When the ruin burst about 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 grey hairs may now unto the grave
Go down in peace.
Happy, Florinda cried.
Are they for whom the grave hath peace
in store?
The wrongs they have sustain'd, the woes they bear,
Pass not that holy threshold, where Death heals
The broken heart. O Lady, thou may'st trust
In humble hope, through Him who on the Cross
Gave his 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 endureth!... that grief hath lost
Its sting;... I have a keener sorrow here,
... One which... but God forefend that dire event,
... May pass with me the portals of the grave,
And with a thought, like sin which cannot die,
Embitter Heaven. My father hath renounced
His hope in Christ! It was his love for me
Which drove him to perdition.... I was born
To ruin all who loved me... all I loved!
... Perhaps I sinn'd in leaving him;... that fear
Rises within me to disturb the peace
Which I should else have found.
To Roderick then
The pious mourner turn'd her supplicant
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 penitence be touch'd,
And clinging to the Cross, implore that grace
Which no'er was sought in vain. For Roderick's sake
And mine, pray for him! We have been the cause
Of his offence! What other miseries
May from that same unhappy source have risen,
Are earthly, temporal, reparable all;... But if a soul be lost through our mis-
deeds,
That were eternal evil! Pray for him,
Good Father Maccabee, and be thy prayers
More fervent, as the deeper is the crime.

While thus Florinda spake, the dog who lay
Before Rusilla's feet, eyeing him long
And wistfully, had recognized at length,
Changed as he was and in those sordid
weeds,
His royal master. And he rose and
lick'd
His wither'd hand, and earnestly look'd
«With eyes whose human meaning did not need
The aid of speech; and moan'd, as if at once
To court and chide the... with sense of guilt
Or shame, yet painfuel, thrill'd through the King;
But he to self-control now long injure,
Repress his rising heart, nor other tears,
Full as his struggling bosom was, let fall
Than seem'd to follow on Florinda's
words.
Looking toward her then, yea so that still
He shunn'd the meeting of her eye, he said,
Virtuous and piou's 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
Whose justice doth in its unerring course
Visit the children for the sire’s offence.
Shall He not in his boundless mercy hear
The daughter’s prayer, and for her sake restore
The guilty parent? My soul shall with thine
In earnest and continual duty join...
How deeply, how devoutly, He will know
To whom the cry is raised.
Thus having said, Deliberately, in self-possession still, 270
Himself from that most painful interview
Dispeeding, he withdrew. The watchful dog
Follow’d his footsteps close. But he retired
Into the thickest grove; there yielding way
To his o’erburthen’d nature, from all care.
Apar, he cast himself upon the ground,
And threw his arms around the dog, and cried,
While tears stream’d down, Thou, Theron, then hast known
Thy poor lost master, . . Theron, none but thou

XVI. COVADONGA

Meantime Pelayo up the vale pursued Eastward his way, before the sun had climb’d Auseva’s brow, or shed his silvering beams Upon Europa’s summit, where the snows Through all revolving seasons hold their seat.
A happy man he went, his heart at rest, Of hope and virtue and affection full, To all exhilarating influences

Of earth and heaven alive. With kindred joy
He heard the lark, who from her airy height,
On twinkling pinions poised, pour’d forth profuse,
In thrilling sequence of exuberant song,
As one whose joyous nature overflow’d With life and power, her rich and rapturous strain.
The early bee, buzzing along the way,
From flower to flower, bore gladness on its wing
To his rejoicing sense; and he pursued, With quicken’d eye alert, the frolic hare, Where from the green herb in her wan-ton path She brush’d away the dawn. For he long time,
Far from his home and from his native hills,
Had dwelt in bondage; and the mountain breeze,
Which he had with the breath of infancy Inhaled, such impulse to his heart restored,
As if the seasons had roll’d back, and life Enjoy’d a second spring.

Through fertile fields He went, by cots with pear-trees over-bower’d,
Or spreading to the sun their trelliced vines;
Through orchards now, and now by thorny banks,
Where wooden hives in some warm nook were hid
From wind and shower; and now thro’ shadowy paths,
Where hazels fringed Ponia’s vocal stream;
Till where the loftier hills to narrower bound
Confine the vale, he reach’d those huts remote

Whose 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 Atabalipa Could satisfy insatiate, nor the fame Of that wide empire overthrown appase; But he to Florida’s disastrous shores In evil hour his gallant comrades led, Through savage woods and swamps, and hostile tribes,
The Apalachean arrows, and the snares Of wiler 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, Forethought, and long endurance, fade away,
Earth to the restless one refusing rest, In the great river’s midland bed he left His honour’d bones.

A mountain rivulet, Now calm and lovely in its summer course, Held by those huts its everlasting way Towards Ponia. They whose flocks and herds Drink of its water, call it Dava. Here Pelayo southward up the ruder vale 40 Traced it, his guide unerring. 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

1 Hernando de Soto (S.).

Here silently it flows; here from the rock
Rebubbed, curls and eddies; plunges here
Precipitate; here roaring among crags, It leaps and foams and whirls and hurries on.
Grey alders here and bushy hazels hid The merry side; their wraith’d and knotted feet 70
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, Grey 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;
RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS

Only the rocky vale, the mountain stream,
Incumbent crags, and hills that over hills
Rise rich with heath, that o'er some smooth ascent
Its purple glory spread, or golden gorse;
Bare here, and striated with many a hue,
Scored by the wintry rain; by torrents here
Riven, and with overhanging rocks abrupt.

Pelayo, upward as he cast his eyes
Where crags loose-hanging o'er the narrow pass
Impended, there beheld his country's strength
Insuperable, and in his heart rejoiced.
Oh that the Musselman were here, he cried,
With all his myriads! While thy day endures,
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 Gaudiosa! in his heart he said;
Excellent woman! ne'er was richer boon
By fate benign to favour'd man indulged,
Than when thou wert before the face of Heaven
Given me to be my children's mother, brave
And virtuous as thou art! Here thou hast fled,
Thou who wert nurs'd in palaces, to dwell
In rocks and mountain caves!... The thought was proud,
Yet not without a sense of inmost pain;
For never had Pelayo till that hour
So deeply felt the force of solitude.
High over head the eagle soar'd serene,
And the grey lizard on the rocks below
Bask'd in the sun: no living creature else
In this remotest wilderness was seen;
Nor living voice was there, only the 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 staiten'd by the narrowing mountains,
Here was closed. In front a rock, abrupt
And bare,
Stood eminent, in height exceeding far
All edifices of human power, by King
Or Caliph, or barbaric Sultan rear'd,
Or mightier tyrants of the world of old,
Assyrian or Egyptian, in their pride;
Yet far above, beyond the reach of sight,
Swell after swell, the heathy mountain rose.

Here, in two sources, from the living rock
The everlasting springs of Deva gush'd.
Upon a smooth and grassy plat below,
By Nature there as for an altar drest,
They join'd their sister stream, which from the earth
Well'd silently. In such a scene rude man
With pardonable error might have knelt,
Feeling a present Deity, and made
His offering to the fountain Nymph devout.

The arching rock disclosed above the springs
A cave, where hugest son of giant birth,
That e'er of old in forest of romance
'Gainst knights and ladies waged dis-courteous 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 threes.
No holier spot than Covadonga Spain
Boasts in her wide extent, though all her realms
Be with the noblest blood of martyrdom
In older or in later days enrich'd,
And glorify'd with tales of heavenly aid
By many a miracle made manifest;
Nor in the heroic annals of her fame
Dost 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 huge silver-tipped
And with a breath long drawn and slow expired.
Sent forth that strain, which, echoing from the walls
Of Cangas, went to tell his glad return
When from the chace he came. At the first sound
Favilla started in the cave, and cried,
My father's horn!... A sudden flush
Sucess'd Hermesind's cheek, and she with a quicker eye
Look'd eager to her mother silently;
But Gaudiosa 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
Threw her white arms, and earnestly exclaimed;
'Tis he!... But when a third and broader blast
Rung in the echoing archway, ne'er did the wand,
With magic power endued, 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 hasten'd 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.

Favilla 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... fiery dalliance inter-twined.
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 beautified, from realms Of bliss, on errand of parental love To earth re-sent, . . if tears and trembling limbs With such celestial natures might consist.

Embraced by all, in turn embracing each, The husband and the father for awhile Forgot his country and all things . . .

But at the end, an opening in the floor Of rock disclosed a wider vault below, Which never sun-beam visited, nor breath Of vivifying morning came to cheer.

No light was there but that which from above In dim reflection fell, or found its way, Broken and quivering, through the—

Sufficed to show, where from their secret bed

Perils which threaten’d still, and arduous toll Yet to be undergone, remember’d griefs Heighten’d the present happiness ; and hope Upon the shadows of futurity Shone like the sun upon the morning mists, When driven before his rising rays they roll, And melt and leave the prospect bright and clear.

When now Pelayo’s eyes had drunk their fill Of love from those dear faces, he went up To view the hiding-place. Spacious it was As that Sicilian cavern in the hill Wherein earth-shaking Neptune’s giant son Duly at eve was wont to fold his flock, Ere the wise Ithacan, over that brute force By wiles prevailing, for a life-long night Seel’d his broad eye. The healthful air had here Free entrance, and the cheerful light of heaven;

Embraced by all, in turn embracing each, The husband and the father for awhile Forgot his country and all things . . .

Yet not in all those ages, amid all The untold concourse, hath one breast been swoln With such emotions as Pelayo felt That hour. O Gaudiosa, he exclaim’d, And thou couldst seek for shelter here, amid This awful solitude, in mountain caves ! Thou noble spirit! Oh when hearts like thine Grow on this sacred soil, would it not be In me, thy husband, double infamy, And tenfold guilt, if I despair’d of Spain? In all her visitations, favouring Heaven Hath left her still the unconquerable mind; And thus being worthy of redemption, sure Is she to be redeem’d.

Beholding her Through tears he spake, and prest upon her lips A kiss of deepest love. Think ever thus, She answer’d, and that faith will give the power In which it trusts. When to this mountain hold These children, thy dear images, I brought, I said within myself, where should they fly But to the bosom of their native hills? I brought them here as to a sanctuary, In all the beauty of her opening youth, In health's rich bloom, in virgin innocence, While her eyes sparkled and her heart o'erflow'd With pure and perfect joy of filial love.

Many a slow century since that day hath fill’d Its course, and countless multitudes have trod

With pilgrim feet that consecrated cave; Yet not in all those ages, amid all The untold concourse, hath one breast been swoln With such emotions as Pelayo felt That hour. O Gaudiosa, he exclaim’d, And thou couldst seek for shelter here, amid This awful solitude, in mountain caves ! Thou noble spirit! Oh when hearts like thine Grow on this sacred soil, would it not be In me, thy husband, double infamy, And tenfold guilt, if I despair’d of Spain? In all her visitations, favouring Heaven Hath left her still the unconquerable mind; And thus being worthy of redemption, sure Is she to be redeem’d.
Where, for the temple's sake, the indwelling God
Would guard his supplicants. O my dear Lord,
Proud as I was to know that they were thine,
Was it a sin if I almost believed,
That Spain, her destiny being link'd with theirs,
Must save the precious charge?
So let us think,
The Chief replied, so feel and teach and act.
Spain is our common parent: let the sons
Be to the parent true, and in her strength
And Heaven, their sure deliverance they will find.

XVII. RODERICK AND SIVERIAN

O holiest Mary, Maid and Mother! thou
In Covadonga, at thy roeky shrine,
Hast witness'd whatsoe'er of human bliss
Heart can conceive...nuptial, nor baptismal day,
Nor from their grateful pilgrimage discharged,
Did happier group their way down Deva's vale
Rejoicing hold, than this biest family,
O'er whom the mighty Spirit of the Lord
Spread his protecting wings. The children, free
In youth's happy season from all cares
That might disturb the hour, yet capable
Of that intense and unalloy'd delight
Which childhood feels when it enjoys again
The dear parental presence long deprived;
Nor were the parents now less bless'd than they,
Even to the height of human happiness;
For Gaudiosa and her Lord that hour
Let no misgiving thoughts intrude; she fix'd
Her hopes on him, and his were fix'd on Heaven;
And hope in that courageous heart derived
Such rooted strength and confidence assured
In righteousness, that 'twas to him like faith...
An everlasting sunshine of the soul, 
Illumining and quickening all its powers.

But on Pionia's side meantime a heart
As generous, and as full of noble thoughts,
Lay stricken with the deadliest bolts of grief.
Lay stricken with the deadliest bolts of grief.
Upon a smooth grey stone sate Roderick there;
The wind above him stirr'd the hazel boughs,
And murmuring at his feet the river ran.
He sat with folded arms and head declined
Upon his breast feeding on bitter thoughts,
Till nature gave him in the exhausted sense
Of woe a respite something like repose;
And then the quiet sound of gentle winds
And waters with their lulling consonance
Beguiled him of himself. Of all within
Oblivious there he sate, sentient alone
Of outward nature... Of the whispering leaves
That soothed his ear...the genial breath of Heaven
That fan'd his cheek...the stream's perpetual flow,
That, with its shadows and its glancing lights,
Dimples and thread-like motions infinite,
For ever varying and yet still the same,
But on Pionia's side meantime a heart
As generous, and as full of noble thoughts,
Lay stricken with the deadliest bolts of grief.
Lay stricken with the deadliest bolts of grief.
Upon a smooth grey stone sate Roderick there;
The wind above him stirr'd the hazel boughs,
And murmuring at his feet the river ran.
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That soothed his ear...the genial breath of Heaven
That fan'd his cheek...the stream's perpetual flow,
That, with its shadows and its glancing lights,
Dimples and thread-like motions infinite,
For ever varying and yet still the same,
Of all within Oblivious there he sate, sentient alone
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That fan'd his cheek...the stream's perpetual flow,
That, with its shadows and its glancing lights,
Dimples and thread-like motions infinite,
For ever varying and yet still the same,
Exclaim'd the old man, the earthquake and the storm; 
The kingdom's overthrow, the wreck of Spain, 
The ruin of thy royal master's house, 
Have reach'd not thee! ... Then turning to the King. 
When the destroying enemy drew nigh 
Toledo, he continued, and we find 
Before their fury, even while her grief 
Was fresh, my Mistress would not leave behind 
This faithful creature. Well we knew she thought 
Of Roderick then, although she named him not; 
For never since the fatal certainty 
Fell on us all, hath that unhappy name, 
Sav'd 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 judgements humanly I speak. 
Who knows not what Pelayo's life hath been? 
Not happier in all dear domestic ties, 


Then worthy for his virtue of the bliss 
Which is that virtue's fruit; and yet 
did he 
Absolve, upon Florinda's tale, the King. 
Siverian, thus he said, what most I hoped, 
And still within my secret heart believed, 
is now made certain. Roderick hath been 
More sinn'd against than sinning. And with that 
He claspt his hands, and, lifting them to Heaven, 
Cried, 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 Saviour, in thy strength. 

As he breathed thus 
His inward supplications, the old man 
Eyed him with frequent and unsteady looks, 
He had a secret trembling on his lips, 
And hesitated, still irresolute 
In utterance to embody the dear hope: 
Pain would he have it strengthen'd and assured 
By this conciliating judgement, yet he fear'd 
To have it chill'd in cold acclain. At length 
Venturing, he brake with interrupted speech, 
this sure mark 
The troubled silence. Father Maceabea, 
I cannot rest till I have laid my heart 
Open before thee. When Pelayo wish'd 
That his poor kinsman were alive to rear 
His banner once again, a sudden thought 
A hope ... a fancy ... what shall it be 
cauld? 
Possess'd me, that perhaps the wish might see 
Its glad accomplishment, ... that 
Roderick liv'd, 
And might in glory take the field once more 
For Spain. ... I see thou startest at the thought! 
Yet spurn it not with hasty unbelief, 
As though 'twere utterly beyond the scope 
Of possible contingency. I think 
That I have calmly satisfied myself 

How this is more than idle fancy, more 
Than mere imaginations of a mind 

Which from its wishes builds a baseless faith. 
His horse, his royal robe, his horned helm, 
His mail and sword were found upon the field; 
But if King Roderick had in battle fallen, 
That sword, I know, would only have been found 
Clench'd in the hand which, living, 
know so well 
To wield the dreadful steel! Not in the throng 
Confounded, nor amidst the torpid stream, 
Opening with ignominious arms a way 
For flight, would he have perish'd? 
Where the strife was hottest, ring'd about with slaughter'd foes, 
Should Roderick have been found: by speech 
This sure mark 
Ye should have known him, if nought else remain'd, 
That his whole body had been gored with wounds, 
And quill'd with spears, as if the Moors had felt 
That in his single life the victory lay, 
More than in all the host! 

Siverian's eyes shone with a youthful ardour while he spoke, 
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 pursued in calmer tones, . . . Thus much I dare believe, that Roderick fell not on that day
When treason brought about his overthrow.

If yet he live, for sure I think I know as His noble mind, 'tis in some wilderness, Where, in some savage den intumesced, he drags The weary load of life, and on his flesh
As on a mortal enemy, inflicts
Fierce vengeance with immutiable 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, 230
Them and his own good name should he redeem.

Paying in penitence the bitter price Of sin, he answered, or if earth hath given, Best to his earthly part, is only known To him and Heaven. Dead is he to the world;
And let not those imaginations rob His soul of thy continual prayers, whose aid Too surely, in whatever world, he needs.

Living or dead, old man, be sure his soul, . . . 250
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 intervene. 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. 260

As looking to his honour'd mate, he read
His soul's accordant augury; her eyes Brighten'd; the quicken'd action of the blood
Tinged with a deeper hue her glowing cheek.

And on her lips there sate a smile which spake
The honourable pride of perfect love, 30
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,
Heard the broad buckler, following to the end
That steady purpose to the 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 sweeten'd life, repaid and recompens'd All losses; and although it could not heal All griefs, yet laid them for awhile to rest.

The active agitating joy that fill'd The vale, that with contagious influence spread Through all the exulting mountaineers, that gave New ardour to all spirits, the uplift of the tongue, and strengthen'd every limb, . . .

That joy which every man reflected saw From every face of all the multitude, 50
And heard in every voice, in every sound, Reach'd not the King. Aloof from sympathy, He from the solitude of his own soul 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 trembled lest some curious eye should read
His incantaments 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,
Or if earth hath given rest to his earthly part, is only known To him and Heaven. Dead is he to the world; And let not those imaginations rob His soul of thy continual prayers, whose aid Too surely, in whatever world, he needs.

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Or if earth hath given rest to his earthly part, is only known To him and Heaven. Dead is he to the world; And let not those imaginations rob His soul of thy continual prayers, whose aid Too surely, in whatever world, he needs.

Thus fervently he spake, and copious tears Ran down his cheeks. Full oft the Royal Goth,
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 Sindered fear-smitten fled;
Unfaithful shepherd, who for life alone
Solicitous, forsook his flock, when most
In peril and in suffering they required
A pastor's care. Far off at Rome he dwells
In ignominious safety, while the Church
Keeps in her annals the deserter's name,
But from the service which with daily zeal
Devout her ancient prelacy recalls, 70
Blows it, unworthy to partake her prayers.
Urban, to that high station thus being call'd,
From whence disananimating fear had driven
The former primate, for the general weal
Consulting first, removed with timely care
The relics and the written works of Saints,
Toledo's choicest treasure prized beyond all wealth, their living and their dead remains;
These to the mountain fastnesses he bore
Of unsubdued Cantabria, there deposited
One day to be the boast of yet unbuilded Oviedo, and the dear idolatry
Of multitudes unborn. To things of state
Then giving thought mature, he held advice
With Odor, whom of counsel competent
And firm of heart he knew. What then they plan'd,
Time and the course of over-ruled events
To earlier act had ripen'd, than their hope
Had ever in its gladdest dream proposed;
And here by agents unforeseen, and means
Beyond the scope of foresight brought about,
This day they saw their dearest heart's desire
Accorded them; All-able Providence
Thus having ordered all, that Spain this hour
With happiest omens, and on surest base,
Should from its ruins rear again her throne.

For acclamation and for 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 stiff
With ornament of gold; the glittering train,
The long procession, and the full-voiced choir.
This day the forms of pity 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 auriphrygian; bare of head
He stood, all else in arms 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
Repulse with holiness, it might impart
Doubly derived its grace. One Page beside
Bore his broad-shadow'd helm; another's hand
Held the long spear, more suited in these times
For Urban, than the crosier richly wrought
With silver foliage, the elaborate work
Of Grecian or Italian artist, train'd in the eastern capital, or sacred Rome,
Still o'er the West predominant, though fallen.
Better the spear befits the shepherd's hand
When robbers break the fold. Now he had laid
The weapon by, and held a natural cross
Of rudest form, unpol'd, even as it grew
On the near oak that morn.
Mutilate alike
Of royal rites was this solemnity.
Where was the rubbed crown, the sceptre where,
And where the golden pome, the proud array
Of armes, aureate vests, and jewelry,
With all which Leuvigild for after kings
Left, ostentations of his power? The Moor
Had made his spoil of these, and on the field
Of Xeres, where contending multitudes
Had trampled it beneath their bloody feet,
The standard of the Goths forgotten lay
Defiled, and rotting there in sun and rain.
Utterly is it lost; nor evermore
Herald or antiquary's patient search
Shall from forgetfulness avail to save
Those blazon'd arms, so fatally of old
Renown'd through all the affrighted Occident.
That banner, before which imperial Rome
First to a conqueror bow'd her head away;
Which when the dreadful Hun, with all his powers,
Came like a deluge rolling o'er the world,
Made head, and in the front of battle broke
His force, till then restless; which so oft
Had with alternate fortune 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;
Blotted 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 satiate rage, and drunk
With blood and fury? Did the auguries
Which open'd on thy spirit bring with
them
A pernicious consolation, deadening heart
And soul, yea worse than death... that
Aphrodite's merch'd the 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 mock'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
Joy mingled its buzz continuous with the blast
Of horn, shrill pipe, and tinkling cymbals' clash.
And sound of deasing drum. But
When the Prince
Drew nigh, and Urban with the cross
upheld
Skept 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, hast restored
To Spain a ruler of her native line, 122
Stand forth, and in the face of God and
man
Swear to uphold the right, abate the
wrong,
With equitable hand, protect the Cross
Wereon thy lips this day shall Seal their vow,
And underneath that hallow'd symbol,
War Holy and inextinguishable war
Against the accursed nation that usurps
Thy country's sacred soil!
So speak of me
Now and for ever, O my countrymen!

Replyed 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
right!
Be thine 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 thine all-lying deep, the fruits which
Sun
And Moon mature 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. For weal or woe thou takest her, till death
Dispart the union: Do it blest to her,
To thee, and to thy seed!
Thus when he ceased,
He gave the awaited signal. Roderick
brought
The bolder: Eight for strength and
stature chosen
Came to their honour'd office: Round
the shield
Standing, they lower it for the Chieftain's feet,
Then, slowly raise'd upon their shoulders, lift
The steady weight. Erect Pelayo
stands,
And thrice he brandishes the burnish'd
sword,
While Urban to the assembled people
cries,
Spaniards, behold your King! The
multitude
Then sent forth all their voice with glad
acclaim,
Raising the loud Real; thrice did the
word
Ring through the air, and echo from the
walls
Of Cangas. Far and wide the thundering shout,
Rolling among reduplicating rocks,
Peal'd o'er the hills, and up the mount
tain values.
The wild seas starting in the forest glade
Ran to the covert; the affrighted wolf
Skulk'd through the thicket to a closer
brace;
The sluggish bear, awaken'd in his den,
Roused up and answerd with a sullen
growl,
Low-breathed and long; and at the uproar
scared,
The brooding eagle from her nest took
wing.

XVIII. THE ACCLAMATION

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
right!
Be thine 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
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Of thine omnipotence, send in his aid
Thy unseen Angels forth, that potently
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He may endure and triumph! Bless the
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O'er which he is appointed; bless thou it
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And Moon mature for man, the precious
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Of the eternal hills, and all the gifts
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Standing, they lower it for the Chieftain's feet,
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And thrice he brandishes the burnish'd
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Raising the loud Real; thrice did the
word
Ring through the air, and echo from the
walls
Of Cangas. Far and wide the thundering shout,
Rolling among reduplicating rocks,
Peal'd o'er the hills, and up the mountain values.
The wild seas starting in the forest glade
Ran to the covert; the affrighted wolf
Skulk'd through the thicket to a closer
brace;
The sluggish bear, awaken'd in his den,
Roused up and answer'd with a sullen
growl,
Low-breathed and long; and at the uproar
scared,
The brooding eagle from her nest took
wing.
Heroes and Chiefs of old! and ye who bore
Firm to the last your part in that dread strife,
When Julian and Witiza's viler race
Betray'd their country, hear ye from your heaven
The joyful acclamation which proclaims
That Spain is born again! O ye who died
In that disastrous field, and ye who fell
Embracing with a martyr's love your death
Amid the flames of... the avenging sword! Lo there
The avenging banner spreads its argent field
Refulgent with auspicious light!... Rejoice,
Leon, for thy banner is displayed, Rejoice with all thy mountains, and thy vales
And thou, Spain, through all thy realms,For thy deliverance cometh! Even now, As from all sides the miscreant hosts move on;... From southern Betis; 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 Burgensian, in old time Vardulia call'd,
But in their castellated strength ere long To be design'd Castille, a deathless name;
From midland regions where Toledo reigns
Proud city on her royal eminence, And Tagus bends his 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 Cæsarian and August denominated,
Now Zaragoza, in this latter 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, thence presentient of their food obscene, Following the accursed armies, whom too well They know their purveyors long. Pursue their march, Their omens, these purveyors shall become the prey,
And ye on Moorish not on Christian flesh
Wearying your beaks, shall clog your sealy feet With forsworn 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 Havoc and the Dogs of War and Death.
Thou Covadonga with the tainted stream
Of Deva, and this now rejoicing vale, Soon its primal triumphs wilt 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 Akrab, and that holier name blasphemed By misbelieving lips! Simancas, thou Be witness! And do ye your record bear, Told of mountains, where the Almohade Beheld his myriads scatter'd and destroyn'd, Like locusts swept before the stormy North! Thou too, Salado, on that later day When Africa received her final foil, And thy swell'd stream incarnadine, 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.

When all had been performed, 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 singling him amid the crowd, Obeying then the hand which beckon'd him, He went with heart prepared, nor shrinking now, But arm'd with self-approving thoughts that hour, Entering in tumultous 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!... Ere long, controlling that first agony With effort of strong will, backward she bent, And gazin on his head now shorn and grey, And on his furrow'd countenance, exclaim'd, Still, still, my Roderick! the same noble mind! The same heroic heart! Still, still, my Son!... Changed... yet not wholly fallen... not wholly lost, He cried... not wholly in the sight of Heaven Unworthy, O my Mother, nor in thine! She look'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, Siverian's tale,
Florinda's, every action, every word,
Each strengthening each, and all confirming all,
Reveal'd thee, O my Son! but I restrain'd
My heart, and yielded to thy holler will
The thoughts which rose to tempt a soul not yet
Wean'd wholly from the world.
What thoughts? I reply'd
Roderick. That I might see thee yet again,
Such as thou wert, she answer'd; not alone
To Heaven and me restored, but to thyself,
Thy Crown, thy Country, all within thy reach;
Heaven so disposing all things, that the means
Which wrought the ill, might work the remedy.
Methought I saw thee once again the hope...
The strength, the pride of Spain! The miracle
Which I beheld made all things possible,
I know the inconstant people, how their mind,
With every breath of good or ill report,
So saying, on her knees he bow’d his head;  
She raised her hands to Heaven and blest her child;  
Then bending forward, as he rose, embraced  
And clapt 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 alarms 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 shouls upon the coast of wretched Spain;  
Lured from their hungry deserts to the scene  
Of spoil, like vultures to the battle-field,  
Fierce, unrelenting, habit'd in crimes,  
Like hidden guests the mirthful 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 Mahommed’s name;  
And pilgrims, from remotest Arctic shores,  
Tread with religious feet the burning sands  
Of Araby, and Mecca’s stony soil.  
Proud of his part in Roderick’s overthrow,  
Their leader Abulcasem came, a man  
Immortalized, long in war renown’d.  
Here Magued comes, who on the conquered walls  
Of Cordoba, by treacherous fear betray’d,  
Planted the moony standard: Ibrahim here,  
He, who by Genil and in Darro’s vales,  
Had for the Moors the fairest portion won  
Of all their spoils, fairest and best maintain’d,  
And to the Alpuxarras given in trust  
His other name, through them preserved in song.  
Here too Alcahman, vaunting his late deeds  
At Auria, all her children by the sword  
Cut off, her bulwarks rased, her towers laid low,  
Her dwellings by devouring flames consumed,  
Bloody and hard of heart, he little ween’d  
Vain-boastful chief! that from those fatal flames  
The fire of retribution had gone forth  
Which soon should wrap him round.  
The renegades  
Here too were seen, Ebba and Sisibert;  
A spurious brood, but of their parent’s crimes  
True heirs, in guilt begotten, and in ill  
Train’d up. The same unnatural rage that turn’d  
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, emancipate  
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 fairest wretch that  
Renounced his baptism. From his cherished views  
Of royalty cut off, he coveted  
Count Julian’s wide domains, and hopeless now  
To gain them through the daughter, laid his toils  
Against the father’s life, . . the instrument  
Of his ambition first, and now design’d  
Its victim. To this end with cautious hints,  
At favouring season ventured, he possess’d  
The leader’s mind; then, subtly fostering  
The doubts himself had sown, with bolder charge  
The doubts himself had sown, with bolder charge  
He bade him warily regard the Count,  
Lost underneath an outward show of faith  
The heart uncircumcised were Christian still:  
Else, wherefore had Florinda not obey’d  
Her dear loved sire’s example, and 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 Caliph’s power . . for who could doubt  
That in his company she fled, perhaps  
The mover of his flight? What if the Count  
Himself had plann’d the evasion which he feign’d  
In sorrow to condemn? What if she went  
A pledge assured, to tell the mountaineers  
That when they met the Musselmans in the heat  
Of fight, her father passing to their side  
Would draw the victory with him? . .  
Thus he breathed  
Fiend-like in Abulcasem’s ear his schemes  
Of murderous malice; and the course of things,  
Ere long, in part approving his 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 maddened multitude...
Hurried their chiefs along, and high and low
With one infectious frenzy seized, provoked
The invincible in arms. Pelayo led
The toiling crew, ... he doubtless the prime spring
Of all these perilous movements; and 'twas said
He brought the assurance of a strong support,
Count Julian's aid, for in his company
From Cordoba, Count Julian's daughter came.

Thus Eudon spake before the assembled chiefs;
When instantly a stern and wrathful voice
Replied, I know Pelayo never made me
That senseless promise! He who raised the tale
Lies fouly; 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 skites
Of Africa, through many a year's long course,
Had set their hue in burnt. Something he sought
In quick excuse to say of common fame,
Lightly believed and busily diffused, And that no enmity had moved him... Excuse is needed here. The path I tread,
No veil of privacy; before ye all
The errand shall be given.

Silently she suffer'd all,
Only replied, I knew her fix'd resolve, And craved my patience but a little more, And yet persisted, till at length to escape The ceaseless importunity, she fled: And verily I fear'd until this hour,
My rigour to some fearfuller resolve
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 reck'd I fear'd until this hour.
My rigour to some fearfuller resolve
Than flight, had driven my child. Chiefs, I appeal

Hear me, and let your wisdom judge between
Me and Prince Orpas! ... Known it is to all,
Too well, what mortal injury provoked My spirit to that vengeance which your aid
So signal to the injury which your aid
We made when first our purpose we combined,
That he should have Florinda for his wife.

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 dutiful 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 answered, By what reasoning my... To these arguments, whose worth
Prince Orpas, least of all men, should impeach,
None better knows than Seville's mitred chief,
Who first renouncing errors which he taught,
Led me his follower to the Prophet's pale.

Thys lessons I repeat as I could; Of graven images, unnatural vows, False records, fabling creeds, and juggling priests,
Who, making sanctity the cloak of sin, Laugh'd at the fools on whose credulity They fatt'd. To these arguments, whose worth
I added, like a soldier bred in arms, And to the subtleties of schools unused,
The flagrant fact, that Heaven with victory,
Where'er they turn'd, attested and approved
The chosen Prophet's arms. If thou wert still
The mitred Metropolitan, and I
Some wretch of Arian or of Hebrew race,
Thy proper business then might be to pray,
And question me for lurking flaws of faith.

We Musselmans, Prince Orpas, live beneath
A wiser law, which with the iniquities
Of thine old craft, hath abrogated this
Its foulest practice!

As Count Julian ceased,
From underneath his black and gathered brow
There went a look, which with these
Wary words
Bore to the heart of that false renegade
Their whole environ'd meaning.

A hauntly
Withdraw ing 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 may'st assure
Thy daughter that the Prophet's holy law
Forbids compulsion. Give thine errand now!
The messenger is here.

Then Julian said,
Go to Pelayo, and from him entreat
Admittance to my child, where'er she be.
Say to her, that her father solemnly
Annuls the covenant with Orpas pledged,
Nor with solicitations, nor with threats,
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
By that dear love, which from her infancy
Still he hath borne her, growing as she grew,
Nursed in our weal and strengthen'd in our woe,
Who traced his hardy cheeks. In faltering voice
He spake, and after he had ceased from speech
His lip was quivering still. The Moorish chief
Then to the messenger his bidding gave.
Say, cried he, to these rebel infidels,
Thus Abulcaecem in the Caliph's name
Exhorteth them: Repent and be forgiven!
Nor think to stop the dreadful storm of war.

The covenant, and to conquer must fulfill
Its destined circle, rolling eastward now
Back from the subjugated west, to sweep
Thrones and dominions down, till in the bond
Of unity all nations join, and Earth
Acknowledge, as she sees one Sun in heaven,
One God, one Chief, one Prophet, and one Law.
Jerusalem, the holy City, bows
To holier Mecca's creed; the Crescent shines
Triumphant o'er the eternal pyramids;
On the cold altars of the 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 unheath'd,
Let Aura witness how that dreadful sword
Accompliseth its work! They little know
The Moors who hope in battle to withstand
Their valour, or in flight escape their rage!
Amid our deserts we hunt down the birds Of heaven, . . . wings do not save them!
Nor shall rocks, and holds, and fastnesses, avail to save
These mountaineers. Is not the Earth and wood
And we, his chosen people, whom he sends
to conquer and possess it in his name?
An arrow’s flight above that mountain stream
There was a little glade, where underneath
A long smooth mossy stone a fountain rose.
An oak grew near; and with its ample boughs
O’er-sprawled the spring; its fretted roots
Embos’d the bank, and on their tufted bark
Grew plants which love the moisture and the shade;
Short ferns, and longer leaves of wrinkled green
Which bent toward the spring, and when the wind
Made itself felt, just touch’d with gentle dip
The glassy surface, ruffled never but then,
Saw 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 hasten’d to the glen below.
Diana might have loved in that sweet spot
To take her noontide rest; and when she stoop’d
Hot from the chase to drink, well pleased had seen
Her own bright crescent, and the brighter face
It crown’d, reflect’d there.
Count Julian’s tent was pitch’d upon the glade; 50
There his ablutions Moor-like he perform’d,
And Moor-like knelt in prayer, bowing his head
Upon the mossy bank. There was a sound
Of voices at the tent when he arose,
And lo! with hurried step a woman came
Toward him; rightly then his heart pressag’d,
And ere he could behold her countenance,
Florinda knelt, and with uplifted arms
Embrace’d her sire. He rais’d her from the ground,
Kis’d her, and claspt 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,
Not 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 70
Around his neck, and gazing in his face
Through streaming tears, exclaim’d, 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 vespers-bell,
Halts by the way, and, all unseen of men,
Offers his homage in the eye of Heaven.
She answer’d, 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 apostacy; 92
For still in war his wonted arms he wore,
Nor for the scymitar had chang’d the sword
Accustom’d to his hand. He cover’d now
His short grey hair, and under the white folds
His swarth’ry brow, which gather’d as he rose,
The priest to his heart. He cover’d now
His short grey hair, and under the white folds
His swarth’ry brow, which gather’d as he rose,
Darker’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.
What think’st thou of the Prophet? 120
Julián assumed, but merely from the lips
It came; for he was troubled while he gazed
On the strong countenance and thought-ful eye
Before him. A new law hath been proclaim’d
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 thought-ful eye
Before him. A new law hath been proclaim’d
Of Christ in humble hope.
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 thought-ful eye
Before him. A new law hath been proclaim’d
Of Christ in humble hope.
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 thought-ful eye
Before him. A new law hath been proclaim’d
Of Christ in humble hope.
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.
Made answer, I am in the Moorish camp, And he who asketh is a Musselman. How then should I reply? ... Safely, rejoined. The renegade, and freely may'st thou speak To all that Julian asks. Is not the yoke Of Mecca easy, and its burden light? ... Spain hath not found it so, the Goth replied, And groaning, turned away his countenance.

Count Julian knit his brow, and stood awhile Regarding him with meditative eye In silence. Thou art honest too! he cried; Why twas in quest of such a man as this That the old Grecian search'd by lantern light In open day the children of his faith, 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 colours: 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 weights. All creeds, I ween, Agree in this, and hold it orthodox.

Roderick, perceiving here that Julian paused, As if he waited for acknowledgement Of that plain truth, in motion of assent Inclined his brow complacently, and said, Even so: What follows? ... This, resumed the Count, That creeds like colours being but accident, Are therefore in the scale unimponderable; ... Thou seest my meaning; ... that from every faith As every clime, there is a way to Heaven, And thou and I may meet in Paradise.

Oh grant it, God! cried Roderick, fervently, And smote his breast. Oh grant it, gracious God! Through the dear blood of Jesus, grant that this be! 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 judgement, not thy prayers! Be not displeased! In gentle voice subdu'd the Goth replies; A prayer, from whatsoever lips it flow, By thine own rule should find the way to Heaven, So that the heart in its sincerity Straight forward breathe it forth. I, like myself, Am all untrain'd to subtleties of speech, Nor competent of this great argument Thou openest, and perhaps shall answer thee. Wide of the words, but to the purport home. There are to whom the light of gospel truth Hath never reach'd; of such I needs must deem As of the sons of men who had their day Before the light was given. But, Count, for those Who, born amid the light, to darkness turn, Wilful in error, I dare only say, God doth not leave the unhappy soul without An inward monitor, and till the grave Open, the gate of mercy is not closed.

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, rejoined 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 Musselman, 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 judgement fix’d, nor rooted in the heart.
Me have the arrows of calamity!
Sore stricken; sinking underneath the weight
Of sorrow, yet more heavily oppress’d
Beneath the burden of my sins, I turn’d
In that drear 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,
Julián... 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 forgiv’n;
And that the Moorish sword might do thy work,
Received the creed of Moors: with what fruits
For Spain, let tell her cities sack’d, her sons
Slaughter’d, her daughters than thine own dear child
More fouly 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 may’st bear thy front, ...
Dangers, remorse, and stinging obloquy?
One only hope, one only remedy,
One only refuge yet remains... My life
Is at thy mercy, Count! Call, if thou wilt,
Thy men, and to the Moors deliver me!
Or strike thyself! Death were from any hand
A welcome gift; from thine, and in this cause,
A boon indeed! My latest words on earth
Should tell thee that all sins may be effaced,
Bid thee repent, have faith, and be forgiv’n!
Strike, Julián, 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.

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 preachest that all sins may be effaced:
Is there forgiveness, Christian, in thy creed
For Roderick’s crimes?... For Roderick
And for thee,
Count Julián, said the Goth, and as he spoke
Trembled through every fibre of his frame,
The gate of Heaven is open. Julián 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
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 festers 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 sate. The moon
Had risen, and that fair spring lay blacken’d half
In shade, half like a burnish’d mirror in her light.
By that reflected light Count Julián saw
That Roderick’s face was bathed with tears, and pale
As monumental marble.

Friend, said he,
Whether thy faith be fabulous, or sent
Indeed from Heaven, its dearest gift to man,
Thy heart is true: and had the mitred Priest
Of Seville been like thee, or hadst thou held
The 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 till the evening of his days
Closed in without a cloud, even such a man
Would from the gloom and horror of his heart
Confirm thy fatal thought, were this world all!
Oh! who could bear the haunting mystery,
If death and retribution did not solve
The riddle, and to heavenliest 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 grew greener on its brink;
sweet flowers
Bend o'er the stream that feeds their freshened roots;
The red-breast loves it for his wintry haunts;
And when the buds begin to open forth,
Builds near it with his mate their brooding nest;
The thirsty stag with his mate their brooding nest;
The thisty stag with widening nostrils there
Invigorated draws his copious draught; And there amid its flags the wild-bear stands,
Nor suffering wrong nor meditating hurt.
Through woodlands wild and solitary fields.
Unsullied thus it holds its bounteous course;
But when it reaches the resorts of men,
The service of the city there dedicates
The tainted stream; corrupt and foul it flows
Through loathsome banks and o'er a bed impure,
Till in the sea, the appointed end to which
Through all its ways it hastens, its received,
And, losing all pollution, minglest there
In the wide world of waters. So is it
With the great stream of things, if all were seen;
Good the beginning, good the end shall be,
And transitory evil only make
The good end happier. Ages pass away,
Thrones fall, and nations disappear, and worlds
Grow old and go to wreck; the soul alone
Endures, and what she 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: If sore experience may be thought
Look yonder at that cloud, which through the sky
Sailing alone, doth cross in her career
The rolling Moon! I watch'd it as it came.
And deem'd the deep opaque would blot
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 dizzy 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's,
And now into its airy elements
Resolved is gone; while through the azure depth
Alone in heaven the glorious Moon pursues
Her course appointed, with indifferent beams
Shining upon the silent hills around,
And the dark tents of that unholy host,
Who, all unconscious of impending fate,
Take their last slumber there. The camp is still;
The fires liave moulder'd, and the breeze which stirs
The soft and snowy embers, just lays bare
At times a red and evanescent light.
Or for a moment wakes a feeble flame.
They by the fountain hear the stream below,
Whose murmurs, 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 lark salutes The new-born day. Her deep and thrilling song Seem’d with its piercing melody to reach The soul, and in mysterious union Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love. Their hearts were open to the healing power Of nature; and the splendour 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 sate, of food And rest forgetful, when a messenger Summon’d Count Julián 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 Abdalaziz 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 Pyreness, A muticate and headless carcass now, From pitying hands received beside the road. A hasty grave, scarce hidden there from dogs And ravens, nor from wintry rains secure. She, too, who in the wreck of Spain preserved Her queenly rank, the wife of Roderick first, Of Abdalaziz after, and to both Alike unhappy, shared the ruin now Her counsels had brought on; for she had led The infatuate Moor, in dangerous vaunt, To these aspiring forms, so should he gain Respect and honour from the Muselmans, She said, and that the obedience of the Goths Follow’d the sceptre. In an evil hour She gave the counsel, and in evil hour He lent a willing ear; the popular rage Fell on them both; and they to whom her name Had been a mark for mockery and reproach, Shudder’d with human horror at her fate. Ayub was heading the wild anarchy; But where the cement of authority Is wanting, all things there are dislocate; The mutinous soldiery, by every cry Of rumour 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 uproar gave the law. And ere from far Damascus they could learn The Caliph’s pleasure, many a moon must pass. What should be done? should Abdalaziz 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 undivided mind and force Victorious? What in this emergency Was Julian’s counsel, Abdalacem 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 those 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 forgo These natural aids wherein they put their trust. As in their stubborn spirit, each alike Dec’d by themselves invincible, and so By Roman found and Goth, beneath whose sway Slowly persuaded rather than subdued They came, and still through every change retain’d Their manners obstinate and barbarous speech. My counsel, therefore, is, that we secure With strong increase of force the adja-cent posts, And chiefly Gecio, leaving them so mam’d As may abate the hope of enterprise. Their strength being told. Time in a strife like this Becomes the ally of those who trust in him: Make then with Time your covenant. Old feuds May disunite the chiefs: some may be gain’d By fair entreaty, others by the stroke Of nature, or of policy, cut off. This was the counsel which in Cordoba I offer’d Abdalaziz, in ill hour rejecting it, he sent upon this war His father’s faithful friend! Dark are the ways Of destiny! had I been at his side Old Muza would not now have mourn’d his age Left childless, nor had Ayub dared defy The Caliph’s represented power. The case Calls for thine instant presence, with the weight Of thy legitimate authority.
Julián, said Orpas, turning from beneath his turban to the Count a crafty eye, Thy daughter is return’d; doth she not bring some tidings of the movements of the foe? The Count replied, When child and parent meet First reconciled from discontent which wrung The hearts of both, ill should their converse be Of warlike matters! There hath been no time For such inquiries, neither should I think To ask her touching that for which I know She hath neither eye nor thought. There was a time, Orpas with smile malignant thus replied, When in the progress of the Caliph’s arms Count Julian’s daughter had an interest Which touch’d her nearly! But her turn is served, And hatred of Prince Orpas may beget indifference to the cause. Yet Destiny Still guideth to the Service of the faith The wayward heart of woman; for as one Delivered Roderick to the avenging sword, So hath another at this hour betray’d Pelayo to his fall. His sister came At nightfall to my tent a fugitive. She tells me that on learning our approach The rebel to a cavern in the hills Had sent his wife and children, and with them Those of his followers, thinking there conceal’d They might be safe. She, moved, by injuries Which stung her spirit, on the way escaped. And for revenge will guide us. In reward She asks her brother’s forfeiture of lands In marriage with Numacia: something too Touching his life, that for her services It might be spared, she said; an after-thought To save decorum, and if conscience wake Serve as a sop: but when the sword shall smile Pelayo and his dangerous race, I ween That a thin kercif will dry all the tears The Lady Guisla sheds! Tis the old taint! Said Julian mournfully; from her mother’s womb She brought the inbred wickedness which now In ripe infection blossoms. Woman, an woman, Still to the Goths art thou the instrument Of overthrow; thy virtue and thy vice Fatal alike to them! Say rather, cried The insidious renegade, that Allah thus By woman punisheth the idolatry Of those who raise a woman to the rank Of godhead, calling on their Mary’s name With senseless prayers. In vain shall they invoke Her trusted succour now! like silly birds By fear betray’d, they fly into the toils; And this Pelayo, who in lengthen’d war Baffling our force, has thought perhaps to reign Prince of the Mountains, when we hold his wife And offspring at our mercy, must himself Come to the lure, which unlook’d-for incident hath marst’d Their complets, 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. Baffled 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 Abdalaziz, in that cause to arm Moor against Moor, preparing for himself The victory o’er the enfeebled conquerors. Success in treason hath embolden’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 pass’d; all that is now required Is to strike sure and safely. 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 licence 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 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 Moun-
taineers,
Doubtless, ere long will rouse us with
some spur
Of sudden enterprise: at such a time
A trusty minister approaching him
May mise him, so that all shall think the spear
Comes from the hostile troops.

Right counsellor! cried Abulcacem, thou shalt have his
lands,
The proper need of thy fidelity:
His daughter thou mayst take or leave.

And find a faithful instrument to put
Our purpose in effect! ... And when 'tis
done,
The Moon, as Orpas from the tent withdraw'd,
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 ought to gain,
wouldst prove
A third as readily; but when thy sins
Are weigh'd, 'twill be against an empty scale,
And neither Prophet will avail thee then!

XXIII. THE VALE OF COVADONGA

The camp is stirring, and ere day hath
dawn'd
The tents are struck. Early they rise
whom hope
Awakens, and they travel fast with
whom
She goes companion of the way. By noon
Hath Abulcacem in his speed attain'd
The vale of Cangas. Well the trusty
scouts
Observe his march, and fleet as moun-
tain roes,
From post to post with instantaneous speed
The warning bear: none else is nigh;
The vale
Hath been deserted, and Polayo's hall
Is open to the foe, who on the tower
Hoist their white signal-flags. In Sella's
stream
The misbelieving multitudes perform,
With hot and hasty hand, their noon-
tide rite,
Then hurriedly repeat the Impostor's
prayer.
Here they divide; the Chieftain halts with half
The host, retaining Julian and his men,
Whom where the valley widen'd he disposed,
Liable to first attack, that so the deed
Of murder plan'd with Orpas might be done.
The other force the Moor Aleshman led
Whom Guisla guided up Pionia's stream
Eastward to Soto. Ibrahim went with
him,
Proud of Granada's snowy heights subdued,
And boasting of his skill in mountain war;
Yet sure he deem'd an easier victory
Awaited him this day. Little, quoth he,
Weens the vain Mountaineer who puts
his trust
In sons and rocky fastnesses, how close
 Destruction is at hand! Belike he
thinks
The Humna's happy wings have shad-
ow'd him,
And therefore Fate with royalty must
crown
His chosen head! Hith the scimitar
With its rude edge so soon should inter-
rupt
The pleasant dream!

There can be no escape
For those who in the cave seek shelter,
cried
Aleshman; 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 suffer-
ings 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 sordid vein; nor deem'd that they
Whom to the sword's unsparing edge
they doom'd,
Even then in joyful expectation pray'd
To Heaven for their approach, and at
their post
Prepared, were trembling with excess
of hope.
Here in these mountain straits the
Mountaineer
Had felt his country's strength insuper-
able;
Here he had pray'd to see the Musselman
With all his myriads; therefore had he
look'd
To Covadonga as a sanctuary
Apt for concealment, easy of defence;
And Guisla's flight, though to his heart
it sent
A pang more poignant for their mother's sake,
Yet did it further in its consequence
His hope and project, surer than deely
Well-laid, or best-concerted stratagem.
That sullen and revengeful mind, he
knows,
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 revenue 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,
Along mile's length on either side its bed,
They lay. The lever and the axe saw
Had skillfully been pried; and trees and stones,
A dread artillery, ranged on crag and shelf
And steep descent, were ready at the word
Precipitate to roll resistless down.
The faithful maiden not more wistfully
Looks for the day that brings her lover home;
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 Mountainiers await their certain prey;
Yet mindful of their Prince's order, oft
And solemnly enforced, with eagerness
Subdued 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 below with noise of horse and foot
And haply with the clang of instruments,
Might drown all other signal, this is sure;
But wait it calmly; it will not be given
Till the whole line hath enter'd in the toils.
Comrades, be patient, so shall none escape
Who once set foot within these straits of death.
Thus had Pelayo on the Mountainiers
With frequent and impressive charge enforced
The needful exhortation. This alone
He doubted, that the Musselmens 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'er east,
And when the Sun had reach'd the height of heaven,
Dimly his pale and beamless orb was seen
Moving through mist. A soft and gentle rain,
Source heavier than the summer's evening dew,
Descended; through so still an atmosphere,
That every leaf upon the moveless trees
Was studded o'er with rain-drops, bright and full,
None falling till from its own weight
O'er-awh
The motion came.
Low on the mountain side
The fleecy vapour hung, and in its veil
With all their dreadful preparations
Wrapt
The Mountainiers; 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 favouring hour
She would be strongly with them. From below
Meantime distinct they heard the passing tramp
Of horse and foot, continuous as the sound
Of Deva's stream, and barbarous tongues
Confused
With laughter, and with frequent shouts, for all
Exultant came, expecting sure success;
Blind wretches over whom the ruin 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... temple's floor and roof:
And there the Angels fly to him with news
From distant Syria from this very vale
Bore thy component dust, and Azrael here
Awaits thee at this hour?...
There was a stirring in the air, the sun prevailed, and gradually the brightening mist began to rise and melt. A jutting crag upon the right projected over 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 venturesome dalesman, once ascending there to rob the eagle’s nest, had fallen, and hung among the heather, wondrously preserved; therefore had he with pious gratitude placed on that overhanging brow a Cross, tall as the mast of some light fisher’s skiff, and from the vale conspicuous. As the Moors advanced, the Chieftain in the van was seen, known by his arms, and from the crag a voice pronounced his name, Alcahman! hoo, look up, Alcahman! as the floating mist drew up. It had divided there, and open’d round the Cross; part clinging to the rock beneath, hovering and waving part in fleecy folds, a canopy of silver light condensed to shape and substance. In the midst there stood a female form, one hand upon the Cross, the other raised in menacing act; below loose flow’d her raiment, but her breast was arm’d and helmeted her head. The Moor turn’d pals, and belted her head. The Moor turn’d pals, for on the walls of Auria he had seen the Moor turn’d pals, that well-known figure, and had well believed. She rested with the dead. What, hoa! she cried, Alcahman! in the name of all who fell at Auria in the massacre, this hour I summon thee before the throne of God to answer for the innocent blood! This hour, Moor, Miscreant, Murderer, Child of Hell, this hour I summon thee to judgement!... In the name of God! for Spain and Vengeance! Thus she closed her speech; for taking from the Prince’s hand that oaken cross which at the sacrificing 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 loosen’d crags, down down they roll’d with rush and bound, and thundering force. Such was the fall as when some city by the labouring earth was heaved from its strong foundations is cast down, and all its dwellings, towers, and palaces, in one wide desolation prostrated. From end to end of that long strait, the crash was heard continuous, and commixt with sounds more dreadful, shrieks of horror and despair, and death,... the wild and agonizing cry of that whole host in one destruction whom’d. Vain was all valour there, all martial skill; the valiant arm is helpless now; the feet Swift in the race avail not now to save; they perish, all their thousands perish there,... Horsemen and infantry they perish all,... The outward armour and the bones within broken and bruised and crush’d. Echo prolong’d the long uproar: a silence then ensued, through which the sound of Deva’s stream was heard,... A lonely voice of waters, wild and sweet; the lingering groan, the faintly-utter’d prayer, the louder curses of despairing death, ascended not so high. Down from the cave Pelayo hastens, the Asturians hasten down, fierce and immittigable 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

Thou 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, save where the ivy spread,
which bower'd
The porch, and clustering round the pointed wall,
Wherein two bells, each open to the wind,
Hung side by side, threaded with hairy shoots
The double nich; and climbing to the cross,
Wrested 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 osen gallice, 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 where the ancient sceptre of the Goths
Was broken, there they flourish'd still.
Their boughs mingled on high, and stretching wide around,
Form'd a deep shade, beneath which canopy
Upon the ground Count Julian's board
Was spread, for to his daughter he had left his tent
Pitch'd for her use hard by. He at the board
Sate with his trusted Captains, Gunderick,
Felix and Miro, Thedored and Paul,
Basil and Cottilla, and Viringer,
Men through all fortunes faithful to their Lord,
And to that old and tried fidelity,
By personal love and honour held in ties
Strong as religious bonds. As there they sate,
In the distant vale a rising dust was seen,

And frequent flash of steel, the flying fight
Of men who, by a fiery foe pursued,
Put forth their coursers at full speed, to reach
The aid in which they trust. Up sprang the Chiefs,
And donning taking helm and shield, and spear,
Sped to their post.

Amid the chestnut groves
On Solla's side, Alphonso had in charge
To watch the foe; a provoking band came nigh,
Whom with the ardour of impetuous youth
He charged and followed them in close pursuit:
Quick succours join'd them; and the strife grew hot,
Ere Pedro hastening to bring off his son,
Or Julian and his Captains, bent alike
That hour to abstain from combat, (for by this
Full sure they deem'd Alcachman had secured
The easy means of certain victory,) could
Reach the spot. Both thus in their intent
According, somewhat had they now allay'd
The fury of the fight, though still spears flew,
And strokes of sword and mace were interchanged,
When passing through the troop a Moor came up
On errand from the Chief, to Julian sent;
A fatal task and fatal perform'd
For Julian, for the Chief, and for himself,
And all that host of Musselmen he brought:
For while with well-dissembled words he lured

The warrior's ear, the dexterous ruffian mark'd
The favouring moment and unguarded place,
And plunged a javelin in his side. The Count
Fell, but in falling called to Cottilla,
Treachery! the Moor! the Moor!
He too on whom
He cal'd had seen the blow from whence it came,
And seized the murderer. Miscreant! he exclaim'd,
Who set thee on? The Musselman, who saw
His secret purpose baffled, undismayed,
Replies, What I have done is authorized;
To punish treachery and prevent worse ill
Orpas and Abdulcaem sent me here;
The service of the Caliph and the Faith
Required the blow.

The Prophet and the Fiend
Reward thee then! cried Cottilla; meantime
Take thou from me thy proper earthly meed;
Villain! and lifting as he spake 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 drop'd,
His head half-severed fell. The curse of God
Fall on the Caliph and the Faith and thee;
Stamping for anguish, Cottilla pursued! African dogs, thus is it ye require
Our services? But dearly shall ye pay
For this day's work! O Fellow-soldiers, here,
Stretching his hands toward the host, he cried,
Behold your noble leader basely slain!
He who for twenty years hath led us forth
To war, and brought us home with victory,
Here he lies foully murdered, . . by the Moors,
Those whom he trusted, whom he served so well!
Our turn is next! but neither will we wait
Idly, nor tamely fall!

Amid the grief, tumult, and rage, of those who gather'd round,
When Julian could be heard, I have yet life,
He said, for vengeance. Virimar, speed thou
To yonder Mountaineers, and tell their chiefs
That Julian's veteran army joins this day
Pelayo's standard! The command devolves
On Gunderrick. Fellow-soldiers, who so well
Redress'd the wrongs of your old General,
Ye will not let this death go unreavenged!
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.

Thus when Florinda heard
Her father speak, a gleam of heavenly joy
Shone through the anguish of her countenance.
O gracious God, she cried, my prayers are heard;
Now let me die! . . They raised him from the earth;
He, knitting as they lifted him his brow, drew in through open lips and teeth firm-closed,
His painful breath, and on the lance laid hand,
Let its long shaft should shake the mortal wound.
Gently his men with slow and steady step
Their suffering burthen bore, and in the Church
Before the altar laid him down, his head
Upon Florinda's knees. . . Now, friends, said he,

A deep and fearful lustre in her eye,
A look of settled woe, . . pale, deadly pale,
Yet to no lamentations giving way,
Nor tears nor groans; . . within her breaking heart
She bore the grief, and kneeling solemnly
Beside him, raised her aweful 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.

O gracious God, she cried, my prayers are heard;
Now let me die! . . 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 may 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.
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,
Wherefore 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 sin'n, and from my soul renounce
The Imposter's faith, which never in that soul
Obtain'd a place, . . if at the Saviour's feet,
Laden with guilt, to cast myself and cry, Lord, I believe! help thou my unbelief? If this in the sincerity of death Sufficient, . . 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 hath 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 absolve
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, pursu'd,
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! exclaimed Florinda, who till then
Had listen'd speechlessly; Thou Man of God,
I also must partake! The Lord hath heard
My prayers! one sacrament, one hour, one grace,
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, Julián, ere thou diest!

Death, cried he, passing his hand across his cold damp brow,...
Thou tamest 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
Him who hath done the wrong:... He closed his eyes
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 be heal'd, and in his eye
With glowing animation while he spake
The vehement spirit shone: its effort soon
Was pass'd, and painfully with feeble breath
Exhausted life gave way.

Saviour! exclaimed the Goth, as he perform'd
The fatal Service. Julián cried,
True friend! and gave to him his dying hand.

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!

Gromning, he clasp'd her close, and in that act
And agony her happy spirit fled.

XXIV. RODERICK AND COUNT JULIAN

Saviour! exclaimed the Goth, as he performed
The fatal service. Julián cried, O friend!
True friend! and gave to him his dying hand.

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!

Gromning, he clasp'd her close, and in that act
And agony her happy spirit fled.

XXV. RODERICK IN BATTLE

Eight thousand men had to Asturias march'd
Beneath Count Julián's banner; the remains
Of that brave army which in Africa
So well against the Musselman 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 roft. Others had fallen
Consumed in sieges, alway by the Moor
To the front of war opposed. The policy,
With whatsoever show of honour couk'd.

At their carousals, of the flagrant wrong, Hold 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 Julián in their just resentment shared,
And fix'd their hopes on him. Slight impulse now
Sufficed to make these fiery martials
Break forth in open fury; and though first
Count Pedro listen'd with suspicious ear
To Julián's dying orrord, deeming it
Some new decoy of treason... when he found
A second legate follow'd Virimar,
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, Cottila and Paul,
Basil and Miro, Theudered, Gunderick,
Felix, and all who held authority; the jealous services of their brave host. They professed, and besought him instantly to lead against the African their force combined, and in good hour assail a foe divided, nor for such attack prepared.

While thus they communed, Roderick from the church came forth, and seeing Pedro, bent his way toward them. Sir, 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 turned his speech to Pedro in an under voice; the King, said he, I know with noble mind will judge of the departed; Christian be he, he died, and with a manly penitence: They who condemned him most should call to mind how grievous was the wrong which madden’d him; be that remember’d in his history, and let no shame be offered his remains.

As Pedro would have answered, a loud cry of mourning impressed on the troops arose; for Orpas, by the Moorish Chief sent to assuage the storm his villainy had stirr’d, came hastening on a milk-white steed, and at safe distance having check’d the rein, Beckon’d for parley. 'Twas Oriel 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’d 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 walked no reply, but as he was, barheaded, in his weeds, and all unarmed, advanced toward the renegade. Sir Priest, Quoth Orpas as he came, I hold no talk with thee; my errand is with Gunderick, and the Captains of the host, to whom I bring such liberal offers and clear proof... The Goth, breaking with scornful voice his speech, exclaim’d, what, could no steed but Roderick’s serve thy turn? I should have thought some sleek and sober mule; long trained in shackles to procession pace, more suited to my lord of Seville’s use...
Armour was riven, and wounds were interchanged, And many a spirit from its mortal hold Hurried to bliss or bale. Well did the Chiefs Of Julian's army in that hour support Their old esteem; and well Count Pedro there Enhanced his former praise; and by his side, Bejewelled like a bridegroom in the strife, Alphonso through the host of infidels Bore on his bloody lance dismay and death. But there was worst confusion and uproar, There widest slaughter and dismay, where, proud Of his recover'd Lord, Orello plunged Through thickest ranks, trampling beneath his feet: The living and the dead. Where'er he turns The Moors divide and fly. What man is this, 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 Kaf's dark fountain, and he comes Strong in his immortality! Fly! fly! They said, this is no human foe! No 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 knighthly ease he site The intrepid steed, and deals from side to side

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**His dreadful blows! Not Roderick in his power**

Bestrode with such command and majesty That noble war-horse. His loose robe this day Was death's black banner, shaking from its folds. Dismay and ruin. Of no mortal mould Is he who in that garb of peace afrons Whole hosts, and sees them scatter where he turns! Auspicious Heaven beholds us, and some Saint Revisits earth!

Aye, cries another, Heaven Hath ever with especial bounty bested Above all other lands its favour'd Spain; Chusing her children forth from all mankind For its peculiar people, as of yore. Abraham's ungrateful race beneath the Law. Who knows not how on that most holy night When peace on Earth by Angels was proclaimed, The light which o'er the fields of Bethlehem shone, Irradiated whole Spain? not just displayed, As to the Shepherds, and again withdrawn, All the long winter hours from eve till morn Her forests and her mountains and her plains, Her hills and valleys were embattled in light, A light which came not from the sun or moon Or stars, by secondary powers dispensed, But from the fountain-springs the Light of Light

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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 east In wrath the unhallowed scymitar 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! Hove the miscreants down, And spare not! hew them down in sacrifice! God is with us! his Saints are in the field! Victory! miraculous Victory!

Thus they Inflamed with wild belief the keen desire Of vengeance on their enemies abhor'd. The Moorish chief, meantime, o'erlook'd the fight From an eminence, and cursed the renegade Whose counsels sorting to such ill effect Had brought this danger on. Lo, from the East Comes fresh alarm! a few poor fugitives Well-nigh with fear exanimate came up, From Covadonga flying, and the rear Of that destruction, scarce with breath to tell Their dreadful tale. When Abulcacem heard, Stricken with horror, like a man bereft Of sense, he stood. O Prophet, he exclaimed! A hard and cruel fortune hast thou brought
This day upon thy servant! Must I then
Here with disgrace and ruin close a life
Of glorious deeds? But how should man resist
Pate's irreversible decrees, or why
Murmur at what must be? They who survive
May mourn the evil which this day begins:
My part will soon be done! . . . Grief then gave way
To rage, and cursing Guisila, he pursued,
Oh that that treacherous woman were but here!
It were a consolation to give her
The evil death she merits!

That reward
She hath had, a Moor replied. For when
We reach'd the entrance of the vale, it was her choice
There in the farthest dwellings to be left,
Lest she should see her brother's death, and pierce her
With wounds . . . Poor vengeance for a host
Destroyed! said Abulcaecem 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 for ever bars all plots
Of treason on their part; no hope have they
Of safety, but with us. He call'd them then
With chosen troops to join him in the front
Of battle, that by bravely making head,
Retreat might now be won. Then fiercer raged
The conflict, and more frequent cries of death,
Mingling with imprecations and with prayers,
Rose through the din of war.

By this the blood
Which Dea, down her fatal channel pour'd,
Purpled Ponia's course, had reach'd and stain'd,
The wider stream of Sella. Soon far off
The frequent glance of spears and gleam of arms
Were seen, which sparkeld 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,
Chiefstains 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 Orelio breathe.
Siverian, quoth Pelayo, if mine eyes
Deceive me not, yon horse, whose reckless
Sides Are red with slaughter, is the same on whom
The apostate Orpas in his vauntrey
Wont to parade the streets of Cordoba.
But thou shouldst know him best; regard him well:
Is't not Orelio?

Either it is he,
The old man replied, or one so like to him,
Whom all thought matchless, that similitude
Would be the greater wonder. But behold
What man is he who in that disarray
Doth with such power and majesty bestride
The noble steed, as if he felt himself
In his own proper seat? Look how he leans
To cherish him; and how the gallant horse
Curves up his stately neck, and bends his head,
As if again to court that gentle touch,
And answer to the voice which praises him,
Can it be Maccaebus? 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 farther. 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 establish'd, and the wrongs of Spain revenged.
Orpas the assured, 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 Visiona from the Primate's hand
Of his own proper act to me was given,
Unworthy as I am, . . . yet sure I think
Not without mystery as the event hath shown, . .

Did I accept Count Julian's penitence,
And reconcile the dying man to Heaven.
Beside him hath his daughter fallen asleep;
Deal honourably with his remains, and let
One grave with Christian rites receive them both.
Is it not written that as the Tree falls
So it shall lie? . . .

In this and all things else,
Pelayo answer'd, looking wistfully
Upon the Goth, thy pleasure shall be done.
Then Roderick saw that he was known, and
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,
My good Siverian, go not thou this day
To war! I charge thee keep thyself from harm!
Thou art past the age for battles, and with whom
Hereafter shouldst thy mistress talk of me
If thou wert gone! . . . Thou seest I am unarmed!
Thus disarray’d as thou beholdest me,
Clean through thy miscreant army have I cut
My way unhurt; but being one by Heaven
Preserved, I would not perish with the guilt
Of having wilfully provoked my death.
Give me thy helmet and thy cuirass! . . .
Thou wert not wont to let me ask in vain,
Nor to gainsay 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 armour dight him—
Orelio 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 vengeful 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 grovelling 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 Orelio
As doth becometh the steed 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 rejoin’d the host. On, comrades, on!
Victory and Vengeance! he exclaim’d, and took
The lead on that good charger, he alone
Horse’d for the onset. They with one consent
Gave all their voices to the inspiring cry,
Victory and Vengeance! and the hills and rocks
Caught the prophetic shout and roll’d it round.
Count Pedro’s people heard amid the heat
Of battle, and return’d the glad acclaim.
The astonish’d Muscelmen, on all sides changed
Hear that tremendous cry; yet mansfully
They stood, and everywhere with gallant front
Opposed in fair array the shock of war.
Desperately they fought, like men expert in arms,
And knowing that no safety could be found,
Save from their own right hands. No former day
Of all his long career had seen their chief
Approved so well; nor had Witiza’s sons
Ever before this hour achieved in fight
Such feats of resolute valor. Sisibert
Beheld Pelayo in the field afoot,
And twice essay’d beneath his horse’s feet
To thrust him down. Twice did the Prince evade
The shock, and twice upon his shield received
The fratricidal sword. Tempt me no more,

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. Filiest from me!
Exclaim’d a dreadful voice, as through the throng
Orelio forced his way; filiest from me
Receive the rightfull death too long withheld!
’Tis Roderick strikes the blow! And as he spake,
Upon the traitor’s shoulder fierce he drove
The weapon, well-bestow’d. He in the seat
Totent’d and fell. The Avenger hasten’d on
In search of Ebba; and in the heat of flight
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 shout’d out his kinsman’s name beloved,
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!
Roderick and Vengeance! Odear 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 clogg’d it, echoed it as if it came
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 re-echoed round;
And he, rejoicing in his strength, rode on,
Laying on the Moors with that good sword, and smote,
And overthrew, and scatter'd, and destroy'd,
And trampt 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 asto-"nish'd ranks,
Till he beheld, where on a fiery barb,
Ebba, performing well a soldier's part,
Dealt to the right and left his deadly strokes.
With mutual rage they met. The renegade
Displays a semitar, 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 splendour, 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 join and thrust
Aim'd and rebated; many a deadly blow,
Straight, or reverse, delivered and repell'd.
Roderick at length with better speed
Rode on,
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! So saying thus he seized
The miserable, who, blinded now...

The cries, tho 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!... Woe for Africa!
Woe for the circumcision! Woe for the faith
Of the lying Ishmaelite 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,
Instinct at the banquet of vengeance,
The enemy is there; look where they will,
Death hath environed their devoted bands.

The evening darken'd, but the avenging sword
Turn'd not away its edge till night had closed
Upon the field of blood. The Chieftains then
Blow the recall, and from their perfect work
Return'd rejoicing, all but he for whom
All look'd with most expectation. He full sure
Had thought upon that field to find his end
Desire'd, and with Florinda in the grave
Rest, in indissoluble unión join'd.

But still where through the press of war he went
Half-arm'd, and like a lover seeking death,
The arrows pass'd him by to right and left,
The spear-point pierce him not, the semitar
Glanced from his helmet; he, when he beheld
RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

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 Orolo found, his legs 579
And flanks incarmined, his poitrail 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 sent forth
His tremulous voice far echoing loud and shrill,
A frequent anxious cry, with which he seemed
To call the master whom he loved so well,
And who had thus again forsaken him.
Siverian's helm and cuirass on the grass
Lay near; and Julian's sword, its hilt and chain
Clotted with blood; but where was he whose hand
Had wielded it so well that glorious day?

Days, months, and years, and generations pass'd,
And centuries held their course, before, far off
Within a hermitage near Visio's walls
A humble tomb was found, which bore an inscribed
In ancient characters King Roderick's name.

SELECTED MINOR POEMS

THE HOLLY TREE

[First published in The Morning Post, Dec. 17, 1798, afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

1 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; 10
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 emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after time.

4 Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere, 20
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,
Cattle at home amid my friends I'd be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

5 And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

6 And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?

7 So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

Westbury, 1798.
**TO MARY**

[First published in *The Morning Post*, Oct. 30, 1803, under the title: 'Stanzas written after a Long Absence.']

Marry! ten chequer'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!

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.

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**FUNERAL SONG, FOR THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES**

[Published in *The Annual Register* for 1827 and in *Friendship's Offering* for 1828.]

In its summer pride array'd,
Low our Tree of Hope is laid!
Low it lies: . . in evil hour,
Visiting the bridal bower,
Death hath levell'd root and flower.
Windsor, in thy sacred shade,
(The this the end of pomp and power!) Have the rites of death been paid:
Windsor, in thy sacred shade
Is the Flower of Brunswick laid!

Ye whose relics rest around,
Tenants of this funeral ground!
Know ye, Spirits, who is come,
By immitigable doom
Summon'd to the untimely tomb!

Late with youth and splendour crown'd,
Late in beauty's vernal 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 faith'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.
Who are not left to learn below
That length of life is length of woe.
Lightly let this ground be prest;
A broken heart is here at rest.

But thou, Seymour, with a greeting,
Such as sisters use at meeting,
Joy, and sympathy, and love,
Will 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 hoary head,—
By More, the learned and the good,—
By Katharine's wrongs and Boleyn's blood,—
By the fire with martyrs fed,
Hateful Henry, not with thee
May her happy spirit be!

And here lies one whose tragic name
A reverential thought may claim;
That murder'd Monarch, whom the grave,
Revealing its long secrets, gave
Again to sight, that we might spy
His comely face and walking 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 relied upon
That Brabantian 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,
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 herse.

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.

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 cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts 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.

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,
In thine infinite wisdom and power,
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition.

Lowther Castle, 1828.
THE CATARACT OF LODORE
DESCRIBED IN RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY

[Published in Joanna Baillie's A Collection of Poems, chiefly Manuscript, 1823.]

How does the Water Come down at Lodore? My little boy ask'd me Thus, once on a time; And moreover he task'd me To tell him in rhyme.

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.

And 'twas in my vocation For their recreation That so I should sing; Because I was Laureate To them and tho King.

From its sources which well In the Tarn on the fell; From its fountains In the mountains, Its rills and its gills; Through meadow and glade, In sun and in shade,

And through the wood-shelter, Among crags in its fury, Heter-skelter,

And through the wood-shelter, Among crags in its fury, Heter-skelter,

Hurry-sourry. Here it comes sparkling, And there it is darkling; Now smoking and frothing Its tumult and wrath in,

Hurry-sourry. Here it comes sparkling, And there it is 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.

Till in this rapid race On which it is bent, It reaches the place Of its steep descent.

The Cataracl strong Then plunges along, Striking and raging As if a war waging

The Cataracl strong Then plunges along, Striking and raging As if a war waging

Its caverns and rocks among: Rising and leaping, Sinking and creeping, Swelling and sweeping, Showering and springing, Flying and flinging, Writling and ringling, Eddying and whirling, Spouting and flisking, Turning and twisting, Around and around

Rising and leaping, Sinking and creeping, Swelling and sweeping, Showering and springing, Flying and flinging, Writling and ringling, Eddying and whirling, Spouting and flisking, Turning and twisting, Around and around

With endless rebound! Smiling and fighting, A sight to delight in, Confounding, astounding, Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Smiling and fighting, A sight to delight in, Confounding, astounding, Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting, Receding and speeding, And shocking and rocking, And darting and paring, And threading and spreading, And whispering and hissing, And dripping and skipping, And hissing and splitting, And shining and twining, And rattling and battling, And shaking and quaking.

Collecting, projecting, Receding and speeding, And shocking and rocking, And darting and paring, And threading and spreading, And whispering and hissing, And dripping and skipping, And hissing 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 stunning, And foaming and roaming, 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 pouring and roaring, And waving and raving, And tossing and crossing, And flowing and going, And running and stunning, And foaming and roaming, 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 hurting and skurrying, And thundering and roundering;

And glittering and frittering, And gathering and feathering, And whitening and brightening, And quivering and shivering, And hurting and skurrying, And thundering and roundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding, And falling and brawling and sprawling, And driving and riving and striving, And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling, And sounding and bounding and booming, And bubbling and troubling and doubling, And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling, And quivering and shivering, And tumbling and tumbling, And reverberating and battering and clattering and rapping and clapping and slapping, And curving and whirling and purling

Dividing and gliding and sliding, And falling and brawling and sprawling, And driving and riving and striving, And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling, And sounding and bounding and booming, And bubbling and troubling and doubling, And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling, And quivering and shivering, And tumbling and tumbling, And reverberating and battering and clattering and rapping and clapping and slapping, And curving and whirling and purling

And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping, And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing; And so never ending, but always descending.

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 for ever 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, 1820.

SONNETS

[The two following Sonnets were numbered V and XV respectively among the Sonnets as printed in the collected edition of 1837—1838. The first was published in Poems, 1797; the second in The Annual Anthology, 1800.]

(1) THE EVENING RAINBOW

[Published in Poems, 1797.]

Wild arch of promise, on the evening sky Thou shinest fair with many a lovely ray Each in the other melting. Much mine eye Delights to linger on thee: for the day, Changeful and many-weather'd, seem'd to smile

Wild arch of promise, on the evening sky Thou shinest fair 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, seem'd to smile

On the good man's pale cheek, when he, in peace Departing gently from a world of woes, Anticipates the world where sorrows cease.

On the good man's pale cheek, when he, in peace Departing gently from a world of woes, Anticipates the world where sorrows cease.

1794.
350 SELECTED MINOR POEMS

(2) WINTER
[Published in *The Annual Anthology*, 1800.]
A wrinkled, crabbed man they picture thee,
Old Winter, with a rugged beard as grey
As the long moss upon the apple-tree;
Blue-lipt, an ice-drop at thy sharp blue nose,
Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way,
Plodding alone through sleet and drifting snows;
They should have drawn thee by the high-heapt 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.

INSCRIPTIONS
[This and the four following inscriptions were numbered respectively XI, XVIII, XXX, XXXIII, and XXXVIII in the Inscriptions as published in the collected edition of 1837-1838.]

(1) IN A FOREST
[First published in *The Morning Post*, April 13, 1799, afterwards in *The Annual Anthology*, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]
Stranger! whose steps have reach'd this solitude,
Know that this lonely spot was dear to one
Devoted with no unrequited zeal
To Nature. Here, delighted he has heard
The rustling of these woods, that now perchance
Melds to the gale of summer move;
And underneath their shade on yon smooth rock,
With grey and yellow lichens overgrown,
Often recollected; watching the silent flow
Of this perspicuous rivulet, that steals so
Along its verdant course, till all around
Had fill'd his senses with tranquillity.
And ever soothed in spirit he return'd
A happier, better man. Stranger! perchance,
Therefore the stream more lovely to thine eye
Will glide along, and to the summer gale
The woods wave more melodiously.
Cleanse thou then the stone and mosses from this letter'd stone.
Westbury, 1798.

(2) 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 pld
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 respite, many a time he sa'd
Who leaves this record of his friend,
drawn back
Into the shadow from her social board,
Because too surely in her cheek he saw
The insidious bloom of death; and then her smiles
And innocent mirth excited deeper grief
Than when long-lock'd-for tidings came at last,
That all her sufferings ended, she was laid.

Amid Madeira's orange groves to rest.
O gentle Emma! o'er a lovelier form
Than thine, Earth never closed;
or e'er did Heaven
Receive a purer spirit from the world.
Keswick, 1810.

(3) AT BARROSA
Though the four quarters of the world have seen
The British valour proved triumphantly
Upon the French, in many a field famed,
Yet may the noble Island in her rolls
Of glory write Barrosa's name. For there,
Not by the leader's eye intuitive,
Nor force of either arm of war, nor art
Of skil'd artillery, nor the discipline
Of troops to absolute obedience train'd;
But by the spring and impulse of the heart,
Brought fairly to the trial, when all else
Seem'd, like a wrestler's garment,
thrown aside;
By individual courage and the sense
Of honour, their old country's, and their own,
There to be forfeited, or there upheld;
This warm'd the soldier's soul, and gave his hand
The strength that carries with it victory.
More to enhance their praise, the day was fought
Against all circumstance; a painful march,
Through twenty hours of night and day prolong'd.
Forespent the British troops; and hope delay'd
If left their spirits pall'd. But when the word
Was given to turn, and charge, and win the heights,
The welcome order came to them, like rain
Upon a traveller in the thirsty sands.
Rejoicing, up the ascent, and in the front
Of danger, they with steady step advanced,
And with the insupportable bayonet
Drove down the foe. The vanquish'd Victor saw
And thought of Talavera, and deplored
His eagle lost. But England saw well-placed
Her old ascendency that day sustain'd; And Scotland, shouting over all her hills,
Among her worthies rank'd another Graham.
(4) EPITAPH

[Published in The Literary Souvenir, 1827, under the title of 'A Soldier's Epitaph.]

Steet is the soldier's path; nor are the heights
Of glory to be won without long toil
And arduous efforts of enduring hope;
Save when Death takes the aspirant by the hand,
And cutting short the work of years, at once
Lifts him to that conspicuous eminence.
Such fate was mine.—The standard of the Buffs
I bore at Albuhera, on that day
When, covered by a shower, and fatally
For friends misdeem'd, the Polish lancers fell
Upon our rear. Surrounding me, they claim'd
My precious charge.—'Not but with life!' I cried,
And life was given for...posed,
Saved not the French invaders from attack,
Discomfiture, and contracting then his brow.

(5) EPITAPH

[First published in The Literary Souvenir, 1828.]

Time 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.

DEDICATION OF 'COLLOQUIES' 353

DEDICATION OF THE AUTHOR'S

COLOQUIES ON THE PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS OF SOCIETY

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE REVEREND HERBERT HILL,
Formerly Student of Christ Church, Oxford; successively Chaplain to the British Factories at Porto and at Lisbon; and late Rector of Streatham: who was released from this life, Sept. 19, 1828, in the 80th year of his age.

Nor upon marble or sepulchral brass
Have I the record of thy worth inscribed,
Dear Uncle! nor from Chantrey's chisel
A monumental statue, which might wear
Through many an age thy venerable form.
Such tribute, were I rich in this world's wealth,
Should rightfully be rendered, in discharge
Of grateful duty, to the world evinced
When testifying so by outward sign
Its deep and inmost sense. But what I can
Is rendered piously, prefixing here
Thy perfect lineaments, two centuries
Before thy birth by Holbein's happy hand
Prefigured thus. It is the portraiture
Of More, the mild, the learned, and the good
When testifying so by outward sign
Its deep and inmost sense. But what I can
Is rendered piously, prefixing here
Thy perfect lineaments, two centuries
Before thy birth by Holbein's happy hand
Prefigured thus. It is the portraiture
Of More, the mild, the learned, and the good;
Traced in that better stage of human life,
When vain imaginations, troublous thoughts,
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
Appreciat alway, chose for highest trust;
Whom England in that eminence approved;
Whom Europe honoured, and Erasmus loved.
Such was he ere heart-hardening bigotry
Obscured his spirit, made him with himself
Discordant, and contracting then his brow.

With sour defeature mar'st his countenance.
What he was, in his best and happiest time,
Even such wert thou, dear Uncle! such thy look
Benign and thoughtful; such thy placid mien;
Thine eye serene, significant and strong.
Bright in its quietness, yet brightening oft
With quick emotion of benevolence,
Or flash of active fancy, and that mirth
Which aye with sober wisdom well accords.

Nor ever did true Nature, with more nice
Exactitude, fit to the inner man
The fleshly mould, than when she stampt on thine
Her best credentials, and bestow'd on thee
An aspect, to whose sure confidence could trust,
Which at a glance obtain'd respect from men,
And won at once good will from all the good.

N
SELECTED MINOR POEMS

Such as in semblance, such in word and deed,
Lisbon beheld him, when for many a year
The even tenour of his spotless life
Adorned the English Church, her minister
In that strong hold of Rome’s idolatry
To God and man approved. What Englishman,
Who in those peaceful days of Portugal
Resorted thither, curious to observe
Her cities, and the works and ways of men,
But sought him, and from his abundant store
Of knowledge profited? What stiicken one,
Sent thither to protract a living death,
Forlorn perhaps, and friendless else, but found
A friend in him! What mourners, who
Had seen
The object of their agonising hopes
In that sad cypress ground deposited,
Wherein so many a flower of British growth,
Untimely faded and cut down, is laid,
In foreign earth compressed, but bore away
A life-long sense of his compassionate care,
His Christian goodness? Faithful shepherd be,
And vigilant against the wolves, who there,
If entrance might be won, would straight beset
The dying stranger, and with merciless zeal
Day the death-bed. In every family
Throughout his fold was he the welcome guest,
Alike to every generation dear,
The children’s favourite, and the grand- sire’s friend,
Tried, trusted and beloved. So liberal too,
In secret alms, even to his utmost means,
That they who served him, and who saw in part
The channels where his constant bounty ran,
Maugre their own uncharitable faith,
Believed him, for his works, secure of Heaven.
It would have been a grief for me to think
The features, which so perfectly express’d
That excellent mind, should irretrievably
From earth have pass’d away, existing now
Only in some few faithful memories
In soul’d, and not by any limmer’s skill
To be imboiled thence. A blessing then
On him, in whose prophetic counterfeit
Preserved, the children now, who were the crown
Of his old age, may see their father’s face,
Here to the very life pourtray’d, as when
Spain’s mountain passes, and her ilex woods,
And fragrant 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 semblance, 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; For on their earthly pilgrimage advanced
Are they who knew thee when we drew the breath
Of that delicious climate! The most are gone;
And whose yet survive of those who then
Were in their summer season, on the tree
Of life hang here and there like wintry leaves,
Which the first breeze will from the bough bring down.
I, too, am in the sear, the yellow leaf.
And yet, (no wish is nearer to my heart,) One arduous labour more, as unto thee
In duty bound, full fain would I complete,
(So Heaven permit,) recording faithfully
The heroic rise, the glories, the decline,
Of that fallen country, dear to us, wherein
The better portion of thy days was pass’d;
And where, in fruitful intercourse with thee,
My intellectual life received its birth
The bias it kept. Poor Portugal,
In us thou harbouredst no ungrateful guests!
We loved thee well; Mother magnanimous
Of mighty intellects and faithful hearts,
For such in other times thou wert, nor yet
To be despair’d of, for not yet, methinks,
Degenerate wholly, . . yes, we loved thee well!
And in thy moving story, (so but life
Be given to me to mature the gathered store
Of thirty years,) poet and poltict,
And Christian sage, (only philosopher
Who from the Well of living water drinks
Never to thirst again,) shall find, I ween,
For fanncy, 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.

Oh friend revered,
Guide and fellow-labourer in this ample field,
How large a portion of myself hath pass’d
With thee, from earth to Heaven!
Thus they who reach
Grey hairs die piecemeal. But in good old age
Thou hast departed; not to be wait’d,
Oh no! The promise on the Mount
Vouchsafed, Nor abrogated by any later law
Reveal’d to man, . . that promise, as by thee
Full piously desired, 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,
LITTLE BOOK, IN GREEN AND GOLD

[Printed by Southey's cousin and son-in-law, Herbert Hill, in 1845.]

LITTLE BOOK, IN GREEN AND GOLD

[Printed by Southey's cousin and son-in-law, Herbert Hill, in 1845; with Other Poetical Remains, in 1845.]
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!

Woe, woe to England! woe and endless shame,
If this heroic land,
False to her feelings and unspotted fame,
Hold out the olive to the Tyrant’s hand!
Woe to the world, if Buonaparte’s throne
Be suffer’d still to stand!
For by what names shall Right and
Wrong be known, ...
What new and courtly phrases must we feign
For Falsehood, Murder, and all monstrous crimes,
If that pernicious Corsican maintain
Still his detested reign,
And France, who years even now to
break her chain,
Beneath her iron rule be left to groan?
No! by the innumerable dead,
Whose blood hath for his lust of power been shed,
Death only can for his foul deeds atone;
When Heaven such grace vouchsafed him that the way
To Good and Evil lay
Before him, which to choose.

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,
Curling delirious France beneath his sway,
Then, like Octavius in old time,
Fair name might he have handed down,
Effacing many a stain of former crime.
Fool! should he cast away that
brilliant renown!
Fool! the redemption proffer’d should be lost!
When Heaven such grace vouchsafed him that the way
To Good and Evil lay
Before him, which to choose.

A merciless oppressor hast thou been,
 Thyself remorselessly oppress’d meantime;
Greedy of war, when all that thou
couldst gain,
Was but to dyo thy soul with deeper crime,
And rivet faster round thyself the chain.
O blind to honour, and to interest blind,
When thus in abject servitude resign’d
To this barbarian upstart, thou
couldst brave
God’s justice, and the heart of human kind!
Madly thou thoughtest to enslave the world,
Thyself the while a miserable slave.
Behold the flag of vengeance is unfurled!

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 follow’d thee.
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!

France! beneath this floree Barbarian’s sway
Disgraced thou art to all succeeding times;
Rapiñe, and blood, and fire have mark’d thy way,
All loathsome, all unutterable crimes.

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 wives and their own strength the nations know:
Wise from past wrongs, on future peace intent,
The People and the Princes, 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 lov’st thine ancient fame,
Revenge thy sufferings and thy shame!

358
SELECTED MINOR POEMS

359

ODE WRITTEN DURING NEGOTIATIONS

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.
By the blood which on Domingo's shore
Hath ologg'd the carrion-birds with gore;
Or stiffen'd on the snowy plain
Of frozen Moscow;
By the bodies which he all open to the sky,
Tracking from Elbe to Rhine the Tyrant's flight;
By the widow's and the orphan's cry;
By the childless parent's misery;
By the lives which he hath shed;
By the ruin he hath spread;
By the prayers which rise for curses on his head;
Redeem, O France! thine ancient fame,
Revenge thy sufferings and thy shame,
Open thine eyes! too long hast thou been blind;
Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind!

By those horrors which the night
Witness'd, when the torches' light
To the assembled murderers show'd
Where the blood...; 10
While the fields are so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

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 two.
10
While the fields are so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

There was Junot and Augereau,
Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,
General Rapp and Marshal Ney, lack-a-day!
Wellington was sick in bed;
While the fields are 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.

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! 30

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!

And Councilor 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 recko'd:
It was through thick and thin to its party true;
Its back was buff, and its sides were blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu! (too.
It served them for Law and for Gospel
But the Russians stoutly they turn'd to
Upon the road to Moscow.
Nap had to light 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 had cost him much ado,
And then no better course he knew,
While the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!

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;
Milordovitch and Jaladovitch
And Karatschikowitch,
And all the others that end in itch;
Schamschof, Sonchosanoff,
And Schopaleff,
And all the others that end in eff;
Weiltschikoff, Kostomaroff,
And Tebogolkoff,
And all the others that end in eff;
Rajefsky and Noverefsky
And Riefsky,
And all the others that end in Psky
Osharofsky and Rostofsky,
And all the others that end in Psky
And Platoff he play'd 'em off,
And Shouvaloff he shovell'd 'em off,
And Markoff he mark'd 'em off,
And Krossoff he cross'd 'em off,
And Tuchliroff he touch'd 'em off,
And Beronoff he boren off,
And Kutousoff he cut them off,
And Parenoff he pare'd off,
And Wronoff he worrid off,
And Dorooff he did them off,
And Rodenoff he fog'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.

And then came on the frost and snow
All on the road from Moscow.
The wind and the weather he found in that hour
Cared nothing for him nor for all his power;
For him who, while Europe crouch'd under his rod,
Put his trust in his fortune, and not in his God.
Worse and worse every day the elements grew,
[so blue,
The fields were so white and the sky
Sacrébleu! Ventrebleu!
What a horrible journey from Moscow!

What then thought the Emperor Nap
Upon the road from Moscow?
Why, I ween he thought it small delight
To fight all day, and to freeze all night;
And he was besides in a very great fright,
For a whole skin he liked to be in;
And so, not knowing what else to do,
When the fields were so white and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
He stole away, I tell you true,
Upon the road from Moscow.
'Tis myself, quoth he, I must mind most;
So the Devil may take the hindmost.

Too cold upon the road was he,
Too hot had he been at Moscow;
But colder and hotter he may be,
For the grave is colder than Moscow;
And 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 nameakes 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.

Lord William
[First published in The Morning Post, March 16, 1798, with the omission of Stanza 23; afterwards in Poems, vol. ii, 1799.]
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.

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 mirth to drown
The anguish of his soul.
The tempest, as its sudden swell
In gusty howlings came,
With cold and death-like feeling soon'd
To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on,
His lonely coach he press'd,
And, wearied out, he sunk to sleep,
To sleep... but not to rest.

Beside that coach 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;
Sueh and so pale as when in death
With faint and faltering tongue,
To William's ear, a dying charge,
He left his orphan son.
'I bade thee with a father's love
My orphan Edmund guard;
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge
Take now thy due reward.'

'Slow were the passing hours, yet swift
The months appear'd to roll;
And now the day return'd that shook
With terror William's soul;
A day that William never felt
Return without dismay,
For well had conscience kalendar'd
Young Edmund's dying day.
A day that William never felt
Return without dismay,
For well had conscience kalendar'd
Young Edmund's dying day.

He rose in haste, beneath the walls
He saw the flood appear;
It hemm'd him round, 'twas midnight
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.
SELECTED MINOR POEMS

But William leapt into the boat,
His terror was so sore;
"Thou shalt have half my gold," he cried,
"Haste, haste to yonder shore!"

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Went light along the stream;
Sudden Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

The boatman paused; he thought he heard
A child's distressful cry!
"'Twas but the howling wind of night,"
Lord William made reply.

"Haste, haste, ply swift and strong the oar;
Haste, haste across the stream!"
Again Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

"I heard a child's distressful voice,"
The boatman cried again.
"Nay, hasten on; the night is dark,
And we should search in vain."

"O God! Lord William, dost thou know
How dreadful 'tis to die?
And canst thou without pity hear
A child's expiring cry?

How horrible it is to sink
Beneath the closing stream,
To stretch the powerless arms in vain,
In vain for help to scream!

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been traveling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by
At the Well to fill his pail;
On the Well-side he rested it,
And he bade the Stranger hail.

Now art thou a bachelor, Stranger?" quoth he,
"For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne.

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
The Stranger he made reply,
"But that my draught should be the better for that,
I pray you answer me why?"

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornish-man,
"Many a time drank of this crystal Well,
And before the Angel summon'd her,
She laid on the water a spell.

But if the Wife should drink of it first,"
God help the Husband then!"
The Stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the Well I warrant best times?"
He to the Cornish-man said:
But the Cornish-man smiled as the Stranger spoke,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my Wife in the porch;
But I faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to Church."

Westbury, 1798.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE

[First published in The Morning Post, Dec. 3, 1798; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

Westbury, 1798.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

[First published in The Morning Post, Aug. 9, 1798; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1800, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

1 It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

2 She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

3 Oíd Kaspar took it from the boy,Who stood expectant by;And then the oíd man shook his head,And, with a natural sigh,"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,'Who fell in the great victory.
With fire and sword the country round Was wasted far and wide,
And many a wailing mother then, And new-born baby died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor liad he where to rest his head.

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
So for many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

And every body praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.

But what good came of it at last?
'Said little Peterkin.' Why that I cannot tell,' said he
"But 'twas a famous victory.

Westbury, 1798.

THE OLD WOMAN OF BERKELEY,
A BALLAD,
SHewing how an old woman rode double, and who rode before her.

[Published in Poems, vol. ii, 1799. The history of this ballad is described by Southey in the Preface to the Sixth Volume of the Collected Edition of his Poems (vide pp. 13, 14.)

A.D. 665. Cetera dies ista, mulier quaedam malevolentia, in villa quae Berkeleia dicitur degens, gulae amatrix ac petulantiae, in ecclesia sepulchro corporis septentrionalis, qui praebuit nomen mulieris, in quo defuncta fuerat, devorata est, usque ad mortem illa semper artibus inscribuit; ego omnium vitiorum sentinentia, ego incognitam omnium fuji magistra. Ereat tamen nihil inter haec et prorsus religiosis, quae semper sedebat in sacellum umquam despensavit; vos expectabam propugnatores contra daemones, tutores contra demoniacos hostes. Nunc igni quominum ad finem vitae perveni, rege vos per maternam ubera, ut mors teneat alterius tormenta. Mode isto me dextaram, in conto corvina, ac deinde in sarcophago lapideo suppone, opercularumque ferro et plumbum in os dominum lapidem transit, et legem divinarum eadem et sanctissimorum sanctus, decernere demum in sui tribus noctibus secum jecero, quarta die me impudice hunc.


But William of Malmesbury seems to have been the original authority, and he had the story from an eye-witness. 'When I shall have related it,' he says, 'the credit of the narratores will not be shaken, though the minds of the hearers should be incredulous, for I have heard it from a man of such character who would not have had it, that I should blush to disbelieve.'—SHADW. William of Malmesbury, p. 204.

The Raven crook'd as she sate at her meal, And the Old Woman knew what he said, And she grew pale at the Raven's tale, And sleen'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 the Monks 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!'
SELECTED MINOR POEMS

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 judgement now must be,
But I secured my children's souls,
Oh! pray, my children, for me!

I have 'nointed myself with infant's fat,
The fiends have been my slaves,
From sleeping babes I have suck'd the breath,
And breaking by charms the sleep of death,
I have call'd the dead from their graves.

And the Devil will fetch me now in fire,
My witchcrafts to atone;
And I who have troubled the dead man's grave
Shall never have rest in my own.

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 with iron barr'd it down,
And in the church with three strong chains
They chain'd it to the ground.

And 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 barric'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 third night came, and the tapers' flame
A frightful stench did make;
And they burnt as though they had been dipt
In the burning brimstone lake.

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 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 sang
As they troubled 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.

And ever have the tapers' light
Burnt dimly and blue,
And every one saw his neighbour's face
Like a dead man's face to view.

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, panted and pray'd,
And on all Saints in heaven for aid
They call'd with trembling tongue.

In winter the corn was growing yet,
Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

They saw her no more, but her cries
For four miles round they could hear,
And children at rest at their mothers' breast
Started, and scream'd with fear.

GOD'S JUDGEMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP

[First published in The Morning Post, Nov. 29, 1799; afterwards in The Award Anthology, 1800, and in Metrical Tales, 1803.]

Here followeth the History of HATTO, Archbishop of Mentz.

It happened in the year 914, that there was an excessive 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 Ceasar and Crescentius the two and thirtheth, of the Archbishops after St. Bonifacius 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 Barn, and like a merciless and inhuman tyrant, 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 priest to commit that execrable impertinence, 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 dispossessed out of the world. For he said that those poor folks were like to Mice, that were good for nothing but to devour corn. But God Almighty, the just avenger of the poor folks quarrel, did not long suffer this haughty 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 Alsatians, so that they afflicted 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 stoodeth in the Rhine near the town, he built himself unto the said tower as to a safe refuge and sanctuary from his enemies, and locked himself in. But the innumerable troops of Mice chased him continually very eagerly, and swarmm unto him upon the top of the water to execute the just judgment of God, and so at last was most miserably devour'd by those sillie creatures; who pursued him with such bitter hostility, that it is recorded they scraped and knawed out his very name from the walls and tapestry where 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 situated in a little green island in the midst of the Rhine near to the town of Bingen, and is commonly called in the German Tongue the Mowen-rex:—

Coryat's Crudities, pp. 571, 572.

Other authors who record 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.

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,
And he crost the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
He slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

He burst with his voice of thunder.
He set fire to the Barn and burnt them all.
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
'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.'

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 !'

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,
And he crost the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

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.

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,
And he crost the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

And he sat down to supper merrily,
He burst with his voice of thunder.

They saw her no more, but her cries
For four miles round they could hear,
And children at rest at their mothers' breast
Started, and scream'd with fear.

GOD'S JUDGEMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP

[First published in The Morning Post, Nov. 29, 1799; afterwards in The Award Anthology, 1800, and in Metrical Tales, 1803.]

Here followeth the History of HATTO, Archbishop of Mentz.

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His granaries were furnish'd well.

Hereford, 1788.
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

And down from the ceiling and up
From the right and the left, from behind
And through the walls helter-skelter
And the gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

As louder and louder drawing near
Down on his knees the Bishop fell, And faster and faster his beads did he
Such a judgement had never been
Such numbers had never been heard of
By thousands they come, and by myriads
They are not to be told by the dozen or
To do the work for which they were sent.

And up the Tower their way is bent,
And they have climb'd the shores so
At the Army of Rats that were drawing
For they have swum over the river so
For she sat screaming, mad with fear
He listen'd and look'd; it was only
On his pillow from whence the screaming
He started and saw two eyes of flame
And now they pick the Bishop's bones;
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,
And they have whetted their teeth against
And then they knew the perilous
And there was joyance in their sound.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

(First published in The Morning Post, Oct. 10, 1803. The Ballad was reprinted, with a number of unauthorized variations, in The Edinburgh Annual Register for 1810, without Southey's knowledge or consent.)

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 navigation, because it is overflowed every tide. It is reported in old times, upon the same rock there was a bell, fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being set up by the sailors of the dangers.' The bell is said to have been cut away by a sea pirate, a year or two after Southey wrote the ballad, but the rock again undergoes a similar fate. The rocks around May, 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 navigation, because it is overflowed every tide. It is reported in old times, upon the same rock there was a bell, fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being set up by the sailors of the dangers.' The bell is said to have been cut away by a sea pirate, a year or two after Southey wrote the ballad, but the rock again undergoes a similar fate. The rocks around May, and the Abbot of Aberbrothok and being taken down by a sea pirate, a yeare therafter he perished upon the same roke, with ship and goods, in the Germán seas, lyes a great hidden rock, called Inchcape, very dangerous for navigators, because it is overflowed every tide. It is reported in old times, upon the same rock there was a bell, fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being set up by the sailors of the dangers. This bell or clocke was put up there and maintained by the Abbot of Aberbrothok, and being taken down by a sea pirate, a yeare therafter he perished upon the same roke, with ship and goods, in the Germán seas, lyes a great hidden rock, called Inchcape, very dangerous for navigators, because it is overflowed every tide. It is reported in old times, upon the same rock there was a bell, fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being set up by the sailors of the dangers. This bell or clocke was put up there and maintained by the Abbot of Aberbrothok, and being taken down by a sea pirate, a yeare therafter he perished upon the same roke, with ship and goods, in the Germán seas, lyes a great hidden rock, called Inchcape, very dangerous for

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The Sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

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 it will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising Moon.'

'Canst hear,' said one, 'the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore.'

'Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell.'

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along;
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock.—
'Oh Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!'

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He 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.
SELECTED MINOR POEMS

QUEEN ORRACA

AND

THE FIVE MARTYRS OF MOROCCO


This Legend is related in the Chronicle of Alfonso II, and in the Historia Saracena of Fr. Manuel da Esperança.

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 propose 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 bis 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 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.'

2

What news, O King Alfonso,
What news of the Friars five?
Have they preach'd to the Miramamolin?
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 Alfonso,
Of the Martyrs five, what news?
Doth the bloody Miramamolin
Their burial still refuse?

That on a dunghill they should rot,
The bloody Moor decreed;
That their dishonour'd bodies should
The dogs and vultures feed.

But the thunder of God roll'd over
Them, and the lightning of God flash'd round;
Nor thing impure, nor man impure,
Could approach the holy ground.

A thousand miracles appall'd
The cruel Pagan's mind;
Our brother Pedro brings them here,
In Coimbra to be shrined.'

4

Every altar in Coimbra
Is drest for the festival day;
All the people in Coimbra
Are dight in their richest array;

The Friars they bless her, one by one,
Where she knelt on her knee,
And they departed to the land
Of the Moors beyond the sea.

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 Alfonso,
Go you alone to-day.'

'I have pain in my head this morning,
I am ill at heart also:
Go without me, King Alfonso,
For I am too faint to go.'

'Come forth then, Queen Orraca!
You make the procession stay:
It were a scandal and a sin
To abide at home to-day.'

5

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 Alfonso,
And do not wait for me;
To meet them close by Coimbra,
It were discourtesy;
I will proceed the best I can,
But do you and your Knights prick on.'

The Friars of Alaquen 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 Alfonso 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!'
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 grey,
Poorly were they dight;
Each one girdled with a cord,
Like a Friar Minorite.
But from those robes of russet grey,
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.

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 Brunskill, who lived upon Stanemore, in the remotest part of the parish, and had a great many cattle. One time it happened that his Bell fell a bellowing, which in the dialect of the country is called cruning, this being the genuine Saxon word to denote that vociferation. Thereupon he said to one of his neighbours, 'Hearest thou how loud this bell crunes? If these cattle should all crune together, might they not be heard from Brough hither?" He answered, 'Yes.' "Well, then," says Brunskill, "I'll make them all crune together." And he sold them all, and with the price thereof he bought the said bells (or perhaps he might get the old bells new cast and made larger). There is a monument in the body of the church, in the south wall, between the highest and second window, and in which it is said the said Brunskill was the last that was interred.'—Nicolson and Burn's History and Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumberland, vol. i, p. 571.

One day to Helbeck I had stroll'd
Among the Crossfell hills,
And resting in its rocky grove
Sat listening to the rills;
The while to their sweet undersong
The birds sang blithe around,
And the soft west wind awoke the wood
To an intermitting sound.

Our promise to the Queen; 170
Go thou to King Affonso,
And say what thou hast seen.'

There was loud knocking at the door,
As the heavenly vision fled;
And the porter called to the Confessor,
To tell him the Queen was dead.

Bristol, 1803.
SELECTED MINOR POEMS

1. What feelings and what impulses
   Their cadence might convey,
   To herdman 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.

2. Or when a glad thanksgiving sound,
   Upon the winds of Heaven,
   Was sent to speak a Nation's joy,
   For some great blessing given—

   For victory by sea or land,
   And happy peace at length;
   Peace by his country's valour won,
   And establish'd by her strength;

   When such exultant peals were borne
   Upon the mountain air,
   The sound should stir his blood, and give
   An English impulse there.'

3. Such thoughts were in the old man's mind,
   When he that eve look'd down
   From Stanmore's side on Borrodale, And on the distant town.

4. And had I store of wealth, methinks, Another herd of kine,
   John Brunskill, I would freely give, That they might cruise with thine.

---

INSCRIPTION FOR A COFFEE-POT


A golden medal was voted to me
By a certain Royal Society:
Twas not a thing at which to scoff,
For fifty guineas was the cost thereof:
On one side a head of the king you might see,
And on the other was Mercury!
But I was scant of worldly riches,
And moreover the Mercury had no breeches;
So, thinking of honour and utility too,
And having modesty also in view,
I sold this medal, (why should I not?)
And with the money which for it I got,
I purchased this silver coffee-pot:
Which I trust my son will preserve with care,
To be handed down from heir to heir.

Such verses are engraved here,
That the truth of the matter may appear,
And I hope the society will be so wise,
As to dress their Mercuries!

---

SONNETS

[As two of the Sonnets have been inserted among the Selected Minor Poems (pp. 349, 350), and three of those published in 1837-1838 have been omitted, it has been necessary to make some alteration in the numbering of those here printed. Where this has been done the number in brackets ( ) at the head of a sonnet denotes its number in the edition of 1837-1838.]

I (IV) CORSTON

As thus I stand beside the murmuring stream
And watch its current, memory here pourtrays
Scenes faintly form'd of half-forgotten days,
Like far-off woodlands by the moon's bright beam
Dusky descorted, but lovely, I have seen
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.

---

II (VI)

With many a weary step, at length I gain
The 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
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 ere long shalt reach thy home,
And pleasant is the way that lies before.

---

III (VII)

Far in the rising morn when o'er the sky
The orient sun expands his roseate ray,
And lovely to the musing poet's eye,
Fades the soft radiance of departing day;
But fairer is the smile of one we love.

Than all the scenes in Nature's ample way,
And sweeter than the music of the grove,
The voice that bids us welcome. Such delight,
Bold, 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.
IV (VIII)
How darkly o'er yon far-off mountain frowns
The gather'd tempest! from that lurid cloud
The deep-voiced thunder rolls, awful and loud.
Fast falls in shadowy streaks the pelting rain
Never saw or terrible a storm!
Perhaps some way-worn traveller in vain
Wraps his thin raincoat round his shivering form,
Cold even as hope within him. I the while
Pause here in sadness, though the sunbeam smiles
Cheerily round me. Ah! that thus my lot
Is so tragic. Might be with Peace and Solitude as where I might from some little quiet cot
Sigh for the crimes and miseries of mankind.
1794.

V (IX)
[First published in The Morning Post, May 29, 1799.]
O thou sweet Lark, who in the heaven so high
Twinkling thy wings dost sing so joyously,
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 eager 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 1798.

VI (X)
[First published in The Morning Post, May 21, 1796.]
Thou lingerest, Spring! still wintry is the scene,
The fields their dead and sapless russet
Seared doth the glossy celandine appear
Staring the sunny bank, or early green
The eldest yet its shining tufts put forth.
The sparrow tenants still the caves-built nest
Where we should see our martin's snowy
Oft darting out. The blasts from the bleak north
And from the keener east still frequent
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
Tis to deceive, and he who knows ye best
[...doubt.]
When most ye promise, ever most must
Westbury, 1795.

VII (XI)
[First published in The Morning Post, November 23, 1798.]
Beware a speedy friend, the Arabian said,
And wisely was it he advised distrust:
The flower that blossoms earliest fades the foliage in the grove is seen,
When the bare forest by the wintry blast
Is swept, still lingering on the boughs the last.
1798.

VIII (XII) TO A GOOSE
[First published in The Morning Post, January 10, 1799.]
Though 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 gipsy thieves, and foxes sly and fleet;
If thy grey quills, by lawyer guided,
Deeds big with ruin to some wretched race,
Or love-sick poet's sonnet, sad and sweet
Waiting the rigour of thy lady fair;
Or if, the drudge of household's daily toil
Colobus and dust thy pinions white besoil,
Departed Goose! I neither know nor care.
This I know, that we pronounced thee fine,
Season'd with sage and onions, and port
London, 1798.

IX (XIII)
[First published in The Morning Post, December 28, 1798.]
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 gipsy thieves, and foxes sly and fleet;
If thy grey quills, by lawyer guided,
Deeds big with ruin to some wretched race,
Or love-sick poet's sonnet, sad and sweet
Waiting the rigour of thy lady fair;
Or if, the drudge of household's daily toil
Colobus and dust thy pinions white besoil,
Departed Goose! I neither know nor care.
This I know, that we pronounced thee fine,
Season'd with sage and onions, and port
London, 1798.

X (XIV)
[First published in The Morning Post, August 20, 1799.]
Fare thee prosperous 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 labour
And may I, if ever more should meet
See thee with affluence to thy native shore
Return'd: I need not pray that I may see
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 loved.
Westbury, 1798.
XI (XVII)

[First published in The Morning Post, December 14, 1798.]

S TA T E L Y ye vessel sails adown the tide, To some far distant land adventurous bound; The sailors' busy cries from side to side Pealing among the echoing rocks resound: A patient, thoughtless, much-enduring band, Joyful they enter on their ocean way, With shouts exulting leave their native land; [day] And know no care beyond the present, But is there no poor mourner left behind, Who sorrow for a child or husband there? Who at the howling of the midnight wind [prayer?] Will wake and tremble in her boding So may her voice be heard, and Heaven be kind! Go, gallant Ship, and be thy fortune Westbury, 1799.

XII (XVIII)

[First published in The Morning Post, December 18, 1798.]

G O D have mercy in this dreadful hour On the poor mariner! in comfort here Safe sheltered as I am, I almost fear The blast that rages with relentless power. [waves, What were it now to toss upon The madd'n'd waves, and know no succour 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.

XIII (XIX)

[First published in The Morning Post, August 9, 1799.]

SHE comes majestic with her swelling sails, The gallant Ship; along her watery Homeward she drives before the favouring gales; Now flitting at their length the streamers play, And now they ripple with the ruffling Hark to the sailors' shouts! the rocks resound, Thundering in echoes to the joyful Long have they voyaged o'er the distant seas, And what a heart-delight they feel at 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, aweary of his watery way, And watch'd, all anxious, every wind that blows.

Westbury, 1799.

XIV (XX)

[First published in The Morning Post, December 1, 1798.]

O GOD! have mercy in this dreadful hour On the poor mariner! in comfort here Safe sheltered as I am, I almost fear The blast that rages with relentless power. [waves, What were it now to toss upon The madd'n'd waves, and know no succour 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.

LYRIC POEMS

TO CONTEMPLATION

[Published in Poems, 1797.]

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 vapour 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... wild her latest lay; And lo! the Rooks to yon high-tufted trees Wing in long files vociferous their way.

Calm Contemplation, 'tis thy favourite hour! Come, tranquillizing Power! 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 arms. When the low gales of evening moan alone, I love with thee to feel the calm cool breeze, And roam the pathless... 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 echoings of my feet. On some half-demolish'd tomb, Whose warning texts anticipate my doom, Mark the clear orb of night Cast through the ivy'd arch a broken light.

Nor will I not in some more gloomy hour Invoke with fearless awe 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.

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 voilea sighs, Listening to hear its softer sounds arise; And hearken to the droll beetle's drowsy flight, And watch'd 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.

Westbury, 1799.
LYRIC POEMS

384

SAPPHICS

[Published in Poems, 1797.]

Cold was the night wind, drifting fast
Wide were the downs and shelterless and naked,
When a poor Wanderer struggled on her journey.
Weary and way-sore.

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN

[Published in The Annual Anthology, 1799.]

Sweet to the morning traveller
Where twinkling in the dewy light
The skylark soars on high.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS

[First published in The Morning Post, January 17, 1799; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
I am a widow, poor and broken-hearted!
Loud blew the wind, unheard was her complaining.
On drove the chariot.

THE WIDOW

[Published in Poems, 1797.]

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;
Gone had released her.

Bristol, 1795.

REMEMBRANCE

[First published in The Morning Post, May 26, 1798; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799.]

The remembrance of Youth is a sigh.
And feelings blasted or betray'd,
Its fabled bliss destroy;
And Youth remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

Bristol, 1795.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS

AND HOW HE GAINED THEM

[First published in The Morning Post, January 17, 1799; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

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.
LYRIC POEMS

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last.
You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last.
You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

TO A SPIDER

Westbury, 1798.

TO THE POOR

Westbury, 1799.

THE EBB TIDE

[First published in The Morning Post, June 25, 1799; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR

[First published in The Morning Post, June 29, 1798; afterwards in Poems, vol. ii, 1799.]

2

Thou art welcome to a Rhymer sore perplex'd,
The subject of his verse; 10
There's many a one who on a better topic,
Perhaps might comment worse.
Then shrink not, old Free-Mason, from my view,
But quietly like me spin out the line;
Do thou thy work pursue As I will mine.

3

Weaver of snares, then emblem most the ways
Of Satan, Sire of lies;
Hell's huge black Spider, for mankind he lays
His toils, ... busy oye runs round the room,
Woe to that nico geometry, if seen!
But where is He whose broom
The earth shall clean?

4

Spider! of old thy flimsy webs were thought,
And 'twas a likeness true,
To emblem laws in which the weak are caught,
But which the strong break through:
And if a victim in thy toils is ta'en,
Like some poor client is that wretched fly;
I'll warrant thee thou'lt drain
His life-blood dry.

5

And is not thy weak work like human schemes
And cares on earth employ'd? 10
Such are young hopes and Love's delightful dreams
So easily destroyed;
So does the Statesman, whilst the Avengers sleep,
Self-deem'd secure, his wiles in secret lay,
Soon shall destruction sweep
His work away.

6

Thou busy labourer! one resemblance more
May yet the verse prolong,
For, Spider, thou art like the Poet poor,
Whom thou hast help'd in song.
Both busily our needful food to win,
We work, as Nature taught, with ceaseless pains:
Thy bowels thou dost spin, I spin my brains.

Westbury, 1798.

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR

TO A SPIDER

[First published in The Morning Post, June 29, 1798; afterwards in Poems, vol. ii, 1799.]

And wherefore do the Poor complain?
The Rich Man ask'd of me;
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 wraht and coated well,
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.

Spider! thou need'st not run in fear about
To shun my curious eyes;
I won't humanely crush thy bowels out
Lest thou should'st eat the flies;
Nor will I roast thee with a damn'd delight
Thy strange instinctive fortitude to see;
For there is One who might
One day roast me.
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 bagging 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,
So silently stood he,
"You ask'd me why the Poor complain,
And these have answer'd thee!"

London, 1798.

TO A FRIEND
INQUIRING IF I WOULD LIVE OVER MY YOUTH AGAIN

[First published in The Morning Post, May 27, 1799; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

1
Do I regret the past?
Would I again live o'er
The morning hours of life?
Nay, William! nay, not so!
In the warm joyance of the summer sun
I do not wish again
The changeful April day.
Nay, William! nay, not so!
Safe haven'd from the sea,
I would not tempt again
The uncertain ocean's wrath.
Praise be to Him who made me what I am,
Other I would not be.

2
Why is it pleasant then to sit and talk
Of days that are no more?
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 overflow
With no unmansly tears;
Delighted he recalls
Through what fair scenes his lingering
feet have trod;
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.

London, 1798.

ON A LANDSCAPE OF GASPAR POISSON

[Published in Poems, 1797.]

Gaspar! how pleasantly thy pictured scenes
Beguile the lonely hour! I sit and dream
With lingering eye, till dreaming Fancy makes
The lovely landscape live, and the rapt
soul
From the foul haunts of herdied humankind
Flies far away with spirit speed, and tastes
The unfainted air, that with the lively hue
Of health and happiness illumines the cheek
Of mountain Liberty. My willing soul
All eager follows on thy fairy flights, on Fancy's best friend; whose blessed
witcheries
With cheering prospects cheer the traveller
Over the long wearying desert of the world.
Nor dost thou, Fancy! with such magic mock
My heart, as, demon-born, old Merlin knew,
Or Aliquf, or Zaradell's sister sage,
Who in her vengeance for so many a year
Held in the jacinth sepulchre entranced
Lionart the pride of Greenian chivalry.
Friend of my lonely hours! thou leadest me
To such calm joys as Nature, wise and good,
Proffered in vain to all her wretched sons...
Onward, and I have gain'd the utmost height.
Fair spreads the vale below: I see the stream,
Stream radiant on beneficent the moon-
A passing shadow is to be the bordering steep.
Where the town-spires behind the castle-
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 world's world,
Its vanities and vices would not vex me.
My quiet heart. The traveller, who beheld
The low tower of the little pile, might dream,
It were the house of God; nor would be err
So deeming, that such a home would be the home
Of Peace and Love, and they would hallow it to
To Him. Oh, life of blessedness! to reap
The fruit of honourable toil, and bound
Our wishes with our wants! Delightful thoughts
That sooth the solitude of weary Hope,
Ye leave her to reality awaked,
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.

WRITTEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1795

[Published in "Letters from Spain and Portugal," 1797.]

How many hearts are happy at this hour
In England! Brightly o'er the cheerful halls
Flares the beacon hearth, and friends kindred meet,
And the glad mother round her festive board
Behold her children, separated long
Among the wide world's ways, assembled now.
A sight at which affection lightens up
With smiles the eye that ages long bedim'd.
I do remember when I was a child
How my young heart, a stranger then to care
With transport leap'd upon this holy day,
As o'er the house, all gay with evergrens,
From friend to friend with joyous speed
I ran, bidding a merry Christmas to them all.
Those years are past, their pleasures and their pains
Are now like yonder convent-crested hill
That bounds the distant prospect, indescrib'd,
Yet pictured upon memory's mystic glass
In faint fair hues. A weary traveller now
I journey o'er the desert mountain tracks
Of Leon, wilds all drear and comfortless,
Where the grey lizards in the moonlit sun
Sport on the rocks, and where the goat-
herd starts,
Roused from his sleep at midnight when he hears
The prowling wolf, and falters as he calls
On Saints to save. Here of the friends
I think
Who now, I ween, remember me, and fill
The glass of votive friendship. At the name
Will not thy cheek, Beloved, change its hue,
And in those gentle eyes unsay'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 beguile the solitary hours
With many a day-dream, picturing scenes as fair
Of peace, and comfort, and domestic bliss
As ever to the youthful poet's eye
Creative Fancy fashioned. Think of me,
Though absent, thine; and if a sigh will rise,
And tears, unbidden, at the thought steal down,
Sure hope will cheer thee, and the happy hour
Of meeting soon all sorrow overpay.

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING THE CONVENT OF ARRABIDA NEAR SETUBAL

March 22, 1796

[Published in "Letters from Spain and Portugal," 1797. The original version has been largely rewritten.]

Happy the dwellers in this holy house:
For surely never worldly thoughts intrude
On this retreat, this sacred solitude,
Where Quiet with Religion makes her home.
And ye who tenant such a godly scene,
How should ye be but good, where all is fair.
And where the mirror of the mind reflects
Serene beauty? Of 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 retfulgent sinks
Beneath old Ocean's line. To have no cares
That eat the heart, no wants that to the earth
Chain the reluctant spirit, to be freed
From forced communion with the selfish tribe
Who worship Mammon,—yes, emancipated
From this world's bondage, even while the soul
Inhabits still its corruptible clay.
Almost, ye dwellers in this holy house,
I too could love, ye tenants of this sacred solitude,
Here to abide, and when the sun rides high
Seek some sequester'd dingle's coolest shade.
And at the breezy hour, along the beach
Stray with slow step, and gaze upon the deep,
And while the breath of evening fan'd my brow.
And the wild waves with their continuous sound
Soothed my accustomed ear, think thankfully
That I had from the crowd withdrawn in time,
And found an harbour... 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 receding bank with thundering clash
Impel the mountainous surge, quiver 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 labour, welcome rest,
In full contentment not to be enjoyed unless who duly earned 't. O happy then To know that we have walked among mankind
More sin against than sinning! Happy theme To muse on many a sorrow overpast,
And think the business of the day is done, [close,
And as the evening of our lives shall[years
Expect the dawn of everlasting day.

Lisbon, 1796.

IV

ON MY OWN MINIATURE PICTURE
TAKEN AT TWO YEARS OF AGE

[Published in Poems, 1797.]

And I was once like this! that glowing cheek
Was mine, those pleasure-sparkling eyes; that brow
Smooth as the level lake, when not a breeze [years
dies o'er the sleeping surface!...Twenty
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,
Holding me, with quick-averted glance
Pass on the other side. But still these remain unalter'd, and these features wear
The look of Infancy and Innocence.
I search myself in vain, and find no trace
Of what I was: those lightly arching lines
Dark and c'er changèd now; and that sweet face
Settled in these strong lineaments: There were
Who form'd high hopes and flattering fate,
Young Robert! for thine eye was quick to speak
Each opening feeling: should they not have known
Of the rich rainbow on a morning cloud
Reflects its radiant dyes, the husbandman
Beholds the ominous glory, and foresees
Impending storms!... They augured happily,
That thou didst love each wild and wondrous tale
Of fairy fiction, and thin infant tongue
Spake with delight the godlike deeds of Greece
And rising Rome; therefore they deemed, forsooth,
That thou shouldst tread Preferment's pleasant path.
Ill-judging ones! they let thy little feet
Stray in the pleasant paths of Poesy,
And when thou shouldst have prest amid the crowd,
These didst thou love to linger out the day,
Loitering beneath the laurel's barren shade.
Smitten of Scandinavia was the wanderer
Bristol, 1796.

V

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DAY'S JOURNEY IN SPAIN

[Published in Letters from Spain and Portugal, 1797, under the title 'Retrospective Musings'. The original version has been practically rewritten.]

The thin fog roll'd away, and now emerged
We saw where Oropess's castled hill
Tower'd dark, and dimly seen; and now we pass'd
Torcalvá's quiet hut, and on our way
Paused frequently, look'd back, and gazed around.
Then journey'd on, yet turn'd and gazed again,
So lovely was the scene. That dual pile
Of the Toledos now with all its towers
Shone in the sunlight. Hall way up the hill,
Embowered in olives, like the abode of Peace,
Lay Logartas; and the cool fresh gale
Peeling 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 iles in its wintry foliage gay,
Old cork trees through their soft and swelling bark
Bursting, and gloarious olives, under
Whose fertilizing influence the green herb
Grows greener, and with heavier ears enriech'd
The healthful harvest bends. Pollucid 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

1 Venta de Peraleones.
OCCASIONAL PIECES

TO MARGARET HILL

VI

Margaret! my cousin, nay, you must not smile,
I love the homely and familiar phrase:
Sir-ing and Madam-ing as civilly
As if the road between the heart and lips
Were such a weary and Laplandish way,
That the poor travellers came to the red gates
Half frozen. Trust me, Cousin Margaret,
For many a day my memory hath play'd
The creditor with me on your account,
And made me shame to think that I
Should owe
So long the debt of kindness. But in truth,
Like Christian on his pilgrimage, I bear
So heavy a pack of business, that
I toil on mainly, in our twelve hours' race
Time leaves me distanced. Lo! 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
And Life like a long childhood past 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.

TO MARGARET HILL

VII

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
Glorious isle,
Like that where whilom old Apollo,
Retiring wisely from the troubled world,
Built up his blameless spell; and I would bid
The Sea-Nymphs pile around their
Coral bowers,
That we might stand upon the beach,
And mark
The far-off breakers show'ring 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.

HISTORY

Thou chronicle of crimes! I'll read no more;
For I am one who willingly would love
His follow-kind. O gentle Poesy,
Receive me from the court's polluted scenes,
From dungeon horrors, from the fields of war,
Receive me to thy haunts, . . . that I may
Nurse
My nature's better feelings, for my soul
Seek's 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 Maide may weep upon thy page,
Sooth'd with delicious sorrow. Oh shame! shame!
Was it for this I wak'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! I'll curb me not! . . . What if the tale
Of murder'd millions strike a chilling pang;
What if Tiberius in his island stows,
And Philip at his beads, alike inspire
Strong anger and contempt; . . . last 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 bays may love.

Wealthy, 1788.

VIII
WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER READING THE SPEECH OF ROBERT EMMET ON HIS TRIAL AND CONVICTION FOR HIGH TREASON, SEPT., 1803

Let no man write my epitaph; let my grave
Be uninscribed, 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 withholds her voice.
Of that divinest impulse never more
Worthy, if impious I withold it now, to
Hardening my heart. Here, here in this book,
To which in thy young virtue's erring zeal
These were the words in his speech:

Let there be no inscription upon my tomb.
Let no man write my epitaph. No man
Can write my epitaph. I am here ready to die,
Not to vindicate my character; and when I am prevented from vindicating myself, let no man dare to caluminate 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.

Thou wert so perilous an enemy,
Here in free England shall an English hand
Build thy imperishable monument;
O, ... to thine own misfortune and to ours,
By thine own deadly error so beguiled,
Here in free England shall an English voice
Raise up thy mourning-song. For thou hast paid
The bitter penalty of that misdeed;
Justice hath done her unreheating part,
If she in truth be Justice who drives on,
Bloody and blind, the chariot wheels of death.

So young, so glowing for the general good,
Oh what a lovely manhood had been thine,
When all the violent workings of thy youth.
Had pass'd away, had thou been wisely spared,
Left to the slow and certain influences
Of silent feeling and maturing thought.
How had that heart, ... that noble heart of thine,
Which even now had snapped one spell, which beat
With such brave indignation 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, ... yes, the only champion now,
And soon to be the Avenger. But the blow
Hath fallen, the indiscriminating blow,
That for its portion to the Grave consign'd
Youth, Genius, generous Virtue. Oh, grief, grief!
Oh, sorrow and reproach! Have ye to learn,
Deaf to the past, and to the future blind,

Ye who thus inremissibly exact
The forfeit life, how lightly life is staked,
When in distemper'd times the feverish mind
To strong delusion yields? Have ye to learn
With what a deep and spirit-stirring voice
Pity doth call Revenge? Have ye no hearts
To feel and understand how Mercy tames
The rebel nature, madam'd by old wrongs,
And binds it in the gentle hands of love,
When steel and adamant were weak to hold
That Samson-strength subdued!
Let no man write
Thy epitaph! Emmet, nay; thou shalt not go
Without thy funeral strain! O young and good
And wise, though erring here, thou shalt not go
Unhonour'd nor unsung. And better thus
To be remember'd, mourn'd, and honour'd still.

Stood on the beach, ere this have found their lots
From whence to launch on life's adventurous sea,
Thrones overturn'd, built up, then swept away
Like fabrics in the summer clouds, dispersed
By the same breath that heap'd the transmitted sceptre, to the axe
Bow'd the anointed head; or dragg'd away
To eat the bread of bondage; or escaped

After Reading Speech of Robert Emmet.
Beneath the shadow of Britannia's shield,
There only safe. Such fate have vicious eourts,
Statesmen corrupt, and fear-struck policy,
Upon, themselves drawn down; till
Europe, bound
In iron chains, lies bleeding in the dust,
Beneath the feet of upstart tyranny:
Only the heroic 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 undis-may'd.

So
may the Almighty bless the noble race,
And crown with happy end their holiest cause!

Deem not these dread events the monstrous birth
Of chance! And thou,
0 England, who dost ride
Serene amid the wàters of the flood,
Preserving, even like the Ark of old,
Amid the general vreck, thy purer faith,
Domèstic loves, and ancient liberty,
Look to thyself,
0 England! for be sure,
Even to the measure of thine own desert,
The cup of retribution to thy lips
Shall soon or late be made to
thine,

Toward the sound contending, when
they hear
The frequent carcase from her guilty dock
Dash in the opening deep, no longer now
The guilt shall rest on England; but if yet
There be among her children, hard of heart
And sore'd of conscience, men who set
Her laws and God's own word, upon themselves
Their sin be visited!... the red-cross flag,
Redeem'd from stain so foul, no longer now
Covereth the abomination.

This thy praise,
0 Grenville, and while ages roll away
This shall be thy remembrance. Yea, when all
For which the tyrant of these abject times
Hath given his honourable name on earth,
His nights of innocent sleep, his hopes of heaven;
When all his triumphs and his deeds of blood,
The fretful changes of his feverish pride,
His midnight murders and perfidious plots,
Are but a tale of years so long gone by,
That they who read distrust the hideous truth,
Willing to let a charitable doubt
Abate their horror; Grenville, even then
Thy memory will be fresh among mankind;
Afric with all her tongues will speak of thee,
With Wilberforce and Clarkson, he whom Heaven
To be the apostle of this holy work,
Rais'd up and strengthen'd, and upheld through all
His ardent soul. To end the glorious task,
That blessed, that redeeming deed was thine:
Be it thy pride in life, thy thought in death,
VERSES SPOKEN IN THEATRE AT OXFORD 399

Thy praise beyond the tomb. The statesman's fame
Will fade, the conqueror's laurel crown grow sere;
Fame's loudest trump upon the ear of Time
Leaves but a dying echo; they alone
Are hold in everlasting memory,
Whose deeds partake of heaven. Long ages hence
Nations unborn, in cities that shall rise
Along the palmy coast, will bless thy name;
And Senegal and secret Niger's shore,
And Calabar, no longer startled then
With sounds of murder, will, like Isis now
Ring with the songs that tell of Grenville's praise.

Keswick, 1810.

THANKSGIVING FOR VICTORY
[Written for Music, and composed by Shield.] GLORY to Thee in thine omnipotence, O Lord, who art our shield and our defence, And dost dispense, As seemeth best to thine unerring will (Which passeth mortal sense), The lot of Victory still; Edging sometimes with might the sword unjust; And bowing to the dust The rightful cause, that so much seeming ill May thine appointed purposes fulfil; Sometimes, as in this late auspicious hour For which our hymns we raise, Making the 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, 1815.
OCCASIONAL PIECES

But thou shalt bear, To after-times, an old and honour'd name, And to remote posterity declare Thy Founder's virtuous fame. Fair structure! worthy the triumphant age Of glorious England's opulence and power, Peace be thy lasting heritage. And happiness thy dower!

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO W. R. TURNER, ESQ., R.A., ON HIS VIEW OF THE LAGO MAGGIORE FROM THE TOWN OF ARONA

[First published in The Keepsake, 1829.]

1

Turner, thy pencil brings to mind a day When from Laveno and the Beuseer hill I over Lago Verbanus held my way In pleasant fellowship, with wind at will; Smooth were the waters wide, the sky serene, And our hearts gladden'd with the joyful scene; Turned, thy pencil brings to mind a day When from Laveno and the Beuseer hill I over Lago Verbanus held my way In pleasant fellowship, with wind at will; Smooth were the waters wide, the sky serene, And our hearts gladden'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 were we bound Of yore the scene of Borromean pride, 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.

4

Far off the Borromean saint was seen, Distinct though distant, o'er his native town, Where his Colossus with benignant mien Looks from its station on Arona down: To it the inland sailor lifts his eyes, From the wide lake, when perilous storms arise.

5

But no storm threaten'd on that summer-day; The whole rich scene appear'd for joyance made; With many a gliding bark the mere was gay, The fields and groves in all their wealth array'd; I could have thought the Sun beheld with smiles Those towns and palaces and populous isles.

6

Both knew her voice, and each alike would seek Her eye, her smile, her fondling touch to gain: How faintly then may words her sorrow speak, When by the one she sees the other

ON A PICTURE BY J. M. WRIGHT

[First published in The Keepsake for 1829.]

1

The sky-lark hath perceived his prison-door Unclosed; for liberty the captive strives; 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 favourites both for many a day, That which the tender-hearted girl prefer'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 fireside 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

ON A PICTURE BY J. M. WRIGHT

6

Come, Lucy, let me dry those tearful eyes; Take thou, dear child, a lesson not unholy From one whom nature taught to moraalize 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 re-engage,
Wouldst thou recall 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 look'd express'd:
For pure and true affection well I know
Leaves in the heart no room for selfishness.

18
Which have assailed thee, now, or heretofore,
Find, soon or late, their proper meed of shame;
The more thy triumph, and our pride the more,
When, lifting critics to the world proclaim,
In lead, their own dolt incapacity.
Matter it is of mournful memory

19
O Lucy! treasure up that pious thought!
It hath a balm for sorrow's deadliest darts;
And with true comfort thou wilt find it fraught,
If grief should reach thee in thy heart of hearts.

THE RETROSPECT

[Published in Poems by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey, 1795. In its present form the poem has been completely rewritten.]

12
If as I journey through the vale of years,
By hopes enliven'd, or deprest by fears,
Iow me, Memory, in thy treasured store,
To turn, and see, and feel, and live again.

13
Charles Lamb, to those who know thee justly dear,
In honouring whom thou hast delighted still,
The master of the village, and the soul of all,
In whom the minstrel and the lyre belong;

14
We know that with the elder sons of song,
In whom thou art not worse bested
When with a maudlin eye and drunken aim
Duress hath thrown a jordan at thy feet.

15
To whom the minstrel and the lyre belong.
Accept, my Edwin, Memory's pensive song.
Of long-past days I sing, ere yet I knew
Or thought and grief, or happiness and joy;

16
The cares of life, the hopes and fears of love.
Corston, twelve years in various fortunes fied
Have pass'd with restless progress o'er my head,
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 germ
We bring with us the immortal seed
Of heaven it is, and heavenly; woe to them
Who make it wholly earthly and of earth!
Large was the house, though fallen in course of fate
From its old grandeur and manorial state.

Lord of the manor, here the jovial
Once called his tenants round the 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 oager hounds with 

Leapt round him as they knew their master, 
The mighty master held despotie rule; 

And the best instruction and the tenderest care;
And when I followed to the garden-
My father, till through tears I saw no more,
How civilly they sooth'd my parting pain,
And never did they speak so civilly again.

Each trifling act with pleasure pondering o'er,
Even at the time when trifles please no more.
Yet is remembrance sweet, though time [worn]
Some rude restraint, some petty tyrant sours;
Yet of other should be our sweetest blithest hours;
Yet is it sweet to call those hours to mind,
Those easy hours for ever left behind;
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.

And wondrous wise, I ween.

Each trifling act of infancy anew,
Yet is remembrance sweot, though well I know
The days of childhood are but days of woe;
The deep remembrance of that wretched day,
Nor taught me to forget my earliest fears;
A mother's fondness, and a mother's tears;
When close she press'd me to her sorrowing heart,
As loth as I myself to part;
And I, as I beheld her sorrows flow,
With painful effort hid my inward woe.

But time to youthful troubles brings relief.
And each new object weans the child from grief.

Like April showers the tears of youth descend.
And fresher pleasure cheers the following hour.
As brighter shines the sun after the April shower.

Methinks even now the interviwe I see,
The Mistress's glad smile, the Master's glee;
Much of my future happiness they said.
Much of the easy life the scholars led,
Of spacious play-ground and of wholesome air.
The best instruction and the tenderest care;

And when I followed to the garden-door,
My father, till through tears I saw no more,
How civilly they sooth'd my parting pain,
And never did they speak so civilly again.

Why loves the soul on earlier years to dwell,
When Memory spreads around her saddening spell,
When discontent, with sullen gloom o'er his breast,
Turns from the present and prefers the past?
Why calls reflection to my pensive view
Each trifling act of infancy anew,
THE RETROSPECT
Or, hearing sadly all the preacher told,
In winter waked and shiver'd with the cold.
Oft have my footsteps roam'd the sacred ground;
Where heroes, kings, and poets sleep around;
Oft traced the moulderling castle's ivy wall,
Or aged convent totering to its fall;
Yet never had my bosom felt such pain,
As, Constan, when I saw thy scenes
Where 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! 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.

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 Aesop.

[Published in Poems, 1797.]
Yet one Song more! one high and solemn strain
Ere, Phoebus! 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-armed Queen,
And host of Immortals, the dread Maid Athenian Pallas. Venerable Powers,
Hearden your hymn of praise! Though from your rites
Extravagant, and exiled from your altars long,
I have not ceased to love you, Household Gods!
I can remember the first grief I felt,
And the first painful smile that clothed my front
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
Amid the woodland gloom; or where the rocks
Darken'd old Avon's stream, in the ivy cave
Though estranged, and exiled from your altars long,
I have not ceased to love you, Household Gods!
I can remember the first grief I felt,
And the first painful smile that clothed my front
I sat me down beside a stranger's hearth;

Both 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 unworlly feelings, taught me too
The best of lessons—to respect myself.

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 unworlly feelings, taught me too
The best of lessons—to respect myself.

Loved I beside the well-trimmed fire to sit,
Absorb'd in many a dear devotional 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 sedgey 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 Jove intemperance on my lonely ear
Burst with loud tumult, as reclus I sat
Musing on days when man should be redeem'd
From servitude, and vice, and wretchedness.
I bless'd you, Household Gods! because I loved
Your peaceful altars and serener rites.

Not did I cease to reverence you, when driven
Amid the jarring crowd, an unfit man
To mingle with the world; still, still my heart
Sigh'd for your sanctuary, and inly pined:
And loathing human converse, I have stray'd
Where o'er the sea-beach chilly howl'd the blast,
And gaz'd upon the world of waves, and wish'd
That I were far beyond the Atlantic deep.

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

HYMN TO THE PENATES

Oxford, 1794.

...
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 an unhappy hour his limpid stream.
Yet was this influence transient; such brief awe
Inspiring as the thunder's long loud peal
Reaches to the fickle spirit. Household Gods,
Not such your empires! in your votaries' breasts
No momentary impulse ye awake;
Nor fleeting, like their local energies,
The deep devotion that your fans forsake.
O ye whom Youth has wilder'd on your way,
Or Pleased with her siren song 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 voices; ye whose honest eyes
Scowl on Oppression,—ye whose honest hearts
Bear the bright when Freedom sounds her alarm:
O ye who quit the path of peaceful life
Crusading for mankind . . . a spirited race
That lash the hand that beats them, or despair
Alike in frenzy; to your Household Gods
Return! for by their altars Virtue dwells,
And Happiness with her; for by their Tranquillity, in no unsocial mood,
Sits silent, listening to the pattering shower;
For, so Suspicion sleep not at the gate
Of Wisdom, Falseness shall not enter there.
As on the height of some huge eminence
Reach'd with long labour, the way-faring man
Pauses awhile, and gazes o'er the plain
With many a step before travel'd, turns
Serious to contemplate the onward road,
And calls to mind the comforts of his home,
And sighs that he has left them, and resolves
To stay no more: I on my way of life
Muse thus, Penates, and with firmest faith
Devote myself to you. I will not quit,
To mingle with the crowd, your calm abodes.
Where by the evening heath Contentment sits
And hears the cricket chirp; where Love delights
To dwell, and on your altars lays his torch
That burns with no extinguishable flame.
Hear me, ye powers benignant! there is one
Must be mine inmate . . . for I may not choose
But love him. He is one whom many names
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
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
[them,
He mingled, by himself he judged of
And loved and trusted them, to Wisdom dead,
And took them to his bosom. Falsehood met
Her unsuspecting victim, fair of front,
And lovely as Aegina'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, Household Gods! for we grew up
Together, and in the same school were
And our poor fortunes the same course have held,
Up to this hour.
Penates! some there are buried
Who say, that not in the inmost heaven they dwell,
Gazing with eye remote on all the ways
Of man, his Guardian Gods; wiser they deem
A dearer interest to the human race
Links you, yourselves the Spirits of the Dead.
No mortal eye may pierce the invisible world.
No light of human reason penetrate
The depth where Truth lies hid. Yet to this faith
My heart with instant sympathy assents:
And I would judge all systems and all faiths
By that best touchstone, from whose test Decent
Shrinks like the Arch-Friend at Ithuriel's spear;
And Sophistry's gay glittering bubble
Barber all.
As at the spousals of the Nereid's son,
When that false Florimel, with her prototyp
Set side by side, in her unreal charms,
Dissolved away.
And not 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 swells 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 weal,
Some strange presage the Spirit's breaths, and fills
With heavenly hope. Even as a child's delights
To visit day by day the favourite plant
His hand has sown, to mark its gradual growth,
And watch all-anxious for the promised flower;
Thus to the blest spirit in innocence
And pure affections like a little child
Sweet it is to hover o'er the friends
Beloved, then sweetest, if, as duty prompts,
With earthly care we in their breasts have sown
The seeds of Truth and Virtue, holy flowers
Whose odour reacheth Heaven.
When my sick Heart
[Sick with hope long delay'd, than which no care
Weighs on the spirit heavier,] from itself
Seeks the best comfort, often have I deemed
That thou didst witness every inmost thought,
Seward! my dear! dear friend! For
Not in vain,
O early summons'd thy heavenly course,
Was thy brief sojourn here; me didst thou leave
With strength'd step to follow the right path,
HYMN TO THE PENATES

Till we shall meet again. Meantime I soothe
The deep regret of nature, with belief,
O Edmund! that thine eye's celestial ken
Pervades 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 your phalanxes howl'd,
Mourning his age left childless, and his wealth
Haply for an alien, he with obelisk 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 implead
His young lost lord to save. Remember then
Softly, the father, and he loved to see
The votive wreath renew'd, and the rich smoke
Curl from the costly censer slow and sweet.
From Egypt soon the sorrow-soothing rites
Divulging spread; before your idol forms
By every hearth the blinded Pagan knelt,
Pouring his prayers to these, and offering there
Vain sacrifice or impious, and sometimes
With human blood your sanctuary defiled:
Till the first Brutus, tyrant-conquering chief
Arose; he first the impious rites put down:
[Tied, he fittest, who for Freedom lived and
The friend of humankind. Then did your foes
Frequent recur and blameless; and when came
The solemn festival, whose happiest rites

Emblem'd Equality, the holiest truth,
Crown'd with gay garlands were your statues seen,
To you the fragrant censer smoked, to you
The rich libation flowed: vain sacrifice!
For not the poppy wreath nor fruits nor wine
Ye ask, Penates! nor the altar cleansed
With many a mystic form; ye ask the heart
Made pure, and by domestic Peace and Love
Hallow'd to you.

Hearken your hymn of praise, Penates! to your shrines I come
For rest, there only to be found. Often at eve,
As in my wanderings I have seen far off
Some lonely light that spake of comfort there,
It told my heart of many a joy of home,
When I was homeless. Often as I gazed
From some high eminence on goodly vales
And cots and villages embower'd below,
The thought would rise that all to me was strange
Amid the scene so fair, nor one small spot
Where my tired mind might rest, and call it home.

The old mansion-house

Old friend! why you so bent on parish duty,
Breaking the highway stones, 'tis a task
Somewhat too hard methinks for age like yours!

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.

The Saturnalia.
I can remember sixty years ago
The beautifying of this mansion here,
When my late Lady’s father, the old Squire,
Came to the estate.

STRANGER
Why then you have outlasted
All his improvements, for you see they’re making
Great alterations here.

OLD MAN
Ay . . great indeed! And if my poor old Lady could rise up . .
God rest her soul! ’twould grieve her to behold
What wicked work is here.

STRANGER
They’ve set about it
In right good earnest. All the front is gone; Here’s to be turf, they tell me, and a road Round to the door. There were some yew trees too Stood in the court.

OLD MAN
Ay, Master! fine old trees! Lord bless us! I have heard my father say 21 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 30 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-violet With plumes enough in winter to look green. And show that something lives. Sure this is better Than a great hedge of yew, making it look ever All the year round like winter, and for dropping its poisonous leaves from the under bushes Wither’d and bare.

OLD MAN
Ay! so the new Squire thinks; And pretty work he makes of it! What 49 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 sat 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 . . . 60 As if he could not see through casement glass! The very red-breasts, that so regular Came to my Lady for her morning crumbs, WON’T know the windows now!

STRANGER
Nay they were small, And then so darken’d round with jessamine, Harbouring the vermin; . . yet I could have wish’d That jessamine had been saved, which canopied And bow’d and lined the porch.

OLD MAN
It did one good To pass within ten yards when ’twas in blossom. There was a sweet-briar too that grew beside; My Lady loved at evening to sit there And knit; and her old dog lay at her feet And slept in the sun; ’twas an old favourite dog . . . She did not love him less that he was old And feeble, 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 wondrous day ’Twas for the poor when to her grave she went!

STRANGER
They lost a friend then?

OLD MAN
You’re a stranger here, Sir. 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 warmed 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 feast, 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 old fashioned sorts; we don’t find Old bounty in new houses. They’ve destroy’d All that my Lady loved; her favourite walk Grubb’d up . . . and they do say that the great row Of cliffs behind the house, which meet a-top. They must fall too. Well! well! I did not think To live to see all this, and ’tis perhaps A comfort I shan’t live to see it long.

STRANGER
But sure all changes are not needs for the worse, My friend?
OLD MAN

May-hap they mayn't, Sir; for all that I like what I've been used to. I 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
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
Ever broach'd a ... the outside; but within,
That is not changed, my friend! you'll always find
There's 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 toil'd and toil'd;
Nor did she, even on her death-bed, rest
From labour, knitting there with lifted arms.
Till she sunk with very weakness. Her old mother
Omitted no kind office, working for her,
Although her hardest labour 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 feelings
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 hoping 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 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 awhile might turn away
From the fresh grass 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!

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 stoped and ask'd it
Whom they were bearing to the grave.
A girl.
They answer'd, of the village, who had
Through the long course of eighteen painful months
With such slow wasting, that the hour
Of death came to welcome her. We pursued our way
To the house of mirth, and with that idle talk
Which passes o'er them mind and is forgot,
We were away the time. But it was ever
When homewardly I went, and in the air
Was that cool freshness, that discolouring shade
Which makes the eye turn inward: hearing them,
Over the vale the heavy toll of death
Sounded slow, it made me think upon the dead;
I question'd more, and learnt her mourning tale.
She bore unhusbanded a mother's pains,
And he who should have cherish'd her, far off
Sat 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,
ENGLISH ECLOGUES

416

Or where the gentle Calidore at eve 30 Led Pastorella home. There was not then
A weed where all these nettles overtop
The garden-wall; but sweet-brier, suffused, sweet
The morning air; rosemary and marjoram,
All wholesome herbs; and then, that goodly thyme, 40
So lavishly around the pillar’d porch
Its fragrant flowers, that when I pass’d this way,
After a truant absence hastening home,
I could not refuse but pass with slack’d speed
By that delightful fragrance. Sadly changed
Is this poor cottage! and its dwellers, Charles
There’s a simple melancholy tale... -

Theirs is a simple melancholy tale, ...
There’s scarce a village but can follow it; And yet, methinks, it will not weary thee,
And should not be untold.

A widow here Dwelt with an orphan grandchild: just removed
Above the reach of pinching poverty,
She lived on some small pittance which sufficed,
In better times, the needful calls of life,
Not without comfort.

I remember her
Sitting at even in that open doorway, 51
And spinning in the sun. Methinks
I see her
Raising her eyes and dark-rim’d spectacles
To see the passer-by, yet ceasing not
To twirl her lengthening thread... -

One surnmer, Charles, when at the holidays
Return’d from school, I visited again
My old accustom’d walks, and found in them
A joy almost like meeting an old friend, I saw the cottage empty, and the weeds
Already crowding the neglected flowers.

Joanna, by a villain’s wiles seduced,
Had 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 grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.


The chairing of the members at election
Would not have been a finer sight than this;
Only that red and green are prettier colours
Than all this mourning. There, Sir, you behold
One of the red-gown’d worthies of the city,
The envy and the boast of our exchange... -


The RUINED COTTAGE

417

Westbury, 1799.

IV

THE ALDERMAN’S FUNERAL

STRANGER

Who 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
Another furlong further, carriage behind carriage.

STRANGER

‘Tis but a mournful sight, and yet the pomp
Tempta me to stand a gazer.

TOWNSMAN

Yonder schoolboy Who plays the truant, says the proclamation
Of peace was nothing to the show; and even
The chairing of the members at election
Would not have been a finer sight than this;
Only that red and green are prettier colours
Than all this mourning. There, Sir, you behold
One of the red-gown’d worthies of the city,
The envy and the boast of our exchange... -

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
Leapt to my lips; but now the closing scene
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... -

TOWNSMAN

Is that then in your mind?

Even so. The text
Is Gospel-wisdom. I would ride the camel...

STRANGER

Yes 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.
ENGLISH ECLOGUES

418

TOWNSMAN

Your pardon too, Sir, If, with this text before me, I should feel
In the preaching mood! But for those barren fig-trees,
With all their flourish and their leaflessness
We have been told their destiny and use,
When the axe is laid unto the root, and they
Cumber the earth no longer.

STRANGER

Was his wealth stored fraudfully, the spoil of orphans wrong'd,
And widows who had none to plead their right?

TOWNSMAN

All honest, open, honourable gains, fair legal interest, bonds and mortgages,
Ships to the East and West.

STRANGER

Why judge you then so hardly of the dead?

TOWNSMAN

For what he left undone; for sins, not one of which is written
In the Ten Commandments. He, I warrant him,
Believed no other Gods than those of the Creed;
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 honour his dead father; did no murder;
Never sustain'd an action for crim-con;
Never pick'd pockets; never bore false-witness;
And never, with that all-commanding wealth,
Covet'd his neighbour'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 stunk;
The rains of heaven engendered nothing in it
But slime and foul corruption.

STRANGER

Yet even these are reservoirs where public charity still keeps her channels full.

TOWNSMAN

Now, Sir, you touch upon the point. This man of half a million had these public virtues which you praise:

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.

STRANGER

I must needs believe you, Sir: these are your witnesses,
These mourners here, who from their carriages gape at the Alderman's funeral!

TOWNSMAN

Who should lament for him, Sir, in whose heart
Love had no place, nor natural charity?
The parlour spaniel, when she heard his death,
Rose slowly from the hearth, and stole aside
With creeping pace; she never raised her eye
To woo kind words from him, nor laid her head
Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.

How could it be but thus? Arithmetic was the sole science he was ever taught;
The multiplication-table was his Creed, his Paternoster, 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 dusty counting-house
Smoke-dried and sordid, and shrivelled up his heart.
So from the way in which he was train'd up.
His feet departed not; he told his moli'd,
Poor muck-worm! through his three-score years and ten;
And when the earth shall now be shovell'd on him,
If that which served him for a soul were still
Within its husk, 'twould still be dirt to dirt.

STRANGER

Yet your next newspapers will blazon him for industry and honourable wealth.

TOWNSMAN

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

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These mourners here, who from their carriages gape at the Alderman's funeral!

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Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.

How could it be but thus? Arithmetic

Bristol 1803.

THE ALDERMAN'S FUNERAL 419

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.

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Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.

How could it be but thus? Arithmetic

Bristol 1803.
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 nonsense 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, 1830:

"In the Morning Post of Tuesday, we find the following letter:—"

"To the Editor of the Morning Post:"

"Sir—Permit me to correct a statement which appeared in a recent number of the John Bull, wherein it is made to appear that Dr. Southey is the author of The Devil’s Walk. I have the means of settling this question; since I possess the identical MS. copy of verses, as they were written by my uncle, the late Professor Porson, during an evening party at Dr. Beloe’s."

"I am Sir, your very obedient Servant, R. C. Porson."

Bayswater Tenace, Feb. 6, 1830."

"We are quite sure that Mr. Porson, the writer of the above letter, is convinced of the truth of the statement it contains; but although The Devil’s Walk is perhaps not a work of which either Mr. Southey or Mr. Porson need be very proud, we feel it due to ourselves to re-stake 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 shaving; 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 recur 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 veracity, being, as we said, quite assured that he believes the statement he makes; our only object is to set ourselves right."

"Our readers, perhaps, may smile at the following, which appears in yesterday’s Court Journal:—"

"We have received a letter, signed ‘W. Marshall,’ and dated ‘York’; claiming for its writer the long-contested authorship of those celebrated verses, which are known by the title of The Devil’s Walk on Earth, and to which attention has lately been directed anew, by Lord Byron’s imitation of them. There have been so many mystifications connected with the authorship of these clever verses, that, for any thing we know to the contrary, this letter may be only one more."

A week afterwards there was the following notice:—"We cannot waste any more time about The Devil’s Walk. We happen to know that it is Mr. Southey’s; but, as he is alive, we refer any body, who is not yet satisfied, to the eminent person himself—we do not mean the Devil—but the Doctor."

The same newspaper contained the ensuing advertisement:—"On Tuesday next, uniform with Robert Cruikshank’s Miserer, price one shilling; The Devil’s Walk, a Poem, by Professor Porson. With additions and variations by Southey and Coleridge; illustrated by seven engravings from R. Cruikshank. London, Marsh and Miller, 175 Oxford Street, and Constable and Co., Edinburgh."

THE DEVIL’S WALK

(First printed in The Morning Post, September 6, 1799. See Notes.)

1 Face in his brimstone bed at break of day
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 drest?
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... 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.

Professor Porson never had any part in these verses as a writer, and it is for the first time that he now appears in them as the subject of two or three stanzas written some few years ago, when the fabricated story of his having composed them during an evening party at Dr. Vincent’s (for that was the original habit of this falsehood) was revived. A friend of one of the authors, more jealous for him than he has ever been for himself, urged him then to put the matter out of doubt (for it was before Mr. Coleridge had done so); and as much to please that friend, as to amuse himself and his domestic circle, in a sportive mood, the part which relates the rise and progress of the Poem was thrown off, and that also touching the aforesaid Professor. The old vein having thus been opened, some other passages were added; and so it grew to its present length.

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 favourite sin
Is pride that apes humility.
He saw a pig rapidly
Down a river float;
The pig swam well, but every stroke
Was cutting his own throat;
And Satan gave thereat his tail
A twirl of admiration;
For he thought of his daughter War
And her suckling babe Taxation.
Well enough, in sooth, he liked that truth,
And nothing the worse for the jest;
But this was only a first thought
And here it proved, as has often been said,
That second thoughts are best.
For as Piggy plied with wind and tide,
His way with such celerity,
And at every stroke the water dyed
With his own red blood, the Devil cried,
Behold a swinish nation's pride
In cotton-spun prosperity.
He walk'd into London leisurely,
The streets were dirty and dim:
But there he saw
Brothers the Prophet, And Brothers the Prophet saw him.
He entered a thriving bookseller's shop;
Quoth he, We are both of one college,
For I myself sate like a Cormorant once
Upon the Tree of Knowledge.
As he passed through Cold-Bath Fields he look'd
At a solitary cell;
And he was well-pleas'd, for it gave him a hint
For improving the prisons of Hell.

Another daughter he presently met:
With music of fife and drum,
And a consecrated flag,
And shout of tag and rug,
And march of rank and file,
Which had fill'd the crowded aisle
Of the venerable pile,
From church he saw her come.
He call'd her aside, and began to chide,
For what dost thou here? said he;
My city of Rome is thy proper home,
And there's work enough there for thee.
Thou hast confessions to listen,
And bells to christen,
And altars and dolls to dress;
And fools to coax,
And sinners to hoax,
And beads and bones to bless;
And great pardons to sell
For those who pay well,
And small ones for those who pay less.
Nay, Father, I boast, that this is my post,
She answered; and thou wilt allow,
That the great Harlot,
Who is clothed in scarlet,
Can very well spare me now.
Upon her business I am come here,
That we may extend her powers;
Whatever lets down this church that we hate,
Is something in favour of ours.
You will not think, great Cosmocrat!
That I spend my time in fooling;
Many irons, my Sire, have we in the fire,
And I must leave none of them cooling;
For you must know state-councils here
Are held which I bear rule in.
Well pleased wilt thou be at no very far day
When the caldron of mischief boils,
And I bring them forth in battle array
Sydney, and all of his kidney,
My Humes and my Broughams,
My merry old Jerry,
My Lord Kings, and my Doctor Doyleys!

At this good news, so great
The Devil's pleasure grew,
That with a joyful avish he rent
The hole where his tail came through.
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.

Great news! bloody news! cried a newsman; the Devil said, stop, let me see! Great news? bloody news? thought the Devil, the bloodier the better for me.

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.

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.

Therewith in second-sight he saw the place and the manner and time, in which this mortal story would be put in immortal rhyme.

That it would happen when two poets should on a time be met, in the town of Nether Stowey, in the shire of Somerset.

There while the one was shaving would the song begin; and the other when he heard it at breakfast, in ready accord join in.

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 rhymes; till the whole were merrily done.

And because it was set to the razor, not to the lute or harp; therefore it was that the fancy should be bright, and the wit be sharp.

But then, said Satan to himself, but that said beginner, against my infernal Majesty there is no greater sinner.

He hath put me in ugly bailad; with libellous poems for sale; he hath scoff'd at my hoofs and my horns; and has made very free with my tail.

But this Mister Poct 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.

He went to a coffee-house to dine. 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 he did take, because he thought by a slight mistake, it was the general conflagration.

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.

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.

Now solos are exceedingly cheap; which he will not attempt to deny, when I see him at my fish-market, I warrant him, by and by.

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.

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.

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.

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.

And whoever shall say that to Porson these best of all verses belong, he is an untruth-telling whoreson, and so shall be call'd in the song.

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.

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.

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.

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 he did take, because he thought by a slight mistake, 'twas the general conflagration.
INSCRIPTIONS

The three utilities of Poetry: the praise of Virtue and Goodness, the memory of things remarkable, and to invigorate the Affections. —Welsh Triad.

[As five of the inscriptions have been inserted among the Selected Minor Poems, it has been necessary in some instances to alter the numbering of those here printed. Where this has been done, a number in brackets ( ) at the head of an inscription denotes its number in the edition of 1837-1838. Inscriptions I-VI inclusive were published in Poems, 1797. I, II, and III have been almost rewritten.]

I
FOR A COLUMN AT NEWBURY

Callest thou thyself a Patriot? On this field Did Falkland fall, the blameless and the brave, Beneath the banners of that Charles whom thou Abhorrest for a Tyrant. Dost thou boast Of loyalty!

The field is not far off Where in rebellious arms against his King Hambden was kill'd, that Hambden at whose name The heart of many an honest Englishman Beats with congeneric pride. Both uncorrupt, Friends to their common country both, they fought, They died in adverse arms. Traveller! If with thy neighbour thou shouldst not accord, Remember these, our famous countrymen, And quell all angry and injurious thoughts.

Bristol, 1795.

II
FOR A CAVERN THAT OVERLOOKS THE RIVER AVON

Enter this cavern, Stranger! Here awhile Respiring from the long and steep ascent, Thou may'st be glad of rest, and happily too Of shade, if from the summer's westering sun Shelter'd beneath this beetling vault of rock, Round the rude portal clasping its rough arms. The antique ivy spreads a canopy, From whose grey blossoms the wild bees collect In autumn their last store. The Muse I love; This spot; believe a Poet who hath felt Their visitation here. The tide below Rising or refluent serve to send its sound Of waters up; and from the heights beyond Where the high-hanging forest waves and sways, Varying before the wind its verdant hues, The voice is music here. Here thou may'st feel How good, how lovely, Nature! And when hence Returning to the city's crowded streets, Thy aching eye at every step revolts From scenes of vice and witchcraft, reflect That Man creates the evil he endures.

Bristol, 1796.

III
FOR A TABLET AT SILBURY-HILL

Thus mound in some remote and dateless day Read'd o'er a Chiefstain of the Age of Hills, May here detain thee, Traveller! from thy road Not idly lingering. In his narrow house Some warrior sleeps below, whose gal-lant deeds Happ'y at many a solemn festival The Scold hath sung; but perish'd is the song Of praise, as o'er these bleak and barren downs The wind that passes and is heard no more. Go, Traveller, and remember when the pomp Of earthly glor'ys fades, that one good deed, Unseen, unheard, unnoted by mankind, Lives in the eternal register of Heaven.

Bristol, 1796.

IV
FOR A MONUMENT IN THE NEW FOREST

This is the place where William's kingly power Did from their poor and peaceful homes expel, Unfriended, desolate, and shelterless, Those habitants of all the fertile track Far as those wilds extend. He loved it 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, Stranger! Pray for the wicked rulers of mankind.

Bristol, 1796.

V
FOR A TABLET ON THE BANKS OF A STREAM

Stranger! awhile upon this mossy bank Recline thee. If the Sun rides high, the breeze, That loves to ripple o'er the rivulet, Will play around thy brow, and the cool sound Of running waters soothe thee. Mark how clear They sparkle o'er the shallows, and behold Where o'er their surface wheels with restless speed The glossy insect, on the sand below How its swift shadow flits. In solitude The rivulet is pure, and trees and herbs grow 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 for Happiness? Go, Stranger, sojourn in the woodland cot Of Innocence, and thou shalt find her there.

Bristol, 1796.
VI
FOR THE OENOTAPH AT ERMENONVILLE

STRANGER! the Man of Nature lies not here;
Eshrin'd 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 feet
Explored the scenes of Ermenonville.

B 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 bowers the passing wind
Swept a gray shade. Here, if thy breast be full,
If in thine eye the tear devout should gush,
His Spirit shall behold thee, to thine
From hence returning, purified of heart.
Bristol, 1796.

VII
FOR A MONUMENT AT OXFORD

Here Latimer and Ridley in the flames
Bore witness to the truth. If thou hast walk'd
Uprightly through the world, just thoughts of joy
May fill thy breast in contemplating here
Congenial virtue. But if thou hast swerved
From the straight path of even rectitude,
Fearful in trying seasons to assert
The better cause, or to forsake the worse

Herrick 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 Ormandino'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 hearth and comrades follow'd his green crest
To victory. Stranger! Hatterell's mountain heights
And this fair vale of Ewias, and the stream
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.

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!

Bristol, 1798.
XII (XIII)
FOR A COLUMN AT TRUXILLO

[Published in Letters from Spain and Portugal, 1797.]

Hernando here was born; a greater name
The list of glory boasts not. Talil and Pain,
Famine and hostile Elements, and Hosts
Embellish'd, 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 over-run, and with relentless arm
Slew or enslaved its unoffending sons.
And wealth, and power, and fame, were his rewards.
There is another world, beyond the grave.
According to their deeds where men are judged.
O Reader! if thy daily bread be earn'd
By daily labour, yea, however low,
However painful be thy lot assign'd,
Thank thou, with deepest gratitude, the God
Who made thee, that thou art not such as he.

Bristol, 1796.

XIII (XIV)
FOR THE CELL OF HONORIUS, AT THE CORK CONVENT, NEAR CINTRA

[First published in The Morning Post, November 5, 1798; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

Here cavern'd like a beast
Honorius pass'd
In self-affliction, solitude, and prayer,
Long years of penance. He had rooted out
All human feelings from his heart, and fled
With fear and loathing from all human joys.
Not thus in making known his will divine
Hath Christ enjoin'd. To aid the fatherless
Comfort the sick, and be the poor man's friend,
And in the wounded heart pour gospel balm;
These are the injunctions of his holy law,
Which whose keeps shall have a joy on earth,
Calm, constant, still increasing, precluding
The eternal bliss of Heaven. Yet mock not thou,
Stranger, the Anchoress's mistaken zeal!
He painfully his painful duties kept,
Sincere though erring: Stranger, do thou keep
Thy better and thine easier rule as well.

Bristol, 1798.

XIV (XV)
FOR A MONUMENT AT TAUNTON

[First published in The Morning Post, July 6, 1799; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

They suffer'd here whom Jefferies doom'd to death
In mockery of all justice, when the Judge
Unjust, subservient to a cruel King,
Perform'd his work of blood. They suffer'd here
The victims of that Judge, and of that King;
In mockery of all justice here they bled.
Unheard. But not unpitied, nor of God
Unseen the innocent suffered; not unheard
The innocent blood cried vengeance; for at length
The indignant Nation in its power fled.
Restless. 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 die
Long years of frustrate hope, he lived to load
More blood upon his soul. Let tell the Bystre,
Let Londonerry tell his guilt and shame;
And that immortal day when on thy shores,
La Hogue, the purple ocean dash'd the dead!

Westbury, 1798.

XV (XVI)
FOR A TABLET AT PENSHURST

[First published in The Morning Post, December 7, 1798; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

Here days of old familiar to thy mind,
O Reader? Hast thou let the midnight hourPass unperceived, whilst thou in fancy lived
With high-born beauties and winning love,
With courtly 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 perusal part
Had moulder'd, dust to dust. That stately oak
Itself hath moulder'd now, but Sidney's fame
Endureth in his own immortal works.

Westbury, 1799.

XVI (XVII)
EPITAPH

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!

Keswick, 1810.
INSCRIPTIONS

XVII (XIX)
FOR A MONUMENT AT ROLISSA

Time has been when Rolissa was a name
Ignable, 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 succour, first within this realm
The fated theatre of their long strife
Confronted, here the hostile nations met.
Labour'd here his stand; upon you point
Of Mount Saint Anna was his Eagle fix'd; 10
The veteran chief, disposing well all aid
Of height and glen, possess'd the mountain straits,
A post whose strength thus mann'd and profited
Seem'd to defy the enemy and make
The vantag'e of assaulting numbers vain.

Hero, too, before the sun should bend his course
Adown the slope of heaven, so had their plans
Been timer, he look'd for Loison's army, rich
With spoils from Evora and Beja sna'd.
That hope the British Knight arceding well
With prompt attack prevented; nor strength
Of ground, nor leader's skill nor discipline
Of soldiers practised in the ways of war.
Aval'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 wreathed her laurels here.

XVIII (XX)
FOR A MONUMENT AT VIMEIRO

This is Vimeiro; yonder stream which flows
Westward through heathery highlands to the sea,
Is call'd Moeira, till of late a name
Save to the dwellers of this peaceful vale,
Known only to the coating 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, 10
The embattled hosts in equal strength array'd,
And equal discipline, encountered here.

Junot, the mock Abrantes, 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.

XIX (XXI)
AT CORUÑA

When from these shores the British army first
Boldly advanced into the heart of Spain,
The admiring people who beheld its march
Call'd it 'the Beautiful'. And surely well
Its proud array, its perfect discipline,
Its ample furniture of war complete,
Its powerful horse, its men of British mould,
All high in heart and hope, all of themselves,
Assured, and in their leaders confident,
Deserved the title. Few short weeks elapsed
Ere hitler that disastrous host return'd,
A fourth of all its gallant force consumed.

In hasty and precipitate retreat,
Stoics, treasurers, and artillery, in the wreck,
Left to the fierce pursuer, horse and man
Found'er'd, and stiffening on the mountain snows.
But when the exiling enemy approach'd,
Beating that he would drive into the sea
The remnant of the wretched fugitives,
Here, ere they reached their ships, they turned 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, whatsoever
Might be the fate of battle, here they
And their safe embarkation... all they sought,
Won manfully. That mournful day
Their sufferings, and redeem'd their country's name;
And thus Coruña, which in this retreat
Had seen the else indelible reproach
Of England, saw the stain effaced in blood.

XX (XXII)
EPITAPH

He who in this unconsecrated ground
Obtain'd a soldier's grave, hath left a name
Which will endure in history; the remains
Of Moore, the British General, rest below.
His early prowess Cordova beheld,
When, at Mosello, bleeding, through the breach
He pressed victorious; the Columbian isles
Then saw him tried; upon the sandy downs
Of Holland was his spirit well 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 Buonaparte bore down all
Before him; and the British Chief beheld,
Where'er he look'd, rout, treason, and dismays,
All sides with all embarrassments beat,
And danger pressing on. Hither he came
Before the far out-numbering hosts of France
Retreating to her ships, and close pursued.
Nor were there wanting men who counsel'd him
To offer terms, and from the enemy
Purchase a respite to embark in peace,
At price of such abasement... even to this,
Brave as they were, by hopelessness subdued.
That shameful counsel Moore, in happy hour
Remembering what was due to England's name,
Refused: he fought, he conquer'd, and he fell.
TO THE MEMORY OF PAUL BURRARD

MORTALLY WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF CORUNA

[Published in The Literary Souvenir for 1826.]

MYSTERIOUS are the ways of Providence!—
Old men who have grown grey in camps, and wish'd, And pray'd, and sought in battle to lay ... not drink it? Therefore doth the draught Resent of comfort in its bitterness, 20 And carry healing with it. What but this

His soul required no farther discipline, Pure as it was, and capable of Heaven. Upon the spot from whence he just had seen His General borne away, the appointed ball Reache'd him. But not on that Galli- cian 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, Unconscion't 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 irreparable loss; Oh! who of woman born could bear the thought? Who but would join with fervent piteous prayer the deliver'd habitants 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, Fill'd yon devoted city with all forms Of horror, all unutterable crimes; And vengeance now had reach'd... the inhuman race

Acquiesce, Oh what a scene did Night behold! Within those resuced walls, when festal fires, And torches, blazing through the bloody streets, Stream'd their broad light where hope and man in death Unneeded 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 In victory, how divine the soldier's meed, When grateful nations bless the aveng- ing sword!
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 renew'd the strife.
Yet was their desperate perseverance vain,
Where skill by equal skill was counter-vail'd,
And numbers by superior courage foil'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 conspicuous. While that name endures,
Bear in thy soul, Spain, the memory
Of all thou sufferedst from perfidious France,
Of all that England in thy cause achieved.

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 after time a more enduring praise,
Than that which marks his triumph here attain'd
By intellect, and patience to the end
Holding through good and ill its course
The plume, and seal of greatness. Here the chief
Perceived in foresight Lisbon's sure defence,
A vantage ground for all reverse prepar'd.
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 Scoult's murderous host from Porto driven;
Bear witness Talavera, made by him
Famous for ever; and that later night,
When from Busaco's solitude the birds,
Then first affrighted in their sanctuary,
Fled from the thunders and the fires of war.
But when Spain's feeble counsels, in delay
As e'er, as in action premature,
Had left him in the field without support,
And Buonaparte, having trampled down
The strength and pride of Austria, this way turn'd
His single thought and undivided power,
Resenting likewise the great General's name;
And proud Massena, when the boastful chief
Of plundered Lisbon dreamt, here found himself
Stopt suddenly in his presumptuous course.

Through all Iberia, from the Atlantic shores
To far Pyrene, Wellington hath left
His trophies; but no monument records
To valor as they did at Porto prepared,
Where Portugal and England might defy
All strength of hostile numbers. Not for this
Of hostile enterprise did he abate,
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From Ericeyra on the western sea,
By Mafra's princely convent, and the heights
Of Montichique, and Bucollas famed
For generous vines, the formidable works
Extending, rested on the guarded shores
Of Tagus, that rich river who received
Into his ample and rejoicing port
The harvests and the wealth of distant lands,
Secure, insulting with the glad display
Of treasure, and the world's greedy sight. Five months the foe
Beheld these lines, made inexpugnable
By perfect skill, and patriot feelings here
With discipline conjoin'd, courageous hands,
True spirits, and one comprehensive mind
All overseeing and pervading all.
Five months, tormenting still his heart
With hopes,
He saw his projects frustrated; the power

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Her Wellington! He learnt to know them here.
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With discipline conjoin'd, courageous hands,
True spirits, and one comprehensive mind
All overseeing and pervading all.
Five months, tormenting still his heart
With hopes,
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 retiring, maddened with despite,
Here did the self-styled Son of Victory leave,
Never to be redeem'd, that vaunted name.

XXVI (XXVIII)
AT SANTAREM
Four months Massena had his quarters here,
When by those lines deter'd where Wellington
Defied the power of France, but loth to leave
Rich Lisbon yet unsack'd, he kept his ground,
Till from impending famine, and the force
Array'd in front, and that consuming war
Which still the faithful nation, day and night,
And at all hours was waging on his rear,
He saw no safety, save in swift retreat.
Then of his purpose frustrated, this child
Of Hell... so fitter than of Victory call'd,
Gave his own devilish nature scope, and
His devilish army loose. The mournful rolls
That chronicle the guilt of humankind
Tell not of aught more ludicrous than the deeds
With which this monster and his kindred troops
Track'd their inhuman way; all cruelties,
All forms of horror, all deliberate crimes,
Which tongue abhors to utter, ear to hear.
Let this memorial bear Massena's name
For everlasting infamy inscribed.

XXVII (XXIX)
AT FUENTES D'ONORO
The fountains of Onoro which give name
To this poor hamlet, were stain'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 deliver'd, desperately made
His last fierce effort here. That day, boast
With slaughter Cos and Agueda ran,
So deeply had the open veins of war
Purpled their mountain feeders. Strong in means
With rest, and stores, and numbers reinforce'd
Came the merciless enemy, and ween'd
Beneath their formidable cavalry
To trample down resistance. But there fought
Against them here, with Britons side by side,
The children of regenerate Portugal,
And their own crimes, and all-beholding Heaven,
Beaton, and hopeless henceforth of success
The inhuman Marshal, never to be name'd
By Lusitanian lips without a curse
Of clenching infancy, withdrew and left
These Fountains famous for his overthrown.

XXVIII (XXXI)
FOR A MONUMENT AT ALBUHERA
Seven thousand men lay bleeding on these heights,
When Beresford in strenuous conflict strove
Against a foe whom all the accidents
Of battle favoured, and who knew full well
To seize all offers that occasion gave.
Wounded or dead, seven thousand here were stretch'd,
And on the plain around a myriad more,
Spainiard and Briton and true Portuguese,
Alike approved that day; and in the cause
Of France, with her sagacious sons compe'll'd.
Polish and Italian, German, Hollander,
Men of all climes and countries, hither brought,
Doing and suffering, for the work of war.
This point by her superior cavalry
France from the Spaniard won, the elements
Aiding her powerful efforts; here alive
She seem'd to rule the conflict; and from hence
The British and the Lusitanian arm
Dislodges with irresistible assault
The enemy, even when he deem'd the day
Was written for his own. But not for Soult,
But not for France was that day in the rolls
Of war to be inscribed by Victory's hand,
Not for the inhuman chief, and cause unjust:
She wrote for aftertimes in blood the names
Of Spain and England, Blake and Beresford.

XXIX (XXXII)
TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WILLIAM MYERS
Spaward or Portuguese! tread reverently
Upon a soldier's grave; no common heart
Lies mingled with the clod beneath thy feet.
To honours and to ample wealth was Myers
In England born; but leaving friends beloved,
And all allurements of that happy land,
His ardent spirit to the field of war
Impell'd him. Fair was his career. He faced
The peril of that memorable day,
When through the iron shower and fiery storm
Of death the dauntless host of Britain came.
Their landing at Aboukir; then not less
Illustrated, than when great Nelson's hand,
As if insulted Heaven with its own wrath
Had arm'd him, smote the scornful Frenchmen's fleet,
And with its wreck wide-rolling many a league
Strew'd the rejoicing shores. What then his youth,
Held forth of promise, amply was confirm'd.
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 valour's orb
Shone brightest at its setting. On the field
Of Albuhera he the fusilーン
Led to regain the heights, and promised them
A glorious day; a glorious day was given;
The heights were gain'd; the victory was achieved,
And Myers received from death his deathless crown.
Here to Valverde was he borne, and here
His faithful men amid this olive grove,
The olive emblem here of endless peace,
Laid him to rest. Spaniard or Portuguese,
In your good cause the British soldier fell;
Tread reverently upon his honour'd grave.
INSCRIPTIONS

XXX (XXXIV)

FOR THE WALLS OF CIUDAD RODRIGO

Here Craufurd fell, victorious, in the breach,
Leading his countrymen in that assault.
Which won from haughty France these rescued walls;
And here intomb'd far from his native land
And kindred dust, his honour'd relics rest.
Well was he versed in war, in the Orient train'd
Beneath Cornwallis; then for many a year
Following through arduous 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 Corunna witness'd on her hills
The pledge of vengeance given. At length he saw,
Long wo'd and well deserved, the brighter face
Of Fortune, upon Cox's banks vouchsafed.
Before Almeida, when Massena found
The fourfold vantage of his numbers foil'd;
Before the Beiron, and the Portugal,
There vindicating first his old renown,
And Craufurd's mind that day presaging there.
Again was her auspicious countenance
Upon Buonaparte's holy heights reveal'd;
And when by Torres Vedras, Wellington,
Wisely secure, dash'd the haughty French.
With all their power; and when Onorio's springs
Beheld that execrable enemy
Again chastis'd beneath the avenging arm.
Too early here his honourable course He closed, and won his noble sepulchre.
Where should the soldier rest so worthy
As where he fell? Be thou his monument.
O City of Rodrigo, yea be thou,
To latest time, his trophy and his tomb!
Sultans, or Pharaohs of the elder world, Lie not in Mosque or Pyramid enshrined.
Thus gloriously, nor in so proud a grave.

XXXI (XXXV)

TO THE MEMORY OF MAJOR GENERAL MACKINNON

Son of an old and honourable house,
Henry Mackinnon from the Hebrides
Drew his descent, but upon English ground
A child of feeble frame, his parents there
Availed their sojourn'd fix'd: and thus it chance'd
That in that generous season, when the heart
Yet from the world is pure and unde-fil'd.
Napoleon Buonaparte was his friend.
The adventurous Corsican, like Henry, then
Young, and a stranger in the land of France,
Their frequent and their favour'd guest became.
Finding a cheerful welcome at all hours,
Kindness, esteem, and in the English youth
Quiet sympathy of apprehensive mind
And lofty thought heroic. On the way
Of Life they parted, not to meet again.
Each follow'd war, but, oh! how differently
Did the two spirits which till now had grown
Like two fair plants, it seem'd, of kindly seed.
Develop'd 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 tender fields
Such as the soldier should be in the sight
Of God and man was he. Poor praise it were
To speak his worth vouchsafed upon the banks
Of Onorio, Talavera's trophied plain,
Busaco's summit, and what other days,
Many and glorious all, illustrated
His bright career. Worthy of him to say
That in the midst of camps his manly breast
Retain'd its youthful virtue; that he walk'd
Through blood and evil uncontaminate,
And that the stern necessity of war
But nurtured with its painful discipline
Thoughtful compassion in that gentle soul,
And feelings such as man should cherish still.
For all of woman born. He met his death
When at Rodrigo on the beach he
Triumphant; to a soldier's wish it came
Instant, and in the hour of victory.
Mothers and maidens of Portugal, oh bring
Your garlands here, and strew his grave with flowers;
And lead the children to his monument,
Grey-headed sires, for it is holy ground!
For tenderness and valour in his heart,
The Spanish and the Portuguese he
Scour'd; and doesn't the British soldiers all too slow
To seize occasion, unsait in war,
And therefore brave in vain. In such belief
Swept back upon the refract tile of war,
Girard lay here, who late from Oceano,
Far as his active cavalry could scour,
Had pillaged and opprest the country round;
The Spaniard and the Portuguese he
Scour'd; and doesn't the British soldiers all too slow
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Girard lay here, who late from Oceano,
Far as his active cavalry could scour,
Had pillaged and opprest the country round;
The Spaniard and the Portuguese he
Scour'd; and doesn't the British soldiers all too slow
To seize occasion, unsait in war,
And therefore brave in vain. In such belief
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To seize occasion, unsait in war,
And therefore brave in vain. In such belief
Swept back upon the refract tile of war,
Girard lay here, who late from Oceano,
Far as his active cavalry could scour,
They held through wind and drenching rain; all night
The autumnal tempest unabating raged, While in their comfortless and open camp
They cheer’d themselves with patient hope: the storm
Was their ally, and moving in the mist, When morning open’d, on the astonish’d eye
They burst. Soon routed horse and foot, the French
On all sides scattering, fled, on every side
Beat, and every where pursued, with loss
Of half their numbers captured, their whole stores,
And all their garrison plunder. ’Twas a day
Of surest omen, such as fill’d with joy
True English hearts: No happier doves have e’er
Been roll’d abroad from town and village tower
Than gladly’d then with their exultant sound
Salopian vales; and flowing cups were brimm’d
All round the Wrekin to Sir Rowland’s name.

XXXIII (XXXVII)
WRITTEN IN AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME OF LETTERS AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS, BY BARRÉ CHARLES ROBERTS.

Not often hath the cold insensate earth
Closed over such fair hopes, as when the grave
Received young Barró’s perishable forms... such endowments as parental love
Might in its wisest prayer have ask’d of Heaven; An intellect that, choosing for itself
The better part, went forth into the fields
Of knowledge, and with never-sated thirst
Drank of the living springs; a judge-
And clear; a heart affectionate; a soul
Within whose quiet sphere no vanities
Or low desires had place. Nor were the
Of excellence thus largely given, and left
To struggle with impediment of elino
Austere, or nigard soil; all circumstances
Of happy fortune was to him vouch-
safile;
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 food. In all things favour’d thus auspiciously,
But in his father most; an intercourse
So beautiful no former record shows
In such relationship displayed, where
A familiar friendship’s perfect confidence,
The father’s ever-watchful tender ness
Meets ever in the son’s entire respect
Its due return devout, and playful love
Mingles with every thing, and sheds o’er all
A sunshine of its own. Should we then say
The parents purchased at too dear a cost
This deep delight, the deepest, purest joy
Which Heaven hath hearken’send us, when they saw
Their child of hope, just in the May of life,
Beneath a slow and cankering malady,
With irreclaimable decay consumed.
Sink to the unbottom grave? Oh, think not thus!
Nor deem that such long anguish, and the grief
Which in the utmost soul doth strike its roots
There to abide through time, can over-

XXXIII (XXXVII)
WHITTEN IN AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME OF LETTERS AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS, BY BARRÉ CHARLES ROBERTS.

Which faithfully impress’d his aspect meek.
And others too there are, who in their hearts
Will bear the memory of his worth en-
shrine’d.
What stores of knowledge and what humble thoughts,
What who desires, what cheerful joy.
In happy union form’d the character
Which faithfully impress’d his aspect
And others there are, who in their hearts
Will bear the memory of his worth en-
shrine’d.
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 pass’d 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.

XXXIV (XXXIX)
EPITAPH

Some there will be to whom, as here they read,
While yet these lines are from the chisel sharp,
The name of Clement Francis, will recall
His countenance benign; and some who knew
What stores of knowledge and what humble thoughts.
What who desires, what cheerful joy.
In happy union form’d the character
Which faithfully impress’d his aspect
And others there are, who in their hearts
Will bear the memory of his worth en-
shrine’d.
For tender and for reverential thoughts.
When grief hath had its course, a life-
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A little while, and these, who to the truth
Of this poor tributary strain could bear
Their witness, will themselves have pass’d 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.

INSCRIPTIONS FOR THE CALEDONIAN CANAL

[Published in *The Anniversary*, 1829.]

XXXV (XL)
I. AT CLACHNACHARRY

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 planned, which should unite
The lakes, control the in navigable streams,
And through the boulders of the land
duce A way, where vessels which must else have brav'd
The formidable Cape, and have essayed
The perils of the Hyperborean Sea,
Mount from the Baltic to the Atlantic deep,
Pass and repass at will. So when the storm
Careers abroad, may they securely here,
Through birch-groves, green fields, and pastoral hills,
Pursue their voyage home. Humanity
May boast this proud expenditure, begun
By Britain in a time of arduous war;
Through all the efforts and emergencies
Of that long strife continued, and achieved
After her triumph, even at the time
When national burdens bearing on the state
Were felt with heaviest pressure. Such expense
Is best economy. In growing wealth,
Comfort, and spreading industry, behold
The fruits immediate! And, in days to come,
Fitted shall this great British work be named
With whatso'er of most magnificence,
For public use. Rome in her plenitude
Of power effected, or all-glorious Oreeee,
Or Egypt, mother-land of all the arts.

XXXVI (XLII)

2. At Fort Augustus

Thou who hast reach'd this level where the glebe,
Wheeding between the mountains in mid air,
Describes the German or the Atlantic Sea,
Passue besides, and, as thou seest the ship pursue
Her easy way serene, call thou to mind
By what exertions of victorious art
The salt sea water for the highland lumph;
As oft in imperceptible descent
Must, step by step, be lower'd, before she woop
The ocean breeze again. Thou hast beheld
What basins, most capacious of their kind,
Enclose her, while the obedient element
Lifts or depones its burden. Thou hast seen
The torrent hurrying from its native hills
Pass underneath the broad canal incumbed,
Then issue harmless thence; the rivulet
Admitted by its intake peaceably,
Forthwith by gentle overfall discharged:
And haply too thou hast observed the heeds
Frequent their vaulted path, unconscionable they
That the wide waters on the long low arch
Above them, lie sustained. What other works
Science, audacious in emprise, hath wrought,
Mocht 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 broad cleft o'er a resting place
There were the deep foundations laid,
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,
For all the ages formed the generous work.

XXXVII (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; flestiest may the marble here
Record the Architect's immortal name.
Telledf it was, by whose presiding mind
The whole great work was planned' and perfected;
Telford, who o'er the vale of Cambrian Dee,
Aboto in air, at giddily height upborne,
Carried his navigable road, and hung
High o'er Monal's straits the bending bridge;
Swept up, by more ambitious enterprize
Than minstrels in the age of old romance
To their own Merlin's magic lore ascribed
Nor hath he for his native land 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 over the deep morass sustain'd, and now
Across ravine, or glen, or estuary,
Opening a passage through the wilds subdued.

XXXVIII (XLIII)

EPITAPH IN BUTLEIGH CHURCH

Divided far by death were they, whose names
In honour here united, as in birth,
This monumental verse records. They drew
In Dorset's healthy vales their natal breath,
And from these shores beheld the ocean first,
Wherein in early youth with one accord
They chose their way of fortune; to that course
By Hood and Bridport's bright example drawn,
Their kinsmen, children of this place,
and sons
Of one, who in his faithful ministry
Insolated within these ballow'd walls
The truths in mercy to mankind reveal'd.
Worthy were these three brethren each to add
New honours to the already honour'd name:
But Arthur, in the morning of his day,
Perish'd amid the Caribbean seas;
When the Pomona, by a hurricane
Whirr'd, riven and overwhelm'd, with all her crew
Into the deep went down. A longer date
To Alexander was assign'd, for hope,
For fair ambition, and for fond regret,
Alas, how short! for duty, for desert,
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.
INSCRIPTIONS

[Text continues]

CARMEN TRIUMPHALE

FOR THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR 1814

[Elisabetha Johnson, 1814]

[Text continues]
First from his trance the heroic Spaniard woke;  
His chains he broke,  
And casting off his neck the treacherous yoke,  
He called on England, on his generous foe;  
For well he knew that where soe'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.

Say from thy trophied field how well,  
Vimiero! Rocky Douro tell! 60  
And thou, Busaco, on whose sacred height  
The mother of her valour placed her seat  
She saw that host of ruffians take their flight! 2  
And in the Sun's broad light  
Onoro's Springs beheld their overthrow.

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 stronger bulwarks fall;  
The danger undismay'd she view'd,  
Knowing that nought could e'er appal  
The Spaniards' fortitude.  
What though the Tyrant, drunk with power,  
Might vaunt himself, in impious hour,  
Lord and Disposer of this earthly ball?  
Her cause is just, and Heaven is over all.

Strains such as these from Spain's three seas,  
And from the farthest Pyrenees, Rung through the region.  
Vengeance was the word;  
One impulse to all hearts at once was given;  
From every voice the sacred cry was heard,  
And borne abroad by all the winds of Heaven.  
Heaven too, to whom the Spaniards look'd for aid,  
A spirit equal to the hour bestow'd;  
And gloriously the debt they paid,  
Which to their valiant ancestors they owed;  
France and gloriously against the power of Maintain'd their children's proud inheritance.  
Their steady purpose no defeat could move,  
France and mind;  
No horrors could shake their constant 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 begun his daily round,  
Was higher virtue, holier valour, found  
Than on that consecrated ground.

Alone the noble Nation stood,  
When from Corunna, in the main,  
The star of England set in blood. 140  
Ere long on Talavera's plains  
There did the Wellesley give,  
And well in sight of earth and Heaven Did he redeem the pledge which there was given.

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CARMEN TRIUMPHALE

Like leaves before the autumnal wind!
Now, Britain, now thy brow with laurels bind;
Raise now the song of joy for rescued Spain!
And Europe, wake thou up the awakening strain.
Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!

From Spain the living spark went forth:
The flame hath caught, the flame is spread!
It warms, it fires the farthest North.
Behold! the awakened Muscovite,
Moses the Tyrant in his might;
The Brandenberg, at Freedom's call,
Rises more glorious from his fall;
And Frederick, 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!

Open thy gates, O Hanover! display
Thy loyal banners to the day;
Receive thy old illustrious line once more!
Beneath an Upstart's yoke opprest,
Long hath been thy fortune to expire!
That line, whose fostering and paternal sway
So many an age thy grateful children bless.

The yoke is broken now;
A clear and inspiring strain
Hath dash'd, in pieces dash'd the iron rod.
To meet her Princes, the deliver'd land:
Pours her rejoicing multitudes abroad;
The happy bells, from every town and tower,
Roll their glad peals upon the joyful wind;
And from all hearts and tongues, with one consent,
The high thanksgiving strain to heaven is sent.
Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!

Egmont and Bomb, heard ye that holy cry,
Martyrs of Freedom, from your seats in Heaven?
And William the Deliverer, doth thine eye
towards from yon empyreal realm the land
For which thy blood was given?
What ill hast that poor Country suffer'd long!
Deceived, despised, and plunder'd, and oppress'd.
Mockery and insult aggravating wrong!
Sorely she her wrongs hath atoned,
And long in anguish groan'd,
While fervent curses rose with every prayer:
In mercy Heaven at length its ear inclined;
The avenging armies of the North
Joy for the injured Hollanders!
Of Orange reads the sky!
All hearts are now in one good cause combined,
Once more that flag triumphant floats on high.
Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!

When shall the Dove go forth? Oh when
Shall Peace return among the Sons of Men?
Hasten benignant Heaven the blessed land.
Justice must go before,
And Retribution must make plain the way;
Force must be crushed by Force,
The power of Evil by the power of Good.
Ero Order bless the suffering world once more,
Or Peace return again.
Helm then right on in your auspicious course,
Ye Princes, and ye People, hold right on!
Your task not yet is done.

NOTES TO CARMEN TRIUMPHALE

1 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 Goths, a short time before the commencement of the Christian era.

2 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 Review, No. XXVII, p. 263.

3 No cruelties recorded in history exceed those which were systematically committed by the French during their retreat from Portugal. Their conduct, (says Lord Wellington in his dispatch of the 14th of March, 1811), "throughout this retreat, has been marked by a bankruptcy seldom equalled, and never surpassed."

4 In the towns of Torres Novas, Thomar, and Pernes, in which the head-quarters of some of the corps had been for four months, and in which the inhabitants had been induced by promises of good treatment to remain, they were plundered, and many of their houses destroyed on the night the enemy withdrew from their position; and they have since burnt every town and village through which they have passed. The Convent of Alcobaca was burnt by order from the French head-quarters.

5 The opinion is delivered with happy precision of language: "Our troops were indeed, to use the same neat and felicitous expression, 'better there than anywhere else.'"—Edinburgh Review, No. XXVII, p. 263.

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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 proclaimed 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 chains, Shall join the Avengers in the joyful strain.

Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!
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.
And that record will be forever the
memory of these atrocites was collected as it was possible to obtain . .
and that record will for ever make the
French nation, . . and it met with the
honour of the whole army. But the
French nation, . . and it met with the
delay of a protracted contest, _than the
was in its nature more uncertain and short-
lived, more likely to be extinguished by
its own heat, than all, . . Confusion being worse confounded then,
with coachmen's quarrels and with
house-keepers, street-thunders, and
and smut, Thames' water, paviour's ground, and
and smell. Yet Macadamized, (miserable
air, . .
and smoke, and smut, Thames' water, paving-ground, and
London sky;
Inverted, topsy-turvy 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, 
Angelic among Taylors! for thy laws 
Antifugitive, extend those laws 
Till every chimney its own smoke consume, 
And give thenceforth thy dinners un­lampound'd.
Escaping from all this, the very whirl 
Of mail-coach wheels bound outward from Lad-lane, 
Was peace and quietness. Three hundred 
Of homeward way seemed to the body rest, 
And to the mind repose.

Donne¹ did not hate more perfectly all this town, yet there’s one state
Thus:—
The sights and sounds of Nature; . . .
Alone to me accessible as those
Whose having touch’d, I may not con­
And to the mind repose. 

₁ 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 ill things so excellently best, That hate towards them breeds pity towards the rest.'
Of youth, with wisdom maketh mid-life rich,
And fills with quiet tears the eyes of age.

Hear then in English rhyme how Bilderdijk
Describes his wicked portraits, one by one.

A madman who from Bedlam hath broke loose;
An honest fellow of the numskull race;
A Frenchman who would mirthfully display
On some poor idiot his malicious wit;
A Frenchman who would mirthfully display
On some poor idiot his malicious wit;
A Frenchman who would mirthfully display
On some poor idiot his malicious wit;
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A Frenchman who would mirthfully display
On some poor idiot his malicious wit;
A Frenchman who would mirthfully display
On some poor idiot his malicious wit;
A Frenchman who would mirthfully display
On some poor idiot his malicious wit;
An uglier misereant too...the brothers Schumann.
And their most cruel copper-scratcher Zschoch.
From Zwickau sent abroad through Germany.
I wish the Schumen and the copper-scratcher.
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 Galignani hath prefixed,
A spurious portrait to a faithless life,
And bearing lyingly the libell'd name
Of Lawrence, impudently there insulpt.

The bust that was the innocent forefather
To all this base, abominable brood,
I blame not, Allan. 'Twas the work of Smith,
A modest, mild, ingenious man, and errs,
Where erring, only because over-true,
Too close a likeness for similitude; Fixing to every part and lineament Its separate character, and missing thus That visage with its dull sobriety; I see it duly as the day returns, When at the looking-glass with lather'd chin And razor-weapon'd hand I sit, the face Composed and apprehensively intent Upon the necessity operation.

And yet he was a man whom I loved dearly.
My fellow-traveller, my familiar friend,
My household guest. But when he look'd upon me, Anxious to exercise his excellent art,
The countenance he knew so thoroughly Was gone, and in its stead there sate Sir Smug:
Under the grave's hand, Sir Smug became Sir Smouch...a son of Abraham. Now amidst,
For 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 brown, Leg, bladebono, baldrib, griskin, chine, or chop, Profess myself a genuine Philopig.

But under the graver's hand, Sir Smug became Sir Smouch, a son of Abraham. Now albeit, For 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 brown, Leg, bladebono, 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. Porcy of the Anecdote-firm Presentcd me unto their customers.

And yet he was a man whom I loved dearly.

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 24, 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,
Pal'm 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 Gibson or a wheel, and Monquisor Sooto, Sons of Fiubust the Evangelical;
I recognize all these unlikenesses, Spurious abominations though they be, Each siltated 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, Wherein to form thy misrepresentation. If I guess rightly at the pedigree
Of thy bad groatsworth, 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 Brain
Sells his grease, fresh as from the carcass cut.
Pro bono publico, the price per pound Twelve shillings and no more. From such a barber, Unfriend Darton! was that portrait made
I think, or peradventure 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 Cynthia pluck me by the ear.
But, Allan, in what shape God Cynthia comes.
And wherefore he admonisheth me thus, Nor thou nor I will tell the world; hereafter, The commentators, my Malones and Reids,
May if they can. For in my gallery Though there remaineth undescribed a good store,
Yet 'of enough enough, and now no more, (As honest old George Gascoigne said of yore.)
Save only a last couplet to express That I am always truly yours,
Keswick, August, 1828.

R.S.
MADOC.

*OMNE SOLUM FORTI PATRIA.*

TO

CHARLES WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN,

THIS POEM

WAS ORIGINALLY INSCRIBED, IN 1805,

AS A TOKEN OF SIXTEEN YEARS OF UNINTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP;

AND IS NOW RE-INScriBED WITH THE SAME FEELING,

AFTER AN INTERVAL OF THIRTY-TWO.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

The historical facts on which this Poem is founded, may be related in a few words. On the death of Owen Gwyneth, king of North Wales, A.D. 1169, his children disputed the succession. Yorwerth, the elder, was set aside without a struggle, as being incapacitated by a blemish in his face. Hoel, though illegitimate, and born of an Irish mother, obtained possession of the throne for a while, till he was deposed 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 his name and a memorial of his prowess, and so cut the ties that bound him to the land of his birth.

About the same time, the Aztecs, an American tribe, in consequence of certain calamities, and of a particular omen, forsake Arthas, their own country, under the guidance of Yuhihthon. They became a mighty people, and founded the Mexican empire, taking the name of Mexicans, in honour of Mexico, their tutelary god. Their emigration is here connected with the adventures of Madoc, and their superstition is represented as the same which their descendants practised, when discovered by the Spaniards. The manners of the Poem, in both its parts, will be found historically true. It assumes not the degraded title of Epic; and the question, therefore, is not whether the story is formed upon the rules of Aristotle, but whether it be adapted to the purposes of poetry.

Kensic., 1806.

Three things must be avoided in Poetry; the frivolous, the obscure, and the superfluous. 1 The three excellencies of Poetry; simplicity of language, simplicity of subject, and simplicity of invention. 2 The three indispensable parts of Poetry; pure truth, pure language, and pure manners. 3 Three things should all Poetry be; thoroughly erudite, thoroughly animated, and thoroughly natural.—Prideaux.

THE RETURN TO 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

Sails over 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 to

The fancied headland and the cape and bay,

Till his eyes ache ofestraining. This man shakes

His centre'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 her 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,

Anon of bodings full and doubt and fear.

Fair smiled the evening, and the favouring gale

Sung in the shrunds, and swift the steady bark,

Rush'd roaring through the waves. The sun goes down:

Far off his light is on the naked crags Of Pennanawr, and Arvon's ancient hills.

And the last glory lingers yet awhile, Crowning old Snowdon's venerable head,

That rose amid his mountains. Now the ship

Drew nigh where Mona, the dark island, stretch'd

Her shore along the ocean's lighter line. There through the mist and twilight, many a fire

Up-flaming stream'd upon the level sea Red lines of lengthening light, which, far away

Rising and falling, flash'd athwart the waves.

Threats all many a thought of ill disturb'd

Prince Madoc's mind: . . . did some new conqueror seize

The throne of David? . . . had the tyrant's guilt

Awaken'd vengeance to the deed of death?

Or blazed they for a brother's obsequies, The sport and mirth of murder? . . . Like the lights

Which there upon Aberfraw's royal walls Are wav'ring with the wind, the painful doubts

Flicker'd within him. . . . Onward drives the gale...
On flies the bark; ... and she hath reach’d at length Her haven, safe from her unequal’d way! And now, in louder and yet louder joy Cheering, the happy mariners all-hail Their native shore, and now they leap to land.  

There stood an old man on the beach to wait The comers from the ocean; and he ask’d, Is it the Prince? And Madoc knew his voice, And turn’d to him and fell upon his neck; For it was Urien who had foster’d him, Had loved him like a child; and Madoc loved, Even as a father loved he that old man. My Sister? quoth the Prince... Oh, she and I Have wept together, Madoc, for thy loss, ... That long and cruel absence! ... She and I, Hour after hour and day by day, have look’d Toward the waters, and with aching eyes And aching heart, sate watching every sail.

And David and our brethren? cried the Prince, As they moved on. ... But then old Urien’s lips Were slow at answer; and he ... of Owen! Evil stars, Replied the old man, follow’d their birth.

From Dolwyddelan driven, his peaceful home,

Poor Yorweth sought the church’s sanctuary; The murderer follow’d; Madoc, need I say Who sent the sword? Llewelyn, his brave boy, Where wander’d he? in this his rightful Houseless and hunted; richly would the King Gift the red hand that rid him of that fear! Ririd, an outlaw’d fugitive, as yet Eludes his deadly purpose; Rodri lives, A prisoner he, ... I know not in what fit Of natural mercy from the slaughter spared. Oh, if my dear old master saw the wreck And scattering of his house! ... that princely race!

Madoc made no reply; he clos’d his eyes, Groaning. But Urien, for his heart was full, Loving to linger 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; unheed- ing they The shame and the reproach to the long line Of our old royalty! ... Thy brother weds 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!
Bears 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; yet 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
Eased the lore my foster-father taught.

Haste, haste! exclaimed Goervyl; for her heart
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, ere yet Aberfraw had received
The tidings of her wanderer's glad return.

II. THE MARRIAGE FEAST

The guests were seated at the festal board;
Green rushes strew'd the floor; high in the hall
Was David; Emma, in her bridal robe,
In youth, in beauty, by her husband's side
Sate at the marriage feast. The monarch raised
His eyes, he saw the mariner approach;
Madoc! he cried; strong nature's impulses
Prevail'd, and with a holy joy he met
His brother's warm embrace. With that what peals
Of exultation shook Aberfraw's tower!
How then re-echoing rung the home of King.
When from subdued Ocean, from the World
That he had first foreseen, he first had
Gained her triumphant child! The mariners,
A happy band, enter the clamorous hall;
Friend greets with friend, and all are friends;
one joy
Fills with one common feeling every heart,
And strangers give and take the welcoming
Of hand and voice and eye. That boisterous joy
At length allay'd, the board was spread anew,
And desperate their bows and quivers full away,
When we leapt on, and in the mire and blood
Trampled their banner!

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,
But equal, hard, close battle, in single sword, . . .
Then Madoc's grief Found utterance; Wherefore, David, dost thou rouse
The memory now of that unhappy day,
MADOC IN WALES

My Sister-Queen! nay, you will learn to love
This high affection for the race of Owen,
Yourself the daughter of his royal house
By better ties than blood;
Grateful the Queen
Replied, by winning smile and eloquent eye

Thanking the gentle Prince: a moment’s pause
Enraged; Gwyrlyn then with timely speech
Thus to the wanderer of the waters spake:
Madoo, thou hast not told us of the world,
Beyond the ocean and the paths of man.
A lovely land it needs must be, my brother,
Or sure you had not sojourn’d there so long.
Of me forgetful, and my heavy hours
Of grief and solitude and wretched hope.
Where is Cadwallon? for one bark alone
I saw some sailing here.

The tale you ask
Is long, Gwyrlyn, said the mariner,
And I am truth and weary. Many moons
Have wax’d and waned, since from that distant world,
The country of my dreams and hope and faith,
We speed the homeward sail: a goodly world,
A lover’s land must needs be, my brother.

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 jealousies, with better eye
Regards his venturous brother. Let the Bard,
Exclaim’d the King, give his accustomed lay.
MADOC IN WALES

Had given my father's sceptre. Here, said he, I came to seek if haply I might find my father's sceptre. Here, said he, I came to seek if haply I might find a wounded wretch, abandon'd to death. My kingly race was vain, the sword of civil war had hit too deeply. Soon we reach'd his home, a lone and lowly dwelling in the hills, by a grey 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 piled 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! 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 play 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 answered him... My brethren love thee; they 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 suppliant for justice ever from his palace-gate until the manse was sad. Unrighted turn'd 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 line with all a child's sincerity loved him, and learnt to call him father: so the years went on, till when the orphan gained the age of manhood, to the throne his uncle came. The young man claim'd a fair inheritance, his father's lands; and... mark what follows, Prince! At midnight he was seized, and to his eyes the brazen plate was hold, he cried aloud, ho look'd around for help, he saw his uncle's ministers, prepared to do their wicked work, who to the red hot brass forced his poor eyes, and held the open lids. Till the long agony consumed the sense; and when their hold relax'd, it had been worth the wealth of worlds if he could then have seen, dreadful to him and hideous as they 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 farther agony 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 dark-brow'd man beheld the burning blush, the uneasy eye, that knew not where to rest. Come! we will search the slain! I arising from his seat, he said, I follow'd; to the field of light we went, and over steeds and arms and men we held our way in silence. Here it was, quoth he, the fiercest war was waged; lo! in what heaps man upon man fell slaughter'd! Then my heart smote me, and my knees shook; for I beheld where, on his conquer'd foemen, Hoel lay.

He paused, his heart was full, and on his tongue the imperfect utterance died; a general gloom sadden'd the hall, and... Cadwallon took my hand, and, pointing to his dwelling, cried, Prince, go and rest thee there, for thou hast need of rest; the care of sepulture be mine. Nor did I then comply, refusing rest, till I had seen in holy ground... and before the unerring will bow, and have comfort! To the hut I went, and there beside the lonely mountain-stream, I veil'd my head, and brooded on the past.
He tarried long; I felt the hours pass by.
As in a dream of morning, when the mind,
Half to reality awakened, blends
With airy visions and vague phantasies.
Hers dim perception; till at length his step
Aroused me, and he came. I questioned him,
Where is the body? hast thou bade the priests
Perform due masses for his soul's repose?
He answered 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; . . . yet with heavy thoughts: all wretchedness
The present; darkness on the future lay;
Fearful and gloomy both. I answered not.
Hath power seduced thy wishes? he pursued,
And wouldst thou seize upon thy father's throne?
Now God forbid! quoth I. Now God forbid!
Quoth he; . . . but let not thou his father's sins
Be visited on . . . 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,
Leant be his dangerous birth. He sought me then;
He wove my soul once more to human ties;
I hope he hath not weaned my heart from heaven.
Life is so precious now!... Dear good old man!
And lives he still? Goevriel asked, in tears;
Cadwallon replied, I scarce can hope to find
A father's welcome at my distant home.
I left him full of days, and ripe for death;
And the last prayer Cynetha breathed upon me
Went like a death-bed blessing to my heart.
When evening came, toward the echoing shore
I and Cadwallon walk'd together forth:
Bright with dilated glory shone the west;
But brighter lay the ocean-flood below,
The burnish'd silver sea, that heaved and flash'd
Its restless rays, intolerably bright.
Prince, quoth Cadwallon, thou hast rode the waves
In triumph, when the 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
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 pursed 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 son
Be visited on him! I raised my eyes
Enquiring, 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 mutiulated wretch, 255
A thing that nature owns not. I survived,
Leasting existence, and with impious voice
Accused the will of heaven, and groan'd for death.
Years pass'd away; this universal blank
Became familiar, and my soul repos'd
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,
MADOC IN WALES

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 sought his hand; — Kinman and guide and friend,
Yea, let us go together!... Down we sale.
Full of the vision on the soaring shore;
One only object fill’d our eye, and thought:
We gazed upon the awful world of waves,
And talk’d and dream’d 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 lessen’d on the view,
Cling back the long involuntary look!
The morning cloud our outset; gentle airs
Curd’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 buffetings they bore.
Their sails all swelling with the eastern breeze,
Their lighten’d cordage clattering to the mast,
Steady they rode the main: the gale alwift,
Sung in the shrouts, 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 unabating strength
Still sped us onward; and they said that Heaven
Favoured the bold enterprise.
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, 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 passed.
And now another past, and still the same,
Waves beyond waves, the interminable sea.
What marvel, if at length the mariners
Grew sick with long expectations? I beheld
Dread looks of growing restlessness, I beheld
Distrust’d the murmuring; nor avail’d it long
To soo and not perceive. Shame had they
Repress their fear, till like a smother’d fire
It burst, and spread with quick combustion round.
And strengthen’d as it spread. They spake in tones
Which might not be mistaken;... They had done
What men dared do, ventured where never feel.

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 them to where our fellow bark,
Gay was her fluttering streamers and full sails.
Rode, as in triumph, o’er the element,
I ask’d them what their comrades there
Would deem
Of those so bold ashore, who, when aday,
Perchance an hour, might crown their glorious toil,
Shrink then, and coward-like return’d to meet
Mockery and shame? True, they had ventured on
In seas unknown, beyond where ever damp,
Had plough’d the billows yet; more reason
Why they should now, like him whose harp
Well nath’less run the race, with higher hope
Press onward to the prize. But late,
Marking the favour of the steady gale,
That Heaven was with us; Heaven vouchsafe’d us still
Fair seas and favourable skies: nor need we pray
For other aid, the rest was in our selves;
Nature had given it, when she gave to man
Courage and constancy.
They answer’d not;... I saw with dread
The still and solemn cold aspect.
Then, with what fearful eagerness I gazed
At earliest daybreak, o’er the distant deep,
How sick at heart with hope, when evening close,
Gazed through the gathering shadows!
But 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 pass’d;
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 tolling 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 ear, and loud despondency, and talk
Of home, now never to be seen again,
I suffered these, desiring as I could,
Till that avail’d no longer. Resolve
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 favour gave the unchanging gale;... More reason now to think on 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 heed me know, and they
Many, and I, the obstinate, but one.
With that, attending no reply, they hal’d
Our fellow bark, and told their fix’d resolve.
A shout of joy approved. Thus, desperate now,
I sought my solitary oabin: there
Confused with vague tumultuous feelings lay,
And to remembrance and reflection lost, Knew only I was wrecked. 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
Those tardy doubts and shameful fckleness;
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 only day!... The gale blew strong, the bark
Sped through tho waters; but the silent hours, Who make no pause, went by;... Madoe! he replied, the Elementa Master indeed the feeble powers of man! Not to the shores of Cambria will thy ships Win back their shameful way!... or His, whose will
Uneahns the winds, hath bade them minister
To aid us, when all human hopes were gone,
Or we shall soon eternally repose
From life's long voyage.

As he spake, I saw
The clouds hang thick and heavy o'er the deep,
And heavily, upon the long slow swell,
The vessel labour'd on the slivering sail;
At fits the sudden gust howl'd ominously, 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 home-ward 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... 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, ... God, this is indeed a dreadful thing!
And he who hath endurad the horror once Of such an hour, doth nover hear the storm Howl round his borne, 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 Cyrio'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 (warn'd)
The wary fisherman. Gwenhivy
When we had no retreat! My secret heart
Almost had fail'd me. Were the Elements
Confounded in perpetual conflict here, Sea, Air, and Heaven? Or were we perishing,
Where at their source the Floods, for ever thus, Beneath the nearer influence of the moon,
Labour'd in these mad workings? Did the Waters
Here on their outmost circle meet the void,
The verge and brink of Chaos?

Three dreadful nights and days we drive along; The fourth the welcome rain carne rattling down, The wind had fallen, and through the broken cloud
Appear'd the bright dilating blue of heaven. Embolden'd now, I call'd the mariners... Vain were it should we bend a home-ward course. Driven by the storm so far; they saw our barks,
For service of that long and perilous way Disabled, and our food like 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
I heard 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 fook'd the main, and gentle airs which breathed,
Or seem'd to breathe, fresh fragrance from the shore,
On the last evening, a long shadowy line Skirted the sea;... how fast the night was closed in! I stood upon the deck, and watch'd till dawn,

But who can tell what feelings fill'd my heart,
When like a cloud the distant land arose Grey from the ocean, when we left the ship,
And eft, with rapid cars, the shallow wave,
And stood triumphant on another world!

V. LINCOYA

Madoe had paused awhile; but every eye
Still watch'd his lips, and every voice was hush'd.
Soon as I leapt ashoor, purrnes 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-tips horn of victory With harp and song amid 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
Recur'd and heightened joy, as summer storms
Make the fresh evening lovelier!

To the shore
The natives throng'd; astonish'd, they beheld
Our winged backs, and gazed with wonderment
On the strange garb, the bearded countenance
And the white skin, in all unlike themselves.
I see with what enquiring eyes you ask
What men were they? Of dark-brown colour, tinged
With sunny redness; wild of eye; their brows
So smooth, as never yet anxiety
Nor they thought had made a furrow there;
Beardless, and each to each of lineaments
So like, they seem'd but one great family.
Their loins were loosely cinquered, all beside
Bare to the sun and wind; and thus their limbs
Unmannacled 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 perils it was
To let a stranger, if he came in arms,
Set foot upon their land.

But soon the guise
Of men nor purporting nor fearing ill,
Gain'd confidence; their wild distrustful looks
Assumed a milder meaning; over one
I cast my mantle, on another's head
The velvet bonnet placed, and all was joy.

We now besought for food; at once they read
Our gestures, but I cast a hopeless eye
On hills and thickets, woods, and marshy plains,
A waste of rank luxuriance all around.
Thus musing to a lake I follow'd them,
Left when the rivers to their summer course
Withdraw: they scatter'd on its water drugs
Of such strange potency, that soon the shoals
Coop'd therewith Naturo prodigiously kind,
Floated inebriate. As I gazed, a deer
Sprang from the bordering thicket; the true shaft
Scarce with the distant victim's blood had stain'd
Its point, when instantly he dropt and died,
Such deadly juice imbued it; yet on this
We made our meal unharm'd; and I perceived
The wisest leech that ever in our world
Call'd herbs of hidden virtue, was to these
A child in knowledge.

Sorrowing we beheld
The night come on; but soon did night display
More wonders than it vail'd: innumerable tribes
From the wood-ever swarm'd, and darkness made
Their beauties visible; one while they stream'd
A bright blue radiance upon flowers which closed
Their gorgeous colours from the eye of day;
Now motionless and dark eluded search, Self-shrouded; and anon starting the sky
Rose like a shower of fire.

Our friendly hosts
Now led us to the hut, our that night's home,
A rude and spacious dwelling: twisted boughs,
And canes and withies formed the walls and roof;

And from the unewn trunks which pill'd it,
Low nets of interwoven reeds were hung.
With shouts of honour here they girded our rounds,
Ungarmented my limbs, and in a net
With softest feathers lined, a pleasant couch,
They laid and left me.

To our ships return'd,
After soft sojourn here we coasted on,
Inscutiate of the wonders and the charms
Of earth and air and sea. Thy summer woods
Are lovely, O my mother isle! the birch
Light bending on thy banks, thy elmy vales,
Thy venerable oaks!... But there, what forms
Of beauty clothed the inlands and the shore?
All 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 Amid a thousand strange and lovely plants.
The lofty palm, that with its nuts supplied
Beverage and food; they edged the shore and crown'd
The far-off highland summits, their straight stems
Bare without leaf or bough, erect and smooth,
The trees noding 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 swarming with a silver glitterance,
Flow through the air and sunshine? yet were these
To sight less wondrous than the tribe
Who swam,
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,
Suffus'd 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 seized
The waters, Ocean smoked beneath its touch.
And rose like dust before the whirlwind's force.
But we sail'd onward over tranquill 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 swam To trust our mercy; up the side he sprang,
And look'd among the crew, and singing me
Fell at my feet. Such friendly tokenings...
MADOC IN WALES

As our short commerce with the native tribes
Had taught, I proffer'd, and sincerity
Gave force and meaning to the half-learned forms.
For one we needed who might speak for us;
And well I liked the youth,—the open lines
Which character'd his face, the fearless heart,
Which gave at once and won full confidence.
So that night at my feet Lincoya slept.

When I display'd whate'er might gratify,
Whate'er surprise, with most delight he view'd,
Our arms, the iron helm, the plant mail,
The buckler strong to save; and then the helm
The lances, and grasp'd the sword, and turn'd to me
With vehement words and gestures, ever strong,
Working with one strong passion; and he placed
The falchion in his hand, and gave the shield.
And pointing south and west, that I should go
To conquer and protect; anon he spoke,
Aloud, and clasp'd my knees, and falling faint
He would have kiss'd my feet. Went we to shore?
Then would he labour restlessly to show
A better place lay onward; and in the sand
To south and west he drew the line of coast,
And figured how a mighty river there
Ran to the sea. The land bents 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 up roar 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 im pervious woods,
Now stretching wide and low, a reedy waste,
And now through vales where earth profusely pour'd
Her treasures, gather'd from the first of days.
Sometimes a savage tribe would welcome us,
By wonder from their J astrophy of life
Awaken'd; then again we voyaged on
Through tracks all desolate, for days and days,
League after league, one green and fertile mead,
That fed a thousand herds.
A different scene
Rose on our view, of mount on mountain piled,
Which when I see again in memory,
Star-gazing Idris's stupendous seat
Seems dwarf'd, and Snowdon with its eagle haunts
Shrinks, and is dwindled like a Saxon hill.

VI. ERILLYAB

Here with Cadwallon and a chosen band,
I left the ships. Lincoya guid'd us,
A tollsome way among the heights; at dusk
We reach'd the village skirts; he bade us halt,
And rais'd 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 tidlings ran that strangers were arrived,
Fatigued and hungry and athirst; anon,
Each from his means supplying us, came drunk
And beverage such as cheers the weary man.

Lincoya rose, and to my feet

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 on the threshold of her hut;
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 there
Sung as it cut the wind.

With a proud sorrow in her mien; fresh fruits
Were spread before us, and her gestures said
That when he lived whose hand was wont to wield
Those weapons... that in better days...
That ere
She let the tresses of her widowhood
Grow wild, she could have given to guests like us
A worthier welcome. Soon a man approach'd,
Hooded with sable, his half-naked limbs smear'd black; the people at his sight drew round,
The women wail'd and wept, the children turn'd
And hid their faces on their mothers' knees,
He to the Queen addrest 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 claimed
These innocentas for tribute; that the Priest
Would lay them on the altar of his god, Pluck out their little hearts in sacrifice, And with his brotherhood in impious rites
Feast on their flesh! I shudder'd, and my hand
Instinctively unsheathed the avenging sword,
As he with passionate and eloquent signs
Eye-speaking earnestness and quivering lips, Brought me to preserve himself, and those
Who now fell suppliants round me, youths and maids, Grey-headed men, and mothers with their babes.

I caught the little victims up, I kiss'd Their innocent cheeks, I raised my eyes to heaven, I call'd upon Almighty God to hear And bless the vow I made; in our own tongue Was that sworn promise of protection pledged... But tidings that the Hymen had cast off Their vassalage, roused to desperate revolt By men in hue and speech and garment strange, Who in their folly dared defy the power Of Aztlán. When the King of Aztlán heard The unlook'd-for tale, ere yet he rouse his strength, Or pitying our rash valour, or perhaps Curious to see the man so bravely assur'd, He sent to bid me to his court. Surprised, I should have given to him no eunuch's trust But fearlessly Erillyab hale me trust: Her honourable foe. Unarm'd I went, Languid with me to exchange our speech So as he could, of safety first assur'd; For to their devilish idols he had been A victim doom'd, and from the bloody rites Flying been carried captive far away.

The ascent was lengthened with provoking art, By steps which led but to a wearying path Round the whole structure; then another flight, Another road around, and thus a third, And yet a fourth, before we reach'd the height. Lo, now, Coanocotzin cried, thou seest The cities of this widely peopled plain; And yet a fourth, before we reach'd the height. Lo, now, Coanocotzin cried, thou seest The cities of this widely peopled plain; And yet a fourth, before we reach'd the height.

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They tell me that two floating palaces
Brought thee and all thy people; when I sound
The Tambour of the God, ten Cities hear
Its voice, and answer to the call in arms.

In truth I felt my weakness, and the view
Had wakened no unreasonable fear,
But that a nearer sight had stirs'd my blood;
For on the summit where we stood four
Towers
 Were pild with human skulls, and all around
Long files of human heads were strung to parch
And whitew in the sun. What then? I felt
Was more than natural courage; 'twas a trust
In more than mortal strength; a faith in God,
Yea, inspiration from Him! I explain'd,
Not through ten Cities ten times told obey'd

That we who serve them are no coward race,
Let prove the ample realm we won in arms;
And wane, and witnessed her new birth
again;
And all that while, alike by day and night,
We travel'd through the seas, and caught the winds,
And made them bear us forward. We must meet
In battle, if the Hoomen 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 smile 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 will created 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

And 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
Conquerr'd and caged and fetter'd at their feet.

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 seas, and caught the winds,
And made them bear us forward. We must meet
In battle, if the Hoomen 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 smile with swords,
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Then I replied, Two floating palaces
Bore me and all my people o'er the seas.
When we departed from our mother-land,
Or pheasant's glittering pride. But what were these,
Or what the thin gold hauberk, when opposed
To arms like ours in battle? What the mail
Of wood fire-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
How, and the spear be thrust. The mountaineers,
So long inured to crouch beneath their yoke,
We will not trust in battle; from the heights
They with their arrows may annoy the foe;
And when our closer strife has won the fray,
Then let them loose for havoc.

O my son, Excalin'd d the blind old man, thou counsellest ill!
Blood will have blood, revenge beget revenge,
Evil must come of evil. We shall win,
Cortez, 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 forced, the grating steel
Shall shiver its mortal way. But what are we
Against a nation? Other hosts will rise
In endless warfare, with perpetual fights
Twisting our all-too-few; or multitudes
To wear and weary us, till we sink subdued
By the very toil of conquest. Ye are strong;
But he who puts his trust in mortal strength
Leans on a broken reed. First prove your power;
Be in the battle terrible, but spare
The fallen, and fellow not the flying foe;
Then may ye win a noble victory,
So dealing with the captives as to fill
Their hearts with wonder, gratitude, and awe,
That love shall mingle with their fear, and fear
Stablish the love, else wavering. Let them see
That as more pure and gentle is your faith,
Yourseflies 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 Lundy'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.
Their long array came on. Oh what a pomp
And pride and pageantry of war was there!
Not half so gaudied, for their May-day mirth,
All wreathed and ribanded, our youths
And maids, As these stern Aztecs in war attire!
The golden glitterance, and the feather-mail,
More fair than glittering gold; and round the helm
A coronal of high upstanding plumes
Green as the spring grass in the sunny shower;
Or scarlet bright, as in the wintry wood
The cluster'd holly; or of purple tint...
Where tho shall that be liken'd? to what gem
Incision'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 sabre-garmented, advanced;
They pilled 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 flames,
So ye shall be consumed. The arid bent
When 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 Omens. To its mark
The shaft of divination fled; it smote Cadwallon's plated breast; the brittle point
Rebounded. He, contemptuous of their fire
Stooped for the shaft, and while with zealous speed
To the rescue they rushed onward, snapping it
Asunder, shot 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 Deheubarch pried so well
Their shafts with fatal aim; through the thin gold
Or feather-mail, while Gwyneth's deep-driven spear
Furor'd to the bone and vitals; when they saw
The falcon's, flashing late so lightning-like,
Quenched in their own life-blood. Our mountaineers
Show'd from the heights, meantime, an arrowy storm,
Themselves secure; and who bore the brunt
Of battle iron men, impassable
Stood in our strength unbroken. Marvel not
If then the brave felt fear, already press'd
That day by ominous thoughts, to fear a skin;
For so it chanced, 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
Taffeted with many a cotton lock, proclaim'd
Of princely prowess many a feat achieved
In many a field of fame. Of that he led
The Aztecs, with happy fortune, forth;
Yet could not now Yuhidthiton inspire
MADOC IN WALES

His host with hope: he, not the less, that day,
True to his old renown, and in the hour
Of rout and ruin, with collected mind,
Seized on his signals shrill, and in the voice
Of loud reproach and anger, and brave shame,
Call'd on the people. But when nought availed,
Seizing the standard from the timid hand
Which held it in dismay, alone he turn'd
For honourable death resolved, and praise
That would not die. Thereat the brave chiefs
Rallied, anew their signals rung around,
And Aztlán, seeing how we spared her flight,
Took heart, and roll'd the tide of battle back.
But when Cadwallon from the chieftain's grasp
Had cut the standard-staff away, and smote 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
Bespoke the body of Yuhithiton;
Barbeaded 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 God, All-mighty, 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 Tepolloni; set this people free,
And peace shall be between us.

On the morrow came messengers from Aztlán, in reply.
Coacazcozin 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.

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 Bard's of old have handed
Away.

The captives sullenly, deeming that they went
To meet the certain death of sacrifice,
Yet stern and undismay'd. We bade them know
We held their wounds, and set the prisoners free.
Bears I, quoth I, 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;
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VIII. THE PEACE

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?
Coacazcozin 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 Aztlán, is not mine!
Such help as human cunning can bestow,
Such human help I bring; but health and life
Are in the hand of God, who at his will
Gives or withdraws; and what he wills is best.

Then old Iolo took his arm, and felt
The symptom, and he bade him have good hope,
For life was strong within him. So it proved:
The drugs of subtle virtue did their work;
They quell'd the venom of the malady,
And from the frame expelled it... that a sleep
Fell on the King, a sweet and natural sleep,
And from its healing he awoke refreshed;
Though weak, and joyful as a man who felt
The peril pass'd away.

Ere long we spake
Of concord, and how best to knit the link
Of lasting friendship. When we won this land,
Coacazcozin said, these fertile vales Were not, as now, with fruitful groves embover'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 Tepolloni
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 wouldest thou
That to these Hoonan 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!

Then, having won their liberty, the King replied: henceforth,
Free as they are, if they provoke the war Reluctantly will Aztlán raise her arm.
Be thou the peace-preserver. To what else
Thou sayst, instructed by calamity,
Lend a humble ear; but to destroy
The worship of my fathers, or abate
Or change one point, lies not within the reach
And scope of kindly power. Speak thou hereon
With those whom we hold holy, with the sons
Of the Temple, they who commune with the Gods; 70
Awe them, for they awe me. So we resolved
That when the bones of King Tepollomi Had had their funeral honours, they and I Should by the green-lake side, before the King, And in the presence of the people, hold A solemn talk.

Then to the mountain-huts, the bearer of good tidings, I return'd, Leading the honourable train who bore The relics of the King; not parch'd and black, As I had seen the unnatural corpse stand up, In ghastly mockery of the attitude And act of life, his bones had now been blanch'd With decent reverence. Soon the mountaineers Saw the white deer-skin ... the bed of widowhood, Her husband's grave was dug; on softest fur The bones were laid, with fur were cover'd over, Then heap'd with bark and boughs, and, last of all, Earth was to earth trod down.

And now the day Appointed for our talk of peace was come. On the green margin of the lake we met, Elders, and Priests, and Chiefs; the multitude Around the Circle of the Council stood. Then, in the midst, Cocomoctzin 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 who hath won The Hoosnen's freedom, that their blood no more Shall on our altars flow; for this the multitude 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 hands dispensing our prosperity.

Cynetha then arose, between his son And me supported, rose the blind old man. Ye wrong us, men of Aztlan, if ye deem We bid ye wrong the Gods; account were he The power of life? We know Him, they replied, The great For-Ever One, the God of Gods, Ipalnomoni, He by whom we live! And we too, quoth Ayayaca, we know And worship the Great Spirits, who in clouds And storms, in mountain caves, and by the fall Of waters, in the woodland solitude, And in the night and silence of the sky, Doth make his being felt. We also know, And fear, and worship the Beloved One.

Our God, replied Cynetha, is the same, The Universal Father. He to the first Made his will known; but when men multiplied, The Evil Spirits darken'd them, and sin And misery came into the world, and men Forsook the way of truth, and gave to idols 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 bewild'er'd Nations of the earth Wander'd in fogs, and were in darkness lost, The light abode with them; and when at times They shudder'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 promises, given To our first parent, that at length his sons, From error, sin, and wretchedness released, Should form one happy family of love. Nor ever hath that light, how'er dim'd, Wholly been quench'd; still in the heart of man A feeling and an instinct it exists, His very nature's stamp and privilege, Yea, of his life the life. I tell ye not, O Aztecas! of things unknown before; I do but waken up a living sense That sleeps within ye! Do ye love the Gods Who call for blood? Both 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 be 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
Were of a God; for sure it seem'd that less
Than inspiration could not have infused
That eloquent passion in a blind mad 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 falt'er'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 Aztlán, better thoughts
Were stirring; for the Spirit of the Lord
That day was moving in the heart of man.
Conacozcozin rose: Pabas, and Chiefs,
And men of Aztlán, ye have heard a talk
Of peace and love, and there is no reply.
Are ye content with what the Wise Man said?
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
Unknown: what marvel, therefore, if we find
No ready answer? Let our Lord the King
Do that which seemeth best.
Yuhitlchton, Chief of the Chiefs of Aztlán, next arose.
Of all her numerous sons, could Aztlán 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 ow'd the truth. In happy hour,
O King of Aztlán, did the Ocean Lord
Through the great waters bend his way;
For sure he is the friend of God and man.
With that an uproar of assent arose
From the whole people, a tumultuous shout
Of universal joy and glad acclaim.
But when Conacozcozin rais'd his hand,
That he might speak, the glamour and the buzz
Ceas'd, and the multitude, in tiptoe hope,
Attent and still, await the Wise Man's voice.
Then said the Sovereign, Hears, 0 Aztecs,
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 Aztlán, we will now
Lay the war-weapon in the grave, and join
In right-hand friendship. By our union, blood
Should sanctify and bind the solemn act;
But by what oath and ceremony thou shalt so proffer, by the same will Aztlán
Oath, nor ceremony. I replied, O King, is needful. To his own good word
The good and honourable man will act,
Oaths will not curb the wicked. Here we stand
In the broad day-light; the For-Ever One,
The Every-Where beholds us. In his sight
We join our hands in peace; if ever again
Should these right hands be raise in enmity,
Upon the offender will his judgement fall.
The grave was dug; Conacozcozin laid
His weapon in the earth; Erillyab's son,
Young Amalahta, for the Hoamen, laid
His hatchet there; and there I laid the sword.
Here let me end. What follow'd was the world:
Of peace, no theme for story; how we fix'd
Our sojourn in the hills, and sow'd our fields,
And stay by day, saw all things growing,
Pronounce Thence have I come, Goervyl, to an-
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 fair land's heritage! But far away,
Where nature's bounteous hand has bless'd the earth,
My lot hath been assign'd; beyond the seas
Madcoc hath found his home; beyond the seas
A country for his children hath he chosen,
A land wherein their portion may be found.
IX. EMMA
But while Aberfraw echoed to the sounds
Of merriment and music, Madoc's heart
Mourn'd for his brethren. Therefore, when no car
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, 0 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, n'olumn he spake,
And turn'd away; nor farther commune now
Did Madoc seek, nor had he more endured;
For bitter thoughts were rising in his heart,
And anguish, kindling anger. In such mood
He to his sister's chamber took his way.
She sate with Emma, with the gentle
Queen; for Emma had already learnt to love
The gentle maid. Goervyl saw what thoughts
Troubled her brother's brow. Madoc, she cried,
Thou hast been with the King, been rashly pleading
For Rhyd and for Rodri!... but her little... did but say
Belike our brethren would go forth with me,
To voluntary exile; then, methought, his fear and jealousy might well have ceased,
And all be safe.
MADOC IN WALES

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 Goeryll, tempt him not! Sister, you know him not! Alas, to touch
That perilous theme is, even in Madoc's bower, A perilous folly... Sister, tempt him not!
You do not know the King! But then a fear came
Fled to the cheek of Emma, and her eye, Quickening with wonder, turn'd toward the Prince,
As if expecting that his manly mind might Would mould Goeryll's meaning to a shape.
Less fearful, would interpret and amend Tho words she hoped she did not hear aright.
Emma was young; she was a sacrifice To that cold kingly-craft, which, in marriage-vows
Linking two hearts, unknowing each of others,
Perverts the ordinance of God, and makes
The holiest tie a mockery and a curse. Her eye was patient, and the spake in tones
So sweet and of so penive gentleness, That the heart felt them. Madoc! she exclaimed, Why dost thou hate the Saxons 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, And from the vengeance they must call from Heaven!
Shamo then infused 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 sucked that hatred in. Have they not the scourge and the devouring sword of God,
The curse and pestilence which he hath to root us from the land? Alas, our crimes
Have drawn this dolorous visitation down!
Our sun hath long been westerling; and the night And darkness and extinction are at hand,
We are a fallen people!... From ourselves
The desolation and the ruin come; so
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 quiet prize, 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
Of virtue would have budded in his heart,
Cold winds have check'd, and blighting seasons nipt,
Yet in his heart they live... A blessing on you, That you may see their blossom and their fruit!

MATHRAVAL

Now for Mathraval went Prince Madoc forth; O'er Menai's ebbing tide, up mountain-paths,
Beside grey mountain-stream, and lonely lakes, 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 doors...
That valley, o'er whose crags, and sprinkled trees,
And winding stream, so oft his eye had loved
To linger, gazing, as the eve grew dim, From Dolwyddelan's Tower... alas! from thence
As from his brother's monument, he felt 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 letter majesty thy mountain-seat, Star-loving Idris, rose. Nor turn'd he He hath a stormy nature; and what
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But Madoc sprung not forward now to greet The chief he loved, for from Cyvelloio's hall
The voice of harp and song commingled came;
It was that day the feast of victory there;
Around the chieftain's board the warriors sat;
The sword and shield and helmet, on the wall
And round the pillars, were in peace hung up;
And, as the flashes of the central fire At fits arose, a dance of wavy light Play'd o'er the reddening steel. The Chiefs, who late So well had wielded in the work of war Those weapons, sate around the board, to quaff
The beverage of the brave, and hear their fame.
Mathraval's Lord, the Poet and the Prince, Cyvelloio 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 Hom! to Grufydd bear Its frothy beverage... from his crimson lance
The invader fled;... fill high thegold-tip Horn! Heard ye in Maenor the step of war... The hastening shout... the onset?
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MADOC IN WALES

Whose spear was broken, and whose buckler pierced
With many a shaft, yet not the less he fought
And conquered; . . . therefore let Ed-nerved 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 lid to Tudyr's hand,
Eagle of battle! For Moreiddin fill
The honourable Hirlas! . . . Where are
They?
Where are the noble Brethren? Wolves of war,
They kept their border well, they did their part,
Their fame is full, their lot is praise and song,
A mournful song to me, a song of woe!
Brave Brethren! for their honour 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 mornitude fields their manly strife.
Pour thou the flowing mead! Cup-bearer, fill
The Hirlas! for hadst thou beheld the day
Of Llidiom, thou hadst known how well
The Chiefs
deserve this honour now. Cynellios'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-strewn floor
Madoc advanced. Cynellios'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 bear the honourable Horn, and bear
The draught of joy to Madoc, . . . he who first
Explored the desert ways of Ocean, first
Through the wide waste of sea and sky, held on
Undaunted, till upon another World,
The Lord and Conqueror of the Elements,
He set his foot triumpnt? Fill for him
The Hirlas! fill the honourable Horn!
This for Mathraval is a happy hour,
When Madoc, her hereditary guest,
Appears within her honour'd walls again,
Madoc, the British Prince, the Ocean Lord,
Who never for injustice read'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
Cynellios's floor! He sprang to greet his guest;
The cordial grasp of fellowship was given;
So in Mathraval there was double joy
On that illustrious day; they gave their guest
The seat of honour, and they fill'd for him
The Hirlas Horn. Cynellios 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 an happy time
Thou hast toward Mathraval bent thy way;
For on the morrow, in the eye of light,
Our bards will hold their congress. Soothe thou
Conrades 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 tell'd, of common toils, and fields of war
Where they fought side by side; of Cowen's scene
Of glory, and of comrades now no more:
Themes of delight, and grief which brought its joy.
Thus they beguiled the pleasant hours, while night
Waned fast away; then late they laid them down,
Each on his bed of rushes, stretch'd around
The central fire.
The Sun was newly risen
When Madoc join'd his hostel, no longer nor
Chad as the conquering chief of Madoc,
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 reach'd Melangell's lonely church.
Amid a grove of evergreens it stood.
As Madoc spake, his glancing eye fell on a monument, around whose base the rosemary droop’d down;

MADOC IN WALES

As ye 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.

Cyveilio took him by the hand: For this, Madoc, was I so loth to enter here! He sought the sanctuary, but close upon him

The murderers follow’d, and by yonder 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 favourite boy.

That all Mathravol 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 was 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 hower’d 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 love, Through Bard to Bard with reverence handed down:

They whom to wonder, or the love of song, Or reverence of their fathers’ ancient rites drew thither, stood without the ring of stones.

Cyveilio entered to the initiate Bards, Himself, albeit his hands were stain’d with war.

Initiate; for the Order, in the lap of years and in their nation’s long decline

From the first rigour of their purity Somewhat had fallen. The Masters of the Song were clad in azure robes, for in that hue

Deduced from Heaven, which o’er a sinful world Spreads its eternal canopy serene;

Meet emblem did the ancient Sages see Of unity and peace and spotless truth.

Within the stones of Federation there, On the green turf, and under the blue sky, A noble band, the Bards of Britain stood, Their heads in reverence bare, and bare of foot.

A deathless brotherhood! Cyveilio there;

Lord of the Hirlas; Llyware there was seen, And Odin Cynddelow, to whose lofty song, So many a time amid his father’s court Resigning up his soul, had Madoc given

THE GORSEDD

The flow of feeling loose. But Madoc’s heart was full; old feelings and remembrances, And thoughts from which was no escape, arose;

He was not there to whose sweet lay, so soft,

With all a brother’s fond delight, he loved Master then.

To listen... Hoel was not there!... the hand

That once so well, amid the triple chords, Moved in the rapid maze of harmony, It had no motion now; the lips were dumb.

Which knew all tones of passion; and that heart, That warm ebullient heart, was cold and still Upon its bed of clay. He look’d around, And there was no familiar countenance, None but Cynddelow’s face, which he had learnt

In childhood, and old age had set its mark, Making unsightly alteration there.

Another generation had sprung up, And made him feel how fast the days of man Flow by, how soon their number is told out.

He knew not then that Llywarch’s lay should give his future fame; his spirit on the past Brooding, beheld with no foreboding joy The rising sons of song, who there essay’d Their light flight. But there among the youth, In the green vesture of their earliest rank, Or with the aspirants clad in motley surf, Young Evaness stood; and, one whose favoured race Heaven with the hereditary power had blessed, The old Gwalthmai’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 of Egan. Upon the stone of Covenant, First the sheathed sword was laid; the heathen Master then Uproised his voice, and cried, Let them who seek

The high degree and sacred privilege Of Bardic science, and of Cimbric lore, Here to the Bards of Britain make their claim! Thus having said, the Master bade the youths

Approach the place of peace, and merit there

The Bard’s most honourable name. With that, Heirs and transmitters of the ancient light, The youths advanced; they heard the Cimbric 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 darken’d with its down, his voice yet Young Caradoc advanced; his lip as yet Sscarce darken’d with its down, his voice yet Bright were his large blue eyes, and kindled now Wreathed in contracting ringlets waving low;

With that same passion that inflamed his cheek; Yet in his cheek 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 seem’d,

And yet like unintelligible sounds He heard the harmony and voice attuned;
Even in such feelings as, all undefined, Come with the flow of waters to the soul, Or with the motions of the moonlight sky. But when his bidding came, he at the call Arising from that dreamy mood, advanced, Threw back his mantle, and began the lay.

Where are the sons of Gavran? where his tribe The faithful? following their beloved chief, They the Green Islands of the Ocean sought; Nor human tongue hath told, nor human ear, Since from the silver shores they went their way, Hath heard their fortunes. In his crystal Ark, Whither saileth Merlin with his band of Bards, Old Merlin, master of the mystic lore? Belike his crystal Ark, instinct with life, Obsequent to the mighty Master, reach’d The Land of the Departed; there, belike, They in the clime of immortality, Themselves immortal, drink the gales of life, Which o’er Platinius breathe eternal spring. Blend whatso odours make the gale Of evening sweet, whatever melody Charms the wood-wanderer. In their high roof’d halls There, with the Chiefs of other days, feel they The mingled joy pervade them? Or beneath The mid-sea waters, did that crystalark, Down to the secret depths of Ocean plunge Its fated crew? Dwell they in coral bowers? With Mermaid loves, teaching their paramours

The songs that stir the sea, or make the 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 their shores, As the fledged eaglets quit their native nest; Twice over ocean have her fearless sons For ever sail’d away. Again they hum In their vessels to the deep. Who mounts the bark? The son of Owen, the beloved Prince, Who never for injustice read 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? Who hath felt the throb of pride, to hear Our old illustrious annals; who was taught To lip the fame of Arthur, to revere Great Caratach’s unconquer’d soul, and call That gallant chief his countryman, who led The wrath of Britain from her chalky shores To drive the Roman robber. He who loves His country, and who feels his country’s shame; Whose bones amid a land of servitude Could never rest in peace; who if he saw His children slaves, would feel a pang in Heaven. He mounts the bark, to seek for liberty.

Who seeks the better land? The wretched one Whose joys are blasted all, whose heart is sick. Who hath no hope, to whom all change is gain? To whom remember’d pleasures strike a pang That only guilt should know. . . he mounts the bark. The Bard will mount the bark of banishment; The harp of Cambria shall in other lands Remind the Cambrian of his father’s fame; ... The Bard shall 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 turned to Madoc, and his asking eye Linger’d on him in hope: nor Caradoc In song announced so well; from man to man . . . converse on their home-ward way, And spread abroad the tidings of a Land, Where Plenty dwelt with Liberty and Peace.

The Lord of the Vineyard between his knees Vow homage; yes, the Lord of Vineyard 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 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 whirl'd. Now in those habitations desolate One sole survivor dwelt: him Madoc saw, Labouring alone, beside his hermit house; And in that mood of melancholy thought, For in his boyhood he had loved to watch Their social work, and for he knew that 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 rocks, who over-hood Wing'd their long line; for fragrance of sweet flowers, Only the odour of the autumnal leaves; . . All sights and sounds of sadness. . . And the place To that despondent mood was ministerant. Among the hills of Gwyneth and its wilds And mountain glens, perforce he cherish'd still The hope of mountain liberty; . . groves, attemper'd to the scene, His spirit yielded. As he loiter'd on, There came toward him one in peasant garb, And call'd his name; he started at the sound, For he had heed 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. Of Owein 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 Owein's house, And mount the bark of willing banishment, And leave the tyrant to his Saxon friends, And 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, 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 supplicant, King, he cried; thou wert my father's friend! And till our barks be ready in the spring, I know that here the persecuted son Of Owein 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 becomes the princely saint. Of Owen! . . Ririd at his words was led Apart; they wash'd his feet, they gave to him Fine linen as besem'd his royal race, The tunic of soft texture woven well. The broder'd girdle, the broad mantle edged With fur, and flowing low, the bonnet fast, 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 oxelsim'd: tis as of yore, When in Aberfraw, at his father's board, We eat together, after we had won Peace and rejoicing with our own right hands, By Corwen, where, commixt with Saxon blood, Along its rocky channel the dark Dee Roll'd darker waters. . . Would that all his house Had, in their day of trouble, thought of me, And honour'd me like this! David respects Deheubarth's strength, nor would respect it less. When such protection leagued its cause with Heaven.
From David, son of Owen, of the stock of Llywlyd Cynan. I am sent, said he, with friendly greeting; and as I receive welcome and honour, so, in David's name, am I to thank the Lord of Dinevawr.

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 honour the Lord of Dinevawr would greet his messenger; but none was found of all who had instilled that evil doubt, ready to bear the embassy: I heard it, and did my person tender, for I knew the nature of Lord Rhys of Dinevawr. Well! quoth the Chief, Gogan of Powys-land, this honourable welcome that thou seekest, where is it consist? In giving me, Gogan of Powys-land replied, a horse better than mine, to bear me home; a suit of seamed 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 threshold. 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 Rhys. Tell the King, that thus is Lord Rhys of Dinevawr Delighted to do honour to the sons of Owen, of his old and honour'd friend.

XIII. LLEWelyn

Farewell, my brother, cried the Ocean Chief; a little while farewell! as through the gate of Dinevawr he pass'd, to pass again that hospitable threshold never more. And thou, too, thou good old man, true friend of Owen, and of Owen's house, farewell! 'Twill not be told me, Rhys, when thy grey hairs are to the grave gone down; but oftentimes in the distant world I shall remember thee. And that think, come thy summons when it may, thou wilt not leave a braver man behind... now God be with thee, Rhys!

The old Chief paused a moment ere he answer'd, as for pain; then shaking his hoar head, I never yet gave thee this hand unwillingly before! When for a guest I spread the board, my heart will think on him, whose ever with me. It leap to welcome: should I lift again the spear against the Saxon, for old Rhys hath that within him yet, that could uplift the Cimbry spear, I then shall wish his aid. Who oft has conquer'd with me: when I kneel in prayer to Heaven, an old man's prayer shall beg a blessing on thee!

Madoc answer'd not, but press'd his hand in silence, then sprang up and spur'd his courser on. A weary way, through forest and o'er fell, Prince Madoc rode; and now he skirts the bay whose rockless waves roll o'er the plain of Gwanlod: fair fields and busy towns and happy villages, so they overwhelm'd in one disastrous day. For they by their eternal siege had sap'd the bulk of the land, while Seithenyn took of his charge no thought, till in his sloth and riotous cups surprised, he saw the waves roll like an army o'er the levell'd mound. A suppliant in other courts, he mourn'd his crime and ruin; in another's court the kingling harp of Garanhir was heard, Wailing his kingdom wreck'd; and many a Prince, warn'd by the visitation, sought and gained a saintly crown, Tynnic, Morina, Boda and Brena and Aethwyarch, Gwynon and Celynin and Gwvynyl. To Bardsey was the Lord of Ocean bound, Bardsey, the holy islet, in whose soil Did many a Chief and many a Saint repose, He his progenitors. He mounts the skiff. Her canvas swells before the breeze, the seaSing round her sparkling keel, and soon the Lord of Ocean treats the venerable shore. There was not, on that day, a speck to stain the azure heaven; the blessed Sun alone in unapproachable divinity Career'd rejoicing in his fields of light. How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky, the billows heave! one glowing green expanse, Save where along the bending line of shore such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck assumes its proudest tint of amethyst. Embattled in emerald glory. All the flocks of Ocean are abroad: like floating foam the sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves; with long protruded neck the coromants wing their far flight aloft, and round and round the plowers wheel, and give their note of joy, it was a day that sent into the heart a summer feeling; even the insect swarms from their dark nooks and covets the issue forth. To sport through one day of existence more; the solitary primrose on the bank seem'd now as though it had no cause to mourn its bleak autumnal birth; the Rocks, and Shores, the Forest and the everlasting Hills, Smiled in that joyful sunshine, they partook the universal blessing. To this Isle, whom his forefathers were to last contend, Did Madoc come for natural piety. Ordering a solemn service for their souls. Therefore for this the Church that day was drear: For this the Abbot, in his alb array'd, At the high altar stood; for this infused Sworn incense from the waving thurible.
Roses like a mist, and the grey brotherhood
Haunted the solemn mass. And now on high
The mighty Mystery has been elevate,
And now around the graves the brethren
In long array proceed; each in his hand,
Bears the brown taper, with their day-light flames
Dimming the cheerful day. Before the train
The Cross is borne, where, fashion'd to the life
In shape and size and ghastly colouring,
The awful Image hangs. Next, in its shrine
Of gold and crystal, by the Abbot held,
The mighty Mystery came; on either hand
Three Monks uphold above, on silver wands,
The purple pall. With holy water next
A father went, therewith from hyssop branch
Sprinkling the graves; the while, with one accord
The solemn psalm of mercy all entoned.

Pure was the faith of Madoc, though his mind
To all this pomp and solemn circumstance
Yielded a willing homage. But the place
Was holy; the dead air, which underneath
Those arches never felt the healthy sun,
Not the free motion of the elements,
Shilly and damp, infused associate awe:
The sacred odours of the incense still
Prolated; the daylight and the taper flames
Commingled, dimming each, and each benediction;
And as the slow procession paced along,
Still to their hymn, as if in symphony,
The regular foot-fall sounded: swelling now,
Their voices in one chorus, loud and deep,
Rung through the echoing naves; and when it ceased,
The silence of that huge and sacred pile
Came on the heart. What wonder if the Prince
Yielded his homage there; the influences
Of that sweet autumn day made every soul
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 them 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 besides
Hath been dissolved; and though wide ocean rolls
Between my people and their mother - land,
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 pity.
Pray for the other's welfare.

The old man
Partook that feeling, and some pious tears
Fell down his aged cheek. Kinsman and friend,
It shall be so! said he; and thou shalt be Remember'd in the prayer; nor then
But till my sinking sands be quite run out,

This feeble voice shall, from its solitude,
Go up for thee to Heaven!

And now the bell
Rung out its cheerful summons; to the hall,
In solemn order, pass the brotherhood:
The serving-men wait with the ready

And the place of honour to the Prince is given, and the Abbot's right-hand guest; the viands smoke,
The horn of ale goes round; and now, the rates
Removed, for days of festival reserved,
Comes choice beverage, clary, hippocras,
And mead mature, that to the goblet's rim
Sparkles and sings and smiles. It was a day
Of that allowable and temperate mirth
Which leaves a joy for memory. Madoc told
His tale; and thus, with question and reply
And cheerful intercourse, from noon till none
The brethren sat; and when the quire was done,
Renew'd their converse till the vesper bell.

But then the Porter call'd Prince Madoc out,
To speak with one, he said, who from the land
Had sought him and required his private ear.

Ah me! my dear boy! with stifled voice, Madoc cried; And many times he claspt him to his breast,
And many times he laid him on his breast,
And many times he claspt him to his breast.

No ! by my God! the high-hearted youth replied,
I am the rightful king of this poor land.

Go thou, and wisely go; but I must stay,
Thou may save my people. Tell me, Uncle,
The story of thy fortunes; I can hear it here in this lonely Isle, and at this hour, securely.

Nay, quoth Madoc, tell me first
Where are thy haunts and coverts, 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 Gwyvellic give A kinsman's welcome; or at Dinawrr, The guest of honour shouldst thou be with Rhys:
And he belike from David might obtain Some recompence, though poor.

What recompence? Exclaim'd Llewelyn; what hath he to give, But life for life? and what have I to claim
But vengeance, and my father Yorwerth's throne?
If with aught short of this my soul could rest,
Would I not through the wide world follow thee?

Dear Uncle! and fare with thee, well or ill,
And show to thine old age the tenderness
My childhood found from thee!... What hopes I have
Let time display. Have thou no fear for me!
My bed is made within the ocean caves,
Of sea-weeds, bleach'd by many a sun and shower;
I know the mountain dens, and every hold
And fastness of the forest; and I know,
What troubles him by day and in his dreams,
There's many an honest heart in Gwyneth yet!
But tell me thine adventure; that will be
A joy to think of in long winter nights,
When stormy billows make my lullaby.

So as they walk'd along the moonlight shore,
Did Madoc tell him all; and still he strove,
By dwelling on that noble end and aim,
That of his actions was the heart and life,
To win him to his wish. It touch'd the youth
And when the Prince liad ceased, he heaved a sigh,
Long-drawn and deep, as if regret were there.
No, no! he cried, it must...

All else was desolate, and now it wore
One sober hue; the narrow vale which wound
Among the hills was grey with rocks,
No traces of our path, where Violence
And bloody Zeal, and 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 feet,
And clasped him, with a silent agony.
Then launch'd his coracle, and took his way,
A lonely traveller on the moonlight sea.

Now hath Prince Madoc left the holy Isle,
And homeward to Aberfraw, through the wilds
Of Arvon, bent his course. A little... blossoms,
Twinkled beneath the breeze its liveliest green.
But save the flax-field and that orchard slope,
All else was desolate, and now it wore
One sober hue; the narrow vale which wound
Among the hills was grey with rocks.
Above its shallow soil; the mountain side
Was loose with stones bestrewn, which oftentimes
Clustered adown the steep, beneath the foot
Of straggling goat dislodged, or tower'd with crags,
One day, when winter's work had loosen'd them,
To thunder down. All things assorted well
With that grey mountain lute; the low stone lines,
Which scarcely seem'd to be the work of man,
The swelling rudely rear'd with stones unhewn.
The stately silver-pearl, that beauty's own,
Grey with their fleecy moss and mistled toe.
The white-bank'd birch now leafless, and the ash
Whose knotted roots were like the rolled 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,
But 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 curl
That cluster'd round his brow; and so he stood.
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
With toil and sorrow and sickness:
'Twas when the battle had been waged hard by,
Upon the plain of Arvon.
She grew pale, suddenly pale; and seeing that he mark'd
The change, she told him, with a feeble 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 scythe,
Strewn 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
Clenching in his dead hand the broken sword!
But you are moved, 'twas 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.
That it doth seem a fitting monument
For one untimely slain... But wherewith 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 leant on Madoc's knee,
And bade him play again. So Madoc play'd,
For he had skill in minstrelsy, and raised
His voice, and sung Prince Hoel's lay of love.

I have harness'd thee, my Steed of shining grey,
And thou shalt bear me to the dear white walls.
I love the white walls, where the billows
Of 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 the flush of youth, and I am pale
As the pale ocean on a sunless morn. If pine away for her, yet pity her,
That she should spare so true a love as mine.

He ceased, and laid his hand upon the child,
And didst thou like the song? The child replied,
Oh yes! it is a song my mother loves,
And so I love it too. He stoop'd and kiss'd,
The boy, who still was leaning on his knee,
Abused grown familiar. I should like
To take thee with me, quoth the Ocean Lord.

Over the seas, thou art Prince Madoc, then!
The mother cried, thou art indeed the Prince!
That song, that look... and at his feet
Crying Oh take him, Madoc! save the child!
Thy brother Hoel's orphan!

Long it was ere that in either agitated heart
The tumult could subside. One while
Gazed on the child, tracing intently there
His brother's lines; and now he caught him up,
And kiss'd his cheek, and gazed again
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 been my dearest prayer to eaven,
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 he thought wak'd his 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 not let thy virtuous eye
Look on my guilt, and make me feel my shame.
Mado, I did not dare to see thee then,
Thou wilt not scorn me now, do I have now
Forgiven myself; and, while I here
Perform'd A mother's duty in this solitude,
Have felt myself forgiven.

With that she clasp'd His hand, and bent her face on it and wept.

Anon collecting she pursued. My name
Is Lliaen: by the chance of war I fell
Into his power, when all my family
Had been cut off, all in one hour of blood.
He saved me from the ruffian's hand, he
Mothish'd, with tenderest care my sorrow...
You can tell
How gentle he could be, and how his eyes,
So full of life and kindliness, 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, 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
So proud
To think my child in after years should say,
Prince Madoc was his 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 grey come hastening on, Across the yellow sand!... Aa, a 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!... A prayer for more, and lo! the happiness Which he lieth, of his mercy, sent me now!

O Madoc!... There were many widows there, But none with grief like mine

O 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.

Oft 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 embrodier'd girdle, and what other gauds Were once my vain adornments, soon were changed For things of profit, goats and bees, and The embrodier'd surcoats and embrazon'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.

Quoth Madoc then to one who stood beside The threshold of his woollen tent, 'Tis the great Saxon Prelate, he return'd, Come hither for some end, I wist not what, Only be sure no good!... How stands the tide? Said Madoc; can we pass?... 'Tis even at the flood, The man made answer, and the Monas- tery Will have no hospitality to spare For one of Wales to-day. Be ye content To guest with us. He took the Prince's sword: The daughter of the house brought water then, And wash'd the stranger's feet; the board was spread, And o'er the bowl they communed of the days, Ere ever Saxen set his hateful foot Upon the beautiful Isle.

And many a sumpter-beast and laden wagon Far following in the rear. The bravery Of glittering baudricks and of high-plumed crests, Embrodier'd surcoats and embrazon'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.

O Madoc!... There were many widows there, But none with grief like mine

Night came. I did not heed the storm of night; But for the sake of this dear babe, I sought Shelter in this lone hut: 'twas desolate; And when my reason had return'd, I thought That here the child of Hoel might be safe, Till we could claim thy care. But thou, meantime, Didst go to roam the Ocean; so I learnt To bound my wishes here. The darken'd,
A natural horror, sought... as best he knew
The haughty Primate’s temper... to disguise
By politic 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 pious 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
1 Madoc! shall be torn, and cast aside
In some unhallowed pit, with foul disgrace.
And contumelious wrong.
A natural horror, sought... as best he knew
Finding my cheek unguarded, may indue
Their skin-deep stings, to vex and irritate;
But if the wolf, or forest bear, be nigh,
I am awake to danger. Even so
Dear I a mind of steel and adamant.
Against all greater wrongs. My heart
hath now
Received its impulse; and thou shalt behold
How in this strange and hideous circumstance
I shall find profit. Only, my true friend,
Let me have entrance.
At the western porch,
Between the complims 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 170
peace.
Told him the purport, and wherein his help
Was needed. Night came on; the hearth was light;
The women went to rest. They twain,
Sate at the board, and while the untasted bow.
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 bangle-horn; they took their shields;
And lanced 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...
MADOC IN WALES

Their ministers perform the irreverent work.
And now with spade and mattock have they broken
Into the house of death, and now have they
From the stone coffin wrenched the iron cramps.
When sudden interruption startled them,
And clad in complete mail from head to foot,
They saw the Prince come in. Their tapers gleam’d
Upon his visage, as he wore his helm
Open; and when in that pale countenance,
For the strong feeling blanched his cheek; they saw
His father’s living lineaments, a fear
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 exclam’d
As now they would have fled; stir not a man,
Or if I leave not breath into this horn.
All Wales will hear, as if dead Owen call’d
For vengeance from that grave. Stir not a man,
Or not a man shall live! The doors are watch’d,
And ye are at my mercy!

But at that,
Baldwin from the altar wired the crucifix,
And held it forth to Madoc, and cried out,
He who strikes me, strikes Him; for, bear on pain
Of endless— Peace! quothe Madoc, and profane not
The holy Cross, with those polluted hands
Of midnight sacrilege! Peace! I learn 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 steeple 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,
Proceed upon your work.

They at his word
Raised the stone cover, and display’d the dead,
In royal grave-clothes habited, his arms
Cross’d on the breast, with precious gins and spice
Fragrant, and incorruptibly preserved.
At Madoc’s bidding, round the corpse they wrap.
The linen web, fold within fold involved;
They laid it in the coffin, and with cloth
At head and foot filled every interval
And press’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 shafts
Shall have their resting-place, where
My mother one day
May moulder by their side. He shall be free
In death, who living did so well maintain
His and his country’s freedom. As for ye,
For your own safety, ye I ween will keep
My secret safe. So saying, he went his way.

XVI. DAVID

Now hath the Lord of Ocean once again
Set foot in Mona. Llaian there receives
Sisterly greeting from the royal maid,
Who, while she tempers to the public eye
Her welcome, safely to the boy indulged
In fond endearments of instinctive love.
... The flow of joy was overpast,
How went the equipment on, the Prince enquired.
Nay, brother, quoth Goeryll, So saying, he went his way.

Of Urien; ... it hath been his sole employ
Daily from cock-crow until even-song.
That I have laid aside all other thoughts.
Forgetful even of me! She said and smiled
Playful reproach upon the good old man,
Who in such chiding as affection loves,
Dallying with terms of wrong, return’d rebuke.
Then Madoc, pointing to the shore, he cried,
There are they moor’d; six gallant barks, as trim
And worthy of the sea as ever yet
Gave 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 raise
We bear Ruid from hence, and break poor Rodri’s chains.
Thy lion-hearted brother; ... and that boy,
If he were with us, Madoc! that dear boy
Lively! ...

Sister, said the Prince at that, How sped the Queen?
Oh, Madoc! she reply’d, 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 Dinewar
Our brother Ririd, and he made his suit
That he might follow me, a banish’d man.

He waits thine answer at the court of Rhys.
Now I beseech thee, David, say to him
His father’s hall is open!

Then the King
Replied, I told thee, Madoc; thy request
Displeased me heretofore; I warn’d thee, too,
To shun the rebel; yet my messenger
Tells me, the guests at Dinewar who safe
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 subduced
His rising wrath. If I should tell thee, Sire,
He answer’d, by what chance it so fell out,
I should of disobedience stand excused.
Even were it here a crime. Yet think again,
David, and let thy better mind prevail!
I am his surety here; he comes alone;
The strength of yonder armament is mine;
And when did I deceive thee? ... I did hope,
For natural love and public decency,
That ye would part in friendship, ... let that pass!
He may remain and join me in the hour
Of embarkation. But for thine own sake,
Cast off these vile suspicions, and the fear
That makes its danger ... Leave me! cried the King;
Thou know’st the theme is hateful to my ear.
I have the mastery now, and idle words,
MADOC IN WALES

Madoc, shall never thrust me from the throne,
Which this 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 for ever; let me first
Behold my brother Rodri, lest he think
My summer love be withered, and in wrath
Remember me hereafter.

And gazed, almost unconscious 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 the song:
For whose dear sake she hath forsaken all.

And yeed her false, that her frail constancy
Shrank 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's on the shore,
Senena, blue-eyed maid, a seemsly boy;
To share thy fortunes, to reward thy love
And to the land of peace to follow thee,
Over the ocean waves.

Stores, beavers, and flocks and water all abroad;
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 Guienue and Gascony, and Anjou's strength,
The Fleming's aid and England's chosen troops,
Along the ascent of Berwyn, many a day
The Saxon vainly on his mountain foes Denounced his wrath; for Mons' dragon sons
By wary patience baffled long his force,
Winning slow Famine to their aid, and help'd
By the angry Elements, and Sickness suit
From Heaven, and Fear that of its vigour robb'd

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 Goervyl's chamber made his way,
And caught the hem of her garment, and exclaimed:
A boon, a boon, dear Lady! Nor did he
Wait more reply than that encouragement,
Which her sweet eye and lovely smile bestow'd;
I am a poor, unhappy, orphan boy, so
Born to fair promises and better hopes,
But now forlorn. Take me to be your page!
For blessed Mary's sake, refuse me not.
I have no friend on earth, nor hope but this,
The boy was fair; and though his eyes were swoln,
And cheek defiled with tears, and though his voice
Came chok'd by grief, yet to that earnest ear
And supplicating voice so musical,
It had not sure been easy to refuse
The boone he begg'd. I cannot grant thy suit.
Goervyl cried, but I can aid it, boy! I 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 virtu of the countenance
Which look'd for favour, lightly gave the yes.

Where wert thou, Caradoe, when that fair boy
Told his false tale? for hadst thou heard the voice,
The gentle voice so musically sweet,
And seen that earnest eye, it would have heal'd
The wounded heart, and thou hadst
The happiest man that ever yet forsook
His native country! He, on board the bark,
Leant o'er the vessel-side, and there he

THE DEPARTURE

And 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 intense pain,
That in Aberfraw, in his father's hall,
He never more should share the feast,
No hear
The echoing harp again! His heart was full;
And, yielding to its yearnings, in that mood
Of awful feeling, he call'd forth the King.
And led him from the palace-porch, and stretch'd
His hand toward the ocean, and exclaimed:
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 softened all my harsher feelings down:
Nor will I hate him for his sister's sake,
Thy gentle Queen: . . whom, that great God may bless,
And, blessing her, bless thee and our dear country,
Shall never be forgotten in my prayers;
But he is far away; and should there come
The evil hour upon thee, . . if thy kin
Weary'd by suffering, and driven desperate,
Should lift the sword, or young Llewelyn raise
His banner and demand bis father's throne,
Were it not trusting to a broken reed,
To can on England's old... 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 moon-beam as he spake; the King,
Remember'd his departure, and he felt
Feelings, which long from his disnatural 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 oppression
Seem'd to load the burthen'd heart. At times and half supprest,
Womanly sobs were heard, and manly cheeks
Were wet with silent tears. Now forth they go,
And at the portal of the Church unfurl
Prince Madoc's banner; at that sight
Burst from his followers, and the hills
And rocks Thrice echoed their acclam.
There lie the ships, their sails all loose, their streamers rolling out
With sinuous flow and swell, like water-snakes,
Curling afloat; the waves are gay with boats,
Pinnacle and barge and coracle, the sea
Swarm'd like the shore with life. Oh what a sight
Of beauty for the spirit unconcern'd,
If heart there be which unconcern'd could view
A sight like this! how yet more beautiful
For him, whose soul can feel and understand
The solemn import! Yonder they embark,
Youth, beauty, valour, virtue, reverence,
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 conjoin'd
By reverence to their Chief, the best beloved
That ever yet on hopeful enterprize
Led gallant army forth. He, even now
Lord of himself, by faith in God and man
To man subdued the feeling of this hour,
The bitterest of his being.
As with yet more oppression seem'd to load
The burden'd heart. At times and half suppress'd,
Womant sob's were heard, and manly checks
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 will remember me
Still in thy orisons; but God foreordain
That all my prayers 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 said:
She clasph'd her with a strong convulsive sob,
Silently. Madoc too in silence went,
But press a kiss on Emma's lips, and left
His tears upon her cheek. With 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!

Then, as the Priest his benediction gave,
They knelt, in such an awful stillness
As hush'd, as with yet more oppression seem'd to load
The burden'd heart. At times and half suppress'd,
Womant sob's were heard, and manly checks
In reverence to its relic, and she cried,
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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 Heol views the ships and feels the boat
Rock on the heaving waves; and Llian 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.

Now hath the evening settled; the broad Moon
Rolls through the rifted clouds. With gentle gales
Slowly they glide along, when they behold
A boat with press of sail and stress of ear
Speed forward to the fleet; and now arrived
Beside the Chieftain’s vessel, one enquires
If Madoc be aboard? the answer given,
Swift he ascended up the lofty side.

With joyous 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 exclaimed.
As ‘twere a stranger’s face. I marvel not!
The long afflictions of my prison house
Have changed me.

Rodri cried the Prince, and fell
Upon his neck; last night, subdued at length.
By my solicitations, did the King send to deliver thee, that thou shouldst share
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 spell:
Watcheth these speaks 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: 0 Britain! my country! he exclaimed, for ever thus by civil strife convulsed, Thy children’s blood flowing to satisfy Thy revenge. What shall I say?

And woe be to the King who rules by fear,
When danger comes against him!

For Britain! quoth Llewelyn; for not yet
Her name shall resound, 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...

You, 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 humblest 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 pressed 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 bolder 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, He of all chivalry himself the flower, Came from the rescue, proud of Roman spells, And Oriana, freed from Roman thrall.

MADOC IN AZTLAN: PART II.

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 thou the distant world. Blow fairly, Winds!

Wait, Waves of Ocean, well your blessed load!

Fair blew the Winds, and safely did the Waves Bear that beloved charge. It were a tale To tell how pleasant for many a summer-day, And how sweetly sang the very sea! But I will remember the hour I saw Last night when we fled.
Worse evil to be quell'd, and higher good
Which passeth not away educed 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 great river bends at last his way!

No watchman had been station'd on the height
To seek his sails... for with Cadwalion's hope
Too much of doubt was blended ...
Yet this was truth where'er he walked abroad
His face, as if instinctively, was turn'd;
And duly morn and eve Liones 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 oft-told account.
So to boggle impatience, day by day
Smooth'd off with more delight the daily toil.
But now that the appointed time was nigh,
Did that perpetual presence of his hope
Haunt him, and mingle with his sleep,
And make 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 savannahs 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 Cadwalon now descends,
And drives adown the tide the light canoe.
And mounts the vessel-side, and once again
Falls at the Ocean Lord's beloved feet.

First of the general well 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 bless'd 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 rang around.
Forward they press to view the man beloved.
Britons and Hoamen 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;
Yes happy he who shared the general smile,
Amid the unacknowledged multitude.

Caermadoc... 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 fells came down there spread itself
Into a quiet lake, to compass which
Had been a two hours' pleasureable 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 prefer'd,
Where vainly might an 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 the rich increase to the husbandmen.
For Heaven had blest their labour.
Flourishing He left the happy vale; and now he saw
More fields reclain'd, more habitations rear'd,
More harvests rising round. The reptile race,
And every beast of prey, had retired
From man's asserted empire; and the screech
Of axo and dashing oar, and fisher's net,
And song beguiling toil, and pastoral pipe.
Wormwood, where late the solitary hills
Gave only to the mountain-encatet
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
Goverly, is our palace; it was built
With lighter labour than Aberfraw's tower;
Yet, lady, safer are its wattled sides
Than Mona's kingly walls... Like
Gwyneth, said he? Oh no! we neighbour 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 awary of their way,
And glad to reach at length the place of rest.
Felt their hearts overburthen'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 eve 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 fames accurst
Planted the Cross triumphant. Bain it is
To sow the seed where noxious weeds send
briars
Must choke it in the growth.
Yet I had hope
The pruer influence of exampled good
Might to the saving knowledge of the truth
Lead this bedazzlen'd race; and when
Thy ship
Fell down the stream to distant Britain bound.
All promised well. The strangers' God had prove
Mightier in war; and Aztlan could not choose
But eco, nor seeing could also 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; 20
And soon the rumour ran of evil signs
And tokens; in the temple had been heard
Wailings and loud lament; the eternal fire
Gave dimly a dim and doubtful flame;
And from the causer, which at morn
should steer;
Sweet odours to the sun, a fetid cloud
Black and portentous rose. And now no Priest
Approach'd our dwelling. Even the friendly Prince
Yuhithitoni was at Caermadoe now
Rarely a guest; and if that tried goodwill
Which once he bore us did at times appear,
A sullen gloom and silence like remorse
Followed the imagined crime. But I the while
Reck'd not the brooding of the storm;
For then
My father to the grave was hastening down,
Patiently did the pious man endure,
In faith anticipating blessedness.
Already more than man in those sad hours
When man is meanest. I rate by his side,
And pray'd with him and talk'd with him of death;
And life to come. O Madoc! those were hours
Which even in anguish gave my soul a joy:
I think of them in solitude, and feel
The comfort of my faith.
But when that time
Of bitterness was past and I return'd
To daily duties, no suspicious sign
Betoken'd ill; the Priests among us came
As heretofore, and I their intercourse
Encouraged as I could, suspecting naught,
Nor conscious of the subtle-minded men
I dealt with, how inveterate in revenge
How patient in deceit. Lineoya first
Forewarn'd me of the danger. He, thou know'st;
Had from the death of sacrifice escaped,
And 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,
And free them from their bondage.
Dost thou hear
How from you bloody altars he was saved?
In the eternal chain his fate and ours
Went link'd together then.
The Prince replied,
I did but hear a broken tale. Tell on!
Among the Gods of your unhappy race,
Tecuapoca as their chief they rank;
Or with the chief co-equal; 'Maker he,'
And Master of created things esteem'd.
He sits upon a throne of trophy'd skulls,
HIDEOUS and huge: a shield is on his arm,
And with his black right hand he lift's,
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 thraldom, they select
Him whom they judge, for comely countenance
And shapely form and all good natural gifts,
WORTHLESS to be the victim; and for this,
Was young Lineoya chosen, being in truth
The flower of all his nation. For twelve
Their custom is, that this appointed youth
Be as the Idol's living image held.
Garb'd therefore like the Demon Deity,
Whose'er he goes abroad, an antient train
With music and with dance attend his way;
And those infernal Priests who guard him;
To be their victim and their feast at last;
And mock him with knee-reverence.
Twenty days before the bloody festival arrive,
As 'twere to make the wretch in love
With life,
Four maidens, the loveliest of the land,
Are given in sponsals.
With Lineoya all these rites
Duly were kept; and at the stated time,
Four maidens, the loveliest of the land,
Were his.
Of these was one, whom even at that hour
He learnt to love, so excellently good
Was she; and she loved him and pitied him.
She is the daughter of an aged Priest;
I often have seen her; and in truth,
Compared with Britain's maidens 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 harbour'd evil never breathed
Such winning tones.
Thou know'st how manfully
These tribes, as if insensible to pain,
Welcome their death in battle, or in love;
Defy their torturers. To Lineoya's mind
Long preparation now had made his fate
Familiar; and, he says, the thought of death
Broke not his sleep, nor mingled with his dreams.
Till Coitel was his. But then it wept;
It hung, it press'd upon him like a weight
On one who scarce can struggle with the waves;
And when her soul was full of tenderness,
That thought recurring to her, she would rest
Her check on his and weep.
The day drew nigh;
And now the eve of sacrifice was come.
What will not woman, gentle woman,
dare,
When strong affection stirs her spirit up?
She gather'd herds, which, like our poppy, bear
The seed of sleep, and with the temple food
Mingled their power; herself partook the food.
So best to full suspicion; and the youth,
Instructed well, when all were laid asleep,
Fled far away.
After our conquering arms
Had freed the Ihoomen from their wretched yoke,
Lineoya needed but his Coitel
To fill his sum of earthly happiness.
Her to the temple had her father's vow
Awhile devoted, and some moons were still
To pass away, ere yet she might become
A sojourner with us. Lineoya's wife.
When from the Paba's wiles his watchful
mind
Forebode'd ill. He bade me take good heed,
And fear the sudden kindness of a foe.
I started at his words; these artful men,
Hostile at heart, as well we knew they were.
These were lip-lavish of their friendship now,
And courted confidence, while our tried friend
Yuhithitoni, 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 Ring
Yielding blind reverence to the Pabas... labouring with a wretchedness
She did not seek to hide; and when the youth
Reveal'd his fear, she saw her tawny cheek
Whiten, and round his neck she clung and wept.
She told him something dreadful was at hand,
She knew not what: That, in the dead
Of night, Cicoacotzin at Mexitli'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 space, and of Linceoya and her lot
Among the strangers, he had frowned, and strove
Beneath dissembled anger to conceal
Visible grief. She knew not what to fear,
But something dreadful surely was at hand.

For, as she was wothed.

When I heard these things, Yuhidhiton and the Priest Helma
Were in our dwellings. Then I call'd One;
There should be peace between us, I began;
Why is it otherwise?

The Priest replied,
Is there not peace, Cadwallon? Seek we not
More frequent and more friendly intercourse.
Even we, the servants of our Country-Gods,
Whose worship ye have changed, and whose sake
We were and would have been your enemies.
But as those Gods have otherwise ordained,
Do we obey? Why therefore is this doubt?

The Power who led us hither, I replied,
Over the world of waters, who hath saved,
Whom in defiance met the look it fear'd,
Confounding the crime. I saw his inward shame;
Yet with a pride like angry innocence
Did he make answer, I am in your hands,
And you believe me treacherous!... Kill me now!

Not so, Yuhidhiton! not so! quoth I;
You were the Strangers' friend, and yet again
That wisdom may return. We are not changed;... lovers of peace, we know, when danger comes,
To make the evil on the guilty 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... But even now is Madoc on the seas;
He leads our brethren here; and should he find
That Aslan hath been false... oh I hope not then,
By force or fraud, to baffle or enslave
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 unpri vilege

Ere noon, Erielab and her son arrived,
To greet the Chief. She were no longer now
The lank loose locks of careless widow-hood;
Her braided tresses round her brow were bound.
Bedeck'd with tufts of grey and silvery plumes

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,
While in defiance met the look it fear'd,
Confounding 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!

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, Goeryl. Dearest, what hast thou
To keep thee wakeful here at this late hour,
When even I shall bid a true to thought,
And lay me down in peace?... Good night, Goeryl!
Dear sister mine, my own dear mother's child!

She rose, and bending on with lifted arms,
Met the fond kiss, obedient then withdrew.
Yet could not he so lightly as he woe'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 canvass; to the woods
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, Erielab and her son arrived,
To greet the Chief. She were no longer now
The lank loose locks of careless widow-hood;
Her braided tresses round her brow were bound.
Bedeck'd with tufts of grey and silvery plumes
Madoc in Aztlán

Pleas’d from the eagle’s penons. She
with eye
And countenances which speak no feign’d delight.
Welcomed her great deliverer. But her

Had Nature character’d so legibly,
That when his tongue told fair his face
bewray’d
The lurking falsehood; sullen, slow of
Savage, down-looking, dark, that at his
words
Of welcome, Madoc in his heart con
ceived
Instinctive enmity.

In a happy hour
Did the Great Spirit, said Erylyah,
Give bidding to the Winds to speed thee
here!
For this I made my prayer; and when
He sent
For the Beloved Teacher, to restore him
Eyesight and youth, of him I then
besought,
As he had been thy friend and ours on
earth,
That he would intercede... Brother, we
know
That the Great Spirit loves thee; He
hath bless
Thy going and thy coming, and thy
friends
Have prosper’d for thy sake; and now
when first
The Powers of Evil do begin to work,
Lo! thou art here!... Brother, we have
obeyed
Thy will, and the Beloved Teacher’s
words
Have been our law; but now the Evil
Ones
Cry out for blood, and say they are
at the altar,
And threaten vengeance, I have brought
the Priest
To whom they spake in darkness... Thou
And the Great Spirit will enlighten thee... We
know not what to answer... Tell thy tale.
Neolin!

Hereat did Madoc fix upon him
A searching eye; but he, no whit
abash’d,
Began with firm efferency his speech.
The Feast of the Departed is at hand,
And I, in preparation, on the Field
Of the Spirit pass’d the night. It came
to me
In darkness, after midnight, when the
moon
Was gone, and all the stars were blotted
out;
It gather’d round me, with a noise of
storms,
And enter’d into me, and I could feel
It was the Snake-God roll’d and writhed
within;
And I too with the inward agony,
Roll’d like a snake and writhed. Give! I
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
Astor, he pass’d forth, and I was left
Speechless and motionless, gasping for
breath.

Then Madoc, turning to Ayayaca,
Enquired, who is the man?
The good old Priest
Replied, he hath attended from his youth
The Snake-God’s temple, and received for
him
His offerings, and perform’d his sacrifice,
Till the Beloved Teacher made us leave
The wicked way.

Hear me! quoth Neolin.
With antic gesture and loud vehementes;
Before this generation, and before
at
These ancient forests, yea, before you
lake
Was hollow’d out, or one snow-feather
fell
On another mountain-top, now never
bare;
Before these things I was, where, or from
where, 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
For ever, 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 foretell the race of men.
So that the things that will be, are to me
Past.

Amalakta 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 Spirits, a loud voice awakened’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?...
Nothing.
I thought of the Beloved Teacher’s
words, and cross’d myself, and then he had no
power.

Thou hast slept herefore upon the
Field,
Said Madoc; didst thou never witness
voice,
Or ominous sound? Ayayaca replied,
Cerès the Field is holy! It receives
All the year long, the operative power
Which falleth from the sky, or from below
Pervades the earth; no harvest growth
there,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor herb, is left to
spring;
But there the virtue of the elements
Is gathered, till the circle of the months
Be full; then, when the Priest, by
mystic rites,
Long 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 for

The worship of our fathers! Ye obey
The White-Man’s Maker; but to us was
given
A different skin and speech and land
and law.
The Snake-God understands the Red-
Man’s prayer,
And knows his wants and loves him.
Shame be to us.
That since the Stranger here set foot
among us,
We have let his lips be dry!

Enough! replied
Madoc, who at Cadwallon’s look repres’d
His answering anger. We will hold a talk
Of this hereafter. Be ye sure, meantime,
That the Great Spirit will from Evil
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.

So far as the coming of the fleet was
Known, had Queen Erillyab sent her hunters
Forth.

They from the forest now arrive, with
Store of venison; fires are built before the
tents, where Llaijan and Goervyl for their
Guests

Direct the feast; and now the ready
board

With grateful odour steams. But while they sat,
At meat, did Amalahta many a time
Lift her slow eye askance, and eagerly
Gaze on Goervyl's beauty; for whate'er
In man he might have thought deformed or
Strange seemed beautiful in her; her golden
curls,
Bright eyes of heavenly blue, and that
clear skin,
Blessing with health and youth and
happiness.

He, lightly yielding to the impulse, bent
His head aside, and to Erillyab spoke:
Mother, said he, tell them to give to me
That woman for my wife, that we may be
Brethren and friends. She, in the same
low tone,
Rebuked him, in her heart too well aware
How far unworthy he. Abash'd thereby,
As he not yet had wholly shaken off
Habitual reverence, he sate softly,
Brooding in silence his imagined wiles,

By sight of beauty made more apt for ill;
For he himself being evil, good in him
Work'd evil.

And now Madoc, pouring forth
The ripe mead, to Erillyab 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 favour'd ye
Ye
In all things above us? The Chief moulded,
All that we know of useful and of good
Ye also shall be taught, that we may be
One people. While he spake, Erillyab
Departed
The horn to Amalahta. Sparingly!
Madoc exclaim'd; but when the savage
Heeded not beyond the immediate
joy,
Deep did he drink, and still with
eclenching hands
Struggled, when from his lips, unsatisfied,
Erillyab plac'd the horn with sharp
niggard
Chiding his stubborn wildness. Ere
long
The generous liquor flush'd him; he
Could feel
His blood flow faster, and the joyful
dance
Of animal life within him. Bolder
Grown.
He at Goervyl lifts no longer now
The secret glance, but glows with greedy
eye;
Till, at the long and loathsome look
Abash'd,

She rose, and nearer to her brother
brook'd
On light pretence of speech, being half
in fear.

But he, regardless of Erillyab now,
To Madoc cried aloud. Thou art a King,
And I a King! Give me thy sister there,
To be my wife, and then will we be
friends, and reign together.

Let me answer him,
Mado! 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 Madoe'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, e'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
niggardly
Yet temper'd the denial, for a while
Silenced him, and he sate in moody
dreams
Of snares and violence. Soon a drunken
thirst,
And longing for the Insidious beverage,
Drove those dark thoughts aside. More
drunk than sober
Give me the drink! Madoc again
repeats
His warning, and again with look and
voice
Erillyab chides; but he of all restraint

Impatient, cries aloud. Am I a child?
Give! give! or I will take! Per-
chance 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
up
Folly and sleep, and then an after pain,
Which may bring wisdom with it, if he
learn
Therfore 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 chanc'd the horn, and swallow'd
The sweet intoxication copious down.
So bad grew worse. The potent draught
provok'd
Fierce pride and savage insolence. Ay! now
It seems that I have taught ye who
I am!

The inebriate wretch exclaimed. This
land is mine,
Not hers; the kingdom and the power
are mine;
I am the master! Hath it made thee mad?

Erillyab cried. Ask thou the Snake-
God that
Quoth he; ask Naelin and Aztlan that!
Hear me, thou Son of the Waters! wilt
thou have me
For friend or foe? Give me that
woman there!
And store me with this blessed beverage,
And thou shalt dwell in my domains, or
else,
Blood! Blood! The Snake-God calls for
blood; the Gods
Of Aztlan and the people call for blood;
They call on me, and I will give them
blood,
Till they have had their fill.

Meanwhile the Queen
In wonder and amazement heard and
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 had been conceal'd By guilty cunning. Set a watch upon him And on Priest Neolin; they plot against me. Your fall and mine do they alike conspire, Being league'd 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 digg'd for us.

V. WAR DENOUNCED

'Twas the day, when, in a foreign grave, King Owen's relics shall be laid to rest. No bright emblazonries bedeck'd his bier, No tapers blazed, no probate sung the mass. No choristers the funeral dirge intoned, No unfeathered abbeys, and no tissued 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 Cross; with single voice, distinct, The good priest Llorien chaunted 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 The burial place was skirted by the woodlands. A stone cross Stood on Cynetha's grave, sole monument, Beneath the single cypress, whose straight trunk Rose like an obelisk, and waved on high Its palmy plumage, green and never dbrand. Here by Cynetha's side, with Christian prayers, All wrongs forgotten now, was Owen laid. Rest, King of Gwynedd, 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... Yuhidhition, Chief of the Chiefs, and Helhua the priest; With them came Malinal. They met the Prince, And with a sullen statefulness return'd His satisfaction; 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 Yuhidhition! as friends And brethren, said the Christian Prince;... And felt and understood. This calm ascent Ye would beliel, by midnight miracles Seared, and such signs of darkness as becom The Demons whom ye dread; or likelier Duped by the craft of those accursed men, Whose trade is blood. Ask thou of thine own heart, Yuhidhition,... But Helhua broke his speech; Our bidding is to tell thee, quoth the Priest, That Aztlan hath restored, and will maintain, Her ancient faith. If it offendeth thee, Move thou thy dwelling place!... Madoc replied, This day have I deposited in earth My father's bones, and where his bones Are laid, There mine shall moulder. Malinal at that... Advanced... Prince Madoc, said the youth, I come, True to thy faith and thee, and to the seal 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 learnt, A lapping 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; Yuhidhition, said he, when thou shalt find,... As find thou wilt, those accursed men Have played the juggler with thee, and deceived Thine honest heart;... when Aztlan groans in blood... But did her remember then, that Malinal...
MADOC IN AZTLAN

Is in the dwellings of her enemy;
Where all his hope in banishment hath been
To intercede for her, and heal her wounds,
And mitigate her righteous punishment.

Sternly and sullenly his brother heard;
Yet hearten'd he as one whose heart
 Suppress'd its instinct, and thereon
A sorrow in his silent stubbornness.
And now his ministers on either hand
A water-vessel fill, and heap dry sedge
And straw before his face, and fire the pile.
He, looking upward, spread his arms and cried,
Hear me, ye Gods of Aztlan, as we were;
And are, and will be yours! Behold your foes!
He stoop'd, and lifted up one ample urn,
Thus let their blood be shed! . . . and far away
He whir'd the scattering water. Then again
Raised the full vase. . . . Thus let their lives be quenched!
And out he pour'd it on the flaming pile.
The steam-cloud, hissing from the extinguish'd heap,
Spread like a mist, and ere it melted off,
Homeward the heralds of the war had turn'd.

VI. THE FESTIVAL OF THE DEAD

The Hoamen in their Council-hall are met
To hold the Feast of Souls; seat above seat,
Ranged round the circling theatre they sit.
No light but from the central fire, whose smoke,
Slowly 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
Lies on the floor, . . . white bones, exposed to view,
On deer, or elk-skin laced, or softer fur,
Or both, the work of many a mournful hour;
The loathly forms of fresh mortality
Swathed, and in decent tenderness conso'd;
Beside each body pious gifts are laid,
Manse and bell and feathery coronal,
The bow he used in war, his drinking shell
His arrows for the chance, the sarbacan,
Through whose long tube the slender shaft, breath'd down,
Might pierce the winged game. Husband and wives,
Parents and children, there in death they lie;
The widow'd and the parent and the child
Look on in silence. Not a sound is heard
But of the cracking brand, or mouldering fire,
Or when, amid you pendant string of shells,
The slow wind wak's 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 Queen
Resent no revenge, and if she claimed,
He could not save.

She claimeth no revenge, and if she claim'd,
He could not save. O Hoamen, bless your Gods;
Appeaso them! Thou, Prince Amalahta, speak,
And seize the mercy. Amalahta stood
In act of speech; but then Erillyab rose . . .

Who gives thee, Boy, this Eider's privilege!
The Queen 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 too
Fall by his side; they perish'd, but their names
Are with the names we love . . . their happy souls

THE FESTIVAL OF THE DEAD

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 smooth limbs;
The skull of some old seer of days of old
Top'd it, and with a visor this was mask'd,
Honouring the oracular Spirit, who at times
There took his resting place. Ayayaca
Repeated, Brethren, is it well with ye?
And raised the visor. But he start'd back,
Appall'd and shuddering; for a moony light
Lay in its eyeless sockets, and there came
From its immovable and bony jaws
A long deep groan, thrice utter'd, and thrice felt
In every heart of all the hearers round.
The good old Priest stood tottering, like a man
Sticken with palsy; and he gazed with eyes
Of asking horror round, as if he look'd
For counsel in that fear. But Ncolin
Sprung boldly to the oracle, and cried,
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 sate, pale and irresolute,
Hellenus the Azteca came in. He bore
A shield and arrow, . . . symbols of these 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;
She, 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 claim'd,
He could not save. O Hoamen, bless your Gods;
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Are with the names we love . . . their happy souls.
Pursue in fields of bliss the shadowy d mes;  
The spirit of that noble blood which ran 
From their death-wounds, is in the ruddy clouds.  
Which go before the Sun, when he comes forth 
In glory. Last of that illustrious race 
Was I, Erillyab. Ye remember well, 
Elders, that day when I assembled here 
The people, and demanded at their choice 
The worthiest, to perpetuate our old line 
Of Kings and Warriors. To the wind he spread 
His black and blood-red banner. Even now 
I hear his war drum's tripled sound, that call'd 
The youth to battle; even now behold 
The hope which lit his dark and fiery cheek, 
And kindled with a summer glow his cheek, 
As he from yonder war-pole, in his pride, 
Took the death-doors down. Lo here the bones 
Of King Tepollomi! my husband's bones! 
There should be some among ye who behold 
When, all with arrows quill'd, and clothed with blood 
As with a purple garment, he sustain'd 
The unequal conflict, till the Aztecas 
Took him at vantage, and their monarch's club 
Let loose his struggling soul. Look, 
Hooman, here, See through how wide a wound his spirit fled! 
Twenty long years of mournful widowhood 
Have pass'd away; so long have I maintain'd 
The little empire left us, loving well 
My people, and by them as well beloved. Say, Hooman, am I still your Queen? 
At once 
The whole assembly rose with one acclaim,  
Still, O Erillyab, O Beloved, rule 
Thy own beloved people!
Cried Amalatha, and the people turned Their eyes to seek the victim, as if each Sought his own safety in that sacrifice. Alone Erillyph raised her voice, confident But not confounded; she alone exclaim'd, Madoc shall answer this! Unheard her voice By the bewildered people, by the Priest Unheed'd, and Lingoysa 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! Ayayuca, 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 Plunging the thin grey 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 mankind to old age, full three-score years, Have I been your true servant: fit it is That I, who witness'd Aztlan's first assault, Should punish her last victim! and he moved Towards the death. But then Erillyph Seized him, and by the garment drew him back.

By the Great Spirit, but he shall not die! The Queen exclaim'd; nor shall thou confound. In utter fear confounded. The Great Spirit, Who taught thee to foresee the evil, perceived The Prince approach, fearlessly he came forth, And raised his arm, and cried, Strangers, away! Away, profane Henee to your mother-land! Henee to your waters; for the God is here.

He came for blood, and he shall have his fill!

THE SNAKE GOD

Meantime Erillyph's messenger had girl Him home, and like a roebuck, o'er the hills He sped. He met Cadwallon and the Prince In arms, so quickly Madoc had obey'd Lingoysa'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 danger 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 feast 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!

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.

THE SNAKE GOD
MADOC IN AZTLAN

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 Priests, appal'd
Relax'd their hold. On came the mighty snake.
And twined, in many a wreath, round Neolin,
Darling aright, afeet, his sinuous neck,
With searching eye, and lifted jaw and tongue
Quivering, and his as of a heavy shower
Upon the summer woods. The Britons stood
Astonished at the powerful reptile's bulk
And that strange sight. His girth was as of man,
But easily could he have overtopp'd Goliath's helmed head, or that huge King
Of Basan, hugest of the Anakim:
What then was human strength, if once involved
Within those dreadful coils? The multitude
Fell prone, and worshipp'd; pale Enriyav grew,
And turn'd upon the Prince a doubtful eye;
The Britons too were pale, albeit they held
Their spears pretended; and they also look'd
Of Mado, who while the white stood silently,
Contemplating how wisthest he might cope
With that surpassing strength. But Neolin,
Well hoping now success, when he had awed
The general feeling thus, exclaim'd aloud,
Blood for the God! give him the Stranger's blood!
Avenge him on his foes! And then, per-chance,
Terror had urg'd them to some desperate deed,
Had Madoc ponder'd more, or paused in act
One moment. From the sacrificial flames
He snatch'd a firebrand, and with fire and sword,
Rush'd at the monster: back the round the drew
His head upraise recolling, and the Prince
Smote Neolin; all circled as he was,
Smote he the accursed Priest; the avenging sword
Fell on his neck; through flesh and bone it drove
Deep in the chest: the wretched criminal
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;
more
Avail'd its thrust, though driven by that strong arm
For on the unyielding skin the temper'd blade
Bent. He sprung upward then, and in the eye
Of the huge monster flashed the fiery brand.
Impatient of the smoke and burning back
The reptile wrath'd, and from his loosening clasp
Dropt the dead Neolin, and turn'd, and fled
To his dark den.
The Hoamen, at that sight
Raised a loud wonder-cry, with one accord,
Great is the Son of Ocean, and his God
Is mightiest! But Enriyav silently
Approach'd the great Deliverer; her whole frame
Tremble with strong emotion; and she took
His hand, and gazed a moment earnestly,
Having no power of speech, till with a
Of tears her utterance came, and she exclaim'd,
Blessed art thou, my brother! for the power
Of God is in thee!... and she would have kissed
His hand in adoration; but he cried,
God is indeed with us, and in his name
Will we complete the work!... then to the cave
Advanced, and call'd for fire. Bring fire! quoth he;
By his own element the dawn 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 availl'd not,
Far in the hill, cave within cave, the ample grotto pierc'd,
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 mis-shapen form
Beseem, around a human figure coil'd,
And all begrimed with blood. The inmost cell
Dark; and far up within its blackest depth
They saw the Serpent's still small eye of fire.
Not if they wasn't the forest for their pike,
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.

THE SNAKE GOD

Forth they went and climb'd the hill.
With all their people. Their United strength
Loos'nd the rocks, and ranged them in 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 bower,
And arrows round whose heads dry tow was twisted,
In pine-gum dipt; he kindled these, and shot
The fiery shafts. Upon the scaly skin,
As on a rock, the bone-tipt arrows fell;
But, at their bright and blazing light effray'd,
Out rush'd the reptile. Madoc from his path
Retired against the side, and call'd his men,
And in they came and circled round the Snake,
And shaking all their flames, as with a wheel
Of fire, they ring'd him in. From side to side
The monster turns!... where'er he turns, the flame
Flares in his nostrils and his blinding 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 Man'chus'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 crags are loosed, and down they fall
Thundering. They fell like thunder, but the crash
Of scale and bone was heard. In agony
The Serpent writhed beneath the blow;
In vain, from under the incumbent load, 
To drag his mangled folds. One heavier stone
Faster'd and flatten'd him; yet still,
With tail
Ten cubits long, he lash'd the air, and
Foil'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 its head retorted, high.
He lifts it over Madoc, then darts down
To seize his prey. The Prince, with foot advanced,
Inelines his body back, and points the spear
With sure and certain aim, then drives it up.
Into his open jaws; two cubits deep
It pierce'd, the monster forcing on the wound,
200
He closed his teeth for anguish, and bit short
The ashen hilt. But not the rage which now
Changes all his scales, can from his seat diadole
The barbed shaft: nor those contortions wild;
Nor those convulsive shudderings, nor the throes
Which shake his inmost entrails, as with the air
In suffocating gulps the monster now
Inhales his own life-blood. The Prince descends;
He lifts another lance; and now the
Gasping, as if exhausted, on the ground
Reclines his head one moment. Madoc seized
211
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 one 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
scotched'd;
In every ring, through all his mangled length,
The shrinking muscles quiver'd, then
220
In death.
Cadwallon and his comrades now
Enter the den; they roll away the Which held him down, pluck out the mortal spear,
Then drag him forth to day; the force confound'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
Purple'd with human blood, now in their own
Blackening... aknee they fell before the Prince,
230
And in adoring admiration raised
Their hands with one accord, and all in fear
Worshipped the mighty Deicide. But his
Reckoning from those sinful honours, cried,
Drag out the Idol now, and heap the fire,
That all may be consumed! Forthwith they heay'd
The sacrificial fire, and on the pile

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 Hoeamen wait the will
Of their Deliverer; ranged without their ring
The tribe look on, throning the narrow comb
And what of gradual rise the shelving
Display'd, or steeper eminence of wood,
Broken with crag and sunny slope of green,
And grasy platform. With the Elders sate
The Queen and Prince, their rank's prerogative
Excluded else for sex unfit, and youth
For counsel immature. Before the arch
To that rude fanes, 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, griefs and shield,
... he comes
In peaceful rustic clad, and mantle long;
His lysanthine locks now shadowing so
That face, which late, with iron over-brow'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 gazo
Upon that other form, which on the rood
In agon is stretch'd... his hands transfix'd,
And lacerate with the body's... and short
The ashen hilt. But not the rage which now
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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 indistinguishable ashes lay.
Go! cried Prince Madoc, cast them in the stream,
And scatter them upon the winds, that sale.
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 offences,
And take upon yourselves his holy law.

The Snake-God

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To that rude fanes, rude portal, stands the Cross,
And raised, as if in act to speak, his hand. Thereat was every human sound suppress'd; And every quenched ear and eager eye were center'd on his lips. The Prince began... 

Hoamen, friends, brethren... friends we have been long, And brethren shall be, ere the day go down, I come not here propounding doubtful things For counsel, and deliberate resolve Of searching thought; but with authority From Heaven, to give the law, and to enforce Obedience. Ye shall worship God alone, The One Eternal. That Beloved One Ye shall not serve with offer'd fruits, or smoke Of sacrificial fire, or blood, or life: Far other sacrifice he claims... ye 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 worship to your false deities the knee; If ever 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 trained from childhood up. Make ye meantime, Your prayer to that Beloved One, who sees The secrets of all hearts; and set ye up This, the memorial of his chosen Son, And Her, who, blessed among women, fed The appointed at Her breast, and by His cross Endured intenser anguish; therefore sharing His glory now, with sunbeams robed, the Moon Her footstool, and a wreath of stars her crown. Hoamen, ye deem us children of a race Mightier than ye, and wiser, and by Heaven Beloved and favour'd more. From this pure law Hath all proceeded, wisdom, power, which'er 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-heirs with us of endless joy. 

THE CONVERSION OF THE HOAMEN 

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 hurst forth. A javelin. At the rustle of the reeds, From whence the blow was aind, I turn'd in time, And heard it whiz beside me. Woll it was, That from the ships they saw and succour'd me; For, subtle as a serpent in my grasp, He seemed all joint and fixture; nor had I Armour to ward, nor weapon to offend, To battle all unused and unprepared; But I too here upon this barbarous land Like Elmur and like Aroman of old, Must lift the reddy spear. This is no day For vengeance, answer'd Madoc, else his deed Had met no mercy. Freely let him go! Perchance the tidings of our triumph here May yet reclaim his country... Azteca, Go, let your Pabus know that we are crush'd... Their complaints here; beneath our righteous sword The Priest and his false Deity have fallen; The idols are consumed, and in their stead The emblems of our holy faith set up, Whereof the Hoamen have this day been made Partakers. Say to Aztlan, when she too...
MADOC IN AZTLAN

Will make her temples olean, and put away Her foul abominations, and accept The Christian Cross, that Madoc then 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 insolence of strength, she take upon her, In sorrow and in suffering and in shame, By strength of compulsion, penitent too late. Upon her head behold 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, against the breast, 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 right hand hang idle in the fray, That so his weakness with thy strength might cope In equal battle!... Not in wrongful strife! The tyrants of our weaker brethren, Wield we these dreadful arms, but when assail’d By fraud and force, when call’d upon to aid, The feeble and oppressed, shall we not Then put our forces forth, and thunder forth, The guilty?

Silently the Savage heard; Joy brighten’d in his eyes, as they unrode His bonds; he stretch’d his arms at length, to feel His liberty, and like a greyhound then Sipt 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 plunged, now shooting forth his pointed arms, Arrow-like darting on; recumbent now, Forces with springing feet his easier way; Then with new speed, as freshen’d by repose,

Again he breasts the water. On the rocks 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 aff’rd; The door-posts and the lintels hung with wreaths; The fire of sacrifice, with flames be-dim’d, Burns in the sun-light, pale; the victims wait Around, impatient of their death delay’d. The Priest, before Tezcalipoca’s shrine, Watches the maize-strewn threshold, to announce The footsteps of the God; for this the day, When to his favour’d city he vouchsafes His annual presence, and, with unseen feet, Imprints the maize-strewn threshold; follow’d soon By all whose altars with eternal fires Aztlan illum’d, and fed with human blood. Mexihi, woman-born, who from the womb, Child of no mortal sire, least terrible, The arm’d avenger of his mother’s fame, And he whose will the subject winds obey, Quotzalcoatl, and Tlaloc, Water-God, And all the host of Dithias, whose power Requieth 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,
Pleaded for proffered peace; that fault
I shared,
In common with the King, and with the Chiefs,
The Pahas 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 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 impeachable men, with foes,
Whose conquered Gods lie idle in their chains,
And with same weakness brook captivity.
When thou hast met the Strangers in the fight,
And in the doings of that fight outdone
Yuhiddilton, revile him then for one
Slow to defend his country and his faith;
Till then, with reverence, as beseeches thy youth,
Respect thou his full fame!
I wrong not it; I wrong not; I cried the young Aztecs; But truly, as I hope to equal it,
Honour thy well-earned 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 ardour were our countrymen Possessed; peace-offerings of repentance fill
The temple courts; from every voice ascends
The contrite prayer; daily the victim's heart,
Sends its propitiatory steam to Heaven; And if the aid divine may be procured... By the most dread solemnities of faith, And rigour of severest penance,
Soon shall the present influence strengthen us,
And Aztlan be triumphant.
While they spake,
The ceaseless sound of song and instrument
Rung through the air, now rising like the voice
Of angry ocean, now subsiding soft, As when the breeze of evening dies away.
The horn, and shrill-toned pipe, and drum, that gave
Its music to the hand, and hollow'd wood,
Drum-like, whose thunders, ever and anon,
Commixing with the sea-shell's spiral roar,
Closed the full harmony. And now the eve Pass'd on, and, through the twilight visible,
The frequent fire-flies' brightening strays shone.
Anxious and often now the Priest inspects
The maize-stewed threshold; for the wanted hour
Was come, and yet no footstep of the God!
More radiant now the fire of sacrifice, Fed to full fury, blazed; and it's red smoke Imparted to the darker atmosphere Such obscure light as, o'er Vesuvius seen, Or pillared upon Etna's mountain-head, | Or stainless with the strangler's blood, Or smoke their altars; but they have beheld My days of prayer, and nights of watchfulness, Their altar asters, and bloody disciplines, And have reveal'd their pleasure. Who is here, What to the White King's dwelling-place dare go, And execute their will? Scarce had he said, When Tlaloc exclaimed, I am the man.
I am the man. Hear then! Tezozomoc replied... Ye know That self-denial and long penance purge
The sin and fearlessness 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, gasp'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 loosen'd every joint.
Died I and yet no footstep of the God! I waken'd, and raised my eyelids, and beheld A light which seemed to penetrate my bones
MADOC IN AZTLAN

With life and health. Before me, visible, Stood Coatlantona; 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, for ever flowing forth, there play'd
In one perpetual dance of pointed light, The azure radiance of innocuous fire. She spake. . . Hear, Aztlan ! and give ear, O King ! She said, Not yet the offended Gods relax Their anger; they require the strangers' blood, The forestaste of their displeasure. On their altars see the sacrifice, And without their consent, the Aztlan's sons, in spirited, 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 favour. 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 Tlalco ! My friend ! If one alone Could have the honour of this enterprise, My love might yield it thee; but thou wilt need A comrade. . . Tlalais, 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 we go, Devote yourselves to Heaven! Feebly he spake Like one exhausted; gathering then strength to officiate, and to bless your zeal.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE GODS

So saying, to the Temple of the God He led the way. The warriors follow'd him; And with his chiefs, Coanocotzin 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 rear'd; the one Tzecalipoca's fanes, Supreme of Heaven, where now the wily Priest. Stood, watchful for his presence, and observed The maize-strewn threshold. His the other pile, By whose peculiar power and patronage Aztlan was blest, Mexitli, woman-born. Before the entrance, the eternal fire Was burning; bare of foot they enter'd there. On a blue throne, with four huge silver snakes, As if the keepers of the sanctuary, Croied, with stretching neck and fangs display'd, Mexitli sate: another graven snake Banded with scales of gold his monster bulk. Around the neck a losstheme 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 arborets, And herbs and flowers, giving her endless life, A Deity among the Deities; While Coatlantona implores thy love To thine own people, they in fear approach; They aweful fane, who know no fear beside, And offer up the worthiest sacrifice, The blood of heroes ! To the ready chief He turn'd, and said, Now stretch your arms, and make The offering to the God. They their bare arms Stretch'd forth, and stabb'd them with the aloe-point. Then, in a golden vase, Tezozomoc Received the mingled streams, and held it up Toward the giant Idol, and exclam'd, Terrible God! Protector of our realm! Receive thine incense! Let the stream of blood Ascend to thee, delightful! So mayest 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, 83 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 favour'd people with thy might, Terrible God! and purify the land From these blaspheming foes. He said, and gave Ocellopan the vase. . . Chiefs, ye have pour'd Your strength and courage to the Terrible God, Awaiting the deities;...
Devoted to his service; take ye now The beverage he hath hallow'd. In your youth Ye have quaff'd manly blood, that manly thoughts Might ripen in your hearts; so now with this, Which mingling from such noble veins hath flowed, Incense of valor drink, and added force. Ocellopan received the bloody vase, And drunk, and gave in silence to his friend The consecrated draught; then Tlalala Drain'd off the offering. Braver blood than this My lips can never taste! quoth he; but soon Grant me, Mexiili, a more grateful cup... The Stranger's life! Are all the rites perform'd? Ocellopan enquired. Yes, all is done, Answer'd the Priest. Go! and the guardian God Of Aztlan be your guide! They left the fame. Lo! as Tezozomoc was passing by The eternal fire, the eternal fire shot up A long blue flame. He started; he exclami'd. The God! the God! Tzetzalcopac's Priest Echo'd the welcome cry, The God! the God! For lo! his footsteps mark the main-strewn floor. A mighty shout from all the multitudes Of Aztlan rose; they cast into the fire The victims, whose last shrills of agony Mingleth unhed with the cries of joy. Then lower from the spiral sea-shell's depth Swell'd the full roar, and from the hollow wood Peel'd deeper thunders. Round the choral band The circling nobles, gay with gorgeous plumes, And gems which sparkled to the midnight fire, Moved in the solemn dance; each in his hand, In measured movements lifts the 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 Pass'd on in Aztlan, and all hearts rejoiced.

XI. THE CAPTURE

Meantime from Aztlan, on their enterprise, Shedder of Blood and Tiger of the War, Ocellopan and Tlalala set forth. With chosen followers, through the silent night, Silent they travell'd on. After a way Circuitous and far through lonely tracks. They reach'd the mountains, and amid the shade Of thickets covering the uncultured slope, Their patient ambush placed. The chiefs alone Held on, till winking 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 way and perilous they pass'd; And now, stretch'd out amid the matted shrubs, Which, at the entrance of the valley, clothed roll round, The rugged bank, they crown'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 yon 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 Tlalala. 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 omen sure success. I will go down And kill! He said, and, gliding like a snake, Where Caradoc lay sleeping made his way. Sweetly slept he, and pleasant were his dreams. Of Britain, and the blue-eyed maid he loved. The Aztec stood over him; he knew His victim, and the power of vengeance gave Malignant joy. Once hast thou 'scaped 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 pass'd, and swept its strings Into so sweet a harmony, that sure It seem'd no earthly tone. The savage man Suspends his stroke; he looks astonish'd round; No human hand is near... and hark! again The aerial music swells and dies away. Then first the heart of Tlalala felt fear: He thought that some protecting spirit watch'd Beside the Stranger, and, abash'd, withdrew. 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 stern comrade, and make evident Their presence in the wood? Nay! Tlalala rejoind;... 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 Unmaning 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 stirring sounds
Of day began, increasing now, as all
Now to their toil betake them. Some go fell
The stately tree; some from the trunk
How the huge boughs; here round the fire they char
The stake-points; here they level with a line
The ground-plot, and infix the ready piles,
Or, interknotting them with osiers, weave
The wicker wall; others along the lake,
From its shoal waters gather reeds and canes,
Light roofing, suited to the genial sky.
The woodman’s measured stroke, the regular saw.
The vain slow-creaking and the voice of man
Answering his fellow, or, in single toil,
Cheering his labour with a cheerful song,
Strange concert made to those fierce Aztecas.
Who, beast-like, in their silent lurking place
Could close and still, observant for their prey.
All overseeing, and directing all,
From place to place moved Madoc, and beheld
The dwellings rise. Young Hoel at his side
Ran on, best pleased when at his Uncle’s side
Courted indulgent love. And now they came
Beside the half-roof’d hut of Caradoc;
Of all the mountain-dwellings, that last;
The little boy, in boyish wantonness,
Would kiss his Uncle’s hand, 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 wareso’er he turned, Ocellopan
With hunter’s-eye pursued his heedless course,
In breath-suspending vigilance. Ah!
The little wretch toward his lurking-place
Draws near, and calls on Madoc, and the Prince
Thinks of no danger nigh, and follows not
The childish lure! nearer the covert now
Young Hoel runs, and stops, and calls again;
Then, like a lion, from his couching place
Ocellopan leapt forth, and seized his prey.
Loud shriek’d the affrighted child, as in his arms
The savage grasp’d him; startled at the cry,
Madoc beheld him hastening through the pass.
Quick as instinctive love can urge his feet
He follows, and he now almost hath reach’d
The incumber’d raverish, and hope inspires
New speed... yet nearer now, and nearer still,
And lo! the child holds out his little arms!
That instant, as the Prince almost had laid
His hand upon the boy, young Tlalala
Leapt on his neck, and soon, though Madoc’s strength
With frantic fury shook him from his hold,
Far down the steep Ocellopan had fled.
Ah! what avails it now, that they, by whom
Madoc was standing to survey their toil,
Have miss’d their Chief, and spread the quick alarm?

What now avails it, that with distant aid,
His gallant men come down? Regarding nought
But Hoel, but the wretched Llaian’s grief
He rushing 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 hand arise,
And Madoc is their prisoner.
In vain thou leastest on the late pursuit!
In vain, Cadwallow, hast thy love alarmed
Caught the first sound of evil! They pour out
Tumultuous from the vale, a half-arm’d troop;
Each with such weapons as his hasty hand
Can seize, they rush to battle. Gallant men,
Your valour boots not! It avails not now
With such fierce onset that ye charge the foe,
And drive with such full force the weapon homo
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 hind more close and cuttingly the band.
They hasten on; and while they bear the prize,
Leaving their ill-doom’d followers in the flight.
To check pursuit, foremost afe of all,
With unabating strength by joy inspired
Ocellopan to Aztlan bears the child.

Good tidings travel fast... The child is seen;
He hastens on; he holds the child on high;
He shouts aloud. Through Aztlan spreads the news;
Each to his neighbour tells the happy tale... Joy... joy to Aztlan! the blood-shedder comes!
Thabo has given his victim.
Ah, poor child!
They from the gate swarm out to welcome thee,
Warriors, and men grown grey, and youths and maidens,
Exulting, forth they crowd. The mothers throng
To view thee, and, while thinking of thy doom,
They clasp their own dear infants to the breast
With deeper love, delighted think that thou
Shalt suffer for them. He, poor child,
Admires
The strange array! with wnder he beholds
Their olive limbs, half bare, their plump crowns,
And gases 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 hardest characters
Had featured, art made worse. His cowl was white;
His unrivm’d hair, a long and loathsomely mass,
With cotton cords entwisted, clung with gum,
And matted with the blood, which, every morn,
He from his temples drew before the God,
In sacrifice; bare were his arms, and smeared black;
But his countenance a stronger dread
Than all the horrors of that outward garb,
Struck with quick instinct to young Hoel's heart;
It was a face, whose settled sullenness
No gentle feeling ever had disturb'd;
Which, when he probed a victim's living breast,
Retained its hard composure.

Such was he
Who took the son of Llalain, heedless not
His cries and screams, and arms, in suppliant guise,
Stretch'd out to all around, and struggling vain.
He to the temple of the Water-God
Convey'd his victim. By the threshold, there
The ministering Virgins stood, a comely band,
Of high-born dames, to the temple rises
By pious parents vow'd. Gladly to them
The little Hoel leapt; their gentle looks
No fear excited; and he gaz'd around,
Pleased and surprised, to what end
These things were tending. O'er the rush-strewn floor
They to the azure Idol led the boy,
Now not reluctant, and they raised the hymn.

God of the Waters! at whose will the streams
Flow in their wonted channel, and diffuse
Their plenty round; the blood and dews of man,
Thy resistless ruin, making vain
The toils and hopes of man; behold this child!
O strong to bless, and mighty to destroy,
Tlaloc! behold thy victim! so mayest thou
Restrain the peaceful streams within their banks;
And bless the labours of the husbandman.

God of the Mountains! at whose will
The clouds cluster around the heights; who sendest them
To shed their fertilizing showers, and raise
The drooping herb, and o'er the thirsty vale
Spread their green freshness; at whose voice
The hills grow black with storm's; whose wrath
The thunder speaks, whose bow of anger shoots the lightning shafts,
To bring the works of man; behold this child!
O strong to bless, and mighty to destroy,
Tlaloc! behold thy victim! so mayest thou
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,
Aliath, O green-robed Goddess, see this child!
Behold thy victim! so mayest thou appease
The stern mind of Tlaloc when he frowns,
And Tlaloc flourish in thy fostering smile.
Young Spirits! ye whom Aztlan's festive joys
Hath given to Tlaloc; to enjoy with him,
The cool delights of Tlalocan,
Young Spirits of the happy; who have left
Your Heaven to-day, unseen assistants here,
Behold your comrade; see the chosen child,
Who through the lonely vale of death must pass.
Like you, to join you in eternal joy.

Now from the rush-strewn temple they do conduct
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 garlanded with flowers;
The virgins with the joyous boy embark;
Ten boatmen urge them on; the Priests 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 dames, under jasmine bower,
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 thobs joyfully; and if he think
Upon his mother now, 'tis but to think
How beautiful a tale for her glad ear
He hath when he returns. Meantime the 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 worm
Of sorrow canker'd, nor condemn'd to feel
The pang of sickness, nor the wound of war,
Nor the long misery 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 no thing,
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 curst. For thee the bower
Of Tlalocan have blossom'd with new sweets;
For thee have its immortal trees matured
The fruits of Heaven; thy comrades even now
Waltz thee, impatient, in their fields of blue.
The God will welcome thee, his chosen child,
And Aliath love thee with a mother's love.
Child of the Stranger, dream's 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 bark
Rose with the majesty of woods o'er hanging,
And rocks, or peering through the forest shade,
Or rising from the lake, and with their bulk
Glancing its dark deep waters. Half way up,
A cavern pierced the rock; no human foot
Had trod its depths, nor ever sunbeam reach'd
Its long recesses and mysterious gloom;
To Tlacoc it was hallowed; and the stone,
Which closed its entrance, never was removed,
Save when the yearly festival return'd.
And in its womb a child was sepulchred,
The living victim. Up the winding path,
That to the entrance of the cavern led,
With many a painful step the train ascend'd:
But many a time, upon that long ascent,
Young Hoel would have paused, with weariness
Exhausted now. They urge him on;
Poor child!
They urge him on! Where is Cadwallon's aid?
Where is the sword of Ridir? where the arm
Of Madoc now? Oh! let better had he lived,
Unknowing 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 Llian. A cold air comes out;
It chills him, and his feet recoil; in vain
His feet recoil; in vain he turns to fly,
Aflighted 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 Coatlantona; such flowers as in the solitary wilds,
Hiding their modest beauty, made their worth
More valued for its rarieness. 'Twas to her
A grateful task; not only for she fled
Those cruel rites, to which nor reverent use,
Nor frequent custom could familiarize
Her gentle heart, and teach it to put off
All womanly feeling; but that from all eyes
Escaped, and all obtrusive fellowship,
She in that solitude might send her soul
To where Lincoya with the Strangers dwelt.
She from the summit of the woodland heights
Gazed on the lake below. The sound of song
And instrument, in softness gathered,
Went in and out, or whistled, or sung.
And instrument, in softness gathered,
She heard the voice of Coatrani, the Vulture,
And the sound of the bird as it swept along the lake below.
And 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 started her, and from the shrubs
A Vulture rose.
She moved toward the spot, led by an idle impulse, as it seemed.
To see from whence the carrion bird had fled.
The bushes overhung a narrow chasm
Which piercèd 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
Scooped for the flowers, and heard, or thought she heard,
A feeble sound below. She raised her head,
And anxiously she listen'd for the sound.
Not without fear... Feebly 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 unutterable 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
Alarmed this entrance below; and were it possible that she could save
The Stranger's child, Oh what a joy it was
To tell Lincoya that!
It was a thought to
Which made her heart with terror and delight
Throb audibly. From crag to crag she pass'd
Descending, and beheld a narrow cave.
Enter the hill. A little way the light fell, but its feeble glimmering she herself
Obstructed half, as stooping in she went.
The arch grew loftier, and the increasing gloom
Fell'd her with more affright; and now she paused;
For at a sudden and abrupt descent
She stood, and fear'd its unseen depth;
her heart
Fall'd, and she back had hasten'd; but the cry
Reach'd her again, the near and certain cry
Of that most pitiable innocent.
Again adown the dark descent she look'd.
Straining her eyes; by this she strength'en'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 sob's;
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
Cropping along the side. A dim, dim light
Broke on the darkness of his sepulchre;
A human form drew near him; he sprang on.
Screaming with joy, and clung to Coatel.
And cried, O take me from this dismal place!
She answer'd not; she understood him not;
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
Fight 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
Coanootzin and his Chiefs go forth to greet the youth triumphant, and receive
The victim whom the gracious gods have favored.
Sure omen and first fruits of victory.
A woman leads the train, young, beautiful,
More beautiful for that transcendent joy
Flushing her cheek, and sparkling in her eye;
Her hair is twined with festal flowers, her robe
With flowing wreaths adorned; she holds a child,
He, too, bedecked and garlanded with flowers,
And, lifting him, with agile force of arm,
In graceful action, to harmonious step
Accustomed, leads the dance. It is the wife
Of Tlalala, who, with his child, goes forth
To meet her hero husband. And behold
The Tiger comes! and ere the shouts and sounds
Of gratulation cease, his followers bear
The captive Prince. At that so welcome sight
Lou'd rose the glad acclam; 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 Tlalala,
As limb by limb, his eye survey'd the Prince,
With a calm fierceness. And by this, the Priests
Approach'd their victim, clad in vestments white
Of sacrifice, which from the shoulders fell.
As from the breast, unbinding, 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 Mexitli's name, upon the Prince
He laid his murderous hand. But as he spake,
Up darted Tlalala his eagle glance. . . .
Away! away! he shall not perish so!
The warrior cried. . . Not tamely, by the knife,
Nor on the jaspar-stone, his blood shall flow!
The Gods of Aztlan love a Warrior Priest!
I am their Priest to-day!
His red hands reeking with the hot heart's blood, 
How in his arms he took me, and sought
The God whom he had served, to bless his boy,
And make me like my father. Men of Aztlán,
Mexíll heard his prayer;... Here I have
The Stranger-Chief, the noblest ascetic
That ever graced the altar of the God;
thine arm
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.
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 Yuhidhiton address the Stranger-Chief.
The Gods of Aztlán triumphed, and thy blood
Must wet their altars. Prince, thou shalt not die
The coward's death; but, swor'ded, and in fight,
Fall as becomes the valiant. Should
Subdue in battle six successive foes,
Life, liberty, and glory, will repay
The noble conquest. Madoc, hope not this;
Strong are the brave of Aztlán!
Then they loosed
The Ocean Chieftain'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 manly growth, who stood below,
Might rest upon its height; the circle small,
An active boy might almost bound across.
Nor needed for the combat, ample space;
For in the centre was the prisoner's foot
Fast fetter'd down. Thus fetter'd Madoc stood.
He held a buckler, light and small, of cane
O'erfaith with beaten gold; his sword,
The King,
Honouring a noble enemy, had given,
A weapon tried in war,... to Madoc's grasp
Strange and unwieldy: 'twas a broad strong staff,
Set thick with transverse stones, on either side
Keen-edged as Syrian steel. But when the weapon, Madoc call'd to mind his deeds
Done on the Saxon in his fathers' land, and hope arose within him. Nor though now
Naked he stood, did fear for that assail
His steady heart; for often had he seen
His gallant countrymen with naked breasts,
Rush on their iron-covered enemy,
And win the conquest.
Array'd himself for battle. First he donn'd
A gipson, quitted close of gossamaine;
Or that a jointed mail of plates of gold,
Resplendent like the tiger's speckled pride.
To speak his rank; it clad his arms half-way.
Half-way his thighs; but cuisses had he none,
Nor gauntlets, nor feet-armour. On his helm
There pawn'd the semblance of a tiger's head,
The long white teeth extended, as for prey;
Proud crest, to blazon his proud title and
And now toward the fatal stage, equip'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.
Ocellopán rush'd on, and cried aloud,
And for himself the holy combat claim'd.
The Tiger, heedless of his clamour, sprang
Upon the stone, and turn'd him to the war.
Fierce leaping forward came Ocellopán,
And bound up the ascent, and seized his arm.
Why wouldst thou rob me of a deed this great?
Equal our peril in the enterprise,
Equal our merit;... thou wouldst reap alone
The reward! Never shall my children lift
Their hands at thee, and say, Lo! there
The Chieft who slew the White King!... Thalah
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 gave him rush'd to battle; but the Priests
Came hastening up, and by their common God's
And by their common country, bade them cease
Their impious strife, and let the lot decide
From whom Mexitlil should that day receive
His noble victor. Both unsatisfied,
But both obedient, heard. Two equal shafts,
As outwardly they seem'd, the Paba brought;
His mandate hid their points; and forth
Drew forth the broken stave. A bitter smile
Darcon'd his cheek, as angrily he cast
To earth the hostile lot... Slauder of Blood,
Thine is the first adventure! he exclaim'd;
But thou mayst perish here... and in his heart
The Tiger hoped Ocellopán 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 quiet assault, or shun the threaten'd blow.
Wielding his wonted sword; the other, stript,
Save of that fragrant shield, of all defence;
His weapon strange and cumbrous; and pin'd down
Disabled from all onset, all retreat.
With looks of greedy joy, Ocellopán
Survey'd his foe, and wonder'd to behold
The breast so broad, the bare and brawny limbs,
Of matchless strength. The eye of Madoc, too,
Dwell't on his foe; his countenance was calm,
Something more pale than wonted; like a man
Prepared to meet his death. The Aztecs
Fiercely began the fight; now here, now there,
Aight, alite, above, below, he wheel'd
The rapid sword: still Madoc's rapid eye
Pursu'd 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 unumth
Might wield it well to vengeance. Thus he stood,
Baffling the impatient enemy, who now
Wax'd wrathful, thus to waste in idle strokes
Reiterato 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 murr'mur'd name, as though they thought,
Had he been on the Stone, ere this,
Besure.

The Gods had tasted of their sacrifice,
Now all too long delay'd. Then fiercer,
And yet more rapidly, he drove the sword;
But still the wary Prince or met its fall,
And broke the force, or bent him from the blow;
And now retiring, and advancing now,
As one free foot permitted, still provoked,
And baffled still the savage; and sometimes,
With untiring strength did Madoc aim attack,
Mastering each moment now with all,
Upon the accosted sword. But, though as
Yet unhar'm'd,
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 piece-meal they beheld it fall,
And saw the Prince exposed.

That welcome sight,
Those welcome sounds, inspired Ocellopan;
He felt each limb new-strung. Impatient
Of conquest long delay'd, with wilder rages

He drives the weapon; Madoc's lifted sword
Received its edge, and shiver'd with the blow.
A shriek of transport burst from all around;
For lo! the White King, shieldless, weaponless,
Naked before his foe! That savage
Dallying with the delight of victory,
Drew back a moment to enjoy the sight,
Then yell'd in triumph, and sprang on to give
The consummating blow. Madoc beheld
The coming death; he darted up his hand
Instinctively to save, and caught the weapon
In its mid fall, and drove with desperate force
The splinter'd truncheon of his broken sword
Full in the enemy's face. Beneath his eye
It broke its way, and where the nasal nerves
Branch in fine fibrils o'er their zany 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 farther thought,
Rose in the Tiger's heart; it was a joy
To Thalala; and forth he sprang, and up
The Stone of Sacrifice, and call'd aloud
To bring the Prince another sword and shield.
For his last strife. Then in that interval,
Upon Ocellopan he fix'd his eyes,
Contracting 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;
For well he knew Cadwallon was at hand,
Leading his gallant friends.

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,
Run to the city gates. More eager now,
Conscious of what had chanced, fought Thalala;
And hope invigorated Madoc's heart;
For well he knew Cadwallon was at hand,
Loading his gallant friends. Aright he went;
At 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 aid the Tiger hasten to defend
His country and his Gods; and, hand in hand,
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 Lliaian and Goeryv: and he felt the dread
That death was dreadful. But not so to 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 irreprovable word. There Madoc lay
In solitude; the distant battle reach'd
His ear; insensible and numb he lay
Expecting the dread issue, and almost
Wish'd for the perils of the fight again.
Not unprepared Cadwallon found the sons
Of Aztlan, nor defenseless were her walls;
But when the Britons’ distant march was seen,
A ready army issued from her gates.
And with themselves to battle: these
The King Conacoctzin had, with timely care,
And provident for danger, thus array’d.

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 Deubenharth sent, that day,
Their iron bolts abroad; those volant deaths
Descended on the naked multitude,
And through the chiefstay’s quilted gossamipine.

Through festivity breastplate and effulgent gold.
They reach’d the life.
But soon no interval
For archer’s art was left, nor scope for flight
Of stones from whirling sling: both hosts, alike
Impatient for the proof of war, press on;
The Aztexans, to shun the arrow storm,
The Cymry, to release their Lord, or heap
Aztlan in ruins, for his monument.
Spear against spear, and shield to shield, and breast
To breast they met: equal in force of limb
And strength of heart, in resolute resolve.
And stubborn effort of determined wrath;
The few, advantaged by their iron mail;
The weaker arm’d, of near return assured
And succour close at hand, in tenfold troops.
Their foes overnumbering. 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 hurling javelins whirr’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 bow 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 stone stanchion 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 fell, those heavy weapons fell
With stunning weight. Meantime with wonted strength,
The men of Gwyneth through their fearless foe
Within the temple-court, and dealt around
The ablation of the Stone of Sacrifice,
Bidding them, with the holy beverage,
Imbibe divine valour, strength of arm.
Not to be weared, hope of victory,
And certain faith of endless joy in Heaven.
Their sure reward! Oh! happy, cried
The Priests.
Your brethren who have fallen! already they
Have join’d the company of blessed souls;
Already they, with song and harmony,
And in the dance of beauty, are gone forth,
To follow down his western path of light
Yon Sun, the Prince of Glory, from the world
Retiring to the Palace of his rest.
Oh, happy they, who for their country’s cause,
And for their Gods, shall die the brave man’s death!

Them will their country consecrate with praise,
Them will the Gods reward!... They heard the Priests
Intoxicate, and from the gate swarm’d out,
Tumultuous to the fight of martyrdom.

But when Cadwallon every moment saw
The enemies increase, and with what rage
Of drunken valour 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 on.
Entering the throng’s resistance, like a wedge,
Still from behind impell’d. So thought
The Chief.
Likeliest the gates of Aztlan might be gain’d,
And Hoel and the Prince preserved, if yet
They were among mankind. Nor could the force
Of hostile thousands break that strength
condensed
Against whose iron sides the stream of war
Roll’d unavailing, as the ocean waves,
Which idly round some insulated rock
Foam furious, warning with their silvery smoke
The mariner far off. Nor could the point
Of that compacted body, though it bore
Right on the foe, and with united force
Press’d on to enter, through the multitude
Win now its difficult way; as where the sea
Pours through some strait its violent waters, swoln
By inland fresh, vainly the oarmen there
With all their weight and strength essay to drive
Their galley through the pass, the stress and strain
Availing scarce to stem the impetuous stream.

And hark! above the deafening din of fight
Another shout, heard like the thunder-peal,
Among the war of winds! Lincoya comes,
... endured
That idle duty! who could have endured
The long, inactive, miserable hours,
And hope and expectation and the rage
Of maddening anguish? Ririd led them on;
In whom a brother’s love had call’d
not up
More spirit-stirring pain, than trembled now
In every British heart; so dear to all
Was Madoc. On they came; and
Aztlan then
Had fled appall’d; but in that dangerous hour
Her faith preserved her. From the gate her Priests
Rush’d desperate out, and to the foremost
 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 Mexitli, 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 undisguis’d 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, abandon’d 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 cage-work of the imperfect wall; 10
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 through, at times,
The pious exclamation pass’d her lips,
Thy will be done! yet was that utterance
Rather the breathing of a broken heart,
Than of a soul resign’d. Mervyn beside
Hangs over his dear mistress silently,
Having no hope or comfort to bestow,
Nor had the sight that hour enabled them
To mightier efforts, had Mexitli, 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 undisguis’d horrors; while the Sun,
Retiring slow beneath the plain’s far verge,
Shed o’er the quiet hills his fading light.

But he, by worser fear abating soon
Her vain alarm, exclaim’d, I saw a band
Of Hoamen coming up the straits, for ill,
Beare, for Amahalta leads them on.
Buckle this harness on, that, being arm’d,
I may defend the entrance.

Scarce had she
Fastened the breast-plate 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
The shield and spear, and on the threshold took
His stand; but, wakèn now to provident thought,
Goervyl, following, helm’d him. There was now
No time to gird the baldrick 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
Rebellious now.

They had then the terrors of the Hommen’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; Caermadoc, left
Defenceless, would become, with all its wealth,
The spoiler’s easy prey, riches 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,
MADOC IN AZTLAN

570

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 seven 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 
Geread, not for anguish of his wounds, but grief And agony of spirit; yet resolved To his last gasp to guard that precious post, Nor longer able to endure afoot, He, falling on his knees, received unharm'd Upon the shield, now ample for defence, Their second shower, and still defended the foe. But they, now sure of conquest, hasten'd To thrust him down, and he too felt his strength

THE WOMEN

571

For bark, the war-whoop! sound, whereto the howl Of tigers or hyenas, heard at night By captive from barbarian foes escaped, And wandering in the pathless wilderness. Were music. Shame on ye! Goervyl cried; Think what your fathers were, your husbands what, And what your sons should be! These savages Seek not to wreak on ye immediate death; So are ye safe, if safety such as this Be worth a thought; and in the interval We yet may gain, by keeping to the last This entrance, easily to be maintain'd By us, though women, against foes so few... Who knows what succour chance, or timely thought Of our own friends may send, or Providence, Who shumbereth not? While thus she spake, In at the window came, of one who sought That way to win the entrance. She drew out The arrow through the arm of Malinal, With gentle care, the readiest weapon that. And held it short above the bony barb, And adding 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 maim'd for further war. Nay! leave that entrance open! she exclaimed To one who would have closed it... who comes next Shall not go thence so cheaply!... for she now Had taken up a spear to guard that way. Easily guarded, even by female might. O heart of proof! what now avails thy worth
And excellent courage? for the savage foe, With mattock and with spade, for other use, Design'd, he now upon the door, and, bending 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 guards him Who guarded her so well. Roused to new force By that exampled valour, and with will To achieve one service yet before he died, ... If death indeed, as sure he thought, were nigh, Malinal gather'd up his fainting powers, And reaching forward, with a blow that throw'd His body on, upon the knee he smote One Hoaman more, and brought him to the ground. The foe fell over him; but he, prepared, Threw him with sudden jerk aside, and rose Upon one hand, and with the other plunged Between his ribs the mortal blade. Meantime Amalahta, 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... scalp-length. He, blinded by the blood, stagger'd aside, escaping by that chance. A second push, 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, Drew out the foe. Then took they hope; for them They saw but seven remain in plight for war; And counting their own number, in the pride Of strength, caught up stones, staves, or axe, or spear, To hostile use converting whatsoever. 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 best 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 clasp'd The Maid above the knees, and throwing her Over his shoulder, to the valley straits Set off: ill seconded in ill attempt; For now his comrades are too close beset To aid their Chief, and Mervyn hath beheld His lady's peril. At the sight, inspired With force, as if indeed that manly garb Had clothed a manly heart, the Page ran on, And with a bill-hook striking at his hand, Cut the back sinews. Amalahta fell; ... on the earth, he gnash'd his teeth For agony. Yet, even in those pangs, Remembering still revenge, he turn'd and seized Goervyl's skirt, and pluck'd her to the ground, And roll'd himself upon her, and essay'd To kneel upon her breast; but she clench'd fast His bloody locks, and drew him down alike, Faint now with anguish, and with loss of blood; And Mervyn, coming to her help again, As once again he rose, around the neck Seiz'd him, with thro'ling 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, Emily met their flight: and then her heart, Boding the evil, smote her, and she bade Her people seize, and bring them on in work. For judgement. She herself, with quicken'd pace, Advanced, to know the worst; and o'er Casting a rapid glance, she knew her son. She saw him by his garments, by the work Of her own hands; for now his face, beameard And black with gore, and stiffen'd in its pain. Bore of the life no semblance...God is good!
From Madoc’s busy mind her image passed;  
Quick as the form that caused it; but not so  
Did the remembrance fly from Coatel,  
That Madoc lay in bonds. That thought possessed her soul, and made her, as she garlanded  
The face of Coatantona 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  
Slid through her; she delay’d not to reflect,  
But hasten’d to the Prince, and took the knife  
Of sacrifice, which by the altar hung,  
And cut his bonds, with an eager eye,  
Motioning haste and silence, to the gate.  
She led him. Fast along the forest way,  
And fearfully, he follow’d to 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 fireflies 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  
Sweat as good Angels wear when they present  
Their mortal charge before the throne of Heavens,  
She show’d where little Hoel slept below.  
Poor child! he lay upon that very spot,  
The last where 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 through the cavern’s winding length,  
And stretch’d his arms to reach him.  
Madoc hush’d the dangerous transport, raised him up the ascent;  
And followed Coatel again, whose face,  
Though tears of pleasure still were coursing down,  
Betoken’d fear and haste. Adown the canoe.  
They went; and coasting now the lake, her eye  
First what they sought beheld, a light canoe,  
Moored 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, doubtful she stood;  
A dread of danger, for the thing she had done,  
Came on her, and Lincoya rose to mind.  
Almost she had resolve; but then the thought  
Of her dear father, whom that flight would leave.  
Alone in age; how he would weep for her,  
As one among the dead, and to the grave Go sorrowing; or, if ever it were known  
What she had dared, that on his head the weight  
Of punishment would fall. That dreadful fear  
Resolved her, and she waved her head, and rais’d her hand,  
Her hand, to bid the Prince depart in haste,  
With looks whose painful seriousness  
Forbode all farther effort. Yet unwillingly,  
And hasting 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.  
Painter and lover to his distant ear  
The sound of battle came; and now the Moon  
Arose in heaven, and pour’d o’er lake and land  
A soft and mellowing ray. Along the shore  
Lulian was wandering with distracted steps,  
And groaning for her child. She saw the boat  
Approach’d; and as on Madoc’s naked limbs,  
And on his countenance, the moonbeam fell,  
And as she saw the boy that dim light,  
It seem’d as though the Spirits of the dead  
Were moving on the waters; and she stood  
With open lips that breath’d not, and fix’d eyes,  
Watching the unreal shapes: but when the boat  
Drew nigh, and Madoc landed, and she saw  
His step substantial, and the child came near,  
Unable then to move, or speak, or breathe,  
Down on the sand she sunk.  
But who can tell,  
Who comprehend, her agony of joy,  
When, by the Prince’s care restored to sense,  
She recognized her child, she heard the name  
Of mother from that voice, which, sure, she thought  
Had pour’d upon some Priest’s remorseless ear  
Its last vain prayer for life! No tear relieved  
The insupportable feeling that convuls’d  
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 rushing joy  
Burst forth, and with cares and with tears  
She mingled broken prayers of thanks to heaven.  
And now the Prince, when joy had had its course,  
Said to her, Knower thou the mountain path  
For I would to the battle. But at that,  
A sudden damp of dread came over her,  
O leave us not! she cried; last haply ill Should have beenfallen; for I remember now,  
How in the woods I spied a savage band  
Making towards Casermadoc. God forefend  
The evil that I fear! What! Madoc cried,  
Were ye then left defenceless? She replied,  
All ran to arms: there was no time for thought.  
Nor counsel, in that sudden ill! nor 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 Gocryl 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.  
THE DELIVERANCE
The Deliverance

MADOC IN AZTLAN

His own dear 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 worse alarm, Along the shade, with cautious step, he moved Toward one, to seize his weapons: 'twas a corpse; Nor whether, at the sight, to hope or fear. Yet knew he. But anon, a steady light, As of a taper, seen in his own home, he comforted him; and, drawing nearer now, He saw his sister on her knees, beside The rashes, ministering to a wounded man. Safe that the dear one lived, then back he sped With joyful haste, and summon'd Lysia on, And in loud talk advanced. Eryn's first came forward at the sound; for she had faith To trust the voice. They live! they live! she cried; God hath redeem'd them! Nor the maiden yet Believed the actual joy; like one astound, Or as if struggling with a dream, she stood Till he came close, and spread his arms, and call'd Goervyl! and she fell in his embrace.

But Madoc linger'd not, his eager soul Was in the war; in haste he don'd his arms, And as he felt his own good sword again, Exulting play'd his heart. Boy, he exclaim'd To Mervyn, arm thyself, and follow me! For in this battle we shall break the power Of our blood-thirsty foe: and, in thine age, Wouldst thou not wish, when young men crowd around, To hear thee chronicle their fathers' deeds? Wouldst thou not wish to add... And I, too, fought In that day's conflict?

Mervyn's cheek turn'd pale A moment, then, with terror all assuaged, Grew fever-red. Nay, nay, Goervyl cried, He is too young for battles! But the prince, With erring judgment, in that fear-bound cheek Beheld the glow of enterprising hope, And youthful courage. I was such a boy, Sister! he cried, at Conynyll; 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 wouldst 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 pant'd! how, with late regret, and vain, Sena wished Goervyl then had heard The secret, trembling on her lips so oft, So oft by shame withheld. That she thought now She could have fallen upon her Lady's neck And told her all; but when she saw the prince, Imperious shame forbade her, and she felt It were an easier thing to die than speak. Avoid'd not now regret or female fear!

She mall'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 damsel to Goervyl turn'd, and let The breastplate fall, and on her bosom placed The lady's hand, and hid her face, and cried, Save me! The warrior, who beheld the act, And heard not the low voice, ... the boy she loved Was one, to whom her heart with closer love Might cling; and to her brother she exclaim'd, She must not go! We women in the war Have done our parts. A moment Madoc dwelt On the false Mervyn, with an eye from where 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 Deliverance

MERCIFUL God! how horrible is night Upon the plain of Aztlan! there the about Of battle, the barbarian yell, the bray Of dissonant instruments, the clang of arms. The shriek of agony, the groan of death, In one wild uproar and continuous din, Shake the still air; while, overheard, 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 Some more accursed and hideous than the war Displays to all the vale; for whose'er That night the Arceus 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 loud as the thunder-peal, and heard as far,
It bore those blazoned eaglets, at whose sight, Along the Marches, or where holy Dee Through Cestrian pastures rolls his tender stream, So oft the yean had, in days of ore, Coming his perilous tenure, wound the horn, And warden from the castle-tower rung on death, The loud alarm-bell, heard far and wide. 

Upon his helm no sculptured dragon sate, Still to his straining limbs, while plates of gold, The feathery robe, the buckler’s amplitude, Embossed his glittering helmet, and Such their surpassing beauty; bell of gold, Emboss’d his glittering helmet, and Their sound was heard, there lay the press of war, And Death was busiest there. Over the breast, And o’er the golden breastplate of the King, Light as the robe of peace, yet strong to save; For the sharp faulchion’s battled 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 display’d How broad his shoulders, and his ample breast. Small was his shield, there broadest where it fenced The well of life, and gradual to a point Lessening, steel-strong, and wedged in his grasp.

Proclaim the act of death, more visible Than in broad daylight, by those midnight fires Distinctlier seen. Sight that with horror fill’d The pangs, and to mightier efforts raise it. Howbeit, this abhor’d idolatry Work’d for their safety; the deluded foes, Obstinate in their faith, forbearing still The mortal stroke, that they might to the God Present the living victim, and to him let life flow. And now the orient sky Glow’d with the ruddy morning, when the Prince Came to the field. He uplift’d his voice, And shouted Madoc! Madoc! They who heard The cry, astonish’d turn’d; and when they saw The countenance his open helm disclosed, They echoed, Madoc! Madoc! Through the host Spread the miraculous joy. He lives! He lives! He comes himself in arms! Lincaya heard, As he had rais’d his arm to strike a foe, And stay’d the stroke, and thrust him off, and cried, Go tell the tidings to thy countrymen, Madoc is in the war! Tell them his God Hath set the White King free! Astonish’d, hear, Such their surpassing beauty; bell of gold, Emboss’d his glittering helmet, and Their sound was heard, there lay the press of war, And Death was busiest there. Over the breast, And o’er the golden breastplate of the King, Light as the robe of peace, yet strong to save; For the sharp faulchion’s battled 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 display’d How broad his shoulders, and his ample breast. Small was his shield, there broadest where it fenced The well of life, and gradual to a point Lessening, steel-strong, and wedged in his grasp.
Still follow'd Urien, call'd upon his men,  
And through the broken army of the foe,  
Press'd to his rescue.

But far off the old man  
Was borne with furious speed. Bird  
So swift as a cloud,  
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 Pasbas 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 accursed,  
Ye blow the bell 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,  
Sprung with unexhausted force, he freed
His feet, and shook the Pasbas 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 steel  
Was Urien in his day, thought worthiest,  
In martial proof of his manly discipline,  
To train the sons of Owen. He had lost  
Youth's supple sight; yet still the skill  
remain'd,  
And in his stiffen'd 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 set of battle, as became  
A man grown grey 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; for 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 reck'd with innocent blood,
Reeks now with righteous slaughter. Frantilly,
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. Past 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 bodies  
Massy 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 saw
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 Tialala,
With growing fury as the danger grew,
Bated in the battle; but Yuhidhiton
Still with calm courage, till no hope remain'd,
Fronted the rushing foe. When all was vain,
When back within the gate Cadiwaller's force
Resisted had compel'd them, then the Chief
Call'd on the Tiger... Let us bear from hence
The dead Ocellopan, the slaughter'd King;
Not to the strangers should their bones be left,
O Tialala!... 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 beseech'd the dead,
The lifeless Chiefs were laid. Yuhidhiton
Call'd on the people, Men of Aztlan! yet
One effort more! Bear hence Ocellopan,
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,
Prest 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 bulwark breasts. So toward the farther gate
They held their steady way, while outermost
In unabated vigour, Tialala
Faced, with Yuhidhiton, the foe's pursuit.

Vain valour then, and fatal piety,
As the fierce conquerors bore on their retreat,
If Madoc had not seen their perilous strife:
Remembering Malinal, and in his heart
Honouring 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,
Yuhidhiton and Tialala retired.

XIX. THE FUNERAL

SOUTHWARD of Aztlan stood beside the Lake  
A city of the Aztecas, by name Patamba. Thither, from the first alarm,
The women and infirm old men were sent...  
And children: thither they who from the fight,
And from the fall of Aztlan, had escaped.
In scatter'd 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 embolden'd. Lo! to the town,
Lamenting loud, a numerous train approached,
Like mountain torrents, swelling as they go.
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 Aztlán who is saved? Tezozomoc,
Chief servant of the Gods, their favoured Priest,
The voice by whom they speak: young Tulála,
Whom even defeat with fresher glory crowns;
And full of fame, their country's rock of strength,
Yuhüdithon: him to his sovereign slain
Allied in blood, mature in wisdom him,
Of valore unsurpassable, by all Beloved and honour'd, him the general voice
Acclaims their King; him they demand, to lead
Their gather'd force to battle, to revenge
Their Lord, their Gods, their kinsmen, to redeem
Their altars and their home.

The blast of war
Hurtle, with horrible uproar and flush
Of rocks that meet in battle. Arm'd with this,
In safety shall we walk along the road, 56
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 roots,
Whose keeness cuts the soul. Ye noble dead,
Protected with these potent amulets, 60
Soon shall your Spirits reach triumphantly
The Palace of the Sun!

The funeral train
Moved to Mexitli's temple. First on high
The noble dead were borne; in loud lament
Then follow'd all by blood allied to them,
Or by affection's voluntary tie
Attach'd more closely, brethren, kinsmen, wives.
The Peers of Aztlán, all who from the sword
Of Britain had escaped, honouring the rites.

Came clad in rich array, and bore the arms
Anonymous of the dead. The slaves went last,
And dwarfs, the pastime of the living chiefs,
In their sport and mockery, and in death!
Their victims. Wailing and with funeral hymns;
And as each leaf was given, Tezozomoc
Address'd the dead, . . So may ye safely pass
Between the mountains, which in endless war
Sweep like dust the uprooted rocks, Whose keenness cuts the soul. Ye noble dead,
Protected with these potent amulets, 60
Soon shall your Spirits reach triumphantly
The Palace of the Sun!

The long procession moved. Mexitli's Priest,
With all his servants, from the temple's side
Advanced to meet the train. Two pies were built
Within the sacred court, of odorous wood.
And rich with gums; on those, with all their robes,
Their insignias and their arms, they laid the dead,
Then lit the pile. The rapid light ran up,
Up flamed the fire, and o'er the dark 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,
Stumm'd: senseless. One alone there was,
Whose cheek was flush'd, whose eye was animat'd
With fire, 90
Her most in life Coanocotzin prized.
By ten years' love endur'd, his companion
His friend, the partner of his secret thoughts;
Such had she been, such merit'd to be,
As she bore her bosom to the knife, Call'd on Yuhüdithon. . . Take heed, O King!
About she cried, and pointed to the Priests,
Beware these wicked men! they to the war
Forced my dead Lord. . . Thou knowest, and I know,
He loved the Strangers; that his noble mind,
Enlighten'd by their love, had willingly
Put down these cursed altars! . . As she spoke,
They drag'd her to the stone. Nay! nay! she cried,
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 Tezozonco the crown of Aztlan placed; And in the robe of emblazon’d royalty, Preceded by the golden wands of state, Yuhidhiton went forth, anointed King.

XX. THE DEATH OF COATEL

When now the multitude beheld their King, In gratulations of reiterated joy They shout his name, and bid him lead them on To victory. But to answer that appeal Tezozonco advanced. ... Oh! go not forth, Cried the Chief Paba, till the land be purified From her offence! No God will lead ye on.

While there is guilt in Aztlan. Let the Priests Who from the ruined city have escaped, And all who in their temples have performed The envoys 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 favour'd Aztlan; bound for death The White King lay; our coutnrymen 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 hold in bonds, Stood in the foremost fight and flew your Lord. Not by a God, O Azteca, enlarged Broke he his bondage! by a mortal hand, An impious, sacrilegious, traitor hand, Your city was betray’d, your King was slain, Your shrines polluted. The insulted Power, He who is terrible, beheld the deed, And now he calls for vengeance. Stern he spake, And from Mexitli’s altar bade the Priest Bring forth the sacred water. In his hand He took the vase, and held it up, and cried, Accursed be he who did this deed! Accursed The father who begat him, and the breast At which he fed! Death be his portion now Eternal infamy his lot on earth, His doom eternal horrors! Let his name From sire to son, in the people’s mouth, Through every generation! Let a curse Of deep and pious and effectual hate For ever follow the detested name; And every curse inflicted on his soul A staff of mortal anguish.

Then he gave The vase ... Drink one by one! the innocent Boldly; on them the water hath no power; ... But let the guilty tremble! it shall flow A draught of agony and death to him, A stream of fiery poison. Coatel! What were thy horrors when the fatal vase Poured to thy trial, when Tezozomoc Fix’d his keen eye on thee! A deathliness Came over her, ... her blood ran back, ... her joints Shook like the palsy, and the dreadful cup Dropped from her conscious hold. The Priest exclaim’d, The hand of God! the avenger manifested! Drag her to the altar! ... At that sound of death The life forsook her limbs, and down she fell, Senseless. They dragg’d her to the Stones of Blood, All senseless as she lay; ... in that dread hour Nature was kind. Tezozonco 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 Costantions; and that at eve I stood among the Pabas in the gate, &c Blessing our soldiers, as they issued out, Let them who saw bear witness. ... Two came forth, And testified Acullua speak the words Of truth. Full well I know, the old man pursed, My daughter loved the Stranger, ... 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 espousals to Lincoya, him who fled From sacrifices, it was a misfortune To me for to see my only child condemn’d In early widowhood to waste her youth, My only and my beautifullest girl! Chief of the Priests, you order’d; I obeyed. 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! Yuhidhiton exclaim’d. Nay, King Yuhidhiton! Acullua cried, I merit death. My country overthrown, My daughter slain, alike demand on me That justice. When her years of ministry
Vow'd to the temple had expired, my love,
My selfish love, still suffer'd her to give
Her youth to me, by filial piety.

But I am old; and she was all to me.
O King Yuhithiton, I ask for death;
In mercy, let me die! cruel it were to bid me waste away alone in age,
By the slow pain of grief... Give me the knife
Which pierced my daughter's bosom!

The old man moved to the altar; none opposed his way;
With a firm hand he buried in his heart
The reeking flint, and fell upon his child.

XXI. THE SPORTS

A TRANSITORY gloom that sight of death
Impress'd upon the assembled multitude,
But soon the brute and unreflecting crew
Turn'd to their sports. Some bare their olive limbs,
And in the race contend; with hopes and fears
Which rouse to rage, some urge the 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 bifo'ck's 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 coloured cord, and as they weave
The complex crossings of the maze dance,
The chequers'd network twists around the tree.

But now a shout went forth, the Flyers mount,
And from all manner sports the multitude
Flock to their favourite pastime. In the ground,
Branchless and bark'd, the trunk of some tall pine
Is planted; near its summit a square frame;
Four cords pass through the perforated square,
And fifty times and twice around the tree.
A mystic number, are entwined above.
Four Aztecas, equip'd with wings, ascend,
And round them bind the ropes; anon they wave
Their pinions, and upborne on spreading wings.
Launch on the air, and wheel in circling flight,
The lengthening cords unwinding 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 gait.
Till now, with many a round, the wheeling cords
Draw near their utmost length, and toward the ground
The aerial circles speed; then down the ropes
They spring, and on their way from line to line
Pass, while the shouting multitude endure
A shuddering admiration.

As oft in Aztlan, on his azure throne
These gods, they saith the God, they see him now,
Unbroken and the same.
Again the Priest enters; again a second joy inspired
To frenzy all around; forforth he came,
Shouting with new delight, for in his hand
The banner of the nation he upheld,
That banner to their fathers sent from Heaven,
By them abandon'd to the conqueror.

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, valour, 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 Metzitli's praise.
Glory to thee, the Great, the Terrible,
Metzitli, guardian God!... From whence art thou,
O Son of Mystery? From whence art thou,
Whose sire thy Mother knew not? She sat at eve
Walk'd in the temple court, and saw from Heaven
A plume descend, as bright and beautiful.
As if some spirit had embodied there
The rainbow hues, or dipt 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 steem children with revengeful eyes
Beheld their Mother's shame. She saw their brows,
She knew their plots of blood. Where shall she look
For succour, when her sons conspire her death?
Where hope for comfort, when her daughter whets
The impious knife of murder?... From her womb
The voice of comfort came, the timely aid:
Already at her breast the blow was aimed.
Whenforth Mexiti lept, and in his hand
The angry spear, to punish and to save.
Glory to thee, the Great, the Terrible,
Mexiti, guardian God!
Arose and save,
Mexiti, save thy people! Dreadful one,
Arose, redeem thy city, and revenge!
An impious, an impenetrable foe.
Hath blacken'd thine own altars, with the blood
Of thine own priests; hath dash'd thine Image down.
In vain did valour's naked breast oppose
Their mighty arms; in vain the feeble sword
Was on another left.
Victorious thus
In Aztlan, it behoved the Cymry now
There to collect their strength, and there await.
Or thence with centered numbers urge, the war.
For this was Hard missioned to the ships,
For this Lincoya from the hills invites
Brilliyab and her tribe. There did not breathe,
On this wide world, a happier man that day
Than young Lincoya, when from their retreat
He bade his countrymen come repossess
The land of their forefathers; proud at heart
To think how great a part himself had borne
In their revenge, and that beloved one,
The gentle saviour of the Prince, whom well
He knew his own dear love, and for the deed
Still dearer loved the dearest. Round the youth,
Women and children, the innum and old,
Gather to hear his tale; and as they stood
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-sit pits.
Ten monumental hills they heap'd on high.
Next horror heightening joy, they overthrew
The skull-built towers, the piles of human heads,
And earth to earth consign'd them. To the flames
They cast the idols, and upon the wind
Scattered their ashes; then the temples fell.
Whose black and putrid walls were sealed with blood.
And not one stone of those accursed piles
Was on another left.

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 unhelm'd heads, reclining on their shields,
Slept the deep sleep of weariness. Ere long,
To needful labour rising, from the gates
They drag the dead; and with united toil,
...
The Rules of the Souls departed gave;  
And mindful of his charge the adven-
turer brought  
His subtle captive home. There under-
neath  
The shelter of a hut, his friends had  
watch'd  
The Maiden's corpse, secured it from the  
sun.  
And found away the insect swarms of  
heaven.  
A busy hand marr'd all the enterprize!  
Curious to see the Spirit, he unloosed  
The knotted bag which held her, and she  
she fled.  
Lincoya, thou art brave; where man has  
gone  
Thou wouldst not fear to follow:  
Silently  
Lincoya listen'd, and with unmoved  
eyes  
At length he answer'd, Is the journey long?  
The old man replied. A way of many  
moons,  
I know a shorter path! exclaim'd the  
youth;  
And up he sprung, and from the precipice  
Darted: a moment, and Ayayaea heard.  
He sung: Three things a wise man will not  
trust,  
The Wind, the Sunshine of an April day,  
And Woman's plighted faith. I have  
beheld  
The Weathercock upon the steeples,  
Steady from morn till eve; and I have  
seen  
The bees go forth upon an April morn,  
Secure the sunshine will not end in  
sowers;  
But when was Woman true?  
With smile of playful anger she ex-
claim'd,  
False Bard! I threaten!  
And slanderous song!  
Were such thy thoughts?  
Of woman's plighted faith or youth?  
When thy youthful lays were heard  
In Hellyn's hall? But at that name  
he heart  
Leapt, and his cheek with sudden flush  
was fired;  
In Hellyn's hall, quoth he, I learn'd the  
song.  
There was a Maid, who dwelt among the  
hills  
Of Arvon, and to one of humble birth  
Had pledged her troth; nor rashly,  
nor beguiled;  
They had been playmates in their in-
fancy,  
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  
sake  
The song was framed; for in the face of  
day  
She broke them. But her name?  
Goervyl ask'd;  
Quoth he, The poet loved her still too  
well,  
To couple it with shame.  
O fate unjust;  
O dute unkind! she cried; our virtues  
Bloom,  
Like violets, in shade and solitude,  
While evil eyes hunt all our failings out,  
For evil tongues to bruit abroad in  
jest,  
And song of obloquy! I knew a Maid,  
And she too dwelt in Arvon, and she too  
loved one of lowly birth, who ill repaid  
Her spotless faith; for he to ill reports,  
And tales of falsehood cunningly de-
vis'd,  
Lent a light ear, and to his rival left  
The loathing Maid. The wedding-day  
arrived.  
The harpers and the gleemen, far and  
wide  
Came to the wedding-feast; the wed-
ding-guests  
Were come, the altar drest, the bride-
maids met;  
The father, and the bridegroom, and the  
priest  
Wait for the bride. But she the while  
cid off  
Her bridal robes, and elipt her golden  
locks,  
And put on boy's attire, through wood  
and wild  
To seek her own true love; and over  
sea,  
For asking all for him, she followed  
him;  
Nor hoping nor deserving fate so fair;  
And at his side she stood, and heard him  
wrong  
Her faith with slanderous tales; and  
his dull eye,  
As it had learnt his heart's forgiveness,  
Knows not the trembling one, who even  
now  
Yearns to forgive him all!  
He turn'd, he knew  
The blue-eyed Maid, who fell upon his  
breast.
Hark! from the towers of Aztlan how the shouts
Of clamorous joy re-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;
Melodious wave thy groves, thy garden-sweets
Enrich the pleasant air, upon the lake
Lie the long shadows of thy towers, and high
In heaven thy temple-pyramids rise;
Upon whose summit now, far visible
Against the clear blue sky, the Cross of Christ
Proclaims unto the nations round the news
Of thy redemption. Thou art beautiful,
Aztlan! O City of the Cymbrio Prince!
Long mayst thou flourish in thy beauty,
Prosper beneath the righteous conqueror,
Who conquers to redeem! Long years of peace
And happiness await thy Lord and throne,
Queen of the Valley! Either joyously
The Hoamen came to repossess the land
Of their forefathers. Joyfully the youth
Came shouting, with acclaim of grateful praise,
Their great Deliverer's name; the old,
in talk
Of other days, when 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
Eriljabh at the gate... Sister and Queen,
Said he, here let us hold united reign;
For 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 ever more
Indissolubly knit.
O friend, she cried,
The last of all my family am I;
Yet sure, though last, the happiest, and
By Heaven Favour'd abundantly above them all,
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 Eriljabh,
There where her sires had held their ruler reign,
To pass the happy remnant of her years,
Honour'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 dispatch'd,
Drew nigh the town. The Hoamen as they
Bidding sends; such greeting as from foe
Foe may receive, where individual hate
Is none, but honour and assured esteem,
And what were friendship did the Gods permit,
The King of Aztlan sends. Oh dream not thou
That Aztlan is subdued; nor in the pride
Of conquest temp thy fortune! Unpre-
Paradise?
For battle, at an hour of festival,
Her children were surprised; and thou
Carest not to know
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 inhabitants
All are in arms against thee! Thinkest thou
To root them from the land? Or wouldst
Then live, haras'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 ever
Thy dwelling-place, North, South, or East,
Or mount again thy houses of the sea
And search the waters. Whate'er thy wants
Demand, will Aztlan willingly supply.
Prepared with friendly succour, to assist
Thy safe departure. Thus Yuhdithlon,
Remembering his old friendship, counsels thee;
Thus, as the King of Aztlan, for himself
And people, he commands. If obstinate,
If blind to your own welfare, ye persist,
Woe to ye, wretched! to the armed man
Who in the fight must perish; to the wife,
Who vainly on her husband's aid will wait
Woe to the babe that hangs upon the breast,
For Aztlan comes in anger, and her Gods
Spare none.

The Conqueror calmly answer'd him,
By force we won thy city, Azteca;
By force we will maintain it, to the King
Repeat my saying. To this godly land
Your fathers came for an abiding place,
Strangers like us, but not like us, in peace.
They 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
Consum'd 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 lives Patamba seen
Shall fall like Aztlan; and what other towns
They seek in flight, shall like Patamba fall;
Till broken in their strength and spirit-crush'd
They bow the knee, or leave the land to us,
Its worthy Lords.
If this be thy reply, Son of the Ocean! said the messenger,
I bid thee, in the King of Aztlan's name
Mortal defiance. In the field of blood,
Before our multitudes shall trample down
Thy mad and miserable countrymen.
Yuhdithlon invites thee to the strife
Of equal danger. So may he avenge
Cosnocetzin, or like him in death
Discharge his duty. Tell Yuhdithlon,
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
MADOE IN AZTLAN

To raise the hand which hath been joined with his
In peace... With that the Heralds went their way;
Nor to the right nor to the left they turn,
But to Patamba straight they journey back.

XXV. THE LAKE FIGHT

The mariners, meantime, at Ririd's will,
Unreeve the rigging, and the masts they strike;
And now ashore they haul the lighten'd hulks,
Tear up the deck, the severed planks bear off,
Disjoin the well-scared timbers, and the keel.
Loosen aunder 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 side of fire, the needful gum.
Beneath the close-caulk'd planks its odorous stream
They pour; then last, the round-projecting prow
With iron arm, and launch, in uproar loud.
Of joy, anticipating victory,
The galleys long and sharp. The masts are rear'd,
The sails are bent, and lo! the ready barks
Lie on the lake.

It chanced, the Hoamen found
A spy of Aztlan, and before the Prince
They led him. But when Madoe 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 nation's force
Could profit thee, be sure, ere I would let
My tongue play traitor, thou shalt limb from limb
How me, and make each separate member feel
A separate agony of death. O Prince!
But I will tell ye of my nation's force,
That ye may know and tremble at your dooms;
That fear may half subdue ye to the sword
Of vengeance... Can ye count the stars
The waves which ruffle o'er the lake
The leaves
Swept from the autumnal forest? Can ye look
Upon the eternal snows of wonder height
And number each particular flake that form'd
The mountain-mass... so numberless they come,
Who'er can wield the sword, or hurl the lance,
Or shoot the bow; from the growing boy,
Ambitious of the battle, to the old man,
Who to revenge his country and his Gods
Hastens, and then to die. By land they come;
And years must pass away ere on their path
The grass again will grow: they come by lake;
And ye shall see the shoals of their canoes
Darken the waters. Strangers! when our Gods
Have conquer'd, when ye lie upon the Stone
Of Sacrifice extended one by one,
Half of our armies cannot taste your flesh,
Though given in equal shares, and every share
Minced like a nestling's food!

Madoc replied, Azteca, we are few; but through the woods
The Lion walketh alone. The lesser fowls
Flock multitudinously in heaven, and fly
Before the eagle's coming. We are few;
And ye that 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 Aztlan; safely thus
Weening to reach the plain before her walls
And fresh for battle. Shine thou forth, O Sun!
Shine fairly forth upon a scene so fair!
Their thousand boats, and the ten thousand oars
From whose broad bowls the waters fall and flash,
And twice ten thousand... shore and hill to hill, re-echoing roll
And endless echo. On the other side
Advance the British barks; the fresh'ening breeze
Filis the broad sail, around the rushing keel
The waters sing, while proudly they sail on
Lords of the water. Shine thou forth, O Sun!
Shine 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 shower'd, like rain, upon the
Paralyzed barks.
The rattling shafts. Strong blows the
Auspicious gale;
Madoe, the Lord of Ocean, leads the way;
He holds the helm; the galleys where he guides
Flies on, and fall upon the first canoes
Drives shattering; midway its long length it struck,
And o'er the wreck with unimpeded force
Dashes among the fleet. The astoim'd men
Gaze in inactivity terror. They behold
Their splinter'd vessels floating all around.
Their warriors struggling in the lake, with arms
Experienced in the battle vainly now.
Dismay'd they drop their bows, and cast away
Their unavailing spears, and take to flight.
Before the Masters of the Elements,
Who rode the waters, and who made the winds
Wing them to vengeance! Forward now they bend,
And backward then, with strenuous strain of arm.
Press the broad paddle... Hope of victory
Was none, nor of defence, nor of revenge.
To sweeten death. Toward the shore they speed,
Toward the shore they lift their longing eyes:
O fools, to meet on their own element
The Sons of Ocean!... Could they but aland
Set foot, the strife were equal, or to die
Less dreadful. But, as if with wings of wind,
On fly the British barks... the favouring breeze
Blows strong; far, far behind their roaring keels
Lies the long line of foam; the helm directs:
Their force; they move as with the limbs of life,
Obedient to the will that governs them.
Where'er they pass, the crashing shock is heard.
The dash of broken waters, and the cry
Of sinking multitudes. Here one plies fast
The practised limbs of youth, but o'er his head
The galley drives; one follows a canoe
With skill availing only to prolong
Suffering; another, as with wiser aim
He swims across, to meet his coming friends.
Stun'd by the hasty and unheeding oar,
Sink's senseless to the depths. Lo! yonder beat
Graspt by the thro'nging struggling; its light length
Yields to the overbearing weight, and all
Share the same ruin. Here another shows
Crueller contest, where the crew hack off
The hands that hang for life upon its side,
Last all together perish; then in vain
The voice of friend or kinsman prays for mercy.
Imperious self controul's 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,
Tlalco! and thou, O Aiau, 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
Wept; 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 bodies of the dead.
Then on the shore the mother might be seen,
Seeking her child; the father to the tomb,
With limbs too weak for that unhappy weight,
Bearing the bloated body of his son;
The wife, who, in expectant agony,
Watch'd the black caws over the coming wave.

On every brow terror was legible; to
Anghish in every eye. There was not one
Who in the general ruin did not share
Lament some dear one dead. Along the lake
The frequent funeral-piles, for many a day;
With the noon-light their melancholy flames
Dingly commingled; while the mourners stood,
Watching the pile, to feed the lingering fire,
As slowly it consumed the watery corpse.

Thou didst not fear, young Tlalala! thy soul,
Unconquer'd and unconquerable, rose
Superior to its fortune. When the
Chiefs
Hung their dejected heads, as men subdued
In spirits, then didst thou, Yuhuithiton,
Calm in the hour of evil, still maintain
Thy even courage. They from man to man
Go, with the mourners mourning, and by grief
Exciting rage, till, at the promised fight,
The dark Priest Concealed his 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 performed, Yuhidthiton replied. On the third day, if yonder Lord of Light In the Cycle 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 Patamba's streets The warning voice. Woe! Woe! the Sun hath reached The limits of his course; he hath filled the appointed cycle! Fast, and weep, and pray.

Four Sun's have perish'd... fast, and weep, and pray. Lost the fifth perish also. On the first 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

Fell on itself, and spent themselves, and all Was vacancy and darkness Yet again The World had being, and another Sun Roll'd round the path of Heaven. That perish'd too; The mighty Whirlwinds rose, and far away Scatter'd its dying flames. The fifth was born; The fifth to-day completes its destined course, Perchance to rise no more. O Aztlan, fast And pray! the Cycle of the Years is full!

Thus through Patamba did the ominous voice Exhort the people. Fervent vows all day Were made, with loud lament; in every face, In every dwelling-place of man, were prayers, The supplications of the afflicted heart. Earnestly offered up with tears and groans. So pass'd the forenoon; and when now the Sun Slipped from its southern height the downward way Of Heaven, again the ominous warning cried, Woe! Woe! the Cycle of the Years is full! Quench every fire! Extinguish every light! And every fire was quench'd, and every light Extinguished at the voice.

Meantime the Priests Began the rites They gash'd themselves, and plunged Into the sacred pond of Espan. 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 simulacrum, or crawl on reptile feet. These in one cordon, o'er the sacred fire They scorched, till of the lostsome living tribes, Who, writhing in their burning agonies, Fix on each other ill-directed wounds, Ashes alone are left. In infants' blood They mix the infernal unction, and the Priests Ancient themselves thenceforth.

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-swall, retiring to the shore, Sweep in long files the surface of the lake. Then from Patamba to the sacred mount The Priests go forth; but not with songs of joy.

Not cheerful instruments they go, nor train Of festive followers; silent and alone, Leading one victim to his dreadful death. They to the mountain-summit wend their way.

On the south shore, and level with the lake, Patamba stood; westward were seen the walls Of Aztlan rising on a gentle slope; Southward the plain extended far and wide; To the east the mountain-boundary began, And there the sacred mountain rear'd its head. Above the neighbouring heights, its lofty peak Was visible far off. In the vale below, Along the level borders of the lake, The assembled Aztecs, with wistful eye, Gaze on the sacred summit, hoping there Soon to behold the fire of sacrifice Arise, sure omen of continued light. The Pas to the sacred peak begin Their way, and as they go, with ancient songs Hymn the departed Sun. O Light of Life Yet once again arise! yet once again Commence thy course of glory! Time hath seen Four generations of mankind destroy'd. When the four Sun's expired; oh, let not thou, Human thyself of yore, the human race Languish and die in darkness! The fourth Sun Had perish'd; for the mighty Whirlwinds rose, And swept it, with the dust of the shatter'd world, Into the great abyss. The eternal Gods Built a new World, and to a Hero race Assign'd it for their goodly 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 sunnals of the heroes born of Heaven. 
But in the firmament no orb of day 
Perform'd its course; nature was blind; 
Of light had ceased to flow; the eye of Heaven; 
Was quench'd in darkness. In the sad obscure, 
The earth possessors to their parent gods, 
Pray'd for another sun, their bidding heard, 
And in obedience raised a flaming pile. 
Hopeful they circled it, when from above 
The voice of the invisible proclaim'd, 
That he who bravely plunged amid the fire, 
Should live again in heaven, and there shine forth. 
The sun of the young world, the hero race, 
Grew pale, and from the fiery trial shrunk. 
Thou, Nahuaatin, thou, o mortal born, 
Heardst! thy heart was strong; the flames received. 
Their victim, and the huddled heroes saw 
The orient sky, with smiles of rosy joy, 
Welcome the coming of the new-born god. 
O human ones, now let not human-kind languish, and die in darkness! 
In the east, then didst thou pause to see the hero race, 
Perish. In vain, with impious arms, they strove 
Against thy will; in vain against thine orb 
They shot their shafts; the arrows of their pride 
Fell 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 sacrifice, 
Honouring thy godhead, and with morning hymns 
And with the joy of music and of dance, 
Welcome thy glad uprise, .. to them, o sun, 
Still let the fountain-streams of splendid flow, 
Still smile on them propitious, thou whose smile 
Is light and life and joyance! once again, 
Parent of being, prince of glory, rise, 
Begn thy course of beauty once again! 
Such was their ancient song, as up the height 
Slowly they wound their way. The multitude 
Beneath repeat the strain; with fearful eyes 
They watch the spreading glories of the west! 
And when at length the hastening orb hath sunk 
Below the plain, such sinking at the heart, 
They feel, as he who hopeles of return 
From his dear home departs. still on the light, 
The last green light that lingers in the west; 
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, 
Fell yet severer awe, .. so solemnly still 
The thundering thousands stood. 
The breeze was heard 
That rustling 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 blend the blow of mercy. 
Fled 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 wretched 
The inhuman ministers of rites accost, 
Stand, and expect the signal when to strike 
The sacred fire. their chief, tezo-nome, 
Apart from all, upon the pinnacle, 
Of that high mountain, eastward turns his eyes; 
For now the hour draws nigh, and speedily 
He looks to see the first faint dawn of day. 
Break through the orient sky, impatiently 
The multitude await the happy sign, 
Long hath the midnight passed, and every hour, 
Yea, every moment, to their torturing fears 
Seem'd lengthen'd out, insufferably long, 
Silent they stood, and breathless in suspense.
The storm hath ceased; but still the lava-tides
Roll down the mountain-side in streams of fire;
Down to the lako they roll, and yet roll on,
All burning, through the waters. Heaven above
Glows round the burning mount, and fiery clouds
Scour through the black and starest 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 till,
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 struggling;... but how few! upon the crags
Which verge the northern shore, upon the heights
Eastward, how few have ventured! Then the King
Almost repeated him of His preserved,
And wished the waves had whelmed him, or the sword;
Fallen on him, ere this ill, this wretchedness.

This desolation. Spirit-troubled thus,
He called to mind bow, from the first, his heart
Inclined to peace, and how reluctantly,
Obedient to the Pabas and their Gods.
Had he to this unhappy war been driven.
All now was ended: it remain'd to yield
To obey the inevitable will of Heaven,
From Aztlan to depart. As thus he mused,
A Bird, upon a bough which overhangs
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 Aztecas. The King look'd up;
The hour, the horrors round him, had impressed'd
Feelings and fears well fitted to receive
All superstition; and the voice which cried,
Depart! depart! seemed like the voice of fate,
He thought, perhaps Conocotzin's soul,
Descending from his blissful halls in the home
Of evil thus to comfort and advise,
Hover'd above him. Lo! toward the rock,
Ozing with feeble arms his difficult way,
A warring struggle; he hath reach'd the rock,
Hath grasp't it, but his strength, exhausted, fails
To lift him from the depth. The life 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
Those flowing 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 return'd
Flow'd with a freer action. They arose,
And look'd around, if aught of hope might meet
Their prospect. On the lake the galleys plied,
Their till 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
Speed'd the ascent. Then Thalala took hope,
And his young heart, reviving, re-assumed
Its wonted vigour. Let us to the heights,
He cried;... all is not lost. Yuhikhition!
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
Yuhikhition 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 hoste?
Her marshal'd myriads 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
Run with their infants; widow'd now, yet each
Among the few who from the lake escaped.
Wandering with eager eyes and wretched hope
The King beheld and groan'd: against a tree
He leant, and bow'd his head, subdu'd of soul.

Meantime, amid the crowd, doth
Thalala
Sick for his wife and boy. In vain he seeks
Manque there; in vain for her he asks;
A troubled look, a melancholy eye,
A silent motion of the hopeless head.
Those answer him. But Thalala represt
His anguish, and he call'd upon the King;
Yuhikhition! thou seest thy people left;
Their fate must be determined; they are here
Houseless and wanting food.
The King look'd up,...
It is determined, Thalala! the Gods
Have crush'd us. Who can stand against their wrath?

Have we not life and strength? the Tiger cried.
Dispense these women to the towns which stand
Beyond the ruinous waters; against them
The White Men will not war. Ourselves
Are few, from the depth. The life 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
Those flowing 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.
Then spake the King, and called a messenger, And bade him speed to Aztlan. . . Seek the Lord Of Ocean; tell him that Yuhudithitont, Vicar to the will of Heaven, and leaves the land His fathers won in war. Only one boon, In memory of our former friendship, must be granted: The ashes of my fathers, . . If indeed The conqueror has not cast them to the winds. The herald went his way circuitous, Along the mountains, . . for the flooded vale Bare the nearer passage: but before his feet Could traverse half their track, the fugitives Beheld canoes from Aztlan, to the foot Of that protecting eminence, whereon They had their stand, draw nigh. The doubtful . . The Articulate note. The people heard In faith, and Tlalala made no reply: But dark his brow, and gloomy was his frown. Then Madoc said, Abide not here, King, Thus open to the changeful elements; But till the day of your departure come, Sojourn with me. . . Madoc, that must not be! Yuhudithiton replied. Shall I behold A stranger dwelling in my father's house? Shall I become a guest, where I was wont.

To you, their favourites, we resign the land Our fathers conquest. 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 about Throughout the land; North, South, and East, and West, Proclaim the ruin. Say to all who bear The name of Aztlan, 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 free A blessing, if it knit the bonds of peace, And make us as one people. Tlalala! Hearest thou him? Yuhudithiton exclaimed. Do thou thy pleasure, King! the Tiger cried: My path is plain. . . Therset Yuhudithiton. Answering, replied, Thus humbled as thou seest, Bemuse the visitation of the Gods. We bow before their will! To them we yield;
To give the guest his welcome?... He
pursued
After short pause of speech... For our
old men,
And helpless babes and women; for all
Whom wisely fear and feebleness deter
To tempt strange paths, through swamp and wilderness
And hostile tribes, for these Yuhïdïthon
Intreats thy favour. Underneath thy sway,
They may remember me without regret,
Yet not without affection... They shall be
My people, Madoc answer'd... And the rites
Of holiness transmitted from their sires...
Pursued the King... will these he suffer
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,
Yuhïdïthon replied; I ask no more.
It is not for the conquer'd to impose
Their law upon the conqueror.
Then he turnd, 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 rose'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
Yuhïdïthon, their own beloved King.
So two days long, with unremitting
The banks of Britain to the adventurers
Bore due supply; and to new inhabitants
The city of the Cymry spread her welcome.
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 the break of day
The mountain echoes to the busy sound
Of multitudes. Before the moving tribe
The thalass bear, enclosed from public sight,
Mezzil; and the Ashes of the Kings
Follow the Chair of God. Yuhïdïthon
Then leads the marshall'd ranks, and by his side,
Silent and thoughtfully, went Tlalala.
At the north gate of Aztlan, Malinal,
Borne in a litter, waited their approach; And now alighting, as the train draw'd nigh,
Prop'd by a friendly arm, with feeble step
Advanced to meet the King. Yuhïdïthon,
With eye severe and darkening countenance,
Met his advance. I did not think, quoth he,
Thou wouldst have ventured this! and lier 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
Of thy dishonour, that thouarest here,
Sharing the bounty of the Conqueror, While, with the remnant of his countrymen,
Saving the Gods of Aztlan and the name,
Thy brother and thy King goes forth to seek
His fortune!
Calm and low the youth replied,
Ill do thou judge of me, Yuhïdïthon! And rashly doth my brother wrong the heart
He better should have known! Howbeit,
Prepared for grief. These honourable
Wounds were gain'd when, singly, at Caer-
Opposed the ruffian Hoamen: and even now,
Thus feeble as thou seest me, come I thence,
For this farewell. Brother... Yuhïdïthon,
By the true love which thou didst bear
My youth, Which ever, with a love as true, my heart
Hath answer'd... by the memory of that hour
When our mother's funeral pile we stood,
Go not away in wrath, but call to mind
What thou hast ever known me! Side by side
We fought against the Strangers, side by side
We fell; together in the council-hall
We counsel'd peace, together in the field
Of the assembly pledged the word of peace.
When plots of secret slaughter were devised,
I raised my voice alone, alone I kept
The judgement of just Heaven; for this I bore
Reproach and shame and wrongful disparagement.
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,
Willfully 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 honour thy true virtue. Now, farewell!
So saying, to his heart he held the youth,
Then turn'd away. But then cried Tlalala,
Farewell, Yuhïdïthon! 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 my father's house;
My father lies beneath it. Call to mind
Sometimes that tree; for at its foot in peace
BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES.

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN

[First published in The Oracle, afterwards in Poems, 1797.]

The circumstances related in the following Ballad were told me when a schoolboy, as having happened in the north of England. Either Furness or Kirkstall Abbey (I forget which) was named as the scene. The original story, however, is in Dr. Plot's History of Staffordshire, p. 291. The metre is Mr. Lewis's invention; and metre is one of the few things concerning which popularity may be admitted as a proof of merit. The ballad has become popular owing to the metre and the story; and it has been made the subject of a fine picture by Mr. Barker.

1

"Who is yonder poor Maniac, whose wildly-fix'd eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express? She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composition of settled distress.

2

No pity she looks for, no alms doth she seek;
Nor for raiment nor food doth she care;
Through her tatters the winds of the winter blow bleak,
On that wither'd breast, and her weather-worn cheek
Hath the hue of a mortal despair.

3

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day
Poor Mary the Maniac hath been;
The Traveller remembers who journey'd this way
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

4

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight
As she welcomed them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night
When the wind whistled down the 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.

7

'Tis pleasant,' cried one, 'seated by the fire-side,
"To hear the wind whistle without."
"What a night for the Abbey!" his comrade replied,
"Methinks a man's courage would now go 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.'

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-humour did Mary comply,
And her way to the Abbey she bent;
The night was dark, and the wind was high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

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 draw near,
When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear,
She paused, and she listen'd intently, in fear,
And her heart panted painfully now.

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-blood curdle 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 fell, 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
And fast through the Abbey she flies.

19
She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,
She gazed in her terror around,
Then her limbs could support their faint burthen no more,
And exhausted and breathless she sank on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

20
'Yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;
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.

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 espy;
The traveller beholds them, and thinks with a sigh
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

22
[Published in Poems, 1797. The Ballad is founded on stories 'to be found in the notes to The Hierarchies of the Blessed Angels, a poem by Thomas Heywood...']

DONICA

23
The fisher in the lake below
Durst never cast his net,
Nor ever swallow in its waves
Her passing wing would wet.

24
The cattle from its ominous banks
In wild alarm would run,
Though parch'd with thirst, and faint beneath
The summer's scorching sun.

25
For sometimes when no passing breeze
The long lank sedges waved,
All white with foam and heaving high
Its deafening billows raved.

26
And when the tempest from its base
The rooted pine would shake,
The powerless storm unruffling swept
Across the calm dead lake.

27
And ever then when death drew near
The house of Arlinkow,
Its dark unfathom'd waters sent
Strange music from below.

28
The Lord of Arlinkow was old,
One only child had he,
Donica was the Maiden's name,
As fair as fair might be.

29
Together did they hope to tread
The pleasant path of life,
For now the day drew near to make Donica Eberhard's wife.

30
A bloom as bright as opening morn
Suffused her clear white cheek;
The music of her voice was mild,
With a sigh
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

31
[Published in Poems, 1797. The Ballad is founded on stories 'to be found in the notes to The Hierarchies of the Blessed Angels, a poem by Thomas Heywood...']

DONICA

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.

32
Far was her beauty known, for none
So fair could Finland boast;
Her parents loved the Maiden much,
Young Eberhard loved her most.

33
Together did they hope to tread
The pleasant path of life,
For now the day drew near to make
Donica Eberhard's wife.

34
The eye was fair and mild the air,
Along the lake they strayed;
The eastern hill reflected bright
The tints of fading day.

35
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 50
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  
Dimpl'd 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 Maid fell.

Loudly the Youth in terror shriek'd,  
And with a wild and eager look  
Gazed on the lifeless Maid.

And many a rich and noble youth  
Had sought to win the fair,  
But never a youth at aught esteem'd  
Could rival Rudiger.

And when the Youth with holy warmth  
Her hand in his did hold,  
Sudden he felt Donica's hand  
Grow deadly damp and cold.

And when the Youth with holy warmth  
Her hand in his did hold,  
Sudden he felt Donica's hand  
Grow deadly damp and cold.

But loudly then he shriek'd, for lo!  
A Spirit met his view, no  
And Eberhard in the angel form  
Has been adapted from Thomas Heywood.

But when they at the altar stood,  
And heard the sacred rite,  
The hollow'd hers 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 damp and cold.

And when the Youth with holy warmth  
Her hand in his did hold,  
Sudden he felt Donica's hand  
Grow deadly damp and cold.

But loudly then he shriek'd, for lo!  
A Spirit met his view, no  
And Eberhard in the angel form  
Has been adapted from Thomas Heywood.

And when the Youth with holy warmth  
Her hand in his did hold,  
Sudden he felt Donica's hand  
Grow deadly damp and cold.

But loudly then he shriek'd, for lo!  
A Spirit met his view, no  
And Eberhard in the angel form  
Has been adapted from Thomas Heywood.

And many a rich and noble youth  
Had sought to win the fair,  
But never a youth at aught esteem'd  
Could rival Rudiger.

Yet Rudiger would sometimes sit  
Absorb'd in silent thought,  
And his dark downward eye would  
Seem with anxious meaning fraught:

But so seest thou, Rudiger!  
Yet Rudiger would sometimes sit  
Absorb'd in silent thought,  
And his dark downward eye would  
Seem with anxious meaning fraught:

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Seem with anxious meaning fraught:

Yet Rudiger would sometimes sit  
Absorb'd in silent thought,  
And his dark downward eye would  
Seem with anxious meaning fraught:
It was a place all desolate, Nor house nor tree was there; But there a rocky mountain rose, Barren, and bleak, and bare.

So as he spake to land they drew And swift he stept on shore, And him behind did Margaret Close follow overmore.

The mother holds her precious babe; But the black arms clasp'd him round, And dragg'd the wretched Rudiger Adown the dark profound.

The full orb'd moon, that beam'd around Pale splendour through the night, Cast through the crimson canopy A dim discolour'd light.

And swiftly down the hurrying stream I11 silence still they sail, And the long streamer fluttoring fast Flapp'd to the heavy gale.

And round the baby fast and close Her trembling arms she folds, And with a strong convulsive grasp The little infant holds.

With arehing erest and swelling breast On sail'd the stately Swan, And lightly down the rapid tide The little boat went on.

He answ'rd not; for now he saw A Swan come sailing strong, And by a silver chain he drew A little boat along.

There was no human eye had seen The blood the murderer spilt, And Jaspar's conscience never felt The avenging goad of guilt.
Then Jonathan grew sick at heart; My conscience yet is clear! 
Jaspar it is not yet too late. I will not linger here.

The night was calm, the air was still, Sweet sung the nightingale; 
His soul of Jonathan was soothed, 
His heart began to fail.

The night was calm, the night was dark, 
No star was in the sky, 
The wind it waved the willow boughs, 
The stream flow'd quietly.

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! 
Nay 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;

But colder now he felt the cell, 
Those heavy drops no longer fell, 
Thick grew the piercing air; 
And now upon his aching sight,

What is it? asked Sir Owen, 
When he saw the terrors of that day, 
He trembled and his strength gave way; 
And deadly terror seiz'd him.

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.

'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, 
But longer shall his wife expect 
Her husband at the gate. 
Yet, let what will ensue; 
Our duties are prescribed and clear; 
Put off all mortal weakness here, 
This coffin is for you.

Sir Owen in a shroud was drest, 
They placed a cross upon his breast, 
And down he laid his head; 
Around him stood the funeral train, 
Each with a funeral torch in hand 
Whose light bedim'd the day.

'Are we safe enough," said Jaspar then, 
If that be all thy fear! 
Nay eye above, nor eye below, 
Can pierce the darkness here.

Tell me, sir," said Sir Owen, 
When he saw the terrors of that day, 
He trembled and his strength gave way; 
And deadly terror seiz'd him.

Three sops were brought of bread and wine, 
Well night Sir Owen then divine 
The mystic warning given, 
That he against our ghostly foe 
Must soon to mortal combat go, 
And put his trust in Heaven.

Sir Owen pass'd the convent gate, 
The Warden him conducted straight 
To where a coffin lay, 
Each with a funeral torch in hand 
Whose light bedim'd the day.

Sir Owen in a shroud was drest, 
They placed a cross upon his breast, 
And down he laid his head; 
Around him stood the funeral train, 
And sung with slow and solemn strain 
The Service of the Dead.

Now 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.
A Voice then spake within his ear,
And lill'd his inmost soul with fear;
'Adventurers like thyself were these!'
He seem'd to feel his life-blood freeze,
And yet subdue his dread.

'Of mortal Man,' the Voice pursued,
'Be wise in time for thine own good:
Alone I counsel thee;
Take pity on thyself, retracethy steps, and fly this dolorous place
While yet thy feet are free.

'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!'

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.

For he, as he beheld it,
Fai'd not in faith on Christ to call,'Lord, Thou canst save! ' he cried;
'When perfect faith is found indeed;
The rocks of ice divide.

A Paradise beyond was seen
Of shady groves and gardens green,
Fair flowers and fruitful trees,
And flowing fountains cool and clear,
Yet other trials he must meet,
For soon a close and piercing heat
Relax'd each loosened limb;
The sweat stream'd out from every part,
In short quick beatings toil'd his heart,
Yet other trials he must meet.

Enrapt, Sir Owen seems to hear
The harmonies of Heaven.

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.
13 'I have pass'd by about that hour
When ghosts their freedom have;
But here I saw no ghastly sight,
And quietly the glow-worm's light
Was shining on her grave.

14 'There's one who like a Christian lies
Beneath the church-tree's shade;
I'd rather go a long mile round
Than pass at evening through the ground
Wherein that man is laid.

15 'A decent burial that man had,
The bell was heard to toll,
When he was laid in holy ground,
But for all the wealth in Bristol town
I would not be with his soul!

16 'Did'st see a house below the hill
Which the winds and the rains destroy?
In that farm-house did that man dwell,
And I remember it full well
When I was a growing boy.

17 'But she was a poor parish girl
Who came up from the west;
From service hard she ran away,
And at that house in evil day
Was taken in to rest.

18 'A man of a bad name was he,
An evil life he led;
And in anger they grew red;
When I saw it in dreams again,
I shall never the sight forget!

22 This poor girl she 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.

23 '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.

24 '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.

25 '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!

26 '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:

27 'I think they could not have been closed,
So widely did they strain.
O Lord, it was a ghastly sight,
When I saw it in dreams again.

28 They were Angels, compared to the Devils he drew,
Who besieged poor St. Anthony's cell;
Such burning hot eyes, such a furnace-like hue!
And round them a sulphurous colouring he threw
That their breath seem'd of brimstone to smell.

29 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 out-do all before.

30 '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!'

31 Now the Painter was bold, and religious beside,
And on faith he had certain reliance;
And he has the old Wicked One quite.

32 'These once was a painter in Catholic days,
Like Jon who eschew'd 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.

33 'Twas no fancy, no dream, he could plainly survey
That the Devil himself was in sight.

34 '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!

35 'Every child at beholding it trembled with dread,
And screamed as he turned away quick.

36 Not an old woman saw it, but, raising her head,
Dropt a tear, made a cross on her wrinkles, and said,
Lord keep me from ugly Old Nick!'
THE PIOUS PAINTER

THE SECOND PART

[First published in The Morning Post, July 28, 1799.]

1.
The Painter so pious all praise had acquired
For defying 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.
Painter, avoid her!
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,
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 colours are ready, the canvas is spread,
He lays on the white, and he lays on the red,
And the features of beauty arise.

5.
He is come to her eyes, eyes so bright
And so blue!
There's a look which he cannot express...
His colours are dull to their quick-sparking hue;
More and more on the lady he fixes his
On the canvas he looks less and less.

6.
In vain he retouches, her eyes sparkle more,
And that look which fair Marguerite gave!
Many 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.
Night comes and the lovers impatiently meet;
Together they fly, they are seized in the street,
And in prison the Painter is thrown.

8.
Now Satan exults in his vengeance complete,
To the Husband he makes the scheme known;
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,'
Devil, if to what I propose you agree;
That picture, . . be just! the resemblance improve;
Make a handsomer portrait, your chains I'll remove,
And you shall this instant be free.'

11.
Overjoy'd, the conditions so easy he hears,
' I'll make you quite handsome!' he said,
And his chain on the Devil appears;
Released from his prison, released from his fears,
The Painter is snug in his bed.

12.
At morn he arises, composes his look,
And proceeds to his work as before;
The people behold him, the culprit they took;
They thought that the Painter his prison had broke,
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 And I must give the Devil his due.'

ST. MICHAEL'S CHAIR

[First published in The Morning Post, April 27, 1799; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.

Southey quotes as his authority for the story Whisker's Supplement to the First and Second Book of Poliahe's History of Cornwall, pp. 6, 7.]

1.
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, Chearful and frank and free, But he led a sad life with Rebecca his wife, For a terrible shrew was she.

Richard Penlake a scolding would take, Till Rebecca avow'd 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.

Richard Penlake repeated the vow, For woundily sick was he; Save me, St. Michael, and we will go Six marks to give to thee.

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.

Richard Penlake was a cheerful man, Chearful and frank and free, But he led a sad life with Rebecca his wife, For a terrible shrew was she.

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 bote.

Rebecca her husband had often wish'd To sit in St. Michael's chair; For she should be the mistress then If she had once sat there.

What if no miracle from Heaven The murderer's arm controul, 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 shalt 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.

CORNELIUS AGrippa
A Ballad of a Young Man that would read unlawful books, and how he was punished, Very pathetic and profitable.

[First published in The Morning Post, September 24, 1798; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799.]

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 Were the ugliest pictures that ever were seen,
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 marrow 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.
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 grinned 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.

ST. ROMUALD

(First published in The Morning Post, February 5, 1799; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1800, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.)

Westbury, 1798.

‘What might this honour be?’ the Traveller cried;
‘Why, Sir,’ the Host replied,
“We thought perhaps that he might one day leave us; And then should strangers have
The good man’s grave,
A loss like that which naturally grieveth us."
For he’ll be made a Saint of to be sure.
Therefore we thought it prudent to secure
His relics while we might;
And so we meant to strangle him one night.’

Westbury, 1798.

THE ROSE

[Published in Poems, vol. ii, 1799. The story on which this poem is based is to be found in The Voyage and Travaille of Sir John Mandeville.]

Nay, Edith! spare the Rose; perhaps it lives,
And feels the noontide sun, and drinks refresh’d
The dews of night.
Thou hast not heard
How first by miracle its fragrant leaves
Spread to the sun their beautiful love-
Thou hast not heard
How the rose beautified the sun;
And when the sun was beautified;
Then did the rose die.

A Frenchman stood 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?’

But, quoth the Traveller, ‘wherefore did he leave
A flock that knew his saintly worth so well?’

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 mock him like a Turk.
Then they would sometimes fight
All through a winter’s night.

From sun-set until morn,
He with a cross, the Devil with his horns:
The Devil splitting fire with might and main
Enough to make St. Michael half afraid:
He splashing holy water till he made 30
His red hide hiss again,
And the hot vapour 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 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 befell
He heard un luckily of our intent
to do him a great honour: and you know,
He was not covetous of fame below,
And so by stealth one night away he went.’

Westbury, 1798.
BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES

That all Judea spake the virgin's praise. He who had seen her eyes' dark radiance How it reveal'd her soul, and what a soul Beseem'd in the mild effulgence, woe to him For not in solitude, for not in crowds, 20 Might he escape remembrance, nor avoid Her imagined form which followed everywhere, And fill'd the heart, and fix'd the absent eye. Alas for him! her bosom own'd no love, Save the strong ardour of religious zeal, For Zillah on her God had center'd all Her spirit's deep affections.

So for her Her tribesmen sigh'd in vain, yet reverenced The obdurate virtue that destroy'd their hopes. One man there was, a vain and wretched man, 30 Who saw, desired, despaired, and hated her. His sensual eye had gloated on her cheek Even till the flush of angry modesty Gave it new charms, and made him gloat the more. She loathed him, for Hamuel's eye Was so bold, and Hamuel's eye was bold, And the strong workings of brute selfishness Had moulded his broad features; and she feared The bitterness of wounded vanity That with a fiendish hue would over-cast His faint and lying smile. Nor vain her fear, For Hamuel vow'd revenge, and laid a plot Against her virgin fame. He spread Whispers that travel fast, and ill report That soon obtain belief; how Zillah's

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 was a task Of easy sort to play the saint by day Before the public eye, but that all eyes Were blind 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-schemed villainy Produced such semblances of guilt... the Maid Was to the fire condemn'd. Without the walls, There was a barren field: a place abjured. For it was there where wretched criminals Receiv'd their death! and there they fix'd the stake, And piled the fuel round which should consume The injured Maid, abandon'd, as it seem'd, By God and Man. The assembled Bethemmites Beheld the scene, and when they saw the Maid Bound to the stake, with what calm holiness She lift'd her patient looks to the Heavens They doubted of her guilt. With other thoughts Stood Hamuel near the pile; him savage joy Led thitherward, but now within his heart Unwoild feelings stirr'd, and the first pangs Of welcoming guilt, anticipant of Hell. The eye of Zillah as it glanced around

Fell on the slanderer once, and rested there A moment: like a dagger did it pierce, And struck into his soul a cureless wound. Conscience! thou God within us! not in the hour Of triumph dost thou spare the guilty wretch. Not in the hour of infamy and death Forsake 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 Pour forth. 20

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 plains. 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, 30 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, For life, and liberty, and love. The ascent was perilous and high, 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,
'Then leap below and die with me.'

He clasp'd her close and cried farewell,
In one another's arms they fell;
In one another's arms they died.

And side by side they there are laid,
The Christian youth and Moorish maid;
But never Cross was planted there, Because they perish'd for despair.

Yet every Moorish maid can tell
Where Laila lies who loved so well,
And every youth who passes there,
Says for Manuel's soul a prayer.

Westbury, 1798.

GARCI FERRANDEZ

[Published in The Edinburgh Annual Register for 1806. The story is to be found in the Cronica General de España.]

PART I

1

In an evil day and an hour of woe Did Garci Ferrandez wed! He wedded the Lady Argentine,
As ancient stories tel,
He loved the Lady Argentine, Alas! for what befell!

The Lady Argentine had fled;
In an evil day and an hour of woe She hath left the husband who loved her well,
To go to Count Aymerique's bed.

2

Garci Ferrandez was brave and young,
The comliest 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 insul'd band
Who against his dreadful sword could stand;
And yet Count Garci's strong right hand
Was spotless, and soft, and white;
As white and as soft as a lady's hand
Was the hand of the beautiful Knight.

3

In an evil day and an hour of woe to Garci's Hall did Count Aymerique go;
In an evil hour and a luckless night From Garci's Hall did he take his flight.
There was never a daughter to be seen, That lady fair, his bane and bane.
Who against his word could stand;
In his eyes a beauty was seen.
Wishes, and his wish was there.
For Aymerique's blessing I would not stay,
Nor he nor his lenant should say me nay,
But I with him would wend away.

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 Aymerique's blessing I would not stay,
Nor he nor his lenant 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 weak and as wretched as a poor girl.
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.

6

From the castle-gate her handmaid came, And told her that a knight was there, Who sought to speak with Abba the fair, And tell her that he was Aymerique's beautiful daughter.
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 array'd, Yet noble in his weeds was he, And did his arms in them enfold As they were robes of royalty.

7

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 lenant are gone to their meat.
They look to their pages, and lo they see
Where Abba, a stranger so long before,
The ever, and basron, 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...
The wine hath warm’d Count Aymerique.
That mood his crafty daughter knew;
She came and kiss’d her father’s cheek,
And when the hour of rest was come,
She lay at her father’s feet.

In Aymerique’s arms the adulteress lay,
Then Abba, listening still in fear,
To hear the breathing long and slow,
At length the appointed signal gave,
And Garci Ferrandez wed.

Bishop Bruno awoke 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 turn’d to sleep and he dreamt again:
He rang at the Palace gate once more,
But 30011 the Bishop recover’d his glee,
For the wine went flowing merrily,
Till at length he forgot his former dread,
And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

Bishop Bruno slept no more that night,
For the wine had warm’d Count Aymerique.
And when the hour of rest was come,
She lay at her father’s feet.

Bishop Bruno smil’d at his fears so vain,
He turn’d to sleep and he dreamt again;
He rang at the Palace gate once more,
And Death was the Porter that open’d the door.

Then Abba, listening still in fear,
To hear the breathing long and slow,
At length the appointed signal gave,
And Garci Ferrandez wed.

Bishop Bruno smil’d at his fears so vain,
He turn’d to sleep and he dreamt again;
He rang at the Palace gate once more,
And Death was the Porter that open’d the door.

Then Abba, listening still in fear,
To hear the breathing long and slow,
At length the appointed signal gave,
And Garci Ferrandez wed.

Bishop Bruno smil’d at his fears so vain,
He turn’d to sleep and he dreamt again;
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Then Abba, listening still in fear,
To hear the breathing long and slow,
At length the appointed signal gave,
And Garci Ferrandez wed.

Bishop Bruno smil’d at his fears so vain,
He turn’d to sleep and he dreamt again;
He rang at the Palace gate once more,
And Death was the Porter that open’d the door.
There came a devil posting in
Return'd from his employ,
Seven years had he been gone from
Hell,
And now he came grinning for joy.

Seven years,' quoth he, 'of trouble and toil
Have I laboured the Pope to win;
And I to-day have caught him,
He hath done a deadly sin!

And then he took the Devil's book,
And wrote the deed therein.

Oh, then King Beelzebub for joy,
He drew his mouth so wide,
You might have seen his iron teeth,
Four and forty from side to side.

He wag'd his ears, he twisted his tail,
He knew not for joy what to do,
In his hoofs and his horns, in his heels and his corns,
It tickled him all through.

The Bishop who beheld all this,
Straight how to act bethought him;
He leapt upon the Devil's back,
And by the horns he caught him.

And he said a Pater-noster
As fast as he could say,
And made a cross on the Devil's head,
And bade him to Rome away.

Away, away, the Devil flew,
All through the clear moonlight;
I warrant who saw them on their way
He did not sleep that night.

Without bridle, or saddle, 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 exclaimed,
It frightened her broomstick and she got a fall.

But would you know, there you must go,
You can easily find the way;
That is the mystery of this wonderful history,
And I wish that I could tell!

Nor evervisited the haunts of men,
Save when some sinful wretch on a sick bed
Implied 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,
Crew pale to see the peril. Thus he lived
A most austere and self-denying man,
With abstinance 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 fervour, raised his voice
Imploring pardon for the natural sin
Of that reluctation, till the atoning prayer
Had satisfied his heart, and given it peace,
And the repeated 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.
Alarmed at that unusual hour to hear
Its toll irregular, a monk arose,
And crept to the island-chapel. On a stone
Henry was sitting there, dead, cold, and stiff.
The bell-rope in his hand, and at his feet
The lamp that stream'd a long unsteady light.
ST. GUALBERTO

ADDRESS TO GEORGE BURNETT.

[Published in The Annual Anthology, 1800, and in Metrical Tales, 1805. Southey quotes Villegas, Flos Sanctorum, and other writers, as narrating the stories which he has versified in this ballad.]

1

The work is done, the fabric is complete;
Distinct the Traveller sees its distant tower,
Yet ere his steps attain the sacred seat,
Must toil for many a league and many an hour.
Elate the Abbot sees the pile and knows,
Stateliest of convents now, his new Moscera rose.

2

Long were the tale that told Moscera's pride,
Its columns cluster'd strength and lofty state,
How many a saint bedeck'd its gate;
Its towers how high, its massy walls how strong,
These fairly to describe were sure a tedious song.

3

Yet while the face rose slowly from the ground,
But little store of charity, I ween,
The passing pilgrim at Moscera found;
And often there the mendicant was seen
Hopeless to turn him from the convent-door,
Because this costly work still kept the brethren poor.

4

Now all is finish'd, and from every side
They flock to view the fabric, young and old.
Who now can tell Rodulfo's secret pride,
When on the Sabbath-day his eyes beheld
The multitudes that crowd his church's gate?
Some sure to serve their God, to see Moscera more?

5

So changed it that Gualberto pass'd that way,
Since sainted for a life of saintly deeds.
He paused the new-rear'd convent to view,
And 'er the structure whilst his eye proceeds,
Sorrow'd, as one whose holier feelings deem
That ill so proud a pile did humble monks becom.'

6

Him, musing as he stood, Rodulfo saw,
And forth came to greet the holy guest:
For him he knew as one who held the law
Of Benedict, and each severe behest
So duly kept with such religious care,
That Heaven had oft vouchsafed its wonders to his prayer.

7

'Twas but a sorry welcome then you found,
And such as suited ill a guest so dear.
The pile was ruinous, the base unseemly;
Hopeless to turn him from the convent-door,
Because this costly work still kept the brethren poor.

8

Rodulfo! while this haughty building rose,
Still was the pilgrim welcome at your door?
Did charity relieve the orphan's woes?
Clothed ye the naked? did ye feed the poor?
He who with alms most succours the distress,
Proud Abbot! know he serves his heavenly Father best.

9

Did they in sumptuous palaces go dwell
Who first abandon'd all to serve the Lord?
Their place of worship was the desert cell,
Wild fruits and berries spread their frugal board,
And if a brook, like this, ran murmuring by,
They blest their gracious God, and "thought it luxury."

10

'Ay,' cries Rodulfo, 'tis a stately place!
And pomp becomes the House of Worship well.
Nay, scowl not round with so severe a face!
When earthy kings in seats of grandeur dwell,
Where are 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 costly building rose,
Still was the pilgrim welcome at your door?
Did charity relieve the orphan's woes?
Clothed ye the naked? did ye feed the poor?
He who with alms most succours the distress,
Proud Abbot! know he serves his heavenly Father best.

13

Then anger darken'd in Rodulfo's face;
'Tis a common case,
But thou art far more proud in rags and beggary.'
Ballads and Metrical Tales

15. But, Lord, if vain and worldly-minded men have wasted here the wealth which thou hast lent, to pamper worldly pride; sworn 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!

16. Then Malmesbury's arch had never met my sight, nor Battle's vast and venerable pile; I had not traversed then with such regret the hallowed ruins of our Alfred's isle, where many a pilgrim's curse is well bestowed on those who rob its walls to mend the turnpike road.

17. Malmesbury's arch had never met my sight, nor Battle's vast and venerable pile; I had not traversed then with such regret the hallowed ruins of our Alfred's isle, where many a pilgrim's curse is well bestowed on those who rob its walls to mend the turnpike road.

18. Wells would have fallen, dear George, our country's pride; and Canning's stately church been raised in vain; prime hill's columns now, its high arch'd walls, earth shaken beneath the onward-rolling tide, that from its base swept down the unholy house of pride.

19. Down the heapt waters came, and, with a sound like thunder, overthrew the fabric falls; swept far and wide its fragments, strewn the ground; prone lay its columns now, its high arch'd walls, earth shaken beneath the onward-rolling tide, that from its base swept down the unholy house of pride.

20. 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?

21. 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 mixt with dreams appear, and blind and honest zeal, and holy faith sincere.

22. All is not false which seems at first a lie. Fernán Antolinez, a Spanish knight, knelt at the mass, when lo! the troops hard by, before the expected hour began the fight. Though courage, duty, honour, summon'd there, he chose to forfeit all, not leave the unfinished prayer.

23. Then had not Westminster, the house of God, served for a concert room, or signal-post; nor had the traveller Ely's tower descried, which when thou seest far o'er the sunny plain, dear George, I counsel thee to turn that way, its ancient beauties sure will well reward delay.

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. All is not truth; and yet, methinks, 'twere hard of wilful fraud such fablers to accuse; what if a monk, from better themes debard'd, should for an edifying story chuse, how some great saint the flesh and fiend o'erscame. His taste I trow, and not his conscience, were to blame.

26. 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 when 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.

27. 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?

28. All is not false which seems at first a lie. Fernán Antolinez, a Spanish knight, knelt at the mass, when lo! the troops hard by, before the expected hour began the fight. Though courage, duty, honour, summon'd there, he chose to forfeit all, not leave the unfinished 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 behold to bathe his sword in gore; first in the van his plumes were seen to play, and all to him decreed the glory of the day.

30. The truth is told, and men at once exclaim, heaven had his guardian angel deign'd to send; and thus the tale is handed down to fame. Now if our good sir Fernán had a friend who in this critical season served him well, dear George, the tale is true, and yet no miracle.

31. I am not one who see 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 I he sought the convent-call; a simple tale it is, but one that pleased 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 repaid a father’s anxious pains.
In many a field that father had been tried,
Well for his valour known, and not less known for pride.

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 blood-hungry eye
That with such ease might be an easy prey. ’Go,’ said the father,
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 delayed,
Yet sure he thinks revenge becomes him well,
When from a neighbouring church he heard the vesper-bell.

36
Slow sunk the glorious sun; a rosy light
Spread o’er the forest from his lingering rays;
The glowing clouds upon Gualberto’s
Softer’d in shade, he could not chase but gaze;
And now a placid greyness 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 softly.

38
Is there who has not felt the deep delight,
The hush of soul, that scenes like these impart?
The heart they will not chuse but gaze;
Save the near brooklet’s stream that murmur’d softly.

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 wait 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 neighbouring slope
He saw a lonely traveller on his way;
And now he knows the man so much abbord’d,
His holier thoughts are gone, he bares the murderous sword.

43
’Twas the house of Valdespesa gives the blow
In foreign lands I liked the custom well,
For with the calm and sober thoughts of even
It well accord’d; and wait thou journeying there,
It would not hurt thee, George, to join that vesper-prayer.

44
At that most blessed name, as at a spell,
Conscience, the power within him, smote his heart.
His hand, for murder raised, unheeding 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 foe to forgive
The bloody purpose led by which he came.
Then to the neighbouring church he sped away.
His over-burden’d soul before his God to lay.

46
He ran with breathless speed, till he reach’d the door,
With rapid throbs his feverish pulses swell;
He came to crave for pardon, to adore
For grace vouchsaf’d; before the cross he fell,
And raised his swimming eyes, and thought that there
He saw the imaged Christ smile favouring on his prayer.

47
A blest illusion! from that very night
The Monk’s austerest life devout he led;
And still he felt the enthusiast’s deep delight,
Seraphic visions floated round his head.
The joys of heaven foretold fill’d his soul,
And still the good man’s name adorns the sainted roll.
QUEEN MARY’S CHRISTENING

Queen Mary hath had her first heart’s wish,
She hath brought forth a beautiful boy;
And the bells have rung, and masses been sung,
And bonfires have blazed for joy.
And many the cask of the good red wine,
And many the cask of the white,
Which was brough’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 Boyl, her Confessor,
Is the person who taught her how.

One holy Nun had bleach’d the wax,
Another the wicks had spun;
And the golden candlesticks were blest,
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 nonee;
And the twelve tapers are set thereon,
Which are all to be lit at once.

Altars more gorgeously drest
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 Pint that shines with gold
And sparkles with jewelry.

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.

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.

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.

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:

One fear she had, though still her heart
The unwelcome thought eschew’d,
That haply the unlucky lot
Might fail upon St. Jude.

Queen Mary could behold all this
As she lay in her state bed;
And from the pillow needed not
To lift her languid head.

Queene Mary hath had her first heart’s wish,
She hath brought forth a beautiful boy;
And the bells have rung, and masses been sung,
And bonfires have blazed for joy.

A high altar hath there been raised,
Where the crucifix you see;
And the sacred Pint that shines with gold
And sparkles with jewelry.

Oh, that was a joy for Queen Mary’s heart;
The babe is christened James; The Prince of Aragón 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 Mawmetry!

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  
Ruy Diez de Bivar!

Valencia shall be subdued;  
Majorca shall be won;  
The Moors be routed every where;  
Joy, joy, for Aragón!

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 to account with Heaven;  
For sufferages 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,  
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  
Intercession for him will they bespeak.

All which they promise, he need not fear,  
Through Purgatory will carry him o'er.

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.

PART II

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,  
Beloved there in the clear moonlight:  
But the first who look'd when the morning shone,  
Saw in dismay that Roprecht was gone.

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.

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 honour 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 maintain'd that St. Ursula's heart

Would sooner be moved to the merciful part.

There was one who thought this aid divine  
Came from the other bank of the Rhine;  
For Roprecht there too had for favour applied,  
Because his birth-place was on that side.

Of a man whose end had been so devout;  
Being a kingly act, from the Kings must come;  
But others maintain'd that St. Ursula's heart

Would sooner be moved to the merciful part.

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Being a kingly act, from the Kings must come;  
But others maintain'd that St. Ursula's heart

Would sooner be moved to the merciful part.

There was one who thought this aid divine  
Came from the other bank of the Rhine;  
For Roprecht there too had for favour applied,  
Because his birth-place was on that side.
With that this second thought befell, That perhaps he had not died so well, Nor had Saints perform’d the miracle; But rather there was cause to fear, That the foul Fiend had been busy here!

For not in riding trim was he When he disappear’d from the triple tree; And his suit of irons he still was in, With the collar that clipp’d him under the chin.

Plainly therefore it was to be seen, That somewhere on horseback he had been; And at this the people marvelled more Than at any thing which had happen’d before.

While the multitude stood in a muse, One said, I am sure he was hang’d in shoes! In this the Hangman and all concurr’d; But now, behold, he was booted and spurr’d!

It was 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!

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.

For all the witchcraft
That perhaps he had not died so well,Nor had Saints perform’d the miracle; But rather there was cause to fear,—The foul Fiend had been busy here!

It was 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!

While the multitude stood in a muse, One said, I am sure he was hang’d in shoes! In this the Hangman and all concurr’d; But now, behold, he was booted and spurr’d!

It was 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!

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.
'And as you know, all people said, What a goodly end that day he had made; So we thought for certain, Father Kijf, That if he were saved he would mend his life.

'But the 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.

'By that time so much of his strength was gone, That he could do little more than groan.

'My son, Piet Pieterszoon, and I, When we heard a moaning as we came near, Which made us quake at first for fear, 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.

'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.

'Yes, she said, it was perfectly clear That there must have been a miracle here; And we had the happiness to be in it, Having been brought there just at the minute.

'And therefore it would become us to make An offering for this favour's sake To the Three Kings and the Virgins too, Since we could not tell to which it was due.

'For greater honour there could be none Than what in this business the Saints had done To us and Piet Pieterszoon our son; She talk'd us over, Father Kijf, With that tongue of hers, did Alit my wife.

'Lord, forgive us! as if the Saints would deign To come and help such a rogue in grain; Queer enough it was to hear them say, That the Three Kings took Roprecht away:

'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, As if 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?'
The Young Dragon

PART I

PITUVRIAN 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 As Marana he began; Thought she, 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.

If every one in Antioch Had reasoned in this strain, It never would have raised alarm In Satan’s dark domain. But Mary’s Image every day Looks down on crowds who come to pray; Her votaries never falter: While Diana’s temple is so bare, That unless her Priestress take good care, She will have a grace-green stream.

Perceiving this, the old Dragon Inflamed with auger grew; Looks down on crowds who come to pray; With no portent could match it: So for himself a nest he made, And in that nest an egg he laid, And down he sate to hatch it.

He built it by the fountain Of Phlegethon’s red flood, In the innermost abyss, the place Of central solitude; Of adamantine rock interstrewn, The sole material fitting; With amianth he lined the nest, And incombustible asbest, To bear the fiery sitting.

There with malignant patience He sate in fell despite, Till this draconine cockatrice Should break its way to light. That news to Antioch went, Of all who heard it knew, Nor was there any man Of strength to make a stand.

The months of incubation At length were duly past, And now the infernal Dragon-chick Hath burst its shell at last; At which...
They see how unavailing
All human force must prove;
Oh might their earnest prayers obtain
Protection from above!  
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 heaved itself
And shook their offerings down.

Though to the Pagan priesthood
A triumph this might seem,
Few families there were who thus
Could in their grief misdeem;
For oft the family was spared
In the trial; but now their doom
Was to bear the brunt of all
Their sins and unbelief.

Hear! hear! it said, ye people!
The ancient Gods have sent
In anger for your long neglect
This signal punishment.

To this effect the Priest declared:
They were now to see the course
The Dragon should pursue,
And the means he would employ.

The countenance that fixed 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.

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 be the sight of men,
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 knelt 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 fane,
Iloy assured that prayers were vain
If made for such protection;
His pagan faith he now forgot,
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 temple joyous,
Heaven's own bidding he obey'd,
That with the Christians he begin
The course which angels mild:
A door opened on that way,
The door that was once closed.

The young Dragon

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Or is it in despair
That through the throng he made his way
And sped he knew not where?
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Inhumanly surround her?

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Or is it in despair
That through the throng he made his way
And sped he knew not where?
For how could be the sight of men,
PART IV

On pious audacity,
Oh boldness of belief!
Oh sacrilegious force of faith,
That then inspired the thief!
Oh wonderful extent of love,
That Saints enrolled in bliss above
Should bear such profanation;
And not by some immediate act,
Striking the offender in the face,
Prevent the perpetration?

But sure the Saint that impulse
On pity audacious!

BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES

Not as that Church he enter'd
Could pierce the Dragon through and

Meantime was meek Marana

Could pierce the Dragon through and

As then Pithyrian ventured on,
Yet had no fear of sinning.

Elated with his plunder;
That Holy Thumb which well he knew

They led the flower-crown'd Maid.

Elated with his plunder;
That Holy Thumb which well he knew

And now in sad procession forth

For sacrifice array'd,

And now along the vale it moves

The Dragon's chosen haunt is;

The Marvellous event;

The Dragon's chosen haunt is;

So inconceivable a thought,
Seeming with such irreverence fraught,
Could else have no beginning;
Nor else might such a deed be done,
As then Pithyrian ventured on,
Yet had no fear of sinning.

Not as that Church he enter'd
Did he from it depart,
Like one bewilder'd by his grief,
But confident at heart;
Triumphantly he went his way
And bore the Holy Thumb away,
Elated with his plunder;
That Holy Thumb which well he knew

Could pierce the Dragon through and

Meantime was meek Marana
For sacrifice array'd,
And now in sad procession forth
They led the flower-crown'd Maid.
Of this infernal triumph vain,
The Pagan Priests precede the train,
Oh hearts devoid of pity!
And to behold the abb'rd event,
As far or nearer distance, went
The whole of that great city.

For sacrifice array'd,
And now along the vale it moves

There the procession halted;
The Priests on either hand
Thru 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,
BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES

But when I loolc'd at my Mistress's face, It was all too grave the while;  19 And when I ceased, methought there was more Of reproof than of praise in her smile.

That smile I read aright, for thus Reprovingly said she, 'Such tales are meet for youthful ears But give little content to me.'  20

'From thee far rather would I hear Some sober, sadder lay, Such as I oft have heard, well pleased Before those locks were grey.'

'Nay, Mistress mine,' I made reply, 'The autumn hath its flowers, Nor ever is the sky more gay Than in its evening hours.'  30

'Our good old Cat, Earl Tomlemagno, Upon a warm spring day, Even like a kitten at its sport, Is sometimes seen to play.'

'That sense which held me back in youth Prom all intemperate gladness, That same good instinct bids me shun Unprofitable sadness.

'Nor marvel you if I prefer Of playful themes to sing; The October grove hath brighter tints Than Summer or than Spring:

'Por o'er the leaves before they fall Such hues hath Nature thrown, That the woods wear in sunless days A sunshine of their own.'  40

'Why should I seek to call forth tears ? The source from whence we weep Too near the surface lies in youth, In age it lies too deep.

'Enough of foresight sad, too much Of retrospect have I; And well for me that I sometimes Can put those feelings by:

'From public ills, and thoughts that else Might weigh me down to earth, That I can gain some intervals For helpful, hopeful mirth;

'That I can sport in tales which suit Young auditors like these, Yet, if I err not, may content The few I seek to please.'

'I know in what responsive minds My lightest lay will wake A sense of pleasure, for its own, And for its author's sake.

'I know the eyes in which the light Of memory will appear; I know the lips which while they read Will wear a smile sincere:

'The hearts to which my sportive song The thought of days will bring, When they and I, whose Winter now Comes on, were in our Spring.

'And I their well known voices too, Though far away, can hear, Distinguishably even as when in dreams They reach the inward ear.'

'There speaks the man we knew of yore,' Well pleased I hear them say, 'Such was he in his lighter moods Before our heads were grey.

'But yeant he was in spirit, quick Of fancy, blithe of heart, And Care and Time and Change have left Untouch'd his better part.'  50

'Thus say my morning friends who now Are in the vale of years, And I, save such as thus may rise, Would draw no other tears.'

Keswick, 1829.

A TALE OF PARAGUAY

PREFACE

One of my friends observed to me in a letter, that many stories which are said to be founded on fact, have in reality been foundered 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 debase it: but most of all in themes drawn from Scripture, whether from the more familiar or the more awful portions; for when what is true is sacred, whatever may be added to it is so surely felt to be false, that it appears false.

Founded on fact the Poem is, which is here committed to the world: but whatever may be its defects, it is liable to none of those objections. The story is so singular, so simple, and within so complete, that it must have been injured by any alteration. How faithfully it has been followed, the reader may perceive if he chooses to consult the abridged translation of Dobrizhoffer's History of the Abipones.

In the original Preface Southey here subjoined a long extract from Dobrizhoffer de Abiponibus, Lib. Prodromus, pp. 97-108, which has not been thought necessary to reprint in the present edition.—En.

TO EDITH MAY SOUTHEY

1

Errry! ten years are numbered, since the day, Which ushered in the cheerful month of May,
To us by thy dear birth, my daughter dear,

Edith! ten years are numbered, since the day, Which ushered in the cheerful month of May, To us by thy dear birth, my daughter dear.

Was best. Thou therefore didst the name partake Of that sweet month, the sweetest of the year; But fitter was it 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 be 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 loosen'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 baby, bereft. Too fair a flower was she for this rude earth! The features of her hea'ntous infancy Have faded from me, like a passing cloud, Or like the glories of an evening sky: And seldom hath my tongue pronounced her name, Since she was summon'd to a happier sphere. But that dear love, so deeply wounded then, I in my soul with silent faith sincere Devoutly cherish till we meet again.

Keswick, 1829.
I saw thee first with trembling thankfulness,
O daughter of my hopes and of my fears!
Press'd on thy senseless cheek a troubled kiss,
And breathed my blessing over thee with tears.

But memory did not long our bliss
For gentleness, who had given relief,
Wan'd with new love the chasten'd heart from grief;
And the sweet season minister'd to joy.

It was a season when their leaves and flowers
spread; The trees as to an Arcadian sum
When chilling wintry winds and cloudy showers,
Which had too long usurp'd the vernal hours.

Like spectres from the sight of morning, fled
May; Before the presence of that joyous
day,
And groves and gardens all the livelong day
Rung with the birds' loud love-songs.

Over all,
One thrush was heard from morn till ev'n-fall;
Thy Mother well remembers, when she,
The happy prisoner of the genial bed,
How from yon lofty poplar's topmost spray
At earliest dawn his thrilling pipe was heard;
And, when the light of evening died away,
That blithe and indefatigable bird
Still his redundant song of joy and love prefer'd.

How I have doted on thine infant smiles
At morning, when thine eyes unlosed on mine;
How, as the months in swift succession roll'd,
I mark'd thy human faculties unfold,
And watch'd the dawning of the light divine;
And with what artifice of playful guiles
Won from thy lips with still-repeated wiles
Kiss after kiss, a recompensing often told.

Something I ween thou know'st; for thou hast seen
Thy sisters in their turn such fondness prove,
And felt how childhood in its winning years
And felt how childhood in its winning
The atempt'd soul to tenderness
Can move.

This thou canst tell; but not the hopes and fears
With which a parent's heart doth overflow,
... something too
That love,
Its nature and its depth, thou dost not,
cannot not know.

The years which since thy birth have pass'd away
May well to thy young retrospect appear
A measureless extent: ... like yesterday,
May; Here shall thou have, my child,
Beyond all power
Of change, 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 musings 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.
Contending with the French before her wall,
A noble soldier of Guipúzcoa fell,
Sore hurt, but not to death. For when his care
Rested his shattered leg and set him free,
He would not brook a sight of one,
Whose being gay and debonair,
In courts conscious as in camps must be:
So he forsook 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
Began a train of long events whose course
We are not yet to see.

Before whom kings and nations bow'd the knee?
The name may have been Ethiopea; among its annals
What deeds arose from that 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.

A feeble nation of Guaraní race,
Thinn'd by perpetual wars, but unsubdued,
Had taken up at length a resting-place
Among those desolate and rude; But thither had the horde for safety fled,
And being there conceal'd in peace their lives they led.

No time for customary mourning now;
With hand close-clench'd to pluck the rooted hair,
To beat the bosom, on the swelling brow
Inflict redoubled blows, and blindly
The cheeks, indenting bloody furrows there,
The deep-traced signs indelible of woe;
Then to some crag, or bank abrupt, repair,
And, giving grief its scope, infuriate the impatient body thence upon the earth below.

Devices these by poor weak nature taught,
Which thus a change of suffering would obtain;
And piercing recollections, would full
Disquiet 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.
None sorrow'd here; the sense of woe was sear'd;
When every one endured his own sore
The prostrate sufferers neither hoped nor fear'd;
The body labour'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
For aught but this; nor did they long attend
That welcome boon from death, the never-failing friend.
Who is there to make ready now the pit,
The house that will content from this day forth
Its easy tenant? Who in vestments shall
Shall swathe the sleeper for his bed of earth,
Now tractable as when a babe at birth?
Who now the ample funeral urn shall
And burying it beneath his proper
Deposit there with careful hands the dead,
And lightly then relay the floor above his head?
Unwept, unshrouded, and unsepulchred,
The hammock where they hang for winding sheet
And grave suffices the deserted dead...
Round and round they beat
Of all the creatures of this joyous
And sorrow fleeting like a vernal shower
Scarcely interrupts the current of our
Such is the happy heart we bring with us at birth.
One pair alone survived the general fate;
Left in such drear and mournful solitude,
That death might seem a preferable
There from the armadillo'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.

But nature for her universal law
Hath other surer instruments in store
Whom from the haunts of men no
Withholds as with a spell. In
From wood and swamp: and when their work is o'er,
On the white bones the moulting raven will sail
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.
That paling stupor pass'd 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
Of all the creatures of this joyous earth;
And sorrow fleeting like a vernal shower
Scarcely interrupts the current of our
Such is the happy heart we bring with us at birth.

Though of his nature and his boundless love,
Erring, yet tutor'd by instinctive
They rightly deem the Power who
In their state forlorn they found this thought
Of natural faith with hope and consolation fraught.
And now they built themselves a leafy bower,
Amid a glade, slow Mondai's stream
Screen'd from the southern blast of
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 drest;
Alas, that populous hov'ry hath now no living guest!
A few firm stakes they planted in the ground,
Circling a narrow space, yet large enough;
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.
Yet was the humble structure fresh and fair,
And soon its inmates found that love
The air, but fear to enter for their prey,
And from the silent door the jaguar turns away.

None sorrow'd here; the sense of woe was sear'd;
When every one endured his own sore
The prostrate sufferers neither hoped nor fear'd;
The body labour'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
For aught but this; nor did they long attend
That welcome boon from death, the never-failing friend.
Who is there to make ready now the pit,
The house that will content from this day forth
Its easy tenant? Who in vestments shall
Shall swathe the sleeper for his bed of earth,
Now tractable as when a babe at birth?
Who now the ample funeral urn shall
And burying it beneath his proper
Deposit there with careful hands the dead,
And lightly then relay the floor above his head?
Unwept, unshrouded, and unsepulchred,
The hammock where they hang for winding sheet
And grave suffices the deserted dead...
Round and round they beat
Of all the creatures of this joyous
And sorrow fleeting like a vernal shower
Scarcely interrupts the current of our
Such is the happy heart we bring with us at birth.
One pair alone survived the general fate;
Left in such drear and mournful solitude,
That death might seem a preferable
There from the armadillo'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.
Of answering years was Monnema, nor less
Expert in all her sex's household
The Indian weed she skilfully could dress;
And in what depth to drop the yellow saize
She knew, and when around its stem to raise.
The lightest of soil; and well could she prepare
Its ripe'd seed for food, her proper praise.
Or in the ember turn with frequent care
Its succulent head yet green, sometimes for daintier fare.

And how to macerate the bark she knew,
And draw apart its beaten fibres fine.
And, bleaching them in sun and air, and dew,
From dry and glossy filaments entwine.
With rapid twist of hand the lengthening line;
Next, interconnecting well the twisted thread,
In many an even mesh its knots
And shape in tapering length the pensile bed,
Light hammock there to hang beneath the leafy shed.

Time had been when, expert in works of clay,
She lent her hands the swelling urn to mould,
And fill'd it for the want of an even mesh
With clay's new-born son. Then slid into the stream, and bathed, and all was done.

The Moon had gather'd oft her monthly store
Of light, and oft in darkness left the sky
Since Monnema a growing burthen
Of life and hope. The appointed weeks go by;
And now her hour is come, and none to help:
But human help she needed none.
A few short throses endued with scarce a cry,
Upon the bank she laid her new-born son.

She too had learnt in youth how best to trim
The honour'd Chief for his triumphal array,
And covering with soft gums the obedient limb.
And body, then with feathers overlaid,
In regular hues disposed, a rich display.
With tender care, to chiding mothers certes a custom strange, and yet far sweet.
Through many a savage tribe, how'er it grew,
And once in the old world known as widely as this.

Feasts and carousals, vanity and strife,
Could have no place with them in solitude.
To break the tenor of their even life.
Quiri 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 cast
With him here in this forlorn estate.

Thus Monnema and thus Quiriara thought,
Though each the melancholy thought repress;
They could not choose but feel, yet utter'd not.
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.

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.
That lonely household with their needful food.
So still Quiriara through the forest plied
His daily task, and in the thickest wood
Stirred his snares for birds, and still the chase pursued.

But seldom may such thoughts of mingled joy
A father's agitated breast dilate,
When he first beheld that infant boy.
Already in their busy hopes they build;
On this frail sand. Now let the seasons run,
And let the natural work of time be dicts.
Through many a savage tribe, how'er it grew,
And once in the old world known as widely as this.

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 dicts.
Through many a savage tribe, how'er it grew,
And once in the old world known as widely as this.

Thus Monnema and thus Quiriara thought,
Though each the melancholy thought repress;
They could not choose but feel, yet utter'd not.
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.

Thus Monnema and thus Quiriara thought,
Though each the melancholy thought repress;
They could not choose but feel, yet utter'd not.
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.

The unwilling spirit, called perfidiously Must leave, for ever leave, its dear con-

natural clay.
A TALE OF PARAGUAY

33
Link'd as they were, where each to each was all,
How might the poor survivor hope to bear
That heaviest loss which one day must befall,
Nor sink beneath the weight of his despair?
Scarcely could the heart even for a moment dare
That miserable time to contemplate,
When the dread Messenger should find them there,
From whom is no escape, and reckless Fate,
Whom it had bound so close, for ever separate.

34
Lighter that 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 change;
All love destroy'd by such profligate liberty.
Far other tie this solitary pair
Indissolubly bound; true helpmates they,
In joy or grief, in weal or woe to share,
And in sickness or in health, through life's long day;
And resuming in their hearts her sway
Benignant Nature made the burthen light.

35
It was the Woman's pleasure to obey,
The Man's to ease her toil in all her might,
So each in serving each obtain'd the best delight.

36
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.
Sources 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.

37
Ere long 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 beast that prowls abroad in search of blood,
Or raptile that within the treacherous brake
Dare the prey, uncoiled, its hunger to enlure.

CANTO I

39
Now softer' as their spirits were by love,
Abhorrent from such thoughts they turn'd away;
And, with a happier feeling, from the
They named the Childi Yeruti. 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 endeav'd the
CANTO I

43
Days pass, and moons have wax'd and wane'd, and still
This dovelet nestled in their leafy bower,
Obey'd unerring Nature's order here,
For now no force of impious custom strove
Against her law; such as was wont to bear
The unhappy heart with usages severe,
Till harden'd mothers in the grave could lay
Fondly they named him from that gentle bird,
And soon such happy use endeav'd the

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 Thy sad tale of human woe to any; For not in pomp nor glory may we dwell, But in the midst of human sorrows we may find Consolatory thoughts, the balm for real pain.

2

O Youth or Maiden, whom o'er thou art, Safe in my guidance may thy spirit be; I would not wantonly the tender heart: And if sometimes a tear of sympathy Should rise, it will from bitterness be free. Yes, with a healing virtue be endowed, 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 Monnema, when thus bereft, Sunk not beneath the desolating blow. Widow'd she was: but still her child was near. She sought him; and she found his garment torn, His bow and useless arrows in the wood, Marks of a jaguar's feet, a broken spear, and blood.

4

Alas, a keener pang before that day Must by the wretched Monnema be borne! In quest of game Quiara went his way To roam the forests, why should we be slow? 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, For which he hath not ceased to pray. And if perchance a ship should come at last, And bear him from that dismal bank away, He blesses God that he hath lived to see that day.

5

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. For now her hour is come: a girl is born, Poor infant, all unconscious of its fate, But happy, for it comes to bless and ease the aching heart. The tears, which o'er her infancy were shed, Profuse, resented not of grief alone: Maternal love their bitterness allay'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 overthrown Would sometimes make a tender smile arise, Like sunshine opening thro' a shower in vernal skies.
Yea, where that solitary bower was placed,
Though all unlike to Paradise the scene,
(A wide circumference of woodland's waste—)
Something of what in Eden might have been
Was shadow'd there imperfectly, I woe,
In this fair creature: safe from all offence,
Expanding like a shelter'd plant serene,
Evils that fret and stain being far from thence,
Her heart in peace and joy retain'd its innocence.

At first the infant to Yeruti proved
A cause of wonder and disturbing joy.
A stronger tie than that of kindred moved
His inmost being, as the happy boy
Felt in his heart of hearts without alloy
The sense of kind: a fellow creature she,
In whom, when now she ceased to be a toy
For tender sport, his soul rejoiced to see
Connatural powers expand, and growing sympathy.

For her he cull'd the fairest flowers, and sought
Throughout the woods the earliest fruits for her.
The cayman's eggs, ... natural acts declare
Self-love to be the ruler of the mind.

What though at birth we bring with us the seed
Of sin, a mortal taint, ... will
Too surely felt, too plainly shown in deed, ...
Our fatal heritage; yet are we still
The children of the All Merciful; and ill
They teach, who tell us that from hence must flow
Good or wrath, and then his justice to fulfill.
Death everlasting, never-ending woe:
O miserable lot of man if it were so!

By nature peculiable and frail are we,
Easily beguiled; to vice, to error prone;
But apt for virtue too. Humanity
Is not a field where tares and thorns are grown;
Are left to spring; good seed hath there been sown
With no unsparing hand. Sometimes the shoot
Is choked with weeds, or withers on a stone;
But in a kindly soil it strikes its root,
And flourisheth, and bringeth forth abundant fruit.

Love, duty, generous feeling, tenderness,
Spring in the uncontaminated mind;
And these were Mooma's natural dower.
Nor did they cease to bind their earliest ties, and they from year to year
Retain'd a childish heart, fond, simple, and sincere.

They had no sad reflection to alloy
The calm contentment of the passing day,
Nor foresight to disturb the present joy.
Not so with Momma; albeit the pain
Of time had reach'd her heart, and worn away
At length, the grief so deeply seated there,
The future often, like a burthen, lay
Upon that heart, a cause of secret care
And melancholy thought; yet did she not despair.

Chance from the fellowship of human kind
Had cut them off, and chance might reunite.
On this poor possibility her mind
Reposèd; she did not for herself invite
The unlikely thought, and cherish with delight
The dream of what change might haply 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.

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 new'd;
And oftentimes, while they devoured the strain,
Would she beguile their evening solitude
With stories strangely told and strangely understood.

Little she knew, for little had she seen,
And little of traditionary lore
Had reach'd her ear; and yet to them
I was fond, but through the present joy.
Nor sought to disturb the present joy.
Not so with Momma; albeit the pain
Of time had reach'd her heart, and worn away
At length, the grief so deeply seated there,
The future often, like a burthen, lay
Upon that heart, a cause of secret care
And melancholy thought; yet did she not despair.

For her she cull'd the fairest flowers, and sought
Throughout the woods the earliest fruits for her.
The cayman's eggs, the honeycomb he brought
To this beloved sister, ... rare?
The wilds might yield, solicitous to find,
They who affirm all natural acts declare
Self-love to be the ruler of the mind,
Judge from their own mean hearts, and feebly wrong mankind.

Three souls in whom no selfishness had place
Were here: three happy souls, which, unselfish,
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 what'er was meek and mild,
Call'd forth the gentle virtues, such alone,
The evils which evoke the stronger being unknown.

What though at birth we bring with us the seed
Of sin, a mortal taint, ... will
Too surely felt, too plainly shown in deed, ...
Our fatal heritage; yet are we still
The children of the All Merciful; and ill
They teach, who tell us that from hence must flow
Good or wrath, and then his justice to fulfill.
Death everlasting, never-ending woe:
O miserable lot of man if it were so!

Falsely and impiously teach they who thus
Our heavenly Father's holy will misread!
In bounty hath the Lord created us,
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!
The human race, from her they understood, was not within that lonely hut confined, but distant far beyond their world of thought. Were tribes and powerful nations of their kind; and of the old observances which bind people and chiefs, the ties of man and wife, the laws of kin religiously assigned, rites, customs, scenes of riotry and strife, and all the strange vicissitudes of savage life.

Wondering they listen to the wondrous tale, but no repining thought such tales excite; only a wish, if wishes might prevail, to be delivered from the toilsome toil of care, with the precious gift of life, and with such wild life, outrageous and unblest; securely thus to live, he said, was surely.

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 inveterate vengeance unassuaged, the victors round their slaughter'd captives stood, and babes were brought to dip their little hands in blood.

Horrent they heard; and with her hands the maid prest her eyes close as if she strove to The hateful image which her mind portrayed. The Roy 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, outrageous and unblest; securely thus to live, he said, was surely.

On tales of blood they could not bear to dwell, from such their hearts abhorrent shrunk in fear. Better they liked, if wishes might prevail, to be deliver'd from the toilsome toil of care, with the precious gift of life, and with such wild life, outrageous and unblest; securely thus to live, he said, was surely.

But this, she said, was sure, that after death there was reward and there was punishment: and that the evil doers, when the wealth spent, of their injurious lives at length was into all noxious forms abhor'd were sent, of beasts and reptiles; so retaining their old propensities, on evil bent, they work'd where'er they might their wicked will, the natural foes of man, whom we pursue and kill.

Of better spirits, some there were who said that in the grave they had their place of rest, lightly they laid the earth upon the dead, lest in his narrow tenement the guest should suffer underneath such load oppressed, but that death surely set the spirit free, sad proof to them poor Monnema's adrest, drawn from their father's fate; no grave had he, wherein his soul might dwell. This therefore could not be.

Likelier they taught who said that to the land of souls the happy spirit took its flight, a region underneath the solid frame, sorrow, nor pain, nor peril, nor affright; nor change, nor death; but there the human frame, unslain by age or ill, continued still the same.

But winds would not pierce it there, nor heat and cold, grief, nor thirst parch and hunger pine; but there the sun by day its influence held with genial warmth, and through the unclouded air the moon upon her nightly journey rose. 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 his stores supply.

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, 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.

In evil day mishap had fatally cut off that way, and none may now the land of spirits gain, till from its dear-loved tenement of violence or age, infirmity and pain, divorce the soul which there full gladly would remain.
A TALE OF PARAGUAY

Such grievous loss had by their own
misdeed
Up on the unworthy race of men
been brought.
An aged woman one who could not
speed
In fishing, earnestly one day besought
Her countrymen, that they of what they
caught
31 A portion would upon her wants bestow.

They set her hunger and her age at
nought,
And still to her entreaties answered
no!
And mock'd her, till they made her
heart with rage o'erflow.

But that Old Woman by such wanton
wrong
Inflamed, went hurrying down; and in the
pride
Of magic power, wherein the crone
was strong.

Her human form in her said aside.
Better the Capiguars limbs supplied
A strength accordant to her fierce
intent:
32 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
Labouring, the solid earth she under-
And loosen'd all the roots; when all is
Searched, then the Tree's all was

Emerging, in her hatred of her kind,
Resumed her proper form, and
breathed a wind
Which gather'd like a tempest round its
head:
33 ElCISION the lofty Tree its top inclined
Upright with horrible convulsion
dread,

And over half the world its mighty
wreck lay spread.

But never soion 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
The mighty ruin moulder'd where it
lay
Till not a trace was left; and now in
sooth
Almost had all remembrance pass'd away.

This from the Elders she had heard in
youth:
Some said it was a tale, and some a very
truth.

38 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 re-
quire
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.

39 Nathless departed spirits at their will
Could from the Land of Souls pass to
And fro;

They came to us in sleep when all is
Sometimes to warn against the im-
pending 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 In vain to counterwork the baleful charm
By spells of rival witchcraft was it
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 avoid the
ought;
But whereas ever they fled they found
him nigh:

None ever could elude that unseen

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
No dream the image of her father
brought?
Nor Mommems 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 dis-
believed,
For all concerning this was dark, she
said;
Uncertain all, and hard to be received:
The dreadful race, from whom their
fathers fled,
Boasted that even the Country of the
Dead
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
dead,
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 life the mortal frame he
gave;
Did not mischance or wicked witch-
craft kill;
Evils from which no care avail'd to
save,
And whereby all were sent to fill the
greedy grave.
While thus the Matron spake, the youthful twain
List'nd in deep attention, wistfully;
Whether with more of wonder or of pain
One did it were to tell. With steady Intent they heard; and, when she paused, a sigh
Their sorrowful forbidding seem'd to speak;
Questions to which she could not give reply
Yeruti ask'd; and for that Maiden meek,
Involuntary tears ran down her quiet cheek.

A different sentiment within them stirr'd,
When Monnema recall'd to mind one
Imperfectly, what she had sometimes heard
In childhood, long ago, the Elders say;
Almost from memory had it pass'd away,
How there appear'd amid the woodlands men
Whom the Great Spirit sent there to convey
His gracious will; but little heed she then
Had given, and like a dream it now recur'd again.

But these young questioners from time to time
Call'd up the long-forgotten themo anew.
Strange men they were, from some
remotest clime.
She said, of different speech, uncouth to view,
Having hair upon their face, and white in hue;
Across the World of waters wide they came
Devotedly the Father's work to do,
And seek the Red-Men out, and in his name
His merciful laws, and love, and promises proclaim.

They served a Maid more beautiful than tongue
Could tell, or heart conceive. Of human race,
All heavenly as that Virgin was, she sprang;
But for her beauty and celestial grace,
Being one in whose pure elements no trace
Had her inhered of sin or mortal stain,
The highest Heaven was now her dwelling-place;
There as a Queen divine she held her reign,
And there in endless joy for ever would remain.

Her feet upon the crescent Moon were set,
And, moving in their order round her head,
The Stars compose her sparkling coronet,
There at her breast the Virgin Mother fed
A Babe divine, who was to judge the dead,
Such power the Spirit gave this aweful Child;
Severe he was, and in his anger dread,
Yet alway at his Mother's will grew mild,
So well did he obey that Maiden unde-filed.

Sometimes she had descend'd from above
To visit her true votaries, and requite
Such as had served her well. And for her love,
These bearded men, forsaking all delight,
With labour long and dangers infinite,
Across the great blue waters came, and sought
The Red-Men here, to win them, if they might be taught.
From bloody ways, rejoiced to profit
Even when with their own lives the benefit was bought.

For, trusting in this heavenly Maiden's grace,
It was for them a joyful thing to die,
As men who went to have their happy place
With her, and with that Holy Child, on high,
In fields of bliss above the starry sky,
In glory at the Virgin Mother's feet:
And all who kept their lessons faithfully
An everlasting guarden there would meet,
When Death had led their souls to that celestial seat.

On earth they offer'd, too, an easy life
To those who their mild lessons would obey,
Exempt from want, from danger, and from strife;
And from the forest leading them away,
They placed them underneath this Virgin's aya,
A numerous fellowship, in peace to dwell;
Their high and happy office there to pay
Devotions due, which she requited well,
Their heavenly Guardian she in what-so-e'er befell.

Thus, Monnema remember'd, it was told
By one who in his hot and headstrong youth
Had left her happy Service; but when old
Lamented off with unavailing 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 uncouth
Of their wild life, and lost that Lady's grace,
Of their wild life, and lost that Lady's grace,
Ovcr all.
CANTO III

1
Amid those marshy woodlands far and wide
Which spread beyond the soaring vulture's eye,
There grew on Emplalado's southern side
Graves of that tree whose leaves abound;
The Spaniards with their daily luxury,
A beverage whose salubrious use obtains
Through many a land of mines and slavery,
Even over all La Plata's sea-like plains,
And Chili's mountain realm, and proud Peru's domains.

2
But better for the injured Indian race
Had woods of manchineel the land overspread:
Yea, in that tree so blesst by Nature's grace
A diviner curse had they inherited,
Than if the Upas there had rear'd its head
And sent its baleful scions all around,
In air and water, and the infected ground,
In air and water, and the infected 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 purity, untold
Harvests, the fruit of peace, and wine and oil,
That region proved to them; nor would the soil
Unto their unindustrious hands unfold
Harvests, the fruit of peace, and wine and oil,
Harvests, the fruit of peace, and wine and oil,
Harvests, the fruit of peace, and wine and oil,
Harvests, the fruit of peace, and wine and oil.

4
For gold and silver had the Spaniards sought,
Exploring Paraguay with desperate pains,
Their way through forests axe in land they wrought;
Drench'd from above by unremitting rains
They wash'd 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.

5
Barren alike of glory and of gold
That region proved to them; nor would the soul
Unto their unindustrious hands unfold
Harvests, the fruit of peace, and wine and oil,
That region proved to them; nor would the soul
Unto their unindustrious hands unfold
Harvests, the fruit of peace, and wine and oil,
Harvests, the fruit of peace, and wine and oil,
Harvests, the fruit of peace, and wine and oil.

6
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
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.

7
Uncheck'd in Paraguay it ran its course,
Till all the gentler children of the land
Well nigh had been consumed without remorse.
The holder tribes meantime, whose skilful hand
Had tamed the horse, in many a war-like 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.

8
Often had Kings essay'd to check the ill
By edicts not so well enforced as meant;
A present power was wanting to fulfil
Remote authority's sincere intent.
To Avarice, on its present purpose bent,
The voice of distant Justice spake in vain;
False magistrates and priests their influence lent
The assumed thing for laere 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 last half redeem'd thyself from shame,
When slavery from thy realms shall disappear,
Then from this guilt, and not till then, will thou be clear.

10
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.

11
Bear witness, Chaco, thou, from thy domain
With Spanish blood, as erst with Indian, fed!
And Corrientes, by whose church the stain
Were piled in heaps, till for the gather'd dead
One common grave was dug, one service said:
Thou too, Param, thy sad witness bear
From shores with many a mournful vestige spread,
And monumental crosses here and there,
And monumental names that tell where dwellings were!

12
Nor would with all their power the Kings of Spain,
Austrian or Bourbon, have at last avail'd
This torrent of destruction to restrain,
And save a people every where 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.
A TALE OF PARAGUAY

FOR WHENSOEVER THE SPANIARDS FELT OR FEARD
AN INDIAN ENEMY, THEY CALLED FOR AID
UPON LOYOLA'S SONS, NOW LONG ENDEAR'D.

TO MANY A HAPPY TRIBE, BY THEM CONVY'D
FROM THE OPEN WILDERNESS OR WOODLAND SHADE,
IN TOWNS OF HAPPIEST POLITY TO DWELL.

THE ARDUIDE ENTERPRISE, CONTENTED WELL
IF WITH SUCCESS THEY SPENT, OR IF AS MARTYRS

AND NOW IT CHANCE'D SOME TRADERS WHO HAD FELL'D
THE TREES OF Precious Foliage Far and Wide
ON EMPALADO'S SHORE, WHEN THEY DESIRED,
AND AT THE THOUGHT OF HOSTILE HORDES DREAD'D
TO THE NEAREST MISSION SPED AND ASK'D THE JESUIT'S AID.

THAT WAS A CALL WHICH NEVER WAS MADE IN VAIN
UPON LOYOLA'S SONS, IN PARAGUAY
MUCH OF INJUSTICE HAD THEY TO COMPLAIN,
MUCH OF NEGLECT; BUT FAITHFUL LABOURERS 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.

HE WAS A MAN OF RAREST QUALITIES,
WHO TO THIS BARBAROUS REGION HAD CONFUNED
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 HUMBER THOUGHTS HIS HEART INCLINED;
FROM ORTS AMID THE STYRIAN HILLS HE CAME,
AND Dobrizhofer was the good man's honour'd name.

IT WAS HIS EVIL FORTUNE TO BEHOLD
THE LABOURS OF HIS PAINFUL LIFE DESTROY'D;
His flock which he had brought within the fold
Dispersed; the work of ages reader's void,
And all of good that Paraguay enjoyed
By blind and suicidal Power overthrown.

So he the years of his old age occupied
A faithful chronicler, in handing down
Names which he loved, and things well worthy to be known.

And thus, when exiled from the dear-loved scene,
In proud Vienna he beguiled the pain
Of sad remembrance; and the EMMEMPRESS QUEEN,
THAT GREAT TERAUS, SHE DID NOT DISDAIN
In gracious mood sometimes to enter-tain
Discourse with him both pleasing and sage;
And sure a willing ear she well might engage.

THE WONDERING MIND OF YOUTH, THE THOUGHTFUL HEART OF AGE.

BUT OF HIS NATIVE SPEECH BECAUSE WELL UIGH
DIASPUE IN HIM FORGETFULNESS HAD WROUGHT,
IN LATIN HE COMPOSED HIS HISTORY;
A GARRULOUS, BUT A LIVELY TALE, AND TRAGU'T.
WITH M intending of delight and food for thought,
And, if with kind in Merlin's glass have seen
By whom his tones to speak our tongues were taught.
THE OLD MAN WOULD HAVE FELT AS PLEAS'D; I WOAN,
AND WHEN HE WOZ THE EAR OF THAT GREAT EMPRESS QUEEN.

LITTLE HE DEEM'D, WHEN WITH HIS INDIAN BAND
He through the wilds set forth upon his way,
A Poet then unborn, and in an English breast,
Foster that faith divine that keeps the heart at rest.

BEHOLD HIM ON HIS WAY! THE BREVITARY WHICH FROM HIS GIRDLE HANGS, HIS ONLY SHIELD;
That well-known habit is his panoply;
By day he bears it for his staff afield,
By night it is the pillar of his bed;
No other lodging these wild woods can yield
Than earth's hard lap, and rustling overhead.

Yet may they not without some cautious care
Take up their inn content upon the ground.
First is to know where 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 YOURS AROUND;
THE FLAME WOULD ALSO ELABORATE SUCH PLAGUES ABOUND.
IN THESE THICK WOODS, AND THEREFORE MUST THEY BEAT.
THE EARTH, AND TRANSCO WELL THE HERBS BENEATH THEIR FEET.

BLAME AS THOU MAY'ST THE POPISH ERRING CRED,
BUT NOT THEIR SALUTARY RITE OF EVEN!
THE PRAYERS THAT FROM A PIUS SOUL PROCEED,
THOUGH MISDIRECTED, REACH THE EAR OF HEAVEN.
US, UNTO WHOM A PURER FAITH IS GIVEN.
AS OUR BEST BIRTHRIGHT IT BELONGS TO HOLD.
THE PRECIOUS CHARGE; BUT, OH, BEWARE THE LEAVEN
WHICH MAKES THE HEART OF CHARITY GROW COLD!
WE OWN ONE SHEPHERD, WE SHALL BE AT LAST ONE FOLD.
A TALE OF PARAGUAY

That prayer perform’d, around the fire reclin’d,
Beneath the leafy canopy they lay
Their limbs: the Indians soon to sleep resign’d;
And the good Father with that toil-some day
Fatigued, full vain to sleep...if sleep he may,
Wise all tormenting insects there assail;
More to be dreaded these than beasts of prey
Against whom strength may cope, or skill prevail;
But art of man against these enemies must fail.

Patience itself that should the sovereign cure,
For ills that touch ourselves alone, supply;
Leads little aid to one who must endure
This plague: the small tormentors fill the sky;
And swarm about their prey; there he must lie
And suffer while the hours of darkness appear;
At times he utter’s with a deep-drawn
Breath sorrowfully forth, half murmur and half prayer.

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
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.

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 plied
Where Towy and the salt-sea waters
The Indians launch; they steady it and guide,
Wining their way with arms and practised feet,
While in the tottering boat the Father keeps his seat.

For three long summer days on every side
They search in vain the sylvan solitude;
The bear with a human footstep is espied,
And through the mazes of the pathless wood
With hound-like skill and hawk-like eye pursued;
For keen upon their pious quest are
As ever were hunters on the track of blood.

More cautious, when more certain of the trace,
In silence they proceed; not like a crew
Of jovial hunters, who the joyous chase
With bound and horn in open field pursue,
Cheering their way with jubilant hallow,
And hurring forward to their spoil desired.

HUMANER thoughts this little band inspired,
Yet with a hope as high their gentle hearts were fired.
In mute astonishment attent to hear,
As it 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.

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 carolling.
A heavier heart than his it had beguiled
So to have heard so fair a creature sing
The strains which she had learnt from all
sweet birds of spring.

For these had been her teachers, these alone;
And she in many an 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 veiled bower,
Pour'd in full flow the unexpressive lay,
Rejoicing in her consciousness of power,
But in the inborn sense of harmony yet more.

In joy had she begun the ambitious song,
With rapid interchange of sink and swell;
And sometimes high the note was raised, and long
Produced, with shake and effort 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 pleasing pain.

It might be deem'd some dim presage possess'd
The virgin's soul; that some mystical sense
Of change to come, upon her mind impressed,
Had then call'd forth, ere she departed thence,
A requiem to their days of innocence.
For what thou lost in thy native shade
There is one change alone that may compensate,
O Mooma, innocent and simple maid,
Only one change, and it will not be long delay'd!

When now the Father issued from the wood
Into that little glade in open sight,
Like one entranced, beholding him, she stood:
Yet had she more of wonder than affright,
Yet less of wonder than of dread delight.
When thus the actual vision came in view;
For instantly the maiden read aright
Wherefore he came: his garb and beard she knew:
All that her mother heard had then indeed been true.

Nor was the Father filled with less surprise;
He too strange fancies well might entertain,
When this so fair a creature met his eyes.
He might have thought her not of mortal strain;
Rather, as birds of yore were wont to feign,
A nymph divine of Mondial'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.

No art of barbarous ornament had scar'd
And stain'd her virgin limbs, or 'filed her face;
Nor ever yet had evil passion mar'd
In her sweet countenance the natural grace:
Of innocence and youth; nor was there trace
Of sorrow, or of hardening want and care.
Strange was it in this wild and savage place, Wherein, she seemed to be for hearts a fitting lair, fair.
Thus to behold a maid so gentle and so.
Across her shoulders was a hammock flung,
By night it was the maiden's bed, by day
Into that little glade in open sight,
Like one entranced, beholding him, she stood:
Yet had she more of wonder than affright,
Yet less of wonder than of dread delight.
When thus the actual vision came in view;
For instantly the maiden read aright
Wherefore he came: his garb and beard she knew:
All that her mother heard had then indeed been true.

At that unwonted call with quicken'd pace
The matron hurried thither, half in fear.
How strange to Mooma a stranger's face!
How strange it was a stranger's voice to hear,
How strangely to her discustom'd ear
Came even the accents of her native tongue!
But when she saw her countrymen appear,
Tears for that unexpected blessing sprang,
And once again she felt as if her heart were young.

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 tarryeth 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.

He comes at length, a happy man, to find
His only dream of hope fulfill'd at last.
The sunshine of his all-believing 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.

Hath busy fancy conjured up a sum
Of joys unknown, whereas the expectation makes him dumb.
O happy day, the Messenger of Heaven Hath found them in their lonely dwelling-place!
O happy day, to them it would be given
To share in that Eternal Mother's grace,
And one day see in heaven her glorious face!
Where Angels round her mercy-throne
Now shall they mingle with the human race,
Sequester'd from their fellow-kind no more;
O joy of joys supreme! O bliss for them in store!

Full of such hopes this night they lay them down,
But not as they were wont, this night to rest.
Their old tranquillity of heart is gone;
The peace wherewith till now they have been blest
Hath taken its departure. In the breast
Fast following thoughts and busy fancies throng;
Their joy itself is feverish, and possess
With dreams that to the wakeful mind
To Mooma and the youth then first the night seem'd long.

Day comes, and now a first and last farewell
To that fair bower within their native wood,
Their quiet nest till now. The
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 busy world's contentious stage,
Whose ways they wisely had been train'd to dread:
Their insensible lives in purgation Perpetually, but peacefully they led, From all temptation saved, and sure of daily bread.

But if, all humble as it was, that scene
Possess'd a poor and uninstructed mind
With awe, the thoughtful spirit, well
I see,
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.

They on the Jesuit, who was nothing loth,
Reposed alike their conscience and their cares;
And he, with equal faith, the trust of Accepted and discharged. The bliss
Of that entire dependence that pro-
Entire submission, let's what may be fall;
And his whole careful course of life declared:
That for their good he holds them thus in thrall,
Their Father and their Friend, Priest, Ruler, all in all.

Food, raiment, shelter, safety, he provides;
No forecast, no anxieties have they:
The Jesuit governs, and instructs and guides;
Their part it is to honour and obey,
Like children under wise parental sway.
All thoughts and wishes are to him confessed;
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.

Deem not their lives of happiness devoid Of happiness, though thus the years their course obscurely fill,
In rural and in household arts employed,
And many a pleasing task of plant For culture here unmix'd with ill
Sufficient scope was given. Each had assigned
His proper part, which yet left free the will:
So well they knew to mould the duc-
tile mind
By whom the scheme of that wise order was combined.
It was a land of priestcraft, but the Priest
Believed himself the fables that he taught:
Corrupt their forms, and yet those forms at least
Preserved a salutary faith that wroth,
Maunder the alloy, the saving end it sought.
Benevolence had gain'd such empire
That even superstition had been brought
An aspect of humanity to wear,
And make the weal of man its first and only care.

Nor lack'd they store of innocent delight,
Music and song and dance and proud array,
Whate'er might win the ear, or charm the sight:
Banners and pageantry in rich display
Brought forth upon some Saint's high holyday.
The altar drest, the church with garlands hung,
Arches and floral bowers beside the wall
And festal tables spread for old and young,
Gladness in every heart, and mirth on every tongue.

Behold the fraudulents, 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.

Far happier the Guaraníes' humble race,
With them, in dutiful contentment
The gentle virtues had their dwelling-place.
With them the dear domestic charities
Sustained no blight from fortune; natural ties,
There suffered no divorcement, save alone
That which in course of nature might arise;
But there they dwelt as if the world were all their own.

The Patrón Saint, from whom their town was named,
Was that St. Joachin, who, legends say,
Unto the Saints in Limbo first proffered their love;
The Advenl. Being permitted, on the day
That Death enlarged him from this mortal clay,
His daughter's high election to behold,
Thither his soul, glad, heralded, wing'd its way,
And to the Prophets and the Patriarchs old
The tidings of great joy and near deliverance told.

To this great family the Jesuit brought
His new-found children now; for young and old
He deemed alike his children, while
The saving mysteries in the creed enroll'd,
To their slow minds, that could but ill conceive.
The import of the mighty truths he taught
But errors they have none to which they cleave,
And whatsoever they tell they willingly believe.

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
Humbled or happier none could be than they
Who knew it for their good in all things to obey.

Safe from that pride of ignorance were they
That with small knowledge thinks itself full wise.
How at believing auglits such impious unbelief arise;
It is our instinct to believe and dread,
God bids us love, and then our faith is perfected.
A TALE OF PARAGUAY

Quick to believe, and slow to comprehend,
Like children, unto all the teacher taught
Submissively an easy ear they lend:
And to the font at once he might have brought
Their convert's, if the Father had not thought
Their was a case for wise and safe delay,
Lost lightly learnt might lightly be forgot;
And meanwhile due instruction day by day
Would to their opening minds the sense of truth convey.

Of this they reck'd not whether soon or late;
For overpowering wonderment possest
Their faculties; and in this new estate
Strange sights and sounds and thoughts well nigh opprest
Their sense, and raised a turmoil in the breast,
Resenting less of pleasure than of pain;
And sighs afforded them no natural rest.
But in their dreams, a mix'd disorder'd
The busy scenes of day disturb'd their hearts again.

Even when the spirit to that secret wood
Return'd, slow Mondai's silent stream beside,
No longer there it found the solitude
Of life, within the Jesuit's fold were led,
The change was perilous. They felt the weight
Of those old habits suddenly uprighted:
Of things they had learnt to dread,
And still devised such means as might prepare
The new-reclaim'd unlurt this total change to bear.

Far in their sleep strange forms deform'd they saw
Of frightful fiends, their ghostly enemies,
And souls who must abide the rigorous law
Weltering in fire, and there with dolorous cries
Blessing roll around their hopeless eyes;
And those who, doom'd a shorter term to bear
In penal flames, look upward to the skies,
Seeking and finding consolation there,
And feel, like dew from heaven, the precious aid of prayer.

And Angels who around their glorious Queen
In adoration bent their heads abased;
And infant faces in their dreams were trace'd;
That made its hour's of rest more restless than the day.

To all who from an old erratic course
Of life, within the Jesuit's fold were led,
The change was perilous. They felt the force
Of habit, when, till then in forests breed,
A thick perpetual umbrae 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.

All thoughts and occupations to consuète,
To change their air, their water, and their food,
And those old habits suddenly uprooted;
Conformd to which the vital powers pursued
Their functions, such mutation is too rude
For man's fine frame unstable to sustain.
A TALE OF PARAGUAY

34

Yea, so possesst with that best hope were they,
That, if the heavens had open'd overhead,
And the Archangel with his trumpet that day
To judgement 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,
Lift 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 haply might have deem'd they
Yet they who look'd upon that Maiden meek
Might see what deep emotion blanch'd 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 overthrow.

37

The seeds of death were in her at that hour,
Soon was their quick'ning and their growth display'd;
Thenceforth she droop'd and wither'd like a flower,
Which, when it flourish'd in its native shade,
Some child to his own garden hath convey'd,
And planted in the sun, to pine away.
Thus was the gentle Mooma seen to fade
Not under sharp disease, but day by day
Losing the powers of life in visible decay.

38

The sunny hue that tinged her cheek was gone,
A deathy paleness settled in its stead;
The light of joy which in her eyes had shone,
Now, like a lamp that is no longer fed,
Grew dim; but, when she raised her 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 dream by night, the playmate of his youth in mercy sent,
With whom his life had pass'd in peace-fullest 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 frame,
And rouse up in her heart a strong array
Of feelings, hurtful only when they bind
To earth the soul that 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 compassionato
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 prefer'd no prayer;
For, when she stood...}

CANTO IV

43

Her heart was there, and there she felt and knew
That soon full surely should her spirit be
And who can tell what forecasts might ensue
To one, whose soul, from all earth's thrallment free,
Was waiting thus for immortality?
Sometimes she spake with short and hurried breath
As if some happy sight she saw'd to
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 feeble breath a voice of praise essay'd;
And duly, when the vesper bell was rung,
Her evening hymn in faint accord she
So piously, that they who gathered round
Awe-stricken on her heavenly accents
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 whieh ringing...
Yet he had no misgiving at the sight;  
And wherefore should he? he had acted well,  
And, deeming the ways of God aright,  
Knew that to such as these, what's ever  
Must needs for them be best. But  
who could dwell  
Unmoved upon the fate of one so  
young.  
So balsamous late! What marvel if tears fell,  
From that good man as over her he  
And that the prayers he said came faltering from his tongue!  

She knew 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  
Pass'd, while she look'd at him with moaning meek,  
And for a little while, as loth to part,  
Detaining him, her fingers lank and weak,  
Play'd with their hold; then letting him depart  
She gave him a slow smile that touch'd him to the heart.  

Mourn not for her! for what hath life to give  
That should detain her ready spirit  
Thinkest thou that it were worth a wish to live,  
Could wishes hold her from her proper sphere?  
That simple heart, that innocence sincere  
The world would stain. Fitter she ne'er could be  
For the great change; and now that change is near;  
Oh who would keep her soul from being free?  
Maiden beloved of Heaven, to die is best  
For thee!  

They marvel'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 was vigorous; long he lay  
Ere it could its ascendancy regain;  
Then, when the natural powers resumed their sway,  
All trace of late disease pass'd rapidly away.  

The first inquiry, when his mind was free,  
Was for his Sister. She was gone, they said,  
Gone to her Mother, evermore to be  
With her in Heaven. At this no tears he shed,  
Nor was he soon to sorrow for the dead;  
But took the fatal tidings in such part  
As if a dull unfeeling nature bred  
His unconcern; for hard would seem the heart  
To which a loss like his no suffering could impart.  

How little do they see what is, who frame  
Their hasty judgement 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 good  
Companion, wherewith all other he esteems  
Transient and void; how then should thought intrude  
Of sorrow in his heart for their beatitude?
A TALE OF PARAGUAY

But not the less, what'er was to be done,
With living men he took his part content,
At home, in garden, or a field, as one
Whose spirit, wholly on obedience bent.
To every task its prompt attention lent.
Alert in labour he among the best;
And when to church the congregation went,
None more exact than he to cross his breast,
And kneel, or rise, and do in all things like the rest.

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With living men he took his part content,
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To every task its prompt attention lent.
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None more exact than he to cross his breast,
And kneel, or rise, and do in all things like the rest.

Cheerful he was, almost like one elate
With wine, before it hath disturb'd his power
Of reason. Yet he seem'd to feel the weight
Of time; for always, when from yonder tower
He heard the clock tell out the passing hour,
The sound appear'd to give him some delight;
And, when the evening shades began to lower,
Then was he seen to watch the fading light
As if his heart rejoiced at the return of night.

The old man to whom he had been given in care
[said, To Dobrizhoffer came one day and
The trouble which our youth was thought to bear
With such indifference hath deranged his head.
He says that he is nightly visited;
His Mother and his Sister come and say
That he must give this message from the dead,
Not to defer his baptism, and delay
A soul upon the earth which should no longer stay.

A dream the Jesuit deem'd it; a deceit
Upon itself by feverish fancy wrought;
A more delusion which it were not meet
To converse, lest the youth's distemper'd thought
Might thereby be to farther error brought;
But he himself its vanity would own,
They argued thus... if it were noticed
His baptism was in fitting time design'd
The Father said, and then dismiss'd it from his mind.

But the old Indian came again ere long
With the same tale, and freely then confess'd
His doubt that he had done Yeruti
For something more than common seem'd 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 farther time, if there were aught to fear.

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 starry seat.

Came they to him in dreams?.. he could not tell.
Sleeping or waking now small difference made;
For he were while he slept he knew full well
That his dear Mother and that darling Maid
Both in the Garden of the Dead were laid:
And yet he saw them as in life, the
Save only that in radiant robes array'd,
And round about their presence when they came
There shone an effulgent light as of a harmless flame.

And where he was he knew, the time, the place...
All circumstantial things to him were clear.
His own heart undisturb'd. His Mother's face
How could he choose but know; or, knowing, fear
Her presence and that Maid's, to him more dear
Then all that had been left him now
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.

With searching ken the Jesuit while he spake
Perused him, if in countenance or tone
Aught might be found appearing to show
That wandering, and his speech, though earnest, was sedate.

Regular his pulse, from all disorder free,
The vital powers perform'd their part assign'd;
And to what'er was ask'd collectedly
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.

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 hour
More laden...

Yeruti's was a sense of pure delight,
And while he knelt his eyes seem'd larger and more bright.

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
When 'Yo are come for me?' Yeruti
cried;...
THE POET’S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO.

TO

JOHN MAY,
AFTER A FRIENDSHIP OF TWENTY YEARS,
THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,
IN TESTIMONY OF THE HIGHEST ESTEEM AND AFFECTION,
BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ARGUMENT

The first part of this Poem describes a journey to the scene of war. The second is in an allegorical form; it exposes the gross material philosophy which has been the guiding principle of the French politicians, from Mirabeau to Buonaparte; and it states the opinions of those persons who 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 blindness, in the course of human events.

To the Christian philosopher all things are consistent and clear. Our first parents brought with them the light of natural religion and the moral law; as men departed from these, they tended towards barbarous and savage life; large portions of the world are in this degenerated state; still, upon the great scale, the human race, from the beginning, has been progressive. But the direct object of Buonaparte was to establish a military despotism wherever his power extended; and the immediate and inevitable consequence of such a system is to brutalize and degrade mankind. The contest in which this country was engaged against that Tyrant, was a struggle between good and evil principles, and never was there a victory so important to the best hopes of human nature as that which was won by British valor at Waterloo, its effects extending over the whole civilized world, and involving the vital interests of all mankind.

That victory leaves England in security and peace. In no age and in no country has man ever existed under circumstances so favourable to the full development of his moral and intellectual faculties, as in England at this time. The peace which she has won by the battle of Waterloo, leaves her at leisure to pursue the great objects and duties of bettering her own condition, and diffusing the blessings of civilization and Christianity.

PROEM

Once more, O Derwent, to thy awful shores
I come, insatiate of the custom’d sight;
And, listening as the eternal torrent roars,
Drink in with eye and ear a fresh delight:
For I have wander’d far by land and sea,
In all my wanderings still remembering thee.

Once more, O Skiddaw! once again
Behold thee in thy majesty serene,
Where, like the bulwark of this favour’d plain,
Alone thou standest, monarch of the scene.

Thou glorious Mountain, on whose ample breast
The sunbeams love to play, the vapours love to rest!

Aloft on yonder bench, with arms display’d,
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.

Soon each and all came crowding round to share
The cordial greeting, the beloved sight;
What welcome of hand and lip were there!
And, when those overflows of delight
Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss,
Life hath no purer, deeper happiness.

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,
Forgot the past and all the pain,
Rejoiced to see her home again.

Recover’d now, the homesick mountainer
Sate by the playmate of her infancy,
Her twin-like comrade, . .

Here silently between her parents stood
My dark-eyed Bertha, timid as a dove;
And gently oft from time to time she woo’d
Love, pressure of hand, or word, or look of eye;
With impulse shy of bashful tenderness,
Soliciting again the wish’d caress.

Here silently between her parents stood
My dark-eyed Bertha, timid as a dove;
And gently oft from time to time she woo’d
700 THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO

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; [lines, And now, when that long-promised hour was come, Surprise and waking 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 shine... 70
Renew'd, and influences of dormant love Waken'd within, with quickening influence move.

13 O happy season theirs, when absence brings [pain, Small feeling of privation, none of Yet at the present object love... 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 ; [see: Her old endearments each began to And Isabel drew near to climb my knee, And pat with fondling hand her father's check; [time With voice and touch and look reviving The feelings which had slept in long disease.

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... [return! For rich as Eastern merchants we Behold the black Begums, the Sister grey, The Friars whose heads with sober motion turn, tell; [lines, The Ark well-fill'd with all its numerous Noah and Shem and Ham and Japhet, and their wives.

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The tumbler, loose of limb, the wrestlers twain; [devil, And many a toy beside of quaint Which, when his fleecey troops no more can gain Their pasture on the mountains hear with joy, The German shepherd carves with curious knife, [life, Earning in easy toil the food of fragal... 10

It was a group which Richter, had he viewed, Might have deemed worthy of his pen: The keen impatience of the younger brood, [still! Their eager eyes and fingers never The hope, the wonder, and the restless joy [boy! Of these glad girls, and that violeus joy.

19 The aged friend serene with quiet smile, Who in their pleasure finds her own delight; The mother's heart-felt happiness the while; And the aunts, rejoicing in the joyful And he who, in his gaiety of heart, With glib and noisy tongue perform'd the showman's part.

20 Scof ye who will! but let me, gracious Heaven, [day! Prescribe this boyish heart till life's last For so that inward light by Nature given Shall still direct, and cheer me on my way, And, brightening as the shades of age Shine forth with heavenly radiance at the end.

21 This was the morning light vouchsafed, which led My favour'd footsteps to the Musea's 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, ... 130 A low prelusive strain, to nature true.

THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE

PART I

THE JOURNEY

100 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 pernial song of triumph raise, But sing in worthy strains my Country's praise.

2 The second day was that when Martel broke The Musselmen, delivering France And, in one mighty conflict, from the yoke Of misbelieving Mecca saved the West; Else had the Impostor's law destroy'd the ties Of public weal and private charities.

3 For, had the Persian triumph'd, then the spring Of knowledge from that living source had ceast; All would have fallen before the barbarous King. Art, Science, Freedom; the despotic East, Setting her mark upon the race subdued, Had stamp'd them in the mould of sensual servitude.

4 Our world hath seen the work of war's debate Consummated in one momentous day Twice in the course of time; and twice the fate Of uniform ages hung upon the fray: First at Plataea, in that aweful hour When Greece united smote the Persian's power.

5 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 ascen~!
Such was the danger, when that Man of Blood
Burst from the iron Isle, and brought again,
Like Satan rising from the sulphurous goal,
His impious legions to the battle plain:
Such too was our deliverance, when the
Of Waterloo beheld his fortunes yield.

I, who with faith unshaken from the first,
Even when the Tyrant seem'd to touch the skies,
Had look'd to see the ... a fall conspicuous as his rise,
So swift, so overwhelming, so complete.

Me most of all men it behoved to raise
The strain of triumph for this foe subdued,
To give a voice to joy, and in my lays
Exalt a nation's hymn of gratitude,
For I was graced with England's laurel crown.

And, as I once had journey'd to behold
Far off, Ourique's consecrated field,
Where Portugal the faithful and the bold
Assumed the symbols of her sacred shield,
More reason now that I should bend my way
The field of British glory to survey.

So forth I set upon this pilgrimage,
And took the partner of my life with me,
And one dear girl, just ripe enough...to see what I should see;
That thus, with mutual recollections fraught,
We might bring home a store for after- thought,

We left our pleasant Land of Lakes, and went
Throughout whole England's length, a weary way,
Even to the farthest shores of eastern Kent;
Embracing there upon an autumn day,
Toward Ostend we held our course all night,
And anchor'd by its quay at morning's earliest light.

Small vestige there of that old siege appears,
And little of remembrance would be found,
When for the space of three long painful years;
The persevering Spaniard girt it round,
And gallant youths of many a realm from far
Went students to that busy school of war.

Yet still those wars of obstinate defence
Their lessons offer to the soldier's hand;
Large knowledge may the statesman draw from thence;
And still from underneath the drifted sand,
Part of the harvest Death has gather'd there.

Peace be within thy walls, thou famous town,
Forthy brave bearing in those times of old;
May plenty thy industrious children crown,
And prosperous merchants day by day behold.
Many a rich vessel from the injurious sea
Enter the bosom of thy quiet quay.
And now am I a Cumbrian mountaineer; Their wintry garment of unsullied snow The mountains have put on, the heavens are clear, And yon dark lake spreads silently below; Who sees them only in their summer hour Sees but their beauties half, and knows not half their power.

Yet hath the Flemish scene a charm for me That soothes and wins upon the willing heart; Though all is level as the sleeping sea, A natural beauty springs from perfect art, And something more than pleasure fills the breast To see how well-directed toil is blest.

Two nights have pass’d; the morning opens well, Fair are the aspects of the favouring sky; Soon yon sweet chimes the appointed hour will tell, For here to music Time moves merrily: Aboard! aboard! no more must we delay, Farewell, good people of the Fleur de Bled!

All disregardant of the Babel sound, A swan kept circling near with uplifted 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.

Europe can boast no richer, goodlier scene, Than that through which our pleasant passage lay, By fertile fields and fruitful gardens The journey of a short autumnal day; Slight well-fed steeds our steady vessel drew, The heavens were fair, and Mirth was of our crow.

Along the smooth canal’s unbending line, Beguiling time with light discourse, we went, Nor wanting savoury food nor generous wine. Ashore too there was feast and merriment, The jovial peasants at some village fair Were dancing, drinking, smoking, gambling there.

Of these, or of the ancient towers of Ghent, Renown’d, I must not tarry now to tell; Of picture, or of church, or monument; Nor yields to Oxford Tom, or Tom of Lincoln’s fame. The Belfroy’s boast, which bears old Roland’s name, And that proud city, which with wise intent The mighty founder raised, his own great monument.

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 travel’d many a day, and there his heart was placed.

The on of frozen Moscovy could speak, And well his willing listeners entertain With tales of that inclement region bleak, Of frozen Moscovy could speak, And well his willing listeners entertain With tales of that inclement region bleak, Of Catherine’s And that proud city, which with wise intent The mighty founder raised, his own great monument.

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A gentle party from the shores of Kent Thus far had been our comrades, as befell; Fortune had link’d us first, and now Consequent, • For why should Choice divide whom Chance so well Had join’d, and they to view the famous ground, Like us, were to the Field of Battle bound.

Farther as yet they look’d not than that quest, • The land was all before them where to choose, So we consorted here as seemed best; Who would such pleasant fellowship refuse Of ladies fair and gentle comrades free? Certes we were a joyous company.

Yet lack’d we not discourse for graver times, Such as might suit sage auditors, I ween; For some among us in far distant climes The cities and the ways of men had seen; No unobservant travellers they, but Of what they there had learnt they knew to tell.

The valleys with perpetual fruitage blest, The mountains with unfaiding foliage drest. He those barbarie 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 pourtray such wondrous scenes at will.

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And one had dwelt with Malabars and Moors, Where fertile earth and genial heaven Profuse their bounty upon Indian shores; And one had dwelt with Malabars and Moors, Where fertile earth and genial heaven Profuse their bounty upon Indian shores; Where fertile earth and genial heaven Profuse their bounty upon Indian shores; Where fertile earth and genial heaven Profuse their bounty upon Indian shores; Where fertile earth and genial heaven Profuse their bounty upon Indian shores; Where fertile earth and genial heaven Profuse their bounty upon Indian shores; Where fertile earth and genial heaven Profuse their bounty upon Indian shores; Where fertile earth and genial heaven Profuse their bounty upon Indian shores;
THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO

706

Here to the easy barge we bade adieu; Land-travellers now along the well-paved way, Where road-side trees, still lengthening on the view, Before us and behind unvarying lay: Through lands well-labour'd to Alost we came, Where whilome treachery stain'd the English name.

Then saw we Afflighem, by ruin rent, Whose venerable fragmenta strew the land; Grown wise too late, the multitude lament The ravage of their own unhappy hand; Its recorda in their frenzy torn and toat, Its precious stores of learning wreck'd and lost.

Whatever else we saw was cheerful all, The signs of steady labour well re-paid; The grapes were ripe on every cottage wall, And merry peasants seated in the shade of gamer, or within the open door, From gather'd hop-vines pluck'd the plenteous store.

Through Assehe for water and for 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 Muscovite, Who now, the wrongs of Europe twice redress'd, Came there a welcome and a glorious guest?

2. Her mile-long avenue with lamps was hung, Innumerous, which diffused a light like day; Where through the line of splendid, old and young Paraded all in festival array; White fiery barges, plying to and fro, Illumined as they moved the liquid glass below.

3. By day with hurrying crowds the streets were throng'd, To gain of this great Czar a passing sight; And music, dance, and banquetings prolong'd The various work of pleasure through the night. You might have deem'd, to see that joyous town, That wretchedness and pain were there unknown.

4. Yet three short months had scarcely pass'd away, Since, shaken with the approaching battle's breath, Her inmost chambers trembled with dismay; And now within her walls insatiate Death, Devourer whom no harvest e'er can fill, The gleanings of that field was gathering still.

5. Within those walls there linger'd at that hour A troop of having aid of human art should ne'er restore To see his country and his friends 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 Emaciate was their form, their features pale, The limbs so vigorous late, bereft of And, for their gay habiliments of yore, The habit of the House of Pain they wore.

7. Some in the courts of that great hospital, That they might taste the sun and open air, Crawl'd out; or sate 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 waggons borne abroad I saw, Albeit recovering, still a mournful sight; Languid and helpless some were stretch'd on straw, Some more advanced sustain'd them—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

10. But some there were who lived to draw the breath Of pain through hopeless years of lingering death. Here might the hideous face of war be seen, Stript of all pomp, adornment, and disguise; It was a dismal spectacle, I ween, Such as might well to the beholders' eyes redrose, Bring sudden tears, and make the pious 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 wounds Of wheels, which o'er the rough and stony road Convey'd their living agonizing load, hearted little to the melting mood inclined Grow 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.

12. Brave spirits, nobly had their part been done! Brussels could show, where Senne's slow waters glide, The cannon which their matchless valour won, The solitary guard pased to and fro.
14

Unconscious instruments of human woe,
Some for their mark the royal bliss bore,
First where Britain was the Bourbon's foe;
And some embossed in brazen letters wore
The sign of that abhor'd misrule, which broke
The guilty nation for a Tyrant's yoke.

15

Others were stampt 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;
Ribands and flowers and laurels half conceal'd
Their brazen mouths, so late with ruin fraught;
Women beheld them pass with joyful eyes,
And children clapt 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.

III. THE FIELD OF BATTLE

1 SOUTHWARD from Brussels lies the field of blood,
Some three hours' journey for a well-girt man;
A horseman who in haste pursued his road
Would reach it as the second hour began.
The way is through a forest deep and wide,
Extending many a mile on either side.

2 No cheerful woodland this of antic 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 Castanaca reared a votive flame,
Praying the Patron Saints to bless with seed
His childless sovereign; Heaven denied an heir,
And Europe mourn'd in blood the fructive prayer.

5 That temple to our hearts was hallow'd now:
For many a wounded Briton there was laid,
With such poor help as time might then
From the fresh carcase of the field convey'd;
And they whom human succour could not save
Here in its precincts found a hasty grave.

6 And here on marble tablets set on high,
In English lines by foreign workmen traced,
Are names familiar to an English eye;
Their brethren here the fit memorials placed,
Whose unadorned inscriptions briefly
Tell Whose gallant comrades' rank, and where they fell.

7 The stateliest monument of public pride
Enrich'd with all magnificence of art,
To honour Chieftains who in victory died,
Would wake no stronger feeling in the heart
Than these plain tablets, by the soldier's hand
Raised to his comrades in a foreign land.

8 Not far removed you find the burial-ground,
Yet so that skirts of woodland intervene;
A small enclosure, rudely fenced around,
Beneath the second is a German laid;
By friendly hands his body where it lay
Laid here with holy rites in consecrated earth.

9 Beneath the second is a German laid;
Whom Bremen, shaking off the Frenchman's yoke,
Sent with his sons the general cause to aid;
In pious reverence for departed worth,
Laid here the memory of those who fought unblest,
When Marlborough here, victorious in his might
Surprized the French, and smote them in their flight.

10 Yet for his country's aggravated woes
Lived to see vengeance on her hated foes.

11 Repose in peace, brave soldiers, who have found
In Waterloo and Soigny's shade your rest!
Ere this hath British valour made that ground
Sacred to you, and for your foes unblest.

12 Those wars are as a tale of times gone by,
For so doth perishable fame decay,
Yet so that skirts of woodland intervene;
Of Waterloo and Wellington must yield.

13 Soon shall we reach that scene of mighty deeds,
In one unbending line a short league hence;
Aright the forest from the road recedes,
And, as a mournful feeling blends with pride,
Remembers those who fought, and those who died.
The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo

710

711

There was our strength on that side, and there first,
In all its force, the storm of battle burst.
Strike eastward then across toward La Haye,
The single farm: with dead the fields between
Are lined, and thou wilt see upon the way
Long wave-like dips and swells which intervene,
Such as would breathe the war-horse, and impede,
When that deep soil was wet, his martial speed.

20

This is the ground whereon the young Nassau
Emuling that day his ancestor's renown,
Received his hurt; admiring Brussels,
All tongues his prowess on that day proclaim,
Children lisp his praise and bless his name.

21

When thou hast reached La Haye, survey it well,
Here was the heat and centre of the strife;
This point must Britain hold whatever betfall,
And here both armies were profuse of life:
Once it was lost, and then a standard Bicêtre had stumbled 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 daunters could subdue.

23

Small was his British force, nor had he here
The Portugués, in heart so near allied,
The worthy comrades of his late career,
Who fought so oft and conquered at his side.
When, with the Red Cross join'd in brave
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 stationed those where they might stand or yield;
But where the stress of battle he foresees
There were his links (his own strong words I speak)
And rivets which no human force could break.

25

O my brave countrymen, ye answer'd well
To that heroic trust! Nor less did ye,
Whose worth your grateful country aye shall tell,
And childeren lisp his praise and bless their Prince's name.

26

When thou hast reach'd La Haye, survey it well,
Here was the heat and centre of the strife;
This point must Britain hold whatever betfall,
And here both armies were profuse of life:
Once it was lost, and then a standard Bicêtre had stumbled for the victory.

27

Hence to the high-wall'd house of Papelot,
The battle's boundary on the left, incline;
Here thou seest Frischermont not unlike ministers of wrath divine,
The Prussians, issuing on the yielding foe,
Consummated their great and total overthrow.

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 resists in vain
To pass this line, . . a braver foe withstood,
And this whole ground was moisten'd with their blood.

29

Leading his gallant men as he was wont,
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.

30

His country's annals shall consign to fame
To that heroic trust! Nor less did ye,
Whose worth your grateful country aye shall tell,
And children lisp his praise and bless their Prince's name.

31

Hence to the high-wall'd house of Papelot,
The battle's boundary on the left, incline;
Here thou seest Frischermont not unlike ministers of wrath divine,
The Prussians, issuing on the yielding foe,
Consummated their great and total overthrow.

32

The funeral stone might say, Go, traveller, tell
Scotland, that in our duty here we fell.

33

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There grows a single hedge along the lane,
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The battle's boundary on the left, incline;
Here thou seest Frischermont not unlike ministers of wrath divine,
The Prussians, issuing on the yielding foe,
Consummated their great and total overthrow.
Deem not that I the martial skill should boast
Where horse and foot were station'd here to tell,
What points were occupied by either host,
And how the battle raged, and what befell;
And how our great Commander's eagle eye,
Which comprehended all, secured the victory.

This were the historian's, not the poet's part;
Such task would ill the gentle Muse beseem,
Who to the thoughtful mind and pious heart
Comes with her offering from this awful theme;
Content if what she saw and gather'd there
She may in unambitious song declare.

Look how upon the Ocean's treacherous face
The breeze and summer sunshine softly play,
And the green-heaving billows
Wrought with the wrath and wreck of yester-day;
So from the field which here we look'd upon
The vestiges of dreadful war were gone.

Earth had received into her silent womb
Her slaughter'd creatures: horse and man they lay,
And friend and foe, within the general tomb,
Where all the wealth of rural life was found.

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, Tenacious, had put forth a second head,
And sprung, and ear'd, and ripen'd on the dead.

Some marks of wreck were scatter'd all around,
As shoe, and belt, and broken bandolier,
And hats which bore the mark of mortal wound;
Gun-flints and balls for those who clozeel peers;
And sometimes did the breeze upon its breast
Bear from ill-cover'd graves a taint of death.

More vestige of destructive man was seen
Where man in works of peace had labour'd more;
At Hougoumont the hottest strife had been,
Where trees and walls the mournful record bore
Of war's wild rage, trunks pierc'd with many a wound,
And roofs and half-burnt rafters on the ground.

The dove-cot too remains; scar'd 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 assay'd,
Forsook again the solitary wood,
For their old home and human neighb'rhoood.

A goodly mansion this, with gardens fair,
And ancient groves and fruitful orchard wide,
Its dove-cot and its decent house,
Where all the wealth of rural life was found.

That goodly mansion on the ground was laid,
Save here and there a blacken'd broken wall;
The wounded who were borne beneath the fall;
And there they lie where they received their doom,
Oh let no hand disturb that honourable tomb!

Contiguous to this wreck the little fane
For worship hallow'd, still uninjured stands,
Save that its Crucifix displays too
The marks of outrage from irreverent hands.
Also, to think such irreligious deed
Of wrong from British soldiers should proceed!

Contiguous to this wreck the little fane
For worship hallow'd, still uninjured stands,
Save that its Crucifix displays too
The marks of outrage from irreverent hands.
Also, to think such irreligious deed
Of wrong from British soldiers should proceed!

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.
The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo

48
One streak of blood upon the wall was traced,
In length a man's just stature from the head;
There where it gushed you saw it unefaced;
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 honour'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 bear his son a father came,
That he might lay him where his own
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 hero.

52
The pears had ripen'd on the garden wall;
Those leaves which on the autumnal earth were spread
The trees, though pierced and scar'd with many a ball,
Had only in their natural season shed
Flowers remain'd 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, whose beauty and for shade;
Soft airs prevail'd, and through the sunny hours
The bees were busy on the year's last flowers.

54
Now Hougoumont, farewell to thy domain!
Might I dispose of thee, no wood-man's hand
Should e'er thy venerable groves pro-decay;
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 remain
The form and fashion which it wearath now,
That future pilgrims here might all things see,
Such as they were at this great victory.

The Scene of War

IV. THE SCENE OF WAR

1
No cloud the azuro vault of heaven distain'd
That day, when we the field of war survey'd;
The leaves were falling, but the groves retained
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 combine'd.
The autumnal sunshine suited well the mood
Which here possess'd the heart, and of 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 swell
For Britain here was blest by old and young
Admired by every heart and praised by every tongue.

4
Not for brave bearing in the field alone
Doth grateful Belgium bless the British name;
The order and the perfect honour shown
In all things, have enhanced the soldier's fame:
For this we heard the admiring people raise
One universal voice sincere of praise.

5
Yet with indignant feeling they enquired
Wherefore we spared the author of this strife?
Why had we not, as highest law required
With ignominy closed the culprit's life?
For him alone had all this blood been shed,
Why had not vengeance struck the guilty head?

6
O God! they said, it was a piteous thing
To see the after-horrors of the fight,
The lingering death, the 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
Ye had him; and ye did not strike the blow!
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,
What is Justice but a name on earth!
For what is Justice but a name on earth?

8
Vain had it been with these in glosing speech
Of precedents to use the specious tongue:
This might perplex the ear, but honest feeling sprung:
And, had I dared my inner sense to hearken,
The voice of blood was there to join them in their cry.

For this we heard the admiring people raise
One universal voice sincere of praise.

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For this we heard the admiring people raise
One universal voice sincere of praise.
We left the field of battle in such mood
As human hearts from thence should bear away,
And musing thus our purpose route pursued,
Which still through scenes of recent bloodshed lay,
Where Prussia late with strong and stern delight
Hung on her hated foes to persecute their flight.

No hour for tarriance that, or for remorse!
Vengeance, who long had hunger'd, took her fill,
And Retribution held its righteous course:
As when in eider time the Sun stood still
On Gibeon, and the Moon above the vale
Of Ajalon hung motionless and pale.

And what though no portentous day was given
To render here the work of wrath complete,
The Sun, I ween, seem'd standing
And, when they pray'd for darkness in their flight,
The Moon aróse upon them broad and bright.

No covert might they find; the open land,
O'er which so late exultingly they pass'd,
Lay all before them and on either hand;
Close on their flight the avengers follow'd fast,
And when they reach'd Genappe and there drew breath,
Short respite found they there from fear and death.

That fatal town betray'd them to more loss;
Through one long street the only passage lay,
And then the narrow bridge they must cross
Where Dyle, a shallow streamlet, cross'd the way:
For life they fled... no thought had they there
And their own baggage shook'd the outlet here.

He who had bridged the Danube's affluent stream,
With all the unbroken Austrian power in sight
(So had his empire vanish'd like a dream)
Was by this brook impeded in his flight... there
And then what passions did he witness Rage, terror, exactions, and despair!

Ere through the wreck his passage could be made,
Three miserable hours, which seem'd like years,
Was he in that ignoble place:
Fear in his heart, and in his soul that
Whose due rewards he merited so well.

Mean time his guilty followers in disgrace,
Whose pride for ever now was beaten down,
Some in the houses sought a hiding-place;
At the entrance of that fatal town
Others, who yet some show of heart display'd,
A short vain effort of resistance made:
Feeble and ill-sustain'd! The foe burst through:
With unabating 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.

Here did we inn upon our pilgrimage,
After such day an unfit resting-place:
For who from ghastly thoughts could disengage
When every where the trace
Of death was seen, the blood-stain on the wall,
And musquet-marks in chamber and in hall!

All talk too was of death. They shew'd us here
The room where Brunswick's body had been laid,
Where his brave followers, in their vow of vengeance made;
And, when Wellington beheld the slaughter'd
Chief, Where Duhesme, whose crimes the Catalans may tell
Died here; with sabre strokes whose heads are scored,
Heawn down upon the threshold where he fell,
Himself then tasting of the ruthless sword;
Where Wellington beheld the slaughter'd
And where he drop't the stone preserves the stain.

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Heawn down upon the threshold where he fell,
Himself then tasting of the ruthless sword;
Where Wellington beheld the slaughter'd
And where he drop't the stone preserves the stain.

Too much of life hath on thy plains been shed,
Brabant! so oft the scene of war's debate;
But more with blood were they so largely fed
As in this rout and wreck; when righteous Fate
Brought on the French, in warning to all times,
A vengeance wide and sweeping as their crimes:

Vengeance for Egypt and for Syria's wrong;
For Portugal's unutterable woes;
For Germany, who suffer'd all too long
Beneath these lawless, faithless, godless foes;
For blood which on the Lord so long had cried,
For Earth opprest, and Heaven insulted and defied.

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 meed
The world hath to the Spartan band decreed.

Upon this ground the noble Brunswick died,
Lest 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.
718 THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO

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 labour'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 I heard the praise of British worth,
Still best approved when most severely tried;
Here were broad patches of loose-lying earth,
Sufficing scarce to 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-past 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:
The lordly Castle yielding to decay,
With bridge and barbacan and moat and tower,
A fairer sight perchance than when it stood
In power.

31 The avenue before its ruin'd gate,
Which when the Castle, suffering less from time
Than havoc, hath foregone its strength and state,
Uninjured flourisheth in nature's shade,
Glad of that shelter from the noon-tide sky.

32 The quarries deep, where many a massive block
For some Parisian monument of pride
Hewn with long labour from the granite rock,
Lay in the change of fortune 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;
The 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;
Whose, 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 labours past,
Unbroken may their Fair Alliance last!

36 And henee there lay, too plainly might we see
An ominous feeling upon every heart:
What hope of lasting order could there be,
They said, where Justice has not had her part?

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,
In brighter hues than those of truth,
The light of morning on the fields of youth:

38 Those who amid these troubles had grown grey
Recurr'd with mournful feeling to the past;
Blest had we known our blessings, they would say,
We were not worth that our bliss should last!

39 Remorseless France had long oppress'd the land,
And now they felt the Prussian's heavy hand:
In their defence; but oh! in peace how ill
The soldier's deeds, how insolent his
One general wish prevail'd, ... if they might see
The happy order of old times restored!
Give them their former laws and liberty,
This their desires and secret prayers implored; ... 
Forgetful, as the stream of time flows on,
That that which pass'd is for ever gone.

PART II
THE VISION

I. THE TOWER

I thought upon these things in solitude,
And mused upon them in the silent night;
The open graves, the recent scene of blood,
Were present to the soul's creative sight.

These mournful images my mind possess'd,
And mingled with the visions of my rest.

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 dolorous, dreary scene,
With huge and mouldering ruins widely spread;
Wastes which had whilome fertile regions been,
Tombs which had lost all record of the dead;

And where the dim horizon seem'd to close,
Far off the gloomy Pyramids arose.

4 Full faint would I have known what lay before,
But lifted there in vain my mortal eye;
That point where 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 dreams.
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 Ere long I came upon a field of dead,
Where heaps of recent carnage fill'd the way;
A ghastly sight, nor was there where 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.

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,
And, looking to the sound, by the wayside
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 seem'd in his presumptuous pride
To scale high Heaven with daring efforts.

Such was its giddy height: and round
The spiral steps in long ascension wound:
Its frail foundations upon sand were placed,
And round about it mouldering rubbish lay;
For easily by time and storms defaced.
The loose materials crumbled in decay;
Rising so high, and built so insecure,
I might such perilable work endure.

9 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
Of what frail matter form'd, and on what base it stood.

There on the summit a grave personage
Received and welcomed me in courteous guise;
On his grey temples were the marks of age,
And in his eye the rays of spiritual grace.

13 He answer'd, I am Wisdom. Mother Earth
Me, in her vigour self-conceiving, bore;
Eternally with her shall I endure;
Her noblest offspring I, 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, and faith 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 sawn'd his features well,
Small but audacious was the Old Man's eye;
His countenance was hard, and less than of effrontery.

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!

To guide thy steps aight. I bent my head
As in thanks, And who art thou? I said.

13 He answer'd, I am Wisdom. Mother Earth
Me, in her vigour self-conceiving, bore;
And, as from earliest time I date my birth,
Eternally with her shall I endure;
Her noblest offspring I, to whom alone
The course of sublunary things is known.

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15 Thus while he spake I sawn'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!
He who performs the journey of to-day
Cares not if yesterday were shower or sun;
To-morrow let the heavens be what they may,
And what rocks he? his wayfare will be done.
Heedless of what hereafter may befall,
Live whilst thou livest, for this life is all!

Do I not know thee, that from earliest youth
Knowledge hath been thy only heart's desire?
Here seeing all things as all to which thy thoughts aspire:
No vapours here impede the exalted soar
Mists of earth attain this eminence.

Whither thy way, thou askest me, and what tend
The region dark whero thy footsteps and where by one inevitable lot
The course of all you multitude must end.
Take thou this glass, whose perfect power shall aid
Thy faulty vision, and therewith explore the shade.

Darkness is all! what more wouldst thou despy?
Rest now content, for farther none can spy.

Now mark me, Child of Earth! he thus pursued:
Let not the hypocrites thy reason and to the quest of some unreal good
Divert with dogmas vain thine eriring mind.
Learn thou, whence'er the motive they may call,
That Pleasure is the aim, and Self the spring of all.

This is the root of knowledge. Wise are they
Who to this guiding principle attend:
They, as they press along the world's high-way,
With single aim pursue their steady end:
No idle dreams deceive; their heart is here.

They from the nature and the fate of man
Thus clearly understood, derive their strength;
Knowing that, as from nothing needs return at length;
This knowledge steels the heart and clears the mind,
And they create on earth the Heaven they find.

Such, I made answer, was the Tyrant's creed
Who bruised the nations with his iron rod,
Till on you fell the wretch received from Britain, and the outstretched arm of God!
Behold him now, . . Death ever in his The only change for him, . . and Judgement to ensue.

Behold him when the unbidden thoughts arise
Of his old passions and unbridled power;
As the fierce tiger in confinement lies,
And dreams of blood that he must taste no more . . .
Then, waking in that appetite of rage,
Frets to and fro within his narrow cage.

Hath he not chosen well? the Old Man replied:
Bravely he aimed at universal sway;
And never earthly Chief was glorified Like this Napoleon in his prosperous day.
All-ruling Fate itself hath not the power
To alter what has been; and he has had his hour.

Take him, I answer'd, at his fortune's flood; Russia his friend, the Austrian wars surceased,
When Kings, his creatures some, and some subdued, Like vassals waited at his marriage feast;
And Europe like a map before him lay, Of which he gave at will, or took away.

Call then to mind Navarre's heroic chief,
Wandering by night and day through wood and glen,
His country's sufferings like a private grief
Wringing his heart: would Mina even those perils and that sorrow have foregone To be that Tyrant on his prosperous throne?

But wherefore name I him whose arm was free?
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!

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 harder in that awful hour
His heart, his conscience, and his sure renown,
For the malignant murderer's crimes and crown?

This is the root of knowledge. Wise are they
Who to this guiding principle attend;
They, as they press along the world's high-way,
With single aim pursue their steady end:
No idle dreams deceive; their heart is here.

They from the nature and the fate of man
Thus clearly understood, derive their strength;
Knowing that, as from nothing needs return at length;
This knowledge steels the heart and clears the mind,
And they create on earth the Heaven they find.

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724 THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO

35
Serene the Old Man replied, and smiled
with scorn,
Behold the effect of error! thus to
The days of miserable life forsook,
Struggling with evil and consum'd
with care; . .
Poor fools, whom vain and empty hopes
misled!
They reap their sufferings for their only

36
O false one! I exclaim'd, whom canst
thou fool
With such gross sophisms, but the wicked heart?
The pupils of thine own unhappy school
Are they who chase the vain and
empty part;
How oft in age, in sickness, and in woe,
Have they complain'd that all was
vanity below!

37
Look at that mighty Gaznevide, Mah- mood,
When, pining in his Palace of Delight,
He hado the gather'd spoils of realms
subdued.
Be spread before him to regale his
Whate'er the Orient boasts of rich and
rarer.
And then he wert 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 colours now in union
Then weary of the baubles, with a sigh,
Swept there aside, and thought that all
was
vanity!

39
Wean'd by the fatal Messenger from
pride,
The Syrian through the streets ex-
pessed his shroud;
And one that ravaged kingdoms far and
Upon the bed of sickness cried aloud,

40
Thus felt these wretched men, because
decay
Had touch'd them in their vital;
Death stood by;
And Reason when the props of flesh
gave
spake,
Purg'd as with exasperay the mortal
Who seeks for worldly honours, 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!

42
Therefore, through evil and through
good content,
The righteous man performs his part
assign'd;
In bondage . . . doth peace support the
heroine
mind;
And from the dreadful sacrifice of all
Meeek woman doth not shrink at
Duty's

43
Therefore the Martyr clasps the stake
in faith,
And sings thanksgiving while the
Bames
aspiring;
Victorious over agency 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
Writ that my passionate discourse
I brake;
Too fast the thought, too strong the
feeling came.
Composed the Old Man listen'd while

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 he
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
woe!

5
Such and so beautiful that Star's up-
rise;
But soon the glorious dawn was over-
set,
A baleful track it held across the
skies,
Till now through all its fatal changes past,
Its course fulfill'd, its aspects
under-
stood,
On Waterloo it hath gone down in
blood.

6
Where now the hopes with which thine
ardent youth
Rejoicedly to run its race began?
Where now the reign of Liberty and
Truth,
The Rights Omnippotent of Equal
Man,
The principles should make all discord
cease,
And bid poor humankind repose at
length in

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

8
What, but a bootless waste of blood
and
tears?

9
The peace which thus at Waterloo ye
won,
Shall it endure with this exasperate
fury?
In gratitude for all that ye have done
Will France her ancient enemy fore-
go?
Her wounded spirit, her envenom'd
will

10
Ye know, . . and ample means are left
her still.
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 knitt sinews, so shall ye behold France, like a giant fresh from sleep,
And rush upon her slumbering enemies.

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?

Thus hath it been from history's earliest light,
When yonder by the Sabis Csesar stood, and saw his legions, raging from the Root out the noble nation they subdued;
Even as this day the peasant findeth
The relics of that ruthless massacre.

Need I recall the long religious strife?
Or William's hard-fought fields? or Marlborough's fame
Here purchased at such lavish price of life...?
Or Frensey, or Fleurus' later name?
Wherever here the foot of man may tread,
The blood of man hath on that spot been shed.

Shall then Futurity a happier train
Unfold, than this dark picture of the past?
Dream'st thou again of some Saturnian reign,
Or that this ill-compact'd realm should
Its wealth and weakness to the foe be known,
And the first shock subverts its baseless throne.

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!

Saying thus, he fix'd on me a searching eye
Of stern regard, as if my heart to reach:
Yet gave he now no leisure to reply:
For, ere I might dispose my thoughts for speech
The Old Man, as one who felt and understood His strength, the theme of his discourse pursued.

If we look farther, what shall we behold
But everywhere the swelling seeds of ill,
Half-smother'd fires, and causes manifold
Of strife to come; the powerful seeds of ill,
For fresh occasion to enlarge his power,
The weak and injured waiting for their hour!

If you 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?

Thus as he ended, his mysterious form
Enlarged, grew dim, and vanish'd from my view.

And think not thou thy England hath a spell,
That she this general fortune should
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 commonwealth.

And the fabric of her power is undermined:
The earthquake underneath it will have way
And all that glorious structure, as the wind
Seatters a summer cloud, be swept.

Thus as he ended, his mysterious form
Enlarged, grew dim, and vanish'd from my view.

At that appeal my spirit breathed a groan,
But he triumphantly pursued his speech:
O Child of Earth, he cried with tearful 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.

Rash hands unravel what the wise have spun;
Roalms 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 sapped by sure decay.
So earthly things are changed and pass away.

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The winds which have in viewless heaven their birth,
The waves which in their fury meet the clouds,
Are not more vague and purportless and
Than is the course of things among mankind!

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III. THE SACRED MOUNTAIN

But then methought I heard a voice exclaim,
Hither, my Son, Oh, hither take thy flight!
A heavenly voice which calleth 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.

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Hither, my Son, Oh, hither take thy flight!
A heavenly voice which calleth 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.
Thus borne aloft I reached the sacred Hill,
And left the scene of tempests far behind:
The troubled soul had lost her inward light,
And all within was black as Erebus and night.

The thoughts which I had known in youth returned,
But, oh, how changed! a sad and spectral train:
And, while for all the lives which had been given in vain,
In sorrow and in fear I turned mine eye from the dark aspects of futurity.

I sought the thickest woodland's shade profound,
As suited best my melancholy mood,
And cast myself upon the gloomy ground;
When lo! a gradual radiance fill'd the wood:
A heavenly presence rose upon my view,
And in that form divine the awful Muse I knew.

Hath then that spirit false perplex'd thy heart,
0 thou of little faith! severe she cried.
Bear with me, Goddess, heavenly and divine,
And let me pour into thine ear my grief:
Thou canst enlighten, thou canst give relief.

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 ground;
The farmer too had seen the fruit of all this pain.

Strange race of haughty heart and stubborn will,
Slavery they love and chains with pride they wear;
Inflexible souls in good or ill,
The inveterate stamp of servitude they bear.
Oh fate perverse, to see all change with stead,
These only where all change must needs be good!

But them no foe can force, nor friend persuade;
Impressive souls in iron forms inclosed,
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.

Where are those Minas after that career
Wherewith all Europe rang from side to side?
In exile wandering!
Where the Pelayo, the Asturian's pride?Had Ferdinand no mercy for that life,
Exposed so long for him in daily, hourly strife!

From her Athenian orator of old
Greece never listened to sublimer strain
Than that with which, for truth and freedom bold,
Quintana moved the inmost soul of Spain.
What merit is his let Ferdinand declare.
Chains, and the silent dungeon, and despair!

For this hath England borne so brave a part!
In those long throes and that strong agony brought forth!
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 ordeth all
Doth take for sublunary things no care.
The burthen of that thought is more than I can bear.

Even as a mother listens to her child,
My plaint the Muse divine benignant heard,
Then answer'd in reproving accents mild,
What if thou seest the fruit of hope deferred,
Dost thou for this in faltering faith repine?
A manner, wiser virtue should be thine!

Ere the good seed can give its fruit in Spain,
The light must shine on that darkened land,
And Italy must break her papal chain,
Ere the soil answer to the sower's hand.
For, till the sons their fathers' fault repent,
The old error brings its direful punishment.

Hath not experience bade the wise man see
Poor hope from innovations premature?
All sudden change is ill; slow grows the 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 those propitious days,
That he in subtle snares thy soul might bind,
And robbeth 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 hadst chosen the evil part,
Tell thee that Man is free and God is good?
These primal truths are felt and understood,
Should bring with them a hope, calm, constant, sure,
Patient, and on the rock of faith secure.

24
The Monitress Divine, as thus she spake,
Induced me gently on, ascending still,
And thus emerging from that mournful hill,
To that green and sunny place, so fair
And reach’d a green and sunny place, so 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 fluted 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 glaucous foliage wide;
With liveliest hues the mead beneath was deck’d,
Gift of that grateful tree that with its root
Repays the earth from whence it feeds its fruit.

27
There too the sacred bay of brighter green
Exalted its rejoicing head on high;
And there the martyr’s holier palm was seen
Waving its plumage as the breeze went by.
All fruits which ripen under genial skies
Grew there as in another Paradise.

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 hearts-ease that delighteth every eye,
And sage divine and virtuous euphrasy.

29
Unwounded here Judas’s balm distill’d
Its precious juice; the snowy jasmine here
Spread its luxuriant teases wide, and fill’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 roard 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 sequenter’d glade, meandering wide;
Smooth as a mirror here the surface lay,
Where the pure lotos, 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 waved outspread,
With silent lapse the glassy waters run;
And there the graceful waters here in fleet motion o’er a pebbly bed
Gilding they glance and ripple to the sun;
The stirring breeze that swept them in its flight
Rais’d 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 warbler’s sweet voice rang;
The ring-dove’s wooing carol upon the breeze;
The stirring breeze that swept them in its flight
Rais’d on the stream a shower of sparkling light.

34
Sometimes, when that wild chorus intermits,
The lark’s song was heard amid the trees,
More piercing still did orange-flowers dispense
From golden groves the purest joy of sense.

35
The harp disported here and fear’d no ill,
For never evil thing that glade came near;
The sheep were free to wander at their pleasure;
As needing there no earthly shepherd’s eye;
The bird sought no concealment for her nest,
So perfect was the peace wherewith those bowers were blest.

36
All blending thus with all in one delight,
The soul was soothed and satisfied and fill’d;
These mingled blisses of sense and sound and sight
Gave joy to sense, and to the breast
And the heartstrings thrill;
The ambitious lark, that, soaring in the sky,
Pour’d forth her lyric strain of ecstasy.

37
Yet 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
Best of my troubled spirit. This relish,
This change, whence are they? Almost it might seem
I never lived till now; all else had been a dream.
My heavenly Teacher answered, Say not seem; In this place all things are what they appear; And they who feel the past a feverish dream Wake to reality on entering here. These waters are the Well of Life, and lo! The Rock of Ages there, from whence they flow.

Saying thus we came upon an inner glade, The holiest place that human eyes might see; For all that vale was like a temple made By Nature’s hand, and this the sanctuary; Where in its bed of living rock, the Rood Of Man’s redemption, firmly planted stood.

And at its foot the never-failing Well Of Life profusely flow’d that all might drink. Most blessed Water! Neither tongue can tell The blessedness thereof, nor heart can think, Save only those to whom it hath been given To taste of that divinest gift of Heaven.

There grew a goodly Tree this Well beside; Behold a branch from Edén planted 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.

In awe I heard, and trembled, and obey’d: The bitterness was even as of death; I felt a cold and piercing thrill pervade My loosed limbs, and, losing sight and breath, To earth I should have fallen in my despair, Had I not clasp’d the Cross and been supported there.

My heart, I thought, was bursting with the force Of that most fatal fruit; soul-sick I felt, And tears ran down in such continuous course, As if the very eyes themselves should melt, But then I heard my heavenly Teacher say, And this mortal stound will pass away.

I stoop’d and drank of that divinest Well, Fresh from the Rock of Ages where it ran; It had a heavenly quality to quell My pain; I rose a renovated man, And would not now, when that relief was known, For worlds the needful suffering have foregone.

Even as the Eagle, (ancient storyers say), When faint with years she feels her flagging wing, Soars up toward the mid sun’s invigorating ray, Then fill’d with fire into some living plumes, And casting there her aged plumage, The vigorous strength of primal youth resumes.

Below me lay, unfolded like a scroll, The boundless region where I wan-der’d late, Where I might see realms spread and surmounting state Dwarf’d like a map beneath the excur-sive sight, So ample was the range from that commanding height.

Eastward with darkness round on every side An eye of light was in the farthest sky. Lo, the beginning! said my heavenly Guide; To me the light shin’d, and in its place the fruit Produced by virtue of that wondrous wave The savour which in Paradise it gave.

Now, said the heavenly Muse, thou mayst advance, Fitly prepared toward the mountain’s height. O Child of Man, this necessary trance Hath purg’d from thy heart the mortal sight, That with scope unconfined of vision free Thou the beginning and the end mayst see.

She took me by the hand and on we went. Hope urged me forward and my soul was strong; With winged speed we scaled the steep ascent. Nor seem’d the labour difficult or long, Ere on the summit of the sacred hill Upraised I stood, where I might gaze my fill.

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Look now toward the end! no mists obscure, Nor clouds will there impede the strength’d sight; Unblemish’d thine eye the vision may endure. I look’d... surrounded with effulgent light, More glorious than all glorious hues of even. The Angel Death stood there in the open Gate of Heaven.

IV. THE HOPES OF MAN

Now, said my heavenly Teacher, all is clear! The course of human things will then appear Beneath its proper laws; and thou wilt find, Through all their seeming labyrinth, the plan Which vindicates the ways of God to Man.

Free choice doth Man possess of good or ill, All were but mockery else. From Wisdom’s way Too oft perverted by the tainted will Is his rebellious nature drawn astray; Therefore an inward monitor is given, A voice that answers to the law of Heaven.

Fear as he is, and as an infant weak, The knowledge of his weakness is his strength; For succour is vouchsafed to those who seek, In humble faith sincere; and, when at length Death sets the disembodied spirit free. According to their deeds their lot shall be.
Thus, should the chance of private fortune raise
A transitory 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 impart
Comfort and hope and strength to the believing heart.

For through the lapse of ages may the course
Of moral good progressive still be seen,
Though mournful dynasties of Fraud and Force,
Dark Vice and purblind Ignorance intervene;
Empires and Nations rise, decay and fall,
But still the Good survives and perseveres thro' all.

Yea, even in those most lamentable times,
When, everywhere to wars and woes a prey,
Earth seemed but one wide theatro of crime,
And all those dread convulsions did but clear
The obstructed path to give it free career.

But deem not thou some over-ruling Fate,
Directing all things with benign decrees,
Through all the turmoil of this mortal state,
Appoints that what is best shall therefore be;
Even as from man his future doom proceeds,
So nations rise or fall according to their deeds.

Light at the first was given to human kind,
And Law was written in the human heart.
If they forsake the Light, perverse of mind,
And wilfully prefer the evil part,
Then to their own devices are they left,
By their own choice of Heaven's support bereft.

The individual culprit may sometimes
Unpunish'd to his after reckoning go;
Not thus collective man, for public crimes
Draw on their proper punishment below;
When Nations go astray, from age to age
The effects remain, a fatal heritage.

What then in these late days had Europe been,
This moral, intellectual heart of earth,
From which the nations draw their strength,
Yet receive their second birth,
To what had she been sunk, if brutal Force
Had taken unrestrict'd its impious course!

The Light had been extinguish'd, this be sure
The first wise aim of conscious Tyranny,
Which knows it may not with the Light endure:
But where Light is not, Freedom cannot be;
Where Freedom is not, there is not Virtue
Where Virtue is not, there is not Happiness.

If among hateful Tyrants of all times
For endless execration handed down
One may be found surpassing all in crimes,
One that for infamy should bear the Crown,
Napoleon is that man, in guilt the first
Pre-eminently bad among the worst.

For not, like Scythian conquerors, did he tread
From his youth up the common path of blood;
Nor like some Eastern Tyrant was he
Ignorant of good; his vices from the circumstance have grown,
His by deliberate purpose were his own.

And all his ruthless measures were design'd
To enslave, degrade, and brutalize mankind.

Some barbarous dream of empire to fulfill,
Those iron ages he would have restored,
When Law was but the ruffian soldier's will,
Might govern'd all, the sceptre was the sword,
And Peace, not elsewhere finding where to dwell,
Sought a sad refuge in the convent-cell.

Too far had he succeeded! In his mould
An evil generation had been framed,
By foul examples of all crimes inflamed,
Of faith, of honour, of compassion void;
Such were the fitting agents he employ'd.

Believing as you lying Spirit taught,
They to that vain philosophy held fast,
And trusted that, as they began from nought,
To nothing they should needs return at last;
Hence no restraint of conscience, no remorse,
But every base passion took its course.

And, had they triumph'd, Earth had once again,
To Violence subdued, and impious Pride,
Verg'd to such state of wickedness, as when
The Giana of old their God defied,
And Heaven, impatient of a world like this,
Open'd its flood-gates, and broke up the abyss.
That danger is gone by. On Waterloo
The Tyrant's fortune in the scale was
weigh'd; . . .
His fortune and the World's, . . . and
England throw
Her sword into the balance . . . down it
dwelt;
And, when in battle first he met that foe,
There he received his mortal overthrow.

O my brave Countrymen, with that I said,
For then my heart with transport overflow'd,
O Men of England! nobly have ye paid
The debt which to your ancestors ye owed,
And gather'd for your children's heritage
A glory that shall last from age to age

And we did well, when on our Mountain's
height For Waterloo we raised the festal flame,
And in our triumph taught the far-off
mariner to admire
To see the crest of Skiddaw plumed with
fire.

The Moon, who had in silence visited
His lonely summit from the birth of
time,
That hour an unavailing splendour shed, 
Through 'tis beams the dreary grone of woe.
Indeavored in whose broad blaze rejoicingly we
And all below a depth of blankest solitude.

Fit theatre for this great joy we chose;
For never since above the abating
Flood
Emerging, first that pinnacle arose,
Hail cause been given for deeper
gratitude,
For prouder joy to every English
heart,
When England had so well perform'd her
anxious part.

The Muse replied with gentle smile
benign,
Well mayst thou praise the land that
cheerful birth,
And bless the fate which made that
country thine;
For of all ages and all parts of earth
To chase thy time and place did Fate
allow,
Wise choice would be this England and
this Now.

From bodily and mental bondage there
Hath Man his full emancipation gain'd;
The viewless and inimitable 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.

There under Freedom's tutelary wing,
Deliberate Courage fears no human foe;
There, undef'd as in their native spring,
The living waters of Religion flow;
There like a beacon the transmitted
Light

In splendour with those famous cities old,
Whose power it hath surpass'd, it now might
vie;
Through many a bridge the wealthy
river roll'd;
Aspiring columns mar'd their heads on
high,
Triumphant arches spann'd the roads, and
Due guardon to the memory of the brave.

A landscape follow'd, such as might
aspire
To spread the sphere of happiness
and light;
She hath the power to answer her desire,
The wisdom to direct her power
right;
To the will, the power, the wisdom thus
combined,
What glorious prospects open on man-
kind!

Behold! she cried, and lifting up her
hand,
The shaping elements obey'd her
will . . .
A vapour gather'd round our lofty stand.
Roll'd in thick volumes o'er the
Sacred Hill,
Descending then, its surges far and near
Fill'd all the wide subjacent atmosphere.

As I have seen from Skiddaw's stony
height
The fleecy clouds send 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;

So at her will, in that roeding sheet
Of mist, wherewith the world was
overlaid,
A living picture moved beneath our feet.
A spacious City first was there display'd,
The seat where England from her ancient
reign
Doth rule the Ocean as her own domain.

In splendour with those famous cities old,
Whose power it hath surpass'd, it now might
vie;
Through many a bridge the wealthy
river roll'd;
Aspiring columns mar'd their heads on
high,
Triumphant arches spann'd the roads, and
Due guardon to the memory of the brave.

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.
Then saw I, as the magic picture moved,
Her shores enrich'd with many a port and pier;
No gift of liberal Nature unimproved.
The seas their never failing harvest here
Supplied, as bounteous as the air which
Israel, when manna fell from heaven for bread.

Many a tall vessel in her harbours lay,
About to spread its canvass to the breeze,
Bound upon happy errand to convey
The adventurous colonist beyond the seas,
Toward those distant lands, where
Israel, when manna fell from heaven for bread.

The landscape changed; ... a region next was seen,
Where sable swans on rivers yet un
Glide through broad savannahs ever
Innumerable flocks and herds were feeding round,
And scatter'd farms appear'd and hamlets fair,
And rising towns, which made another Britain there.

Then, thick as stars which stud the moonless sky,
Green islands in a peaceful sea were
Darken'd no more with blind usages obscene,
But heal'd of leprous crimes, from butchering strife
Deliver'd, and reclaim'd to moral life.

Colours and castes were heeded there no more;
Laws which depraved, degraded, and opprest,
Were laid aside, for on that happy shore
All men with equal liberty were blest;
And through the land the breeze upon its swells
Bore the sweet music of the sabbath bells.

Again the picture changed; those Isles I saw
With every crime thro' three long centuries curst,
While unrelenting Avarice gave the law;
Scene of the injured Indians' sufferings first,
Then doom'd, for Europe's lasting shame, to see
The wider-wasting guilt of Slavery.

That foulest blot had been at length effaced;
Slavery was gone, and all the power it gave,
Whereby so long our nature was debased,
Baleful alike to master and to slave.
O lovely Isles! ye were indeed a sight
To fill the spirit with intense delight!

For willing industry and cheerful toil
Perform'd their easy task, with Hope to aid;
And the free children of that happy soil
Dwelt each in peace beneath his cocoa's shade;
A race, who with the European mind,
The adapted mould of Africa combined.

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.
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?

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.
740 THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO

58
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.

59
Was ever War with such blest victory
Did ever Victory with such fruits abound!
Rightly for this shall all good men rejoice,
They most who most abhor all deeds of blood;
Rightly for this with reverential voice
Exalt to Heaven their hymns of gratitude;
For never till now did Heaven thy country bless
With such transcendent cause for joy and thankfulness.

60
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.

61
And thou to whom in spirit at this hour
The vision of thy Country's bliss is given,
Who feelst that she holds her own true
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.

FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS

OCCASIONED BY HIS SON'S DEATH.

1
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
A theme of dear discourse.

Beauties of Nature,—the passion of my youth,
Nursed up and ripened to a settled love,
To which my heart is wedded.

A respite somewhat like repose is gained
While I invoke them, and the troubled tide
Of feeling, for a while allay'd
By some benign intelligence dispensed,
Who lends an ear to man.

Mere unrealities:—they are not, though,
The ancient Poets, in the graceful garb
Of fiction, have transmitted earliest truths,
Ill understood; adorning, as they seem'd.

With mythic tales things erring received,
And mingling with primeval verities
Their own devices vain. For what to us
Scripture assures, by searching proof
confirmed,
And inward certainty of sober Faith,
Tradition unto them deliver'd down
Changed and corrupted in the course of time.
And barely also by delusive art
Of Evil Power.

FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF HIS SON

Daufters of Jove and of Mnemosyne, Pierian sisters, in whose sacred paths,
Ye who into my riper strains have breathed
Truth, knowledge, life, and immortality:
An earthly heritage indefeasible

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,
So slowly did it fit;
Yet cloud methinks I err in calling it, 
It spread so evenly along the sky,
It gave the hills beyond a hue
So beautiful and blue,
That I stood looking for the view: to
Lettering and musings 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,
Ethereal and that deceitful haze was gone,
Which had beguiled me with its mockery; 
And all things seemed again the things they were.
Alas! but then they were not half so fair.
As I had shap'd them in the hazy air!

ADDITIONAL FRAGMENT

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF HIS SON

Daughters of Jove and of Mnemosyne,
In whose sacred paths,

The Vale of Thames 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,
So slowly did it fit;
Yet cloud methinks I err in calling it, 
It spread so evenly along the sky,
It gave the hills beyond a hue
So beautiful and blue,
That I stood looking for the view: to
Lettering and musings thoughtfully stood I.
For well those hills I knew,
And many a time had travel'd them all o'er;
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Alas! but then they were not half so fair.
As I had shap'd them in the hazy air!

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But while I gazed the cloud was passing by;
On the slow air it slowly travel'd on,
Ethereal and that deceitful haze was gone,
Which had beguiled me with its mockery; 
And all things seemed again the things they were.
Alas! but then they were not half so fair.
As I had shap'd them in the hazy air!
Assuring to me thus, with Bards of old,
With the blind Grecian of the rocky isle,
The Mantuan, and the Tusoan; and, more dear
To me than all of elder Rome and Greece,
My honour'd master, who on Mullas's side,
Mid the green alders, mused his heavenly lay;
Be with me, O ye Nymphs of Castaly Divine, be with me now; ye who so oft
Have given me strength, and confidence, and joy,
O give me comfort now!—to you I look
In sorrow, who in gladness heretofore,
Yet never but with deepest faith devout,
Have weroed your visitation. For no strain
Of querulous regret I ask your aid,
Impatient of the chastening hand of Heaven;
But rather that your power may discipline
Thoughts that will rise—may teach me to control
The course of grief, and in discursive flight
Leading my spirit, sometimes through the past,
Sometimes with bold yet not irreverent reach
Into the region of futurity,
Abstract her from the sense of present woe.

Short time hath pass'd since from my pilgrimage
To my rejoicing home restored I sung
A true thanksgiving song of pure delight.
Never had man whom Heaven would heap with bliss
More happy day, more glad return than mine;
You mountains with their wintry robe
were clothed
When, from a heart that overflow'd with joy,
I pour'd that happy strain. The snow
not yet
Upon their mountain sides hath disappear'd
Beneath the breath of spring, and in the grave
Herbert is laid, the child who welcomed me
With deepest love upon that joyful day;
Herbert, my only and my studious boy,
The sweet companion of my daily walks,
Whose sports, whose studies, and whose thoughts I shared,
Yea in whose life I lived, in whom I saw
My better part transmitted and improved,
Child of my heart and mind, the flower and crown
Of all my hopes and earthly happiness.

APPENDIX

A LIST OF POEMS NOT REPRINTED IN THE PRESENT EDITION

(a) Poems published in the collected editions of 1837-8.

JOAN OF ARC.

THE VISION OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN.

WAT TYLER.

POEMS CONCERNING THE SLAVE TRADE.

Six Sonnets.

To the Genius of Africa.

The Sailor who had served in the Slave Trade.

BOTANY BAY ELOGUES:

Elinor.

Humphrey and William.

John, Samuel, and Richard.

Frederick.

SONNETS:

I. 'Go, Valentine, and tell that lovely maid.'
II. 'Think, Valentine, as speeding on thy way.'
III. 'Not to thee, Bedford, mournful is the tale.'

MONODRAMAS:

Sappho.

Ximalpoca.

The Wife of Fergus.

Luceria.

La Caba.

THE AMATORY POEMS OF ABEL SHUFFLEBOTTOM:

Sonnets.

Love Elegies.

LYRIC POEMS.

To Horror.

To a Friend.

The Soldier's Wife.

The Chapel Bell.

To Hymen.

Written on the First of December.

Written on the First of January.

Written on Sunday Morning.

The Race of Banquo.

Written in Alonteno.

To Recovery.

Youth and Age.

The Oak of our Fathers.

The Battle of Pultowa.

Translation of a Greek Ode on Astronomy.

Gooseberry Pie.

To a Bee.

The Destruction of Jerusalem.

The Death of Wallace.

The Spanish Armada.

St. Bartholomew's Day.

SONGS OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS:

The Huron's Address to the Dead.

The Peruvian's Dirge Over the Body of his Father.

Song of the Araucans during a Thunderstorm.

Song of the Chilikasah Widow.

The old Chilikasah to his Grandson.

OCCASIONAL PIECES:

The Pauper's Funeral.

The Soldier's Funeral.
Apart from the poems mentioned in the foregoing list there were many early pieces which Southey did not see fit to republish in 1837-8. The curious in such matters may search for them over the signature 'Bion' in Poems by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey, 1795; in The Annual Anthology for 1798 and 1800; and in Letters from Spain and Portugal, 1797. Three or four poems sent by Southey to Daniel Stuart, editor of The Morning Post, are to be found printed in Letters from the Lake Poets, ed. E. H. Coleridge, 1880; and a few stray verses lie scattered among the volumes of his published correspondence. Southey's contribution to The Fall of Robespierre (1794) may be found printed in Coleridge's Poetical Works, ed. J. Dykes Campbell, pp. 216-225. Of that notable drama Coleridge was responsible for the first Act; the second and third were written by Southey in two days, 'as fast as newspapers could be put into blank verse.' A poetical address to Amos Cottle appeared in the latter's volume of Icelandic Poetry, 1797. There are probably other verses contributed by Southey to The Morning Post, The Courier, and other newspapers still lying unclaimed and uncollected in the columns in which they first saw the light. But the bulk of the pieces which he did not republish are to be found in the volumes mentioned above.

1 In The Annual Anthology Southey's contributions are to be found sometimes over his own name, sometimes over the signatures R. S.,—R.,—R. S.,—S.,—Theriot,—Abel Shuffett,—or Byonde; and occasionally without any signature at all. Of the unsigned pieces a few were reprinted in the collected edition of his Poetical Works, in 1837-8. According to Alexander Dyce's MS. notes in the two volumes of The Annual Anthology formerly belonging to Southey (now in the Dyce collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum), Southey was also the author of the verses which appear without a signature in vol. i, pp. 22, 59, 62, 134, 137, 140, 146, 208.
NOTES

N.B. In the references in these Notes, Life = The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey (edited by his son, Cuthbert Southey, 6 vols., 1849, 1850); Warton = Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey (edited by J. W. Warton, 4 vols., 1850).

THALABA THE DESTROYER

Written July 1799–July 1800; published in two volumes, 12mo, by Longman and Rees, in 1801. A second edition was published by Longman in 1809. This edition is more heavily stopped than that of 1801, to the great improvement of the sense; and the variations from the 1801 text are numerous and important. The metopes to the different books also appeared first in the 1809 edition, and the notes were much amplified and placed at the end of each book, instead of at the bottom of the page. A third edition appeared in 1814, differing from the last only in having the stanzas numbered, and in the lapidary arrangement of the lines. Southey introduced many minor corrections when he finally revised the poem for publication in 1837.

I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. E. H. Coleridge for permission to print the following extract from a letter from S. T. Coleridge to Daniel Stuart, editor of The Morning Post. The letter bears date, Sept. 10, 1801:

‘Have you seen the Thalaba? It is not altogether a poem exactly to my taste; there are, however, three uncommonly fine passages in it. The first in Volume 1st, beginning (page 130) at the words, “It was the wisdom and the will of Heaven,” continued to the end of the 3rd line, page 134; then omitting the intermediate pages, pass on to page 147, and recommence with the words “Their father is their priest,” to the last line of page 166, concluding with the words “Of Thalaba went by.” This would be a really good extract, and I am sure none of the Reviews will have either feeling or taste to select . . .’

‘The next extract is in Volume 2, page 126, beginning at the words, “All waste, no sign of life,” &c., to page 131, ending with the words, “She clapped her hands for joy.” The third passage is very short, and uncommonly lyrical; indeed, in versification and conception, superior to anything I have ever seen of Southey’s. It must begin at the third line of page 142, Volume 2nd, and be entitled “Khwla,” or “The Enchantress’s Incantation.” ‘Go out, ye lights, quoth Khwla,” &c.—and go on to the last words of page 145.—Letters from the Lake Poets, pp. 20-2.

Pages 23. Book I, Stanzas 1. As an illustration of the way in which Southey altered and improved his poems after their first publication, it is interesting to note the changes introduced into the opening stanza of Thalaba. In the first edition the stanza ran as follows:—

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
No mist obloques, no little cloud
Breaks the whole scene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory the majestic moon
Rolls thro’ the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

The stanza first appeared in its present form in the second edition of the poem.


Page 33, ll. 650, 657. ‘The angel of death,’ say the Rabbis, ‘holds his sword in his hand at the bed’s head, having on the end thereof three drops of gall; the sick man, singing this deadly Angel, opneth his mouth with fear, and then those drops fall in, of which one killeth him, the second maketh him pale, the third rotteth and purifieth.’—Purchas. (S.)

Page 35. Book II, ll. 165–70. ‘These lines contain the various opinions of the Mahomedans respecting the intermediate state of the Blessed, till the Day of Judgement.’ (S.)

Ze zam-well. According to Mahommedan tradition Ishmael, when a new-born babe, made a way for a spring to break forth by dancing with his little feet upon the ground. But the water came forth with such abundance and violence that Hagar could not drink of it. Abraham, coming to the place, stayed the force of the spring, and made Hagar and Ishmael drink. ‘The said spring is to this day called Ze zam-well, from Abraham making use of that word to stay it.’—Olearius. (S.)

Page 68. Book V, l. 72. City of Peace. Almanzor, the founder of Bagdad, named his new city Dar-al-Salam, the City of Peace. (S.)

l. 78. Thy founder the Victorious. ‘Almanzor signifies the Victorious.’ (S.)

Page 69, l. 282. ‘The Mussulmans use, like the Roman Catholics, a rosary of beads, called Thalaba, or implement of praise . . .’—Note to the Bahar-Danush. (S.)

Page 62, ll. 297–9. ‘The Mahommedans believe that the decreed events of every man’s life are impressed in divine characters on his forehead, though not to be seen by mortal eye.’—Note to the Bahar-Danush. (S.)

l. 307. ‘Zohak was the fifth King of the Fischadian dynasty, lineally descended from Shedad, who perished with the tribe of Ad. Zohak murdered his predecessor, and invented the punishments of the cross and of flaying alive. The Devil, who had long served him, requested at last, as a recompense, permission to kiss his shoulders; immediately two serpents grew there, who fed upon his flesh, and endeavoured to get at his brain. The Devil now suggested a remedy, which was to quiet them by giving them every day the brains of two men, killed for that purpose: this tyranny lasted long; till a blacksmith of Ispahan, whose children had been nearly all skin to feed the King’s serpents, missed his leather apron as the standard of revolt, and deposed Zohak. Zohak, say the Persians, is still living in the cave of his punishment.’—D’Herbelot. Olearius. (S.)
to the Eastern writers, was sent by the Supreme Being to subdue and chastise the rebellious Dives. It was supposed to possess rational faculties, and the gift of speech. . . ." (S.)

Page 74. Book VII, l. 184. Zaccone's fruit accursed. According to the Koran the Zaccon is a tree which issues from the bottom of Hell. Its fruit is to be eaten by the damned. (S.)

Page 75. l. 264. The Paradise of Sin. "The story is told by many writers, but with such different times and places as wholly to invalidate its truth, even were the circumstances more probable." (S.) Southey quotes, among others, a long account from Sir John Maundeville.

Page 85. Book VIII, Stanza 36. "How came Mbarab to be Sultan of this island? Every one who has read Don Quixote knows that there are always islands to be had by the adventurous. He killed the former Sultan, and reigned in his stead. What could not a Domdanielite perform? The narration would have interrupted the flow of the main story." (S.)

Page 91. Book IX, l. 413-16. "A thicket of balm trees is said to have sprung up from the blood of the Moslem slain at Beder." (S.) Southey in his note of this place has quoted Mauza and other writers as speaking of vipers which were rendered innocuous by feeding on the juice of the balsam-tree.

Page 92. l. 492. That most holy night. "The night, Leileth-ul-cadr, is considered as being particularly consecrated to ineffable mysteries. There is a prevailling opinion, that a thousand secret and invisible prodigies are performed on this night by those invisible beings known by the name of Genies. There is no list of characters, preface, or mottoes. The whole of it from Section VII onwards is in Southey's handwriting. The first section is dated May 28, 1806, now in possession of Miss Warter, the poet's granddaughter, the corrections made in which were embodied in the printed text."

Page 92. Stanza 44 and 45. These stanzas, together with stanza 1 of Book X, replaced in 1809 a passage, unhappy alike in conception and in execution, which had appeared in the first edition. This cancelled passage consisted of 120 lines—100 in Book IX, and 17 in Book X. In it Mohabe and Khawla have learnt of Maimuna's treachery. To further their revenge they resolve to secure 'El Tree of Death. Khawla and Mohabe flee away in a whirlwind. The prison walls fall with a crash: and Maimuna and Thalaba are borne in the Chariot of the Winds to the former's cave."

Page 102. Book XI, Stanza 11. "Simorg Anha," says my friend Mr. Fox, in a note to his Anshi Ardeebeli, "is a bird or griffon of extraordinary strength and size (as its name imports, signifying as large as thirty eagles), which, according
plainer language will dislike it more. About this I am perfectly indifferent. It is a work on genius, which like Odis will find its own admirers, and I have always sincerely echoed your original preface upon that point.'

See also Landor's Works and Life, by J. Forster (1876), vol. i, p. 110.

PAGE 139. Section VII. 1. 197. The fate of Nared. In Hindoo legend Nared, a divine son of Brahma, invented the Vina, or Indian lute. (S.)

PAGE 151. Section X. 1. 562. his Dragon foe. Ra'hut, a dragon-like monster, according to Hindoo legend strives during eclipses to wreak vengeance on the Sun and Moon for having denounced a fraud which he had practised on the gods. (S.)

PAGE 162. Section XIII. 1. 131. Voomdavee. The wife of Veenoo, the goddess of the earth and of patience. (S.)

PAGE 173. 6. "The Hindoo poets frequently allude to the fragrant juice which oozes, at certain seasons, from small ducts in the flowers, and which they even describe the bees as allured by the scent, and mistaking it for that of the sweetest- flowers." Wilford, *Asiatic Researches.* (S.)

PAGE 191. Section XXI. 1. 84. that strange Indian bird. 'The Chatoukee. 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. 300. (S.)

PAGE 207. Section XXIV. In the British Museum MS. the poem ends as follows after Stanzia 23:—

'Thus hath the will of destiny been done,'

Then said the Lord of Padalun.

'Thus are the secret ways of Heaven made known And justified. Ye heirs of heavenly bliss, Go to the Swarga Bowers,

And there recall the hours

Of endless happiness.

For thee, Ladurad, there is yet in store

One glorious task. Return to Earth— restore

Justice and Peace, by Tyranny put down.

Then shalt thou have thine everlasting crown,

And join thy best-beloved for evermore!'  

RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS


There is in the Victoria and Albert Museum a MS. of the first eighteen sections of Roderick—as they were sent successively, by Southey to Landor, bound up with the corresponding MS. of The Curse of Kehama.—(No. 480 in the Catalogue of MSS. in the Forster Collection). Every section save the first is in Southey's handwriting. At the end of Sections I, II, VI, VII, IX, X, XII, XIII, XIV, XVI, and XVII are letters or postscripts, all signed with Southey's initials, except the first, which is signed in full. The letter to Landor at the end of Section I is dated Keswick, July 14, 1810. The postmark on the last section (XVIII) bears date, Sept. 26, 1814.

In this MS. the poem is called 'Pelayo,' for it was Southey's original intention that Pelayo should be its hero. As the work progressed, the character of Roderick became more and more predominating importance. Accordingly, in sending Section VI to Landor, Southey writes to him (in an unpublished letter) as follows (Sept. 11, 1812) :

'The next book is nearly finished. I believe I must go back to the fifth, and interpolate a passage introductory of Egliona, whose death I think of bringing forward in Book 8, and in whose character I must seek for such a palliation of the rape of Florinda as may make Roderick's crime not so absolutely incomparable with his heroic qualities as it now appears. The truth is that in consequence of having begun the story with Roderick I have imperfectly been led to make him the prominent personage of the poem, and have given him virtues which it will be very difficult to make consistent with his fall.'

The description of Egliona, Section V. 1. 124—44, was subsequently interpolated with the object described above.

Southey justly regarded Roderick as his highest achievement as a poet. H. Crabb Robinson writes in his Diary for Sept. 15, 1816, 'Of his own works he (Southey) thinks Don Roderick by far the best.' And this statement is corroborated by a letter from Southey to Dr. Gooch, dated Nov. 30, 1814, in which he writes: 'It is impossible for me to leave Roderick the best which I have done, and, probably, the best that I shall do, which is rather a melancholy feeling for the author.'

(Life, vol. iv, p. 90.)

Southey gives the following lively description of his feelings on the completion of this poem in an unpublished letter to his brother, Captain Thomas Southey, R.N., dated Thursday, 14 July, 1814, in the British Museum:

'Monday came and I continued at my task, still writing like a Lion, it was like going up a mountain, the termination seemed to recede as I advanced. So I was still at it on Tuesday midday, when in came a Laker to interrupt me. This morning I went again to work, and just at dinner-time finished a poem which was begun 2 December 1809. The last book has extended to 580 lines, and the whole work to 7,000, some twenty more or less. —Hurray! your Serene Highness! O be joyful St. Helen's, Auckland, and Greta Hall! ... I do not feel exactly as Gibbon did, who knew that it was impossible for him ever to execute another work of equal magnitude with his great history; for I neither want subjects nor inclination for fresh attempts. But this poem has been growing for 41 years on hand, and had been thought of as many years before it was begun: and it is impossible not to feel how very doubtful it is whether I may ever again complete one of equal extent, or of equal merit,—the more at any part of my life better disposed for it in will or in power than at the present time.'

It may be well to add here Charles Lamb's appreciation of the poem, as conveyed to Southey in a letter of May 6, 1815:—

'The story of the brave Macabees,' he wrote, 'was already, you may be sure, familiar to me in all its parts. I have, since the receipt of your present, read it quite through again, and with no diminished pleasure.... The parts I have been most pleased with, both on first and second readings, perhaps, are Florinda's palliation of Roderick's crime, confessed to him in his disguise—the retreat of the Palayos (sic) family first discovered—his being made king.—For description
one form must serve more odems for the breach of old observances." Roderick's vow is extremely fine, and his blessing on the vow of Alphonso:

Towards the troops he spread his arms,
As if the expanded soul diffused itself,
And carried to all spirits with the act
Its effluent inspiration.

"It struck me forcibly that the feeling of these last lines might have been suggested to you by the Cartoon of Paul at Athens. Certain it is that a better motto or guide to that famous attitude can nowhere be found. I shall adopt it as explanatory of that violent but dignified motion." The Letters of C. Lamb, ed. Ainger, vol. i, pp. 290-2.

Page 210. Section I, l. 30. the name of thy new conqueror. 'Gibel-al-Tarif, the mountain of Tarif, is the received etymology of Gibraltar: Ben Hazel, a Granadan Moor, says expressly, that the mountain derived its name from this general.' (S.)

Page 221. Section III, ll. 99-105. 'The Roman Conimbriga stood about two leagues from the present Coimbra, on the site of Condijxa Velha. Ataces, king of the Almites, won it from the Svears, and, in revenge for his obstinate resistance, dispeopled it, making all its inhabitants, without distinction of persons, work at the foundation of Coimbra, where it now stands ... Ataces was an Arian, and therefore made the Catholic bishops and priests work at his new city, but his queen converted him.' (S.)

Page 222. l. 180. Diogo's amorous late. 'Diogo Bernardes, one of the best of the Portuguese poets, was born on the banks of the Lima, and passionately fond of its scenery ...' (S.)

Page 226. l. 326. The collected edition of 1838 and the one-volume edition reprinted from it read 'Yet' as the first word of this line,—clearly a misprint for the 'Yea' of 1814, which has been restored in the present edition.

Page 234. Section X. In sending this Section—perhaps the finest in the whole poem—to Landor, Southey thus writes (in an unpublished letter) of the difficulty which he had experienced in its composition: 'You have here a part of the poem so difficult to get over, even tolerably, that I verily believe, if I had at first thought of making Roderick anything more than a sincere penitent, this difficulty would have deterred me from attempting the subject. There will probably be a deal to be amended in it hereafter,—but I think it is in the right strain, and that the passion is properly made diffuse.' (March 5, 1815.)

It may be added that the changes eventually made in the original draught of this section as it had been sent to Landor were comparatively few and unimportant.

Page 277. Section XV. In a letter to G. C. Bedford, of August 8, 1815 (Warter, ii, 420) Southey thus anticipates an obvious criticism upon this and other portions of the poem:—

'The strongest objection which has or can be urged against the poem is, that Roderick should not be recognized; but the fact is strictly possible. A friend of mine (poor Charles Dancer), after a fortnight's absence, during which he had been very exposed to weather, sleeping out of doors, and in an open boat, and had endured the greatest anxiety (in assisting a man to escape to America, who would have been hanged for high treason, if he had been taken), was so altered as literally not to be recognized at the end of that time by an old servant of the family. Think, also, what a difference grey hairs will make; and how soon grief will produce this change has often been seen. When the Queen of Prussia was murdered, her hair was perfectly white. This I have carefully marked in Roderick: I have also made his mother recognize him upon the first hint, and Sweirian also. As for Julian, it is nowhere implied that he had ever seen Roderick: on the contrary, Arius was his home.'

Page 294. Section XVIII, l. 107. orery:—"a scarf or tippet to be worn upon the shoulders. . . .' (S.)

Page 301. 'Preciosa or auriphrygiate. "Mitrac ... treble ext species; una quae pretiosa dictur, quia gemmis et lapidibus pretiosis, vel laminis aureis, vel argentiae contexta esse solut; altera auriphrygiate sine gemmis, et sine laminis aureis vel argentiae; sed vel allegoribus parvis marginalibus compost, vel ex serico also auro internistio, vel ex tela aurea simplici sine laminis et margaritis; tertia, quae simplex vocatur sine auro, . . ."—Caeremoniale Episcoporum, l. 1, c. 17." (S.)

Page 315. Section XXI, ll. 424-34. 'The image of the clouds and the moon I saw from my chamber window at Cintra when going to bed, and noted it down with its application next morning. I have it at this moment distinctly before my eyes with all its accompanying earth-scenery.' Letter from R. S. to C. W. W. Wynn, March 9, 1815. Life, iv, p. 107.

Page 321. Section XXXIII, l. 31. 'The humma is a fabulous bird; the head over which its shadow once passed will assuredly be encribed with a crown.'—Wilcke, 8, of Indt, v, i, p. 425. (S.)

SELECTED MINOR POEMS

Page 344. The Dead Friend. This poem was written in memory of Edmund Seward, of Balliol College, Oxford, who died in June, 1795. Seward had been one of the little band who originally entered upon the scheme of Pantisocracy, but he had soon realized that the plan was visionary and impracticable, and had ceased to support it. Southey writes as follows to G. C. Bedford, on June 15, 1795: 'Bedford,—he is dead; my dear Edmund Seward! after six weeks suffering. These, Grosvenor, are the losses that . . . shall again behold his friend! You know not, Grosvenor, how I loved poor Edmund: he taught me all that I have of good.'

Page 345. Funeral Song for the Princess Charlotte of Wales. The Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV (then Prince Regent), and heir-presumptive to the throne, married Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg in 1816, and died in childbirth, Nov. 6, 1817.

Page 346. l. 110-24. During the building of a mausoleum under St. George's Chapel, Windsor, an accidental opening was made by the workmen into the Henry VIII vault. Three coffins were visible in the vault,—two of them those of Henry VIII and Jane Seymour; and, as there was some doubt as to the burial-places of King Charles I, owing to a passage in Lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion (iii, Part I, p. 393 [Oxford, 1807]), which states that unsuccessful search was made for the body shortly after the Restoration, the Prince Regent
ordered that the third coffin in the vault should be examined and the doubtful point set at rest.

The examination was made on April 1, 1813, in the presence of the Prince Regent, the Duke of Cumberland, Count Munster, the Dean of Windsor, Benjamin Charles Stevenson, Esq., and Sir Henry Halford, the King's physician. The coffin was covered by a black velvet pall, and, when this was removed, was seen to bear the inscription, 'Charles I, 1648.' When the wrappings of the body were removed and the face exposed, the pointed beard and lower half of the countenance were found to be perfect, and one eye was visible at the first moment, though it disappeared immediately; the nose, however, was defaced. The loose head was taken out and held up to view: the hair at the back was thick and of a dark-brown colour, while the beard was of a more reddish brown. The muscles at the back of the neck showed the traces of a heavy blow from a sharp instrument.

The head was then replaced, and the coffin closed; and, after a cursory examination of the coffins of Henry VII and Jane Seymour, the vault was closed.

The above particulars are drawn from a pamphlet in the Royal Library at Windsor, by Sir Henry Halford, entitled, "An Account of what appeared on Opening the Coffin of King Charles the First in the Vault of King Henry the Eighth in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, on the First of April 1813." I am indebted for this information to the kindness of the Honourable John Fortescue, Librarian of the Royal Library, Windsor.

PAGE 347. My days among the Dead are past. Cuthbert Southey, in quoting these lines in his Life of his father, adds the following interesting note:—

'I have an additional pleasure in quoting these lines here, because Mr. Wordsworth ... once remarked that they possessed a peculiar interest as a most true and touching representation of my father's character. He also wished three alterations to be made in them, in order to reduce the language to correctness and simplicity. In the third line, because the phrase "casual eyes" is too unusual, he proposed—

"Where'er I chance these eyes to cast." In the sixth line, instead of "converse", "commune", because, as it stands, the accent is wrong.

In the second stanza, he thought—

"While I understand and feel,... My cheeks have often been bedewed;" was a vicious construction grammatically, and proposed instead,—

"My pensive cheeks are oft bedewed." These suggestions were made too late for my father to profit by them.'—Life, v, 110, n.

PAGE 348. The Cataract of Lodore. The origin of this poem is thus described in a letter from Southey to his brother Thomas, dated October 18, 1809 (Warter, ii, 168):—

"I hope ... you will approve of a description of the water at Lodore, made originally for Edith, and greatly admired by Herbert. In my mind it surpasses any that the tourists have yet printed, and there are a few unimportant variants. The following lines—in addition to the first forty-two—are wanting in the MS.—...—and that way the water comes down at Lodore." The doggerel thus first composed by Southey for the amusement of his eldest daughter was developed into the poem as we now know it for the benefit of his youngest child, Cuthbert, who lived on Venise Island in Derwentwater. She had been a Miss Charter, of Bishop's Lydeard, near Taunton. She died in 1809 (Life, ii, 304; Water, ii, 155).

PAGE 351. Inscription III. At Barrosa. Lieut.-General Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) defeated the French army under Victor at Barrosa on March 5, 1811.

PAGE 352. Inscription V. Epitaph. This epitaph very probably may refer to the death of Southey's eldest son, Herbert, who died on April 17, 1816, in the tenth year of his age. See Notes on 'The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo' and on the 'Fragmentary Thoughts occasioned by his Son's Death', pp. 762, 763.

PAGE 355. Dedication of the Author's Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society. The Rev. H. Hill was Southey's maternal uncle. Southey had indeed for some time been meditating a book on the subject, and, in a letter to Mr. Hill, dated March 28, 1795, he says:—

"I have not yet decided on the style in which I shall write, and on the view which I shall propose for the education of Westminster and at Oxford, and took him to Lisbon with him in 1795. He encouraged Southey—on the occasion of the latter's second visit to Portugal—on the second visit to Portugal in 1800—to undertake the writing of a History of Portugal, and, until he himself returned to England in 1807, continued to furnish his nephew with Spanish and Portuguese materials for that work. From that time onwards until his death he constantly corresponded with Southey with reference to the latter's literary employments. On his return to England, Mr. Hill married, and held successively the livings of Staunton-on-Wye and Streatham. One of his sons, Herbert, married Bertha Southey in 1839, and edited Southey's 'Oliver Newman: With other Poetical Remains,' in 1845.

PAGE 357. Ode written during the Negotiations with Buonaparte, in January, 1814. The greater part of this ode was originally included in the Carmen Triumphale. In deference to the advice of J. W. Croker and Rickman Southey out from the

and bounding, and clattering, and clattering, with a dreadful uproar,—and that way the water comes down at Lodore."

Professor Dowden has well characterized this ode as 'perhaps the loftiest chant of political invective, inspired by moral indignation, which Southey possesses.' And he observes further:—'Southey stood erect in the presence of power which he believed to be immoral, defied it and execrated it. That he did not perceive..."
low, in driving the ploughshare of Revolution across Europe of the old régime, Napoleon was terribly accomplishing an inevitable and a beneficent work, may have been an error; but it was an error to which no blame attaches, and in his fierce indiction he states, with ample support of facts, one entire side of the case. The ode is indeed more than a poem; it is a historical document expressing the passion which filled many of the highest minds in England, and which as a later date was the justification of Saint Helena. (Poems by Robert Southey, ‘Golden Treasury’ Series, Introd., pp. xxiv, xxv.)

Page 368. The March to Moscow. This doggerel march is included here among the Selected Minor Poems, both as being eminently characteristic of the writer and as in some ways complementary to the ‘Ode written during the Negotiations with Buonaparte.’ Southey wrote it to amuse his children. When it was originally published in The Courier the present fourth stanza was suppressed, and the fifth stanza was added later.

Stanza 4, 1, 2. He frightened Mr. Roscoe. William Roscoe (1753–1831), historian, banker, and Whig M.P. for Liverpool 1800–7, was a strong advocate of peace with France, and published several pamphlets between 1783 and 1810 in support of such a policy.

Page 369. The Old Woman of Berkeley. There is a MS. of this ballad in the British Museum. It is in Mrs. Southey’s handwriting, dated Martin Hall, Oct. 5 (1798), and was enclosed in a letter to Thomas Southey, in which Southey says of it, ‘I like the ballad much.’

Page 378. Inscription for a Coffee-Pot. These lines, written in 1809, or early in 1810, were never published. They were, of course, never published by Southey, but were printed in a note, Walter, iv, pp. 203, 204. It turned out, when the coffee-pot had been chosen, that there was not room on it for the proposed inscription.

Page 385. The Widows. These lines are here printed, as having given rise to one of the most famous parodies in the language. ‘The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder’ was written by Canning and Frere, and appeared in No. II of The Anti-Jacobin on Nov. 27, 1797.

The Old Man’s Comforites. These lines are chiefly notable as the original of Lewis Carroll’s brilliant parody in Alice in Wonderland.

Page 386. To a Spider. Charles Lamb’s criticism of this poem is of interest. Writing to Southey on March 20, 1799, he says:—

‘I am hugely pleased with your “Spider,” your old Freemason,’” as you call him. The first three stanzas are delicious; they seem to me a compound of Burns and Old Quares, the kind of home-strokes which can be felt. The last stanza is better, and will soothe the ear; a terseness, a jocular pathos, which makes one feel in laughter. The measure, too, is novel and pleasing. I have repeated the sonnet. The last stanza hath nothing striking in it, if I except the two concluding lines, which are Burns all over.’


Page 394. To Margaret Hill. Margaret Hill, to whom this poem is addressed, was Southey’s favourite cousin. He appears to have himself defrayed the expenses of her illness, which lasted for more than a year (Walter, i, 164). She died of consumption not long after Southey’s return from Portugal in 1801.

Page 396. Written immediately after reading the Speech of Robert Emmet. Robert Emmet (1778–1803), a member of the United Irishmen, planned a rising against the English Government in Ireland, intending to seize Dublin Castle and to hold the Viceroy as a hostage. The rising took place on July 23, 1803, but was easily suppressed; not, however, before the rioters had murdered Lord Kilwarden and Colonel Brown, whom they met on their march. Emmet had fled in horror at the violence of his followers, but was arrested a month later, tried for high treason on Sept. 19, sentenced to death, and executed on the following day.

Page 402. To Charles Lamb. These lines were not included in the collected edition of 1837–8, but are printed in the present edition because of their interest as a link in the relations between Southey and Charles Lamb. They were written in reply to a complimentary review of Lamb’s Almanac Verses and Other Poems, which appeared on July 10, 1830, in the Literary Gazette, of which paper William Jerdan was editor. The review in question contained the following passage:—

‘If anything could prevent our laughing at the present collection of absurdities, it would be a lamentable conviction of the blinding and engrossing nature of vanity. We could forgive the folly of the original composition, but cannot but marvel at the egotism which has preserved, and the conceit which has published.’ Southey’s lines were published in The Times on Aug. 6, 1830. They were his first public utterance concerning Lamb since the misunderstanding between them which had arisen out of Southey’s allusion to the Essays of Elia in the Quarterly Review for January, 1823—Lamb’s famous open letter to him of the following October—and their speedy reconciliation, so honourable to both the friends. Lamb was much touched, and wrote to Bernard Barton on Aug. 30, 1830:—

‘How noble in Robert Southey to come forward for an old friend, who had treated him so unworthily!’ (See E. V. Lucas, Life of Charles Lamb, one-vol. ed. (1897), pp. 508–14, 625 and 626.)

Page 403. The Retrospect. Corston (called Alston in the poem as originally published) is a small village about three miles from Bath, a little to the left of the Bristol road. Southey passed a year there (1781–2) at a school kept by one Thomas Flower. His reminiscences of the time spent there are to be found in his Life and Correspondence, i, 40–58. He says of it, ‘Here one year of my life was spent with little profit, and with a good deal of suffering. There could not be a worse school in all respects.’

Page 407, II. 141 sqq. These lines describe a visit which Southey paid to Corston in 1793, after the house had ceased to be used as a school.

Page 409. Hymns to the Penates, i, 146. Apollo’s sculptured form. ‘One of the ways and means of the tyrant Nabis. If one of his subjects refuse to lend him money, he commanded him to embrace his Apege; the statue of a beautiful woman so formed as to clasp the victim to her breast, in which a pointed dagger was concealed.’ (S.)


Page 420. The Devil’s Walk. The genesis of these lines, originally known as ‘The Devil’s Thoughts’, is told by Southey himself in stanzas 1, 2, 3, and 19. They were written, according to Lamb, and were printed in collaboration. The verses originally appeared in the Morning
Post of Sept. 6, 1799. The text, as then published, is in J. Dykes Campbell's edition of Coleridge's Poetical Works, pp. 621, 622. This first version included, sometimes in a modified form, stanzas 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, and 57, of the poem as finally printed by Southey in 1858. The squib had a great circulation. In 1812 Shelley published his imitation, 'The Devil's Walk,' and in 1813 Byron published his 'The Devil's Drive.' In 1826 Caroline Bowles urged Southey, in view of the confident assertions that Porson was the author, to publish the verses as his own, and so to set all doubts at rest. Southey was thus unfortunately moved to expand the lines until they reached their present form. Further particulars may be found in Dykes Campbell's edition of Coleridge's Poetical Works, loc. cit.

Page 422. Richard Brothers, a crazy enthusiast, published A Revealed Knowledge of the Prophecies and Times (1794), and other similar works. He died in 1834.

Page 422, l. 55, 66. Richard Brothers, a crazy enthusiast, published A Revealed Knowledge of the Prophecies and Times (1794), and other similar works. He died in 1834.

Page 423. Stanza 30. Richard Lord Shel (1791–1851), dramatist and politician; Daniel O'Connell (1775–1847); Sidney Smith (1771–1845); Joseph Hume (1777–1855), a prominent Radical M.P. from 1818 to 1855; Lord Brougham (1778–1868); Jeremy Bentham (1748–1832); Peter, seventh Earl of Oxford (1776–1833); and James Warren Doyle (1786–1834), Roman Catholic bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, are here grouped together chiefly as having been prominent advocates of Catholic Emancipation.

Page 423. Stanza 57. 'If any one should ask who General — meant, the Author begs leave to inform him that he did once see a red-faced person in a crown whom he never saw again, and that the dress he took for a General; but he might have been mistaken, and most certainly he did not hear any names mentioned. In simple verity, the author never meant any one, or indeed anything but to put a concluding stanza to his doggerel' (Coleridge's note in 1820).

INSCRIPTIONS

Page 423, xi. Juan de Padilla, a nobleman of Toledo, commanded the forces of the Conspirators, who rebelled against the government of Charles V in 1520. He was captured at Villalar on April 23, 1521, and was put to death on the following day (see The Cambridge Modern History, i, 372–5).

Page 423, xvii. Sir Arthur Wellesley defeated the French under de Laborde at Rolissa on Aug. 23, 1521, in his first battle in the Peninsula.


Page 433, xix. The battle of Corunna was fought on Jan. 16, 1809.

Page 434, xxii. Paul Burrard was a cousin of Caroline Bowles, who furnished Southey with some particulars about him. In a letter to Mrs. Hughes of Dec. 31, 1857, Southey says, writing of Caroline Bowles, 'The late Sir Harry Burrard was her uncle, and I suspect, was to have stood in another degree of relationship to her if the battle of Corunna had not put an end to all her dreams of life. She has never expressly told me this, but that it was so I have no doubt' (Walter, iv, 82).

The picture by Edridge here referred to is presumably the pencil drawing made in 1804, formerly in the possession of G. O. Bedford, and now in the National Portrait Gallery.

MADOC

Begun 1794 (autumn); finally revised in the autumn of 1804; published in one vol. by Longman in 1805. A second edition appeared in 1807 and a fourth in 1815. A MS. of 'Madoc in Wales' in Southey's writing, dated Oct. 29, 1804, is in the possession of Canon Rawnsley: the second volume of this MS., containing 'Madoc in Aztlan,' is in the Keswick Museum.

PAGE 461. Part I, Section I, l. 43. Aberfraw. 'The palace of Gwynned, or North Wales. Rhodri Mawr, about the year 873, fixed the seat of government here.'

PAGE 467. Section III, l. 19. Dinewer. 'Dinas Vawr, the Great Palace, the residence of the Princes of Deheubarth, or South Wales. This also was erected by Rhodri Mawr.'

PAGE 475. Section IV, l. 184. Greenhoway. A mermaid. (S.)

PAGE 481. Section VI, l. 131. 'Islets of this kind, with dwelling huts upon them, were common upon the Lake of Mexico.'—Clavigero. (S.)

PAGE 490. Section XI, l. 13-17. 'By the principles of the Order a bard was never to bear arms, nor in any other manner to become a party in any dispute, either political or religious....—Owen's Llywyr Hen.'

PAGE 537. Part II, Section VI, l. 192. 'Snake-worship was common in America.'—Bernal Diaz, p. 3, 7, 125.

'Ve can scarcely be necessary to say that I have attributed to the Hoamen such manners and superstitions as, really existing among the savage tribes of America, were best suited to the plan of the poem.'

PAGE 545. Section IX, l. 16. Elmar and Aromon. Bards who had borne arms. Aromon was one of three known as 'the three Bards of the Budi Spear.'

PAGE 547, ll. 99-106. 'Tezcatlipoca was believed to arrive first, because he was the youngest of the Gods, and never waxed old. .....

'l. 107. Mexitli, woman-born.' The history of Mexitli's birth is related in the poem, Part II, Section XXI.'

PAGE 548, l. 104. 'The Gods of the conquered nations were kept fastened and caged in the Mexican temples.'

PAGE 550. Section X, l. 66. Cozolotla. 'The mother of Mexitli, who, being a mortal woman, was made immortal for her son's sake, and appointed Goddess of all herbs, flowers, and trees.'—Clavigero. (S.)

PAGE 555. Section XII, l. 85. Tlatoanc. 'The Paradise of Tlatox.'

PAGE 567. Section XV, l. 94. 'An old priest of the Tlatolexcas, 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 Stone of Sacrifice; the king drank first, and then all his chiefs and soldiers in order; it made them eager and impatient for the fight.'—Torquemado, l. i, c. 58. (S.)

PAGE 569. St. Gualberto. George Burnett (1776-1811) was a friend of Southey at Balliol, and one of those who joined in the scheme of 'pantisocracy.' His erratic disposition made his life a series of unsuccessful attempts in many professions. He published in 1807, a View of the Present State of Poland, and also edited Specimens of English Prose Writers (1807) and a selection from Milton's Prose Works (1809). For the last two years of his life his friends and relations saw and heard nothing of him, and he died in the Marybone Infirmary in Feb., 1811.

PAGE 564. Raprecht the Robber. There is a MS. of this ballad (undated) in the British Museum, and another in the possession of Canon Rawnsley.

A TALE OF PARAGUAY

This poem was begun in 1814, laid aside for long intervals, and only finished on Feb. 24, 1825. It was published by Longman in one volume, 12mo, in 1825.

PAGE 567. Dedication, ll. 6-14. Southey first made the acquaintance of John May at Lisbon in 1783-6, and thus began a lifelong friendship.

l. 18. Southey's eldest child, Margaret, died in August 1803, being then not quite a year old.

PAGE 572. Canto III, l. 249. 'And Father was his name.' Tupa. It is the Tupi and Guaraní name for Father, for Thunder, and for the Supreme Being. (S.)

PAGE 581. Canto III, ll. 168-71. In 1822 Sara Coleridge, who, with her mother, was still living at Greta Hall, had published (doubtless at Southey's suggestion) a translation in three volumes of Dobrizhoffer's Account of the Abipones.
THIE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO

This poem was published by Longman in one volume, 12mo, in 1815. Southey had toured in Holland and Belgium in Sept.-Oct., 1815, with Mrs. Southey, their eldest daughter Edith, Edward Nash, the artist, and one or two other friends. The Southeys reached Greta Hall on their return on Dec. 6, 1815; and a melancholy interest attaches to the Proem to 'The Poet's Pilgrimage,' in which that joyous homecoming is so feelingly described. Herbert, Southey's only boy, the very light of his eyes, was taken ill in the following March, and died on April 17, 1816. He was in the tenth year of his age. Southey never recovered from this blow. 'The head and flower of his earthly happiness' had been, as he said, 'out off.' And a fresh bitterness must, if possible, have been added to his sorrow by the fact that he was obliged at the time to occupy himself in correcting the proofs of this poem, which had been written in such joy and thankfulness of heart.

Op. ' Fragmentary Thoughts occasioned by his Son's Death,' and the 'Additional Fragment,' pp. 740-2.

PAGE 699. Proem, l. 51. Her twin-like comrades. Sara Coleridge, who was born in 1802, and had been brought up at Greta Hall.

PAGE 700. l. 109. The aged friend serene. Mrs. Wilson. She had been housekeeper to Mr. Jackson, the former owner of Greta Hall, and continued to live there until her death in 1820.


PAGE 702. l. 88. Ourique's consecrated field. Alfonso, count or duke of Portugal, is said to have completely defeated the Moors at Ourique on July 25, 1123, and then to have been hailed the first king.

PAGE 704. l. 181. That sisterhood. The Beguines.

PAGE 705. l. 211. And one had dwelt with Malabar and Moors. Edward Nash, the artist. Southey made his acquaintance in Belgium in 1815, and they were on terms of close intimacy until Nash's death in Jan., 1821. Nash drew the Portrait of the Author and the Sketch of the Bust published in the one-volume edition of _The Doctor, etc._, the picture of Bertha, Kate, and Isabel Southey prefixed to vol. v of Southey's _Letters and Correspondence_, and seven of the illustrations in the first edition of _The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo._

PAGE 706, l. 229. A third who from the Land of Lakes with me went out... Henry Koster, author of _Travels in Brazil._ Southey had become acquainted with him at Lisbon in 1800.

PAGE 708, l. 246. In 1838 the English garrison of Alost delivered up the town to the Spaniards in consideration of receiving from them their pay, which had been withheld by the States. It is fair to say that the Dutch had not only refused to give them their pay, but had also threatened 'to force them out, or else to famish them' (Grinestone, _Hist. of the Netherlands_, 383, quoted by Southey in his note ad loc.).

PAGE 747. Afflicted, by ruin rent. 'This magnificent Abbey was destroyed during the Revolution... an act of popular madness which the people in its vicinity now spoke of with unsavailing regret. The library was at one time the richest in Brabant.' (S.)

PAGE 707, l. 70-2. 'One of our coachmen, who had been employed (like all his fraternity) in removing the wounded, asked us what was the meaning of the English word _O Lord!_ for thus, he said, the wounded were continually crying out.' (S.)

PAGE 708, l. 19-24. Charles II of Spain married as his first wife Marie Louise, niece of Louis XIV. His death in 1700 without issue led to the War of the Spanish Succession.

PAGE 709, l. 65-6. When Marlborough here, victorious in his might, Surprised the French... 'A detachment of the French was entrenched at Waterloo Chapel, August 1705, when the Duke of Marlborough advanced to attack the French army at Over Y Bench, and this detachment was destroyed with great slaughter (Edward's _Gazetteer._)... Marlborough was prevented by the Deputies of the States from pursuing his advantage, and attacking the enemy, at a time when he made sure of victory—_Hist. de l'Empereur Charles VI, i. t. p. 90._'(S.)

PAGE 710. l. 115. The young Nassau. The Prince of Orange.

PAGE 714, l. 290. Howard's coat. See Childe Harold, Canto iii, Stanzas 29 and 30. The Hon. Frederick Howard (1785-1815), third son of the fifth Earl of Carlisle, was killed at Waterloo late in the evening in a final charge of the left square of the French Guard.

PAGE 719, l. 249. The Prussian's heavy hand. Wherever we went we heard one cry of complaint against the Prussians, except at Ligny, where the people had witnessed only their courage and their sufferings. This is the effect of making the military spirit predominant in a nation. The conduct of our men was universally extolled; but it required years of exertion and of severity before Lord Wellington brought the British army to its present state of discipline... 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 honour 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.' (S.)

PAGE 723, l. 169. Navarre's heroic chief. Mina, a celebrated guerrilla chief, who harassed the French troops in Navarre during the Peninsula War.

PAGE 726, l. 70. _Fleuris' later name_. The French under Jourdan defeated the Austrians at Fleurus on June 25, 1794.

MISCELLANEOUS POETICAL REMAINS

PAGE 740. Fragmentary Thoughts occasioned by his Son's Death. These fragments and the two following poems were published by Herbert Hill, Southey's cousin and son-in-law, in 1845, together with other verses, in a volume under the title of _Oliver Newman: A New-England Tale: With other Poetical Remains_. In the preface to that volume Herbert Hill thus speaks of the occasion and the purpose of these memoirs of the greatest sorrow of Southey's life: 'His son Herbert—of whom he wrote thus in the _Colloquies_, "I called to mind my hopeful
NOTES

H. too, so often the sweet companion of my morning walks to this very spot, in whom I had fondly thought my better part should have survived me,

With whom is seen'd my very life
Went half away "—
died 17th April, 1816, being about ten years old, a boy of remarkable genius and sweetness of disposition. These Fragments bear a date at their commencement, 3rd May, 1816, but do not seem all written at the same time. The Author at one time contemplated founding upon them a considerable work, of a meditative and deeply serious cast. But, although he, like Schiller, after the vanishing of his ideals, always found "Employment, the never-tiring", one of his truest friends,—yet this particular form of employment, which seemed at first attractive to him, had not, when tried, the soothing effect upon his feelings which was needful; and in March, 1817, he writes that he "had not recovered heart enough to proceed with it".

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

A golden medal was voted to me ...............................................378
A respite something like repose is gain'd ....................................374
A Well there is in the west country ........................................................364
A wrinkled, crabbed man they picture thee ....................................350
And I was once like this! that glowing cheek ....................................392
And wherefore do the Poor complain .................................................387
Arm days of old familiar to thy mind .............................................431
As thus I stand beside the murmuring stream ....................................379
Athwart the island here, from sea to sea ........................................443
Ay, Charles! I knew that this would fix thine eye ................................415
Beware a speedy friend, the Arabian said ..........................................380
Bishop Bruno awoke in the dead midnight ......................................632
Bright on the mountain's heathy slope ..............................................012
Callest thou thyself a Patriot? ... On this field .................................426
Charles Lamb, to those who know thee justly dear ............................402
Cold was the night wind, drifting fast the snow fell ..........................386
Cornelius Agrippa went out one day ..............................................625
Crossing in unexampled enterprise ..............................................435
Daughters of Jove and of Mnemosyne .............................................741
Divided far by death were they, whose names ....................................445
Do I regret the past .................................................. ......... .388
Edith! ten years are number'd since the day .................................657
'Enter, Sir Knight,' the warden cried ............................................616
Enter this cavern, Stranger! Here awhile ......................................426
Faint gleams the evening radiance through the sky ..............................383
Fair be thy fortunes in the distant land ........................................381
Fair blows the wind, the vessel drives along ....................................401
Fair is the rising morn when o'er the sky ........................................430
Farewell my home, my home no longer now ....................................382
Four months Massena had his quarters here ...................................438
From his brimstone bed at break of day ......................................421
Gaspar! how pleasantly thy pictured scenes Glory to Thee in thine omnipotence ........................................399
Grenville, few years have had their course, since last .......................397
Happy the dwellers in this holy house .............................................391
He passed unquestion'd through the camp ......................................384
He who in this unconsecrated ground .............................................433
| He who may chronicle Spain's arduous strife | PAGE 441 |
| Here cavern'd like a beast Honorius pass'd | 440 |
| Here Cranford fell, victorious, in the breach | 360 |
| Here in the fruitful vales of Somerset | 368 |
| Here Leitmeritz and Riley in the flames | 429 |
| Here Sidney lies, whom perverted law | 428 |
| Here was it, Stranger, that the patron Saint | 611 |
| High on a rock whose castle shade | 348 |
| How beautiful is night | 347 |
| How darkly o'er you far-off mountain crowns | 380 |
| How does the Water | 348 |
| How many hearts are happy at this hour | 390 |
| I marvel not, O Sun! that unto thee | 381 |
| I told my tale of the Holy Thumb | 655 |
| If thou didst feed on western plains of yore | 381 |
| In an evil day and an hour of woe | 650 |
| In happy hour doth he receive | 447 |
| In its summer pride array'd | 345 |
| It is Antidius the Bishop | 633 |
| It was a little island where he dwelt | 635 |
| It was a summer evening | 365 |
| Jaspar was poor, and vice and want | 614 |
| Jenner! for ever shall thy honour'd name | 609 |
| John rests below. A man more infamous | 429 |
| Let no man write my epitaph; let my grave | 396 |
| Little Book, in green and gold | 356 |
| Lord! who art merciful as well as just | 347 |
| Man hath a weary pilgrimage | 384 |
| Margaret! my Cousin . . . . nay, you must not smile | 384 |
| Mary! ten chequard's years have past | 344 |
| Merrily, Merrily rung the bells | 623 |
| Midnight, and yet no eye | 118 |
| Midst arch of promise, on the evening sky | 349 |
| My days among the Dead are past | 347 |
| Mysterious are the ways of Providence | 434 |
| Nay, Edith! spare the Rose; perhaps it lives | 637 |
| No eye beheld when William plunged | 362 |
| No stir in the air, no stir in the sea | 372 |
| Not less delighted do I call to mind | 303 |
| Not often hath the cold insensate earth | 449 |
| Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul | 344 |
| Not upon marble or sepulchral brass | 333 |

| Old friend! why you seem bent on parish duty | PAGE 441 |
| On as I journey through the vale of years | 403 |
| Once more I see thee, Skiddaw! once again | 698 |
| One day, it matters not to know | 620 |
| One day to Holbeck I had stroll'd | 372 |
| Our world hath seen the work of war's debate | 701 |
| Passing across a green and lonely lane | 414 |
| Phthian was a Pagan | 357 |
| Eizarro here was born; a greater name | 430 |
| Porlock, thy verdant vale so fair to sight | 381 |
| Reader, thou standest upon holy ground | 396 |
| Reproche the Robber is taken at last | 644 |
| Botha, after long delays | 357 |
| Seven thousand men lay bleeding on these heights | 438 |
| She comes majestic with her swelling sails | 382 |
| Slowly thy flowing tide | 387 |
| Some there will be to whom, as here they read | 347 |
| Sometimes in youthful years | 390 |
| Son of an old and honourable house | 440 |
| Spaniard! if thou art one who bows the knee | 429 |
| Spanish or Portuguese! tread reverently | 439 |
| Splinter, thou need'st not run in fear about | 380 |
| Stately you vessel sail'd adown the tide | 382 |
| Steep is the soldier's path; nor are the heights | 352 |
| Stranger! awhile upon this mossy bank | 427 |
| Stranger! the Muses of Nature lies not here | 428 |
| Stranger! whose steps have reach'd this solitude | 350 |
| Sweet to the morning traveller | 385 |

<p>| That was a memorable day for Spain | PAGE 659 |
| The Emperor Nap he would set sail | 360 |
| The first wish of Queen Mary's heart | 412 |
| The fountains of Onoro which give name | 438 |
| The Friars five have girt their lions | 374 |
| The hill was in the sunshine gay and green | 741 |
| The Maiden through the favouring night | 629 |
| The Raven croak'd as she sat at her meal | 397 |
| The sky-lark hath perceived his prison-door | 401 |
| The summer and autumn had been so wet | 346 |
| The work is done, the fabric is complete | 636 |
| There once was a painter in Catholic days | 621 |
| There was an old man breaking stones | 619 |
| They suffered here whom fevers doomed to death | 442 |
| This is the place where William's kingly power | 427 |
| This is Vimeiro; yonder stream which flows | 432 |
| This mound in some remote and dateless day | 427 |
| Thou chronicle of crimes! I'll read no more | 382 |
| Thou lingering, Spring! still wintry is the scene | 380 |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Line</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Thou who hast reach'd this level where the glede</td>
<td>444</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though the four quarters of the world have seen</td>
<td>361</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Through all Iberia, from the Atlantic shores</td>
<td>437</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Time and the world, whose magnitude and weight</td>
<td>362</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Time has been when Rolissa was a name</td>
<td>432</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Butler's venerable memory</td>
<td>446</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turner, thy pencil brings to mind a day</td>
<td>400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Well, Heaven be thank'd! friend Allan, here I am</td>
<td>463</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When from these shores the British army first</td>
<td>433</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where these capacious basins, by the laws</td>
<td>445</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who counsels peace at this momentous hour</td>
<td>357</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who is yonder poor Maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes</td>
<td>408</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whom are they ushering from the world, with all</td>
<td>417</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With many a weary step, at length I gain</td>
<td>379</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yet one Song more! one high and solemn strain</td>
<td>406</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yon wide-extended town, whose roofs and towers</td>
<td>436</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You are old, Father William, the young man cried</td>
<td>386</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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