THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BROWNING
VOLUME II.
The Postcard Works of Robert Browning
THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BROWNING

WITH PORTRAITS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II

New York
THE MACMILLAN CO.
1901
(All rights reserved)
THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BROWNING

WITH PORTRAITS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II

New York
THE MACMILLAN CO.
1901
[All rights reserved]
## CONTENTS OF VOLUME II

### THE RING AND THE BOOK—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PART</th>
<th>TITLE</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I.</td>
<td>The Ring and the Book</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II.</td>
<td>Half-Rome</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III.</td>
<td>The Other Half-Rome</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV.</td>
<td>Tertium Quid</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V.</td>
<td>Count Guido Franceschini</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI.</td>
<td>Giuseppe Caponsacchi</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII.</td>
<td>Pompilia</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIII.</td>
<td>Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IX.</td>
<td>Juris Doctor Johannes-Baptista Bottiniius</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X.</td>
<td>The Pope</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XI.</td>
<td>Guido</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XII.</td>
<td>The Book and the Ring</td>
<td>279</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### PACCHIAROTTO, AND HOW HE WORKED IN DISTEMPER, ET CETERA—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TITLE</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Prologue</td>
<td>459</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of Pacchiarotto, and how he Worked in Distemper</td>
<td>499</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At the &quot;Mermaid&quot;</td>
<td>477</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>House</td>
<td>479</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shop</td>
<td>479</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pig-Sight. I.</td>
<td>481</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II.</td>
<td>482</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fears and Scruples</td>
<td>482</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Natural Magic</td>
<td>483</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magical Nature</td>
<td>484</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bifurcation</td>
<td>484</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Numpholeptos</td>
<td>484</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apparances</td>
<td>487</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Martin's Summer</td>
<td>487</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hervé Riel</td>
<td>488</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Forgiveness</td>
<td>491</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cenciaja</td>
<td>496</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Filippo Baldinucci on the Privilege of Burial</td>
<td>500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epilogue</td>
<td>507</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**PRINCE HÖHENSTIEL-SCHWAN-GAU, SAVIOUR OF SOCIETY** 292

**FIFINE AT THE FAIR** 320

**RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY, OR TURF AND TOWERS** 371

**THE INN ALBUM** 426

**LA SAISIAZ** 542
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CONTENTS vi</th>
<th>CONTENTS vii</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC.</td>
<td>ASOLANDO—Continued.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DRAMATIC IDYLS: First Series—</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martin Rehfe</td>
<td>Summum Bonum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Footsteps</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>of Houn</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ivan Ivanovitch</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ned Bratts</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DRAMATIC IDYLS: Second Series—</td>
<td>PARLEYINGS WITH CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE IN THEIR DAY—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Echetlos</td>
<td>FERISHTAH'S FANCIES—Continued.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clive</td>
<td>Shah Abbas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Muleykeh</td>
<td>The Family</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pietro of Anaco</td>
<td>The Sun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doctor</td>
<td>Mirhab Shah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pan and Luna</td>
<td>A Camel-Driver</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JOCOSERIA—</td>
<td>Two Camels</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Wanting is—what?&quot;</td>
<td>Cherries</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donald</td>
<td>Plot-Culture</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Solomon and Balkis</td>
<td>A Pillar at Shizevar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cristina and Monaldeschi</td>
<td>A Bean-Strife: Also, Appli-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Wollstonecraft and Fuseli</td>
<td>Eating</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adam, Lilith, and Eve</td>
<td>EPILOGUE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ixion</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jochanan Harkadesh</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Never the Time and the Place</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pamela</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FERISHTAH'S FANCIES—</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prologue</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Eagle</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Melon-Seller</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ASOLANDO: FANCIES AND FACTS—</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prologue</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosny</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dubiety</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Humility</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fortics</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF ROBERT BROWNING'S POEMS AND PLAYS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INDEX TO FIRST LINES OF SHORTER POEMS AND SONGS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GENERAL INDEX</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BROWNING (1881)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
"The Ring and the Book" appeared at the end of 1868, after a four years' silence since the publication of "Dramatis Personae." It was issued in four volumes, which were published singly, the first in November 1868, the others between that date and February 1869. The composition of it had occupied the poet for more than three years since the "memorable day" in June 1862, when he picked up, at a stall in the Piazza San Lorenzo in Florence, the "square old yellow book" with the "crumpled vellum covers," containing the record of the murder, by Count Guido Franceschini, of Pompilia his wife and her reputed parents, Pietro and Violante Comparini, in January 1698. The story of the genesis of the poem is told in the first book, which also gives an outline of the whole work. Putting aside the first and last books, which serve as prologue and epilogue, it consists of ten dramatic monologues, in each of which the story of the murder, and of the events and motives which led up to it, is told from a different point of view. Books II. and III. reproduce the gossip of Rome, first on the side favourable to Guido, and next on that hostile to him—in both cases incomplete and inaccurate, but serving to introduce the reader to the general facts of the case. Book IV. gives the conversation of aristocratic society, indifferent, cynical, excusing and condemning both parties. The next three books rise to a higher level, alike of poetry and dramatic interest. The principals are brought upon the stage. In Book V., Count Guido makes his defence before his judges; in Book VI., Giuseppe Caponsacchi, the priest whom Guido charges with being Pompilia's lover, shrivels the accuser's sophistries with his indignant eloquence; in Book VII., Pompilia, dying in the hospital, tells her story in all simplicity and forgivingness. Books VIII. and IX. are devoted to the speeches of counsel on either side, whose sole object is to display their own ingenuity, without much regard to what their clients may have said; and, being full of law Latin and classical allusions, may be scarcely intelligible to some readers, and can be omitted without much loss. Book X., on the other hand, is the fine soliloquy of the Pope, to whom, in the last resort, Guido makes appeal; while Book XI. shows Guido in his prison, the night before his execution, defiantly haranguing the two ecclesiastics who have been sent to administer to him the consolations of religion.

Throughout the poem Browning adheres closely to the facts as narrated in the book which first suggested the theme, and in a contemporary pamphlet, which he obtained shortly afterwards in London, giving a consecutive narrative of the murder and the execution. The meaning of the title is explained in the first lines of the poem.
THE RING AND THE BOOK

That trick is, the artificer melts up wax
With honey, so to speak; heingles gold
With gold's alloy, and, duly tempering both, 
Effects a manageable mass, then works:
But his work ended, once the thing a ring,
Oh, there's re-pristination. Just a spirit
Of the proper fiery acid of its face,
And forth the alloy unfastened flies in fume;
Or the proper fiery acid of its face,
And oblique, incandescent, thirsty masses,
In a race of Tuscan hair, on festas fine:
Soon to be flapping, each o'er two black eyes
And worse, cast clothes a-sweetening in the
With this, one glance at the lettered back of
And "Stall!" cried I: a /mora made it mine.
Here it is, this I toss and take again;
Small-quarto size, part print part manuscript:
A book in shape but, really, pure crude
Now serves re-venders to display their ware—
Mongst odds and ends of ravage, picturS which
With gold's alloy, and, duly tempering both, 
Effects a manageable mass, then works:
But his work ended, once the thing a ring,
Oh, there's re-pristination. Just a spirit
Of the proper fiery acid of its face,
And oblique, incandescent, thirsty masses,
In a race of Tuscan hair, on festas fine:
Soon to be flapping, each o'er two black eyes
And worse, cast clothes a-sweetening in the
With this, one glance at the lettered back of
And "Stall!" cried I: a /mora made it mine.
Here it is, this I toss and take again;
Small-quarto size, part print part manuscript:
A book in shape but, really, pure crude
Now serves re-venders to display their ware—
Mongst odds and ends of ravage, picturS which
With gold's alloy, and, duly tempering both, 
Effects a manageable mass, then works:
But his work ended, once the thing a ring,
Oh, there's re-pristination. Just a spirit
Of the proper fiery acid of its face,
And oblique, incandescent, thirsty masses,
In a race of Tuscan hair, on festas fine:
Soon to be flapping, each o'er two black eyes
And worse, cast clothes a-sweetening in the
With this, one glance at the lettered back of
And "Stall!" cried I: a /mora made it mine.
Here it is, this I toss and take again;
Small-quarto size, part print part manuscript:
A book in shape but, really, pure crude
Now serves re-venders to display their ware—
Mongst odds and ends of ravage, picturS which
With gold's alloy, and, duly tempering both, 
Effects a manageable mass, then works:
But his work ended, once the thing a ring,
Oh, there's re-pristination. Just a spirit
Of the proper fiery acid of its face,
And oblique, incandescent, thirsty masses,
In a race of Tuscan hair, on festas fine:
Soon to be flapping, each o'er two black eyes
And worse, cast clothes a-sweetening in the
With this, one glance at the lettered back of
And "Stall!" cried I: a /mora made it mine.
Here it is, this I toss and take again;
Small-quarto size, part print part manuscript:
A book in shape but, really, pure crude
Now serves re-venders to display their ware—
Mongst odds and ends of ravage, picturS which
With gold's alloy, and, duly tempering both, 
Effects a manageable mass, then works:
But his work ended, once the thing a ring,
Oh, there's re-pristination. Just a spirit
Of the proper fiery acid of its face,
And oblique, incandescent, thirsty masses,
In a race of Tuscan hair, on festas fine:
Soon to be flapping, each o'er two black eyes
And worse, cast clothes a-sweetening in the
With this, one glance at the lettered back of
And "Stall!" cried I: a /mora made it mine.
Here it is, this I toss and take again;
Small-quarto size, part print part manuscript:
A book in shape but, really, pure crude
Now serves re-venders to display their ware—
Mongst odds and ends of ravage, picturS which
With gold's alloy, and, duly tempering both, 
Effects a manageable mass, then works:
But his work ended, once the thing a ring,
Oh, there's re-pristination. Just a spirit
Of the proper fiery acid of its face,
And oblique, incandescent, thirsty masses,
In a race of Tuscan hair, on festas fine:
Soon to be flapping, each o'er two black eyes
And worse, cast clothes a-sweetening in the
With this, one glance at the lettered back of
And "Stall!" cried I: a /mora made it mine.
Here it is, this I toss and take again;
Small-quarto size, part print part manuscript:
A book in shape but, really, pure crude
Now serves re-venders to display their ware—
Mongst odds and ends of ravage, picturS which
With gold's alloy, and, duly tempering both, 
Effects a manageable mass, then works:
But his work ended, once the thing a ring,
Oh, there's re-pristination. Just a spirit
Of the proper fiery acid of its face,
And oblique, incandescent, thirsty masses,
In a race of Tuscan hair, on festas fine:
Soon to be flapping, each o'er two black eyes
And worse, cast clothes a-sweetening in the
With this, one glance at the lettered back of
And "Stall!" cried I: a /mora made it mine.
Here it is, this I toss and take again;
Small-quarto size, part print part manuscript:
A book in shape but, really, pure crude
Now serves re-venders to display their ware—
Mongst odds and ends of ravage, picturS which
With gold's alloy, and, duly tempering both, 
Effects a manageable mass, then works:
But his work ended, once the thing a ring,
Oh, there's re-pristination. Just a spirit
Of the proper fiery acid of its face,
Thus did the two join issue—nay, the four,
Public Prosecutor.

'Wishing your cold correctness sparkled so!' "

But that's a splendid fault whereat we wink,
To hold her tottering ark, had tumbled else;
A trifle over-hasty with the hand
Sustainers of society!—perchance
Absolve, applaud all five, as props of law,
He had companionship in privilege,
A passion of betrayed simplicity:
Charactered in a word; and, what's more
All conscience and all courage,—there's
A fury-fit of outraged innocence,
An outbreak as of wonder at the world,
To study at ease. In due time like reply
In the deed done, a righteous judgment dealt!

Thus wrangled, brangled, jangled they a
month,
—Only on paper, pleadings all in print,
Nor ever was, except!—the brains of men.
More noise by word of mouth than you hear
Till the court cut all short with "Judged,
your cause."

"Receive our sentence! Praise God! We pronounce"

"Count Guido devilish and damnable;"

"His wife Pompilia in thought, word and deed,
Was perfect pure, he murdered her for that:"

"As for the Four who Helped the One, all
Five—"

"Why, let employer and hirelings share alike
In guilt and guilt's reward, the death their due!"

So was the trial at end, do you suppose?
"Guilty you find him, death you doom him to?"

"Ay, were not Guido, more than needs, a priest,
Fright and to spare!"—this was a shot reserved;
I learn this from epistles which begin
Here where the print ends,—see the pen and
Inns of court, the ready at a pinch—

Of the advocate, the ready at a pinch—
"My client boasts the clericaly privilege,
Has taken minor orders many enough,
Shows still sufficient chivism upon his pate;
To neutralize a blood-stain: presbyter."

Priest and to spare!—this was a shot reserved;
I learn this from epistles which begin
Here where the print ends,—see the pen and
Inns of court, the ready at a pinch—

Of the advocate, the ready at a pinch—
"My client boasts the clericaly privilege,
Has taken minor orders many enough,
Shows still sufficient chivism upon his pate;
To neutralize a blood-stain: presbyter."

Presbyter, &c.: the names of orders in the Roman Church, of which the minor ones can be assumed without causing the holder to cease to be a layman; thus (a point of importance in Count Guido's case) they do not prevent him from marrying, yet they are sufficient to entitle him to appeal to the Pope, as head of the Church.

A true tale which has edified each child,
Much more shall flourish favoured by our court!
Pages of proof this way, and that way proof,
And always—once again the case postponed.

Thus wrangled, brangled, jangled they a
month,
—Only on paper, pleadings all in print,
Nor ever was, except!—the brains of men.
More noise by word of mouth than you hear
Till the court cut all short with "Judged,
your cause."

"Receive our sentence! Praise God! We pronounce"

"Count Guido devilish and damnable;"

"His wife Pompilia in thought, word and deed,
Was perfect pure, he murdered her for that:"

"As for the Four who Helped the One, all
Five—"

"Why, let employer and hirelings share alike
In guilt and guilt's reward, the death their due!"

But human promise, oh, how short of shine!
How topple down the piles of hope we rear!
But human promise, oh, how short of shine!
How topple down the piles of hope we rear!

A parous plea,
Put in with noticeable effect, it seems;—
"Since straight,"—remonstracal orator,
Making a friend acquainted with the facts,—
"Once the word 'clericality' let fall,
Procedure stopped and freer breath was drawn
By all considerate and responsible Rome." Quality took the decent part, of course;— Held by the husband, who was noble too: Or, for the matter of that, a churl would side With too-refined susceptibility, And honour which, tender in the extreme, Stung to the quick, must roughly right itself. At all risks, not sit still and whine for law As a Jew would, if you squeezed him to the wall, Brisk-trotting through the Ghetto. Nay, it seems Even the Emperor's Envoy had his say To say on the subject; might not see, unmoved, Civility menaced throughout Christendom By too-harsh measure deal: her champion here. Lastly, what made all safe, the Pope was kind, From his youth up, reluctant to take life. If mercy might be just and yet show grace; Much more unlikely then, in extreme age, To take a life the general sense bade spare. "Twas plain that Guido would go scathless yet.

A parous plea,
Put in with noticeable effect, it seems;—
"Since straight,"—remonstracal orator,
Making a friend acquainted with the facts,—
"Once the word 'clericality' let fall,
Procedure stopped and freer breath was drawn
By all considerate and responsible Rome." Quality took the decent part, of course;— Held by the husband, who was noble too: Or, for the matter of that, a churl would side With too-refined susceptibility, And honour which, tender in the extreme, Stung to the quick, must roughly right itself. At all risks, not sit still and whine for law As a Jew would, if you squeezed him to the wall, Brisk-trotting through the Ghetto. Nay, it seems Even the Emperor's Envoy had his say To say on the subject; might not see, unmoved, Civility menaced throughout Christendom By too-harsh measure deal: her champion here. Lastly, what made all safe, the Pope was kind, From his youth up, reluctant to take life. If mercy might be just and yet show grace; Much more unlikely then, in extreme age, To take a life the general sense bade spare. "Twas plain that Guido would go scathless yet.

A parous plea,
Put in with noticeable effect, it seems;—
"Since straight,"—remonstracal orator,
Making a friend acquainted with the facts,—
"Once the word 'clericality' let fall,
Procedure stopped and freer breath was drawn
By all considerate and responsible Rome." Quality took the decent part, of course;— Held by the husband, who was noble too: Or, for the matter of that, a churl would side With too-refined susceptibility, And honour which, tender in the extreme, Stung to the quick, must roughly right itself. At all risks, not sit still and whine for law As a Jew would, if you squeezed him to the wall, Brisk-trotting through the Ghetto. Nay, it seems Even the Emperor's Envoy had his say To say on the subject; might not see, unmoved, Civility menaced throughout Christendom By too-harsh measure deal: her champion here. Lastly, what made all safe, the Pope was kind, From his youth up, reluctant to take life. If mercy might be just and yet show grace; Much more unlikely then, in extreme age, To take a life the general sense bade spare. "Twas plain that Guido would go scathless yet.

A parous plea,
Put in with noticeable effect, it seems;—
"Since straight,"—remonstracal orator,
Making a friend acquainted with the facts,—
"Once the word 'clericality' let fall,
Procedure stopped and freer breath was drawn
By all considerate and responsible Rome." Quality took the decent part, of course;— Held by the husband, who was noble too: Or, for the matter of that, a churl would side With too-refined susceptibility, And honour which, tender in the extreme, Stung to the quick, must roughly right itself. At all risks, not sit still and whine for law As a Jew would, if you squeezed him to the wall, Brisk-trotting through the Ghetto. Nay, it seems Even the Emperor's Envoy had his say To say on the subject; might not see, unmoved, Civility menaced throughout Christendom By too-harsh measure deal: her champion here. Lastly, what made all safe, the Pope was kind, From his youth up, reluctant to take life. If mercy might be just and yet show grace; Much more unlikely then, in extreme age, To take a life the general sense bade spare. "Twas plain that Guido would go scathless yet.
And nature too, and eighty-six years old,
Antonio Pigafetta of Naples, Pope
Who had trod many lands, knew many deeds,
Probed many hearts, beginning with his own,
And now was far in readiness for God,—
Twas he who first bade those souls in peace,
Those Jansenists, re-nicknamed Molinists,1
(Culists whom the croy went, like a foursamyne,
Tickling men's ears—the sect for a quarter of an hour
'I the teeth of the world which, clown-like,
loves to chew
Be it but a straw 'twixt work and whistling—
While some vituperation, bite away,
Whether at marjoram-sprig or garlic-clove,
Aught it may sport with, spoil, and then spit
As you assert, and pressing up so close
'Only to set a blood-smutch on our robe,—
I and Christ would renounce all right in him,
But at the city's newer gayer end,—
'Twas he who first bade leave those souls in peace,
'The flesh and the devil, does it tell for once.'
'So said, so done—
Rather so writ, for the old Pope bade this,
I find, with his particular chirograph,
His own no such infam hand, Friday night;
And next day, February Twenty Two,
Since our salvation Sixteen Ninety Eight,
And what has hitherto come of it? Who
To gather up the fragments of his feast,
Ask you not merely who were he and she, 379
Nor be forgotten. Yet, a little while,
The passage of a century or so,
Decides threfive, and here's time paid hitan,
Oblivion gone home with her harvesting,
And all left smooth again as scythe could shave.
Far from beginning with you London folk,
I took my book to Rome first, tried truth's power
On likely people. 'Have you met such names?'
'So I, a tradition extant of such facts?'
'Your law-courts stand, your records found a row:
'What if I rove and rummage?'—'Why,
you'll waste.'
'Your pains and end as wise as you began!'—
Everyone snickered: "names and facts thus old
Are newer much than Europe news we find.
Down in to-day's Diario. Records, quotha?
Why, the French burned them, what else
do the French?
The rap-and-reading nation! And it tells
'Against the Church, no doubt,—another grid
At the Temporality, your Trial, of course?
'Quite otherwise this time," submitted I:
'Clean for the Church and dead against the world,
The flesh and the devil, does it tell foronce.'
"—The rarer and the happier! All the same, Content you with your treasure of a book, And waive what's wanting! Take a friend's advice! It's not the custom of the country. Mend Your ways indeed and we may stretch a point: Go get you maimed by Manning and new-ma mned By Newman and, mayhap, wise-ma nned to boot By Wise man, and we'll see or else we won't! Thanks meantime for the story, long and strong. A pretty piece of narrative enough, Which scarce ought so to drop out, one would think, From the more curious annals of our kind. Do you tell the story, now, in off-hand style, Straight from the book? Or simply here and there, (The while you vault it through the loose and large) Hang to a hint? Or is there book at all, And don't you deal in poetry, make-believe, And the white lies it sounds like?"

Yes and no! From the book, yes; thence hit by hit I dag. The lingot 1 truth, that memorable day, Assayed and knew my piecemeal gain was gold,—

Yes; but from something else surpassing that, Something of mine which, mixed up with the mass, Made it bear hammer and be firm to file. Fancy with fact is just one fact the more; To-wit, that fancy has informed, transpierced,并以不同格式呈现。
As, in a glory of armour like Saint George, 58
Out again spang the young good bounteous priest.

Bearing away the lady in his arms,
Saved for a splendid minute and no more.

For, whom if the path did that priest come upon,
He and the poor lost lady borne so brave,
—Checking the song of praise in me, had else
Swelled to the full for God's will done on earth—
Whom but a dusk misfeatured messenger,
No other than the angel of this life,
Whose care is lost men see too much at once,
He made the sign, such God-glimpse must suffice,
Nor prejudice the Prince o' the Power of the Air.

Whose ministration piles us overhead
What we call, first, earth's roof and, last, heaven's floor,
Now grate o' the trap, then outlet of the cage:
So took the lady, left the priest alone,
And once more canopied the world with
A cross of sheep redeeming the whole wolf,—
That was the policy and master-stroke— 620
Good except truth: yet this, the something else,
This that I mixed with truth, motions of mine
Who bound the same and so produced my
Lovers of dead truth, did ye fare the worse?
Lovers of live truth, found ye false my tale?

Writ down for very A B C of fact,
"In the beginning God made heaven and earth;" 709
From which, no matter with what lisp, I spell
And speak you out a consequence—that man,
Man,—as befits the made, the inferior thing,—
Purposed, since made, to grow, not make in
Maisonneauve, "’The wolf-work done,
A cross of sheep redeeming the whole wolf,—
Lovers of dead truth, did ye fare the worse?
Lovers of live truth, found ye false my tale?

The good beyond him,—which attempt is
Repeats God's process in man's due degree,
Attaining man's proportionate result,—
Creates, no, but resuscitates, perhaps.
Inalienable, the arch-prerogative
Which turns thought, act—conceives, expresses too!

And these are letters, veritable sheets
That brought posthaste the news to Florence, writ
At Rome the day Count Guido died, we find,
To stay the craving of a client there,
Who bound the same and so produced my
Lovers of dead truth, did ye fare the worse?
Lovers of live truth, found ye false my tale?

Well, now; there's nothing in nor out o' the world
But prejudice the Prince o' the Power of the Air.

Whoexact truth; yet this, the something else,
This that I mixed with truth, motions of mine
Whom but a dusk misfeatured messenger,
No other than the angel of this life,
Whose care is lost men see too much at once,
He made the sign, such God-glimpse must suffice,
Nor prejudice the Prince o' the Power of the Air.

Whose ministration piles us overhead
What we call, first, earth's roof and, last, heaven's floor,
Now grate o' the trap, then outlet of the cage:
So took the lady, left the priest alone,
And once more canopied the world with
A cross of sheep redeeming the whole wolf,—
That was the policy and master-stroke— 620
Good except truth: yet this, the something else,
This that I mixed with truth, motions of mine
Who bound the same and so produced my
Lovers of dead truth, did ye fare the worse?
Lovers of live truth, found ye false my tale?

Writ down for very A B C of fact,
"In the beginning God made heaven and earth;" 709
From which, no matter with what lisp, I spell
And speak you out a consequence—that man,
Man,—as befits the made, the inferior thing,—
Purposed, since made, to grow, not make in
Maisonneauve, "’The wolf-work done,
A cross of sheep redeeming the whole wolf,—
Lovers of dead truth, did ye fare the worse?
Lovers of live truth, found ye false my tale?

The good beyond him,—which attempt is
Repeats God's process in man's due degree,
Attaining man's proportionate result,—
Creates, no, but resuscitates, perhaps.
Inalienable, the arch-prerogative
Which turns thought, act—conceives, expresses too!

And these are letters, veritable sheets
That brought posthaste the news to Florence, writ
At Rome the day Count Guido died, we find,
To stay the craving of a client there,
Who bound the same and so produced my
Lovers of dead truth, did ye fare the worse?
Lovers of live truth, found ye false my tale?

Well, now; there's nothing in nor out o' the world
But prejudice the Prince o' the Power of the Air.

Whoexact truth; yet this, the something else,
This that I mixed with truth, motions of mine
Whom but a dusk misfeatured messenger,
No other than the angel of this life,
Whose care is lost men see too much at once,
He made the sign, such God-glimpse must suffice,
Nor prejudice the Prince o' the Power of the Air.

Whose ministration piles us overhead
What we call, first, earth's roof and, last, heaven's floor,
Now grate o' the trap, then outlet of the cage:
So took the lady, left the priest alone,
And once more canopied the world with
A cross of sheep redeeming the whole wolf,—
That was the policy and master-stroke— 620
Good except truth: yet this, the something else,
This that I mixed with truth, motions of mine
Who bound the same and so produced my
Lovers of dead truth, did ye fare the worse?
Lovers of live truth, found ye false my tale?

Writ down for very A B C of fact,
"In the beginning God made heaven and earth;" 709
From which, no matter with what lisp, I spell
And speak you out a consequence—that man,
Man,—as befits the made, the inferior thing,—
Purposed, since made, to grow, not make in
Maisonneauve, "’The wolf-work done,
A cross of sheep redeeming the whole wolf,—
Lovers of dead truth, did ye fare the worse?
Lovers of live truth, found ye false my tale?

The good beyond him,—which attempt is
Repeats God's process in man's due degree,
Attaining man's proportionate result,—
Creates, no, but resuscitates, perhaps.
Inalienable, the arch-prerogative
Which turns thought, act—conceives, expresses too!

And these are letters, veritable sheets
That brought posthaste the news to Florence, writ
At Rome the day Count Guido died, we find,
To stay the craving of a client there,
Who bound the same and so produced my
Lovers of dead truth, did ye fare the worse?
Lovers of live truth, found ye false my tale?

Well, now; there's nothing in nor out o' the world
But prejudice the Prince o' the Power of the Air.

Whoexact truth; yet this, the something else,
This that I mixed with truth, motions of mine
Whom but a dusk misfeatured messenger,
No other than the angel of this life,
Whose care is lost men see too much at once,
He made the sign, such God-glimpse must suffice,
Nor prejudice the Prince o' the Power of the Air.

Whose ministration piles us overhead
What we call, first, earth's roof and, last, heaven's floor,
Now grate o' the trap, then outlet of the cage:
So took the lady, left the priest alone,
And once more canopied the world with
A cross of sheep redeeming the whole wolf,—
That was the policy and master-stroke— 620
Good except truth: yet this, the something else,
This that I mixed with truth, motions of mine
Who bound the same and so produced my
Lovers of dead truth, did ye fare the worse?
Lovers of live truth, found ye false my tale?

Writ down for very A B C of fact,
"In the beginning God made heaven and earth;" 709
From which, no matter with what lisp, I spell
And speak you out a consequence—that man,
Man,—as befits the made, the inferior thing,—
Purposed, since made, to grow, not make in
Maisonneauve, "’The wolf-work done,
A cross of sheep redeeming the whole wolf,—
Lovers of dead truth, did ye fare the worse?
Lovers of live truth, found ye false my tale?

The good beyond him,—which attempt is
Repeats God's process in man's due degree,
Attaining man's proportionate result,—
Creates, no, but resuscitates, perhaps.
Inalienable, the arch-prerogative
Which turns thought, act—conceives, expresses too!

And these are letters, veritable sheets
That brought posthaste the news to Florence, writ
At Rome the day Count Guido died, we find,
To stay the craving of a client there,
Who bound the same and so produced my
Lovers of dead truth, did ye fare the worse?
Lovers of live truth, found ye false my tale?

Well, now; there's nothing in nor out o' the world
But prejudice the Prince o' the Power of the Air.

Whoexact truth; yet this, the something else,
This that I mixed with truth, motions of mine
Whom but a dusk misfeatured messenger,
No other than the angel of this life,
Whose care is lost men see too much at once,
He made the sign, such God-glimpse must suffice,
Nor prejudice the Prince o' the Power of the Air.

Whose ministration piles us overhead
What we call, first, earth's roof and, last, heaven's floor,
Now grate o' the trap, then outlet of the cage:
So took the lady, left the priest alone,
And once more canopied the world with
A cross of sheep redeeming the whole wolf,—
That was the policy and master-stroke— 620
Good except truth: yet this, the something else,
This that I mixed with truth, motions of mine
Who bound the same and so produced my
Lovers of dead truth, did ye fare the worse?
Lovers of live truth, found ye false my tale?

Writ down for very A B C of fact,
"In the beginning God made heaven and earth;" 709
From which, no matter with what lisp, I spell
And speak you out a consequence—that man,
Man,—as befits the made, the inferior thing,—
Purposed, since made, to grow, not make in
Maisonneauve, "’The wolf-work done,
A cross of sheep redeeming the whole wolf,—
Lovers of dead truth, did ye fare the worse?
Lovers of live truth, found ye false my tale?

The good beyond him,—which attempt is
Repeats God's process in man's due degree,
Attaining man's proportionate result,—
Creates, no, but resuscitates, perhaps.
Inalienable, the arch-prerogative
Which turns thought, act—conceives, expresses too!

And these are letters, veritable sheets
That brought posthaste the news to Florence, writ
At Rome the day Count Guido died, we find,
To stay the craving of a client there,
Who bound the same and so produced my
Lovers of dead truth, did ye fare the worse?
Lovers of live truth, found ye false my tale?
There was no voice, no hearing: he went in
Who bade them lay his staff on a corpse-face.

Oh, Faust, why Faust? Was not Elisha
Mistakenly felt: then write my name with
What shall be mistily seen, murmuringly
(By a moonrise through a ruin of a crypt)
Push lines out to the limit, lead forth last
Smoking flax that fed fire once: prompt

—Mimic creation, galvanism for life,
O'er old unwandered waste ways of the
Half of my soul; which in its pilgrimage
I can detach from me, commission forth

Comte Guido Franceschini the Aretine,
Descended of an ancient house, though poor,
A beak-nosed busby-bearded black-haired
Lean, pallid, low of stature yet robust,

And thus the mage say,—feeling as we are
Therein
To whosoever of a multitude
Will listen, and perhaps prolong thereby

Leant his hand, dip he ne'er so bold;
Some prepossession such as starts amiss,
By but a hair's breadth at the shoulder-blade,

From their Aretino to find peace again,
In convoy, eight months earlier, of a priest,
Nor, whatsoever one advises and states fact
To whosoever of a multitude
Will listen, and perhaps prolong thereby
The unpleasing flutter at the breast,
Born of a certain spectacle shut in
By the church Lorenzo opposite. So, they
Midway the mouth of the street, on Corso

There was no voice, no hearing: he went in
Therefore, and shut the door upon them twain,
And prayed unto the Lord: and he went up
And lay upon the corpse, dead on the couch,
And put his mouth upon its mouth, his eyes
Upon its eyes, his hands upon its hands,
And stretched him on the flesh; the flesh
waxed warm:—
And he returned, walked to and fro the house,
And went up, stretched him on the flesh again,
And the eyes opened. 'Tis a credible feat
With the right man and way.

The Book! I turn its medicinable leaves
In London now till, as in Florence erst,
A spirit laughs and leaps through every limb,
And lights my eye, and lifts me by the hair,
Letting me have my will again with these—
How title I the dead alive once more?

Count Guido Franceschini the Aretine,
Descended of an ancient house, though poor,
A beak-nosed busby-bearded black-haired
Lean, pallid, low of stature yet robust,

Innocent,
Appealed to whom well weighed what went before,
Affirmed the guilt and gave the guilty doom.
Let this old woe step on the stage again!
Act itself o'er anew for men to judge
Not by the very sense and sight indeed—
(Which take at best iE imperfect cognizance,
Truth at the bottom, that deceptive speck.

Who shall say how, who shall say why? 'Tis there—
The instinctive theorizing whence a fact
Looks to the eye as the eye likes the look.
Gossip in a public place, a sample-speech.
Some worthy, with his previous hints to find
A husband's side the safer, and no whit
Aware he is not AEacus 1 the while,—
How such an one supposes and states fact
To whosoever of a multitude
Will listen, and perhaps prolong thereby
The unpleasing flutter at the breast,
Born of a certain spectacle shut in
By the church Lorenzo opposite. So, they
Midway the mouth of the street, on Corso

In so long a life, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,

In so long a life, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,

In so long a life, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,

In so long a life, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,

In so long a life, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,

In so long a life, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,

In so long a life, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,

In so long a life, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,

In so long a life, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,

In so long a life, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,

In so long a life, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,
In so many acts, in so many acts,
With pause prelusive still of novelty,
Hear a fresh speaker!—neither this nor that
Then, yet another day let come and go,
Pompilia seemed a saint and martyr both!
So, listen how, to the other half of Rome,
A-smoke i' the sunshine, Rome lies gold and
And, to the very tiles of each red roof
The frost is over and gone, the south wind
Our murder has been done three days ago,
O' the motley merchandizing multitude.
High, over the caritellas, out o' the way
Bernini's creature plated to the paps,
Another sample-speech i' the market-place
O' the Barberini by the Capucins;
At the next stage of the story; just a day
A piece of public talk to correspond
Doubtless for some such reason choice fell
Who wears pink, ask him "Which shall win
"—Why, if I must choose, he with the pink
Of coupled runners like as egg and egg?
"—Why, if I must choose, he with the pink
This time, through siding rather with the wife,
This time, through siding rather with the wife,
For truth with a like swerve, like unsuccess,—
Next, from Rome's other half, the opposite
How Half-Rome found for Guido much
And make hearts beat our time that flutter
(So universal is its plague of squint)
And make hearts beat our time that flutter
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
—Eruption momentary at the most,
Yet verily the world's, or why go hagg'd
A prince of somnambulists and lunatics, 1
Show colour of each vanity in vogue.
Borne with decorum due on blameless breast?
All that is changed now, as he tells the court
How he had played the part excepted at ;
Tells it, moreover, now the second time : 1088
Since, for his cause of scandal, his own share
I' the flight from home and husband of the wife,
He has been censured, punished in a sort
By relegation,—exile, we should say,
To a short distance for a little time,—
Whence he is summoned on a sudden now,
Informed that she, he thought to save, is lost.
And, in a breath, hidden retell his tale,
Since the first telling somehow missed effect,
And then advise in the matter. There stands
he,
While the same grim black-panelled chamber
blinks
As though rubbed shiny with the sins of Rome
Told the same oak for ages—wave-washed
Against which sets a sea of wickedness. 1094
There, where you yesterday heard Guido speak,
Speaks Caponsacchi; and there face him too
Tommati, Venturini and the rest
Who, eight months earlier, scarce repressed
The smile,
Forewent the wink; waived recognition so
Of peccadillos incident to youth,
Especially youth high-born; for youth means love,
Vows can't exchange nature, priests accroady men.
And love likes stratagem and subterfuge.
Which age, that once was youth, should recognize,
May blame, but needs not press too hard upon.
Here sit the old Judges then, but with no grace
Of reverend carriage, magisterial port:
For why? The accused of eight months
since,—the same
Who cut the conscious figure of a fool,
Changed countenance, dropped bashful gaze
to ground,
While hesitating for an answer then, —

1 Lutantist: player on the lute.
"The crew might surely spy thy precipices
And save their boat; the simple and the slow.

"Might so, forsooth, forestall the wrecker's fee?
Let the next crew be wise and hail in time!"

Just so compounded is the outside man,
Blue juvenile pure eye and pippin cheek,
Both eyes shut, like the cockerel that would
What never will be uttered else than so—

As, in his modest studio, all alone,
Ah, but you miss the very tones o' the voice,
"Might so, forsooth, forestall the wrecker's
And save their boat; the simple and the slow.

"Might so, forsooth, forestall the wrecker's
And save their boat; the simple and the slow.

"Might so, forsooth, forestall the wrecker's
And save their boat; the simple and the slow.

"Might so, forsooth, forestall the wrecker's
And save their boat; the simple and the slow.

"Might so, forsooth, forestall the wrecker's
And save their boat; the simple and the slow.

"Might so, forsooth, forestall the wrecker's
And save their boat; the simple and the slow.

"Might so, forsooth, forestall the wrecker's
And save their boat; the simple and the slow.
Higher than wistful eagle's homy eye
Ever unclosed for, 'mid ancestral crags,
When morning broke and Spring was back once more,
And he died, heaven, save by his heart, unreached?
Yet heaven's fancy lifts to, ladder-like,—
As Jack reached, holpen of his beanstalk runs!

A novel country: I might make it mine
by choosing which one aspect of the year
Suited mood best, and putting soley that
On panel somewhere in the House of Fame,
Landscaping what I saved, not what I saw:
—Might fix you, whether frost in golden time
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,
Startled the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,
Her Pietro into patience: so it proved. 
Ay, 'tis four years since man and wife they grew.

This Guido Franceschini and this same Pompilia, foolishly thought, falsely declared
A Comparini and the couple's child: Just at this altar where, beneath the piece

22 THE RING AND THE BOOK HALF-ROME

Her Pietro into patience: so it proved. 
 Ay, 'tis four years since man and wife they grew.

This Guido Franceschini and this same Pompilia, foolishly thought, falsely declared
A Comparini and the couple's child: Just at this altar where, beneath the piece

Her Pietro into patience: so it proved. 
 Ay, 'tis four years since man and wife they grew.

This Guido Franceschini and this same Pompilia, foolishly thought, falsely declared
A Comparini and the couple's child: Just at this altar where, beneath the piece

Her Pietro into patience: so it proved. 
 Ay, 'tis four years since man and wife they grew.

This Guido Franceschini and this same Pompilia, foolishly thought, falsely declared
A Comparini and the couple's child: Just at this altar where, beneath the piece
"Give me yon babe to strangle painlessly!"
"She'll soar to the safe; you'll have your crying out,"
"Then sleep, then wake, then sleep, then end your days,"
"In peace and plenty, mixed with mild regret,"
"Thirty years hence when Christmas tales old folk?"

How had old Pietro sprung up, crossed himself,
And kicked the conjuror! Whereas you and I,
Being wise with after-wit, had clapped our hands;
Nay, added, in the old fool's interest,
"Strangle the black-eyed babe, so far so good,"
"But on condition you relieve the man."

Count Guido Franceschini the Arelini
Was head of an old noble house enough,
Not over-rich, you can't have everything,
But such a man as riches rub against,
Ready stick to one with a right to them
Born in the blood; 'twas in his very brow
Always to knit itself against the world,
Beforehand so, when that world stinted due service and suit; the world ducks and defers.

A visitor's premonitory cough,
That a shrewd younger poorer brother yet,
Waiting the rather thus on providence
To go his journey and be wise at home,
Always to knit itself against the world,
Would not a wife serve at Arezzo well
And shake the conjuror! Whereas you and I,
For spending youth in splendid lackey-work,
Chambermaid to block door-way up,
A palace one might run to and be safe
When presently the threatened fate should fall,
A big-browed master to block door-way up.

"Give me yon babe to strangle painlessly!"
"She'll soar to the safe; you'll have your crying out,"
"Then sleep, then wake, then sleep, then end your days,"
"In peace and plenty, mixed with mild regret,"
"Thirty years hence when Christmas tales old folk?"

Half-Rome

A bigger still, in anger's policy;
So, with an anger's mercy for the bait,
Her minnow was set wriggling on its rod,
And tossed to mid-stream; which means,
A bigger still, in anger's policy;
With the great eyes and bounty of black hair
And first crisp youth that tempts a jaded taste,
Was whistled 'tis the way of a certain man,
Who snapped.

What if he gained thus much,
Wrong out this sweet drop from the bitter past,
Bore off this rose-bud from the prickly bank
To justify such tom clothes and scratched hands,
And, after all, brought something back from Rome?
Would not a wife serve at Arezzo well
To light the dark house, lend a look of youth
To the mother's face grown meagre, left alone
By twelve years' service; lest Eve's rule decline
Over this Adam of hers, whose cabbage-plot
Throw'd deliciously since turned boors'-paradise,
Spite of a nightingale on every stump.

"O' the wife and throttle him Violante too—"
"But on condition you relieve the man,"

"The end was, Guido, when the warning showed,"
The first white hair I the glass, gave up the game,
Determined on returning to his town,
To go his journey and be wise at home,
Always to knit itself against the world,

A bigger still, in anger's policy;
So, with an anger's mercy for the bait,
Her minnow was set wriggling on its rod,
And tossed to mid-stream; which means,
A bigger still, in anger's policy;
With the great eyes and bounty of black hair
And first crisp youth that tempts a jaded taste,
Was whistled 'tis the way of a certain man,
Who snapped.

"Such honour and refused the proffered boon,
"Pleased to become authoritative once.

A bigger still, in anger's policy;
So, with an anger's mercy for the bait,
Her minnow was set wriggling on its rod,
And tossed to mid-stream; which means,
A bigger still, in anger's policy;
With the great eyes and bounty of black hair
And first crisp youth that tempts a jaded taste,
Was whistled 'tis the way of a certain man,
Who snapped.

What if he gained thus much,
Wrong out this sweet drop from the bitter past,
Bore off this rose-bud from the prickly bank
To justify such tom clothes and scratched hands,
And, after all, brought something back from Rome?
Would not a wife serve at Arezzo well
To light the dark house, lend a look of youth
To the mother's face grown meagre, left alone
By twelve years' service; lest Eve's rule decline
Over this Adam of hers, whose cabbage-plot
Throw'd deliciously since turned boors'-paradise,
Spite of a nightingale on every stump.

"O' the wife and throttle him Violante too—"
"But on condition you relieve the man,"

"The end was, Guido, when the warning showed,"
The first white hair I the glass, gave up the game,
Determined on returning to his town,
To go his journey and be wise at home,
Always to knit itself against the world,

A bigger still, in anger's policy;
So, with an anger's mercy for the bait,
Her minnow was set wriggling on its rod,
And tossed to mid-stream; which means,
A bigger still, in anger's policy;
With the great eyes and bounty of black hair
And first crisp youth that tempts a jaded taste,
Was whistled 'tis the way of a certain man,
Who snapped.

What if he gained thus much,
Wrong out this sweet drop from the bitter past,
Bore off this rose-bud from the prickly bank
To justify such tom clothes and scratched hands,
And, after all, brought something back from Rome?
Would not a wife serve at Arezzo well
To light the dark house, lend a look of youth
To the mother's face grown meagre, left alone
By twelve years' service; lest Eve's rule decline
Over this Adam of hers, whose cabbage-plot
Throw'd deliciously since turned boors'-paradise,
Spite of a nightingale on every stump.

"O' the wife and throttle him Violante too—"
"But on condition you relieve the man,"

"The end was, Guido, when the warning showed,"
The first white hair I the glass, gave up the game,
Determined on returning to his town,
To go his journey and be wise at home,
Always to knit itself against the world,

A bigger still, in anger's policy;
So, with an anger's mercy for the bait,
Her minnow was set wriggling on its rod,
And tossed to mid-stream; which means,
A bigger still, in anger's policy;
With the great eyes and bounty of black hair
And first crisp youth that tempts a jaded taste,
Was whistled 'tis the way of a certain man,
Who snapped.

What if he gained thus much,
Wrong out this sweet drop from the bitter past,
Bore off this rose-bud from the prickly bank
To justify such tom clothes and scratched hands,
And, after all, brought something back from Rome?
Would not a wife serve at Arezzo well
To light the dark house, lend a look of youth
To the mother's face grown meagre, left alone
By twelve years' service; lest Eve's rule decline
Over this Adam of hers, whose cabbage-plot
Throw'd deliciously since turned boors'-paradise,
Spite of a nightingale on every stump.

"O' the wife and throttle him Violante too—"
"But on condition you relieve the man,"

"The end was, Guido, when the warning showed,"
The first white hair I the glass, gave up the game,
Determined on returning to his town,
To go his journey and be wise at home,
Always to knit itself against the world,

A bigger still, in anger's policy;
So, with an anger's mercy for the bait,
Her minnow was set wriggling on its rod,
And tossed to mid-stream; which means,
A bigger still, in anger's policy;
With the great eyes and bounty of black hair
And first crisp youth that tempts a jaded taste,
Was whistled 'tis the way of a certain man,
Who snapped.

What if he gained thus much,
Wrong out this sweet drop from the bitter past,
Bore off this rose-bud from the prickly bank
To justify such tom clothes and scratched hands,
And, after all, brought something back from Rome?
Would not a wife serve at Arezzo well
To light the dark house, lend a look of youth
To the mother's face grown meagre, left alone
By twelve years' service; lest Eve's rule decline
Over this Adam of hers, whose cabbage-plot
Throw'd deliciously since turned boors'-paradise,
Spite of a nightingale on every stump.

"O' the wife and throttle him Violante too—"
"But on condition you relieve the man,"

"The end was, Guido, when the warning showed,"
The first white hair I the glass, gave up the game,
Determined on returning to his town,
To go his journey and be wise at home,
Always to knit itself against the world,
Three lots cast confidently in one lap,  
Out of their limbo up to life again. 393

Guido's broad back was saddled to bear all—  
As a thing of course,—she paid her own  
By treaty and engagement; thus it ran: 400

In a new soil, graced with a novel name,  
Pietro, Violante, and Pompilia too,—  
Pleasant initiation!

Bring him to terms by paying son's devoir. 29

The end, this: 390

Thrice cast from those three never to rise! 394

While Guido who should minister the sight,  
Enjoy for once with neither stay nor stint  
The luxury of lord-and-lady-ship,  
And realize the stuff and nonsense long  
A-simmer in their noddles; vent the fume 435
And realize the stuff and nonsense long  
Enjoy for once with neither stay nor stint

They went to Arezzo,—Pietro and his spouse,  
With just the ducat o' the day to live on,  
Eager to use the twilight, taste a treat, 45

And formal habits long since out of date, 495

Guido's old lady-mother Beatrice, 486

Our competence, our darling of a child? 483

Who since her husband, Count Tommaso's 473

She got pricked in conscience: Jubilee  
Attained his eighty years, announced a boon  
And make each other happy. The first week,  
Thus minded then, two parties mean to meet

And help the laugh against old ancestry  
Not singe his fly-wings in the candle-flame!  
And make affability?  
Let him go buzz, betake himself elsewhere  
And to the alarmed young novice of a bride!  
Or did he brighten up by way of change,  
Or did he shout, did not the town resound!  
To the alarmed young novice of a bride!  
Get his life's fly-wings in the candle-flame!

"The better fortune, Guido's—free at least  
For this have we exchanged our liberty,  
To the alarmed young novice of a bride!  
Let him go buzz, betake himself elsewhere  
And to the alarmed young novice of a bride!  
Or did he brighten up by way of change,  
Or did he shout, did not the town resound!  
To the alarmed young novice of a bride!  
Get his life's fly-wings in the candle-flame!

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

My hair in a mouse's nest! 467

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps

"The necessity of winning him to leave his mumps  
No way of winning him to leave his mumps
Of those rare doings, that superlative initiation in magnificence

Conferred on a poor Roman family
By favour of Arrence and her first
And famosous, the Franceschini there.
You had the Countship holding head aloft
Bravely, although bespattered, shits and straits
In keeping out of the way of the wheels of the world.

The comic of those home-contrivances
When the old lady-mother's wit was taxed
To find six clamorous mouths in food more real
Than fruit plucked off the cobwebbed family trees.
Or amour shed from itself—moulder framed—
Cold glories served up with stale fame for sence.
What, I ask,—when the drunkenness of late
Hiccuped return for hospitality,
Befouled the table they had feasted on,
Or say,—God knows I'll not prejudice the case,—

Grievances thus distorted, magnified,
Coloured by quarrel into calamity,—
What side did our Pompilia first espouse?
Her first deliberate measure was—she wrote,
Pricked by some loyal impulse, straight to
Rome
And her husband's brother the Abate there,
Who, having managed to effect the match,
Might take men's censure for its ill success.
She made a clean breast also in her turn,
And qualified the couple properly,

So she thought, herself,
It seems, since what was her last act and deed
When news came how these kindly ones at Rome
Had stripped her naked to amuse the world
With spots here, spots there and spots every-where?

For I should tell you that they噪声 abroad
Not merely the main scandal of her birth,
Love
But that who likes may look upon the pair
Exposed in yonder church, and show his skill
By saying which is eye and which is mouth

My word on the lies and their lie
Might crave expression and obtain it, Sir !

More that will shake your confidence in things
Your cousin tells you,—may I be so bold?

This makes the first act of the farce,—anon

The sombre element comes stealing in
Till all is black or blood-red in the piece.

Guido, thus made a laughing-stock abroad,
A proverb for the market-place at home,
Left alone with Pompilia now, this graft
So repartite on his ancient stock,
This plague-seed set to foster his sound flesh,
What the Count? Revenge him on his wife?

Unfasten at all risks to rid himself
The nosieless lazar-badge, fall foul of fate,
And, careless whether the poor rag was 'ware
Of the part it played, or helped unwittingly,
Beg this and go burn and leave his frayed flesh free?
Plainly, did Guido open both doors wide,
Spurn then the cut-cast creature and clear scores
As man might, tempted in extreme like this?
No birth and breeding, and compassion too
Saved her such scandal. She was young, he thought,
Not privy to the treason, punished most
If the proclamation of it; why make her
A party to the crime she suffered by?
Then the black eyes were now her very own,
Not any more Violante's: let her live,
Not any more Violante's: let her live,

What does the Count? Revenge him on his wife?


As very flesh and blood and child of her
Despite the flagrant fifty years,—and why?
Partly to cheat the rightful heirs, agape,
Partly to cheat the rightful heirs, agape,
Those rare doings, that superlative initiation in magnificence

Conferred on a poor Roman family
By favour of Arrence and her first
And famosous, the Franceschini there.
You had the Countship holding head aloft
Bravely, although bespattered, shits and straits
In keeping out of the way of the wheels of the world.

The comic of those home-contrivances
When the old lady-mother's wit was taxed
To find six clamorous mouths in food more real
Than fruit plucked off the cobwebbed family trees.
Or amour shed from itself—moulder framed—
Cold glories served up with stale fame for sence.
What, I ask,—when the drunkenness of late
Hiccuped return for hospitality,
Befouled the table they had feasted on,
Or say,—God knows I'll not prejudice the case,—

Grievances thus distorted, magnified,
Coloured by quarrel into calamity,—
What side did our Pompilia first espouse?
Her first deliberate measure was—she wrote,
Pricked by some loyal impulse, straight to
Rome
And her husband's brother the Abate there,
Who, having managed to effect the match,
Might take men's censure for its ill success.
She made a clean breast also in her turn,
And qualified the couple properly,

So she thought, herself,
It seems, since what was her last act and deed
When news came how these kindly ones at Rome
Had stripped her naked to amuse the world
With spots here, spots there and spots every-where?

For I should tell you that they噪声 abroad
Not merely the main scandal of her birth,
Love
But that who likes may look upon the pair
Exposed in yonder church, and show his skill
By saying which is eye and which is mouth

My word on the lies and their lie
Might crave expression and obtain it, Sir !

More that will shake your confidence in things
Your cousin tells you,—may I be so bold?

This makes the first act of the farce,—anon

The sombre element comes stealing in
Till all is black or blood-red in the piece.

Guido, thus made a laughing-stock abroad,
A proverb for the market-place at home,
Left alone with Pompilia now, this graft
So repartite on his ancient stock,
This plague-seed set to foster his sound flesh,
What the Count? Revenge him on his wife?

Unfasten at all risks to rid himself
The nosieless lazar-badge, fall foul of fate,
And, careless whether the poor rag was 'ware
Of the part it played, or helped unwittingly,
Beg this and go burn and leave his frayed flesh free?
Plainly, did Guido open both doors wide,
Spurn then the cut-cast creature and clear scores
As man might, tempted in extreme like this?
No birth and breeding, and compassion too
Saved her such scandal. She was young, he thought,
Not privy to the treason, punished most
If the proclamation of it; why make her
A party to the crime she suffered by?
Then the black eyes were now her very own,
Not any more Violante's: let her live,
Join them at Rome again, but first of all
Pick up a fresh companion in her flight,
She, some fine eve when lutes were in the air,
Laid hands on money, jewels and the like,
Having put poison in the posset-cup,
Word for word, such a letter did she write,
And turn up merrily at home once more.
In the tumult, slip out, scurry off and away
Fired the house,—one would finish famously
The cause thus carried to the courts at Rome,
And such the Abate read, nor simply read
The couple sought to be beforehand with.
But gave all Rome to ruminate upon,
In answer to such charges as, I say,
Maintained Pompilia's birth legitimate
And let the tale of the feigned birth pass for
That,—though the courts allowed the cheat
(The enemy being beforehand in the place)
Yet they stopped there, refused to intervene
Suffered Violante to parade her shame,
And so far by his policy turned their flank,
They would not take away the dowry now
By gifts of the guilty, at guilt's new caprice.
Publish her infamy to heart's content,
As it might suit the gamester's purpose. Thus
Established on a fraud, nor play the game
Succession to the aforesaid usufruct,
Such be the double verdicts favoured here
Of Pietro's child and now not Pietro's child
for fact.
Whence, on the Comparini's part, appeal—
Nor puffed up nor cast down,—for each a crumb
Till doomsday.
Counter-appeal on Guido's,—that's the game:
We've had enough of the parents, false or true,
Bandied as balls are in a tennis-court,
As eligible, as fit place of prey.
As soon as outside for light and life.
Found too the house dull and its inmates dead,
Because of cares past, present and to come:
(Though that was something like four times
A portly make and a symmetric shape,
The man with the aureole, sympathy made
Did in a trice turn up with life and light,—
Into her lap,—what harm in Carnival?
If Guido's wife's path be her husband's too.
This passage of arms and wits amused the
double entendres, half of them of a jest.
Next, the watchfulness of the bawdy knight,
As if the watchman should mark all at once
The start's fair henceforth, every obstacle
Now for a touch of the daughter's quality.
As soon as outside for light and life.
Found too the house dull and its inmates dead,
Because of cares past, present and to come:
(Though that was something like four times
A portly make and a symmetric shape,
The man with the aureole, sympathy made
Did in a trice turn up with life and light,—
Into her lap,—what harm in Carnival?
If Guido's wife's path be her husband's too.
This passage of arms and wits amused the
double entendres, half of them of a jest.
Next, the watchfulness of the bawdy knight,
As if the watchman should mark all at once
The start's fair henceforth, every obstacle
Now for a touch of the daughter's quality.
As soon as outside for light and life.
Found too the house dull and its inmates dead,
Because of cares past, present and to come:
(Though that was something like four times
A portly make and a symmetric shape,
The man with the aureole, sympathy made
Did in a trice turn up with life and light,—
Into her lap,—what harm in Carnival?
If Guido's wife's path be her husband's too.
This passage of arms and wits amused the
double entendres, half of them of a jest.
Next, the watchfulness of the bawdy knight,
As if the watchman should mark all at once
The start's fair henceforth, every obstacle
Now for a touch of the daughter's quality.
As soon as outside for light and life.
Found too the house dull and its inmates dead,
Because of cares past, present and to come:
(Though that was something like four times
A portly make and a symmetric shape,
The man with the aureole, sympathy made
Did in a trice turn up with life and light,—
Into her lap,—what harm in Carnival?
If Guido's wife's path be her husband's too.
This passage of arms and wits amused the
double entendres, half of them of a jest.
Next, the watchfulness of the bawdy knight,
As if the watchman should mark all at once
The start's fair henceforth, every obstacle
Now for a touch of the daughter's quality.
As soon as outside for light and life.
Found too the house dull and its inmates dead,
Because of cares past, present and to come:
(Though that was something like four times
A portly make and a symmetric shape,
The man with the aureole, sympathy made
Did in a trice turn up with life and light,—
Into her lap,—what harm in Carnival?
If Guido's wife's path be her husband's too.
This passage of arms and wits amused the
double entendres, half of them of a jest.
Next, the watchfulness of the bawdy knight,
As if the watchman should mark all at once
The start's fair henceforth, every obstacle
Now for a touch of the daughter's quality.
As soon as outside for light and life.
Found too the house dull and its inmates dead,
Because of cares past, present and to come:
(Though that was something like four times
A portly make and a symmetric shape,
The man with the aureole, sympathy made
Did in a trice turn up with life and light,—
Into her lap,—what harm in Carnival?
If Guido's wife's path be her husband's too.
This passage of arms and wits amused the
double entendres, half of them of a jest.
Next, the watchfulness of the bawdy knight,
As if the watchman should mark all at once
The start's fair henceforth, every obstacle
Now for a touch of the daughter's quality.
As soon as outside for light and life.
Found too the house dull and its inmates dead,
Because of cares past, present and to come:
(Though that was something like four times
A portly make and a symmetric shape,
The man with the aureole, sympathy made
Did in a trice turn up with life and light,—
Into her lap,—what harm in Carnival?
If Guido's wife's path be her husband's too.
This passage of arms and wits amused the
double entendres, half of them of a jest.
Next, the watchfulness of the bawdy knight,
As if the watchman should mark all at once
The start's fair henceforth, every obstacle
Now for a touch of the daughter's quality.
As soon as outside for light and life.
Found too the house dull and its inmates dead,
Because of cares past, present and to come:
(Though that was something like four times
A portly make and a symmetric shape,
The man with the aureole, sympathy made
Did in a trice turn up with life and light,—
Into her lap,—what harm in Carnival?
If Guido's wife's path be her husband's too.
This passage of arms and wits amused the
double entendres, half of them of a jest.
Next, the watchfulness of the bawdy knight,
As if the watchman should mark all at once
The start's fair henceforth, every obstacle
Now for a touch of the daughter's quality.
As soon as outside for light and life.
Found too the house dull and its inmates dead,
Because of cares past, present and to come:
(Though that was something like four times
A portly make and a symmetric shape,
The man with the aureole, sympathy made
Did in a trice turn up with life and light,—
Into her lap,—what harm in Carnival?
If Guido's wife's path be her husband's too.
This passage of arms and wits amused the
double entendres, half of them of a jest.
Next, the watchfulness of the bawdy knight,
As if the watchman should mark all at once
The start's fair henceforth, every obstacle
Now for a touch of the daughter's quality.
As soon as outside for light and life.
Found too the house dull and its inmates dead,
Because of cares past, present and to come:
(Though that was something like four times
A portly make and a symmetric shape,
The man with the aureole, sympathy made
Did in a trice turn up with life and light,—
Into her lap,—what harm in Carnival?
If Guido's wife's path be her husband's too.
This passage of arms and wits amused the
double entendres, half of them of a jest.
Next, the watchfulness of the bawdy knight,
As if the watchman should mark all at once
The start's fair henceforth, every obstacle
Now for a touch of the daughter's quality.
As soon as outside for light and life.
Found too the house dull and its inmates dead,
Because of cares past, present and to come:
(Though that was something like four times
A portly make and a symmetric shape,
The man with the aureole, sympathy made
Did in a trice turn up with life and light,—
Into her lap,—what harm in Carnival?
If Guido's wife's path be her husband's too.
This passage of arms and wits amused the
double entendres, half of them of a jest.
Next, the watchfulness of the bawdy knight,
As if the watchman should mark all at once
The start's fair henceforth, every obstacle
Now for a touch of the daughter's quality.
As soon as outside for light and life.
Found too the house dull and its inmates dead,
Because of cares past, present and to come:
(Though that was something like four times
A portly make and a symmetric shape,
The man with the aureole, sympathy made
Did in a trice turn up with life and light,—
Into her lap,—what harm in Carnival?
If Guido's wife's path be her husband's too.
Admire the man’s simplicity, “I'll do this, I'll have that, I'll punish and prevent!” —
'Tis easy saying. But to a fray, you see, 984
Two parties go. The dog shows his teeth:
The fox nor lies down sheep-like nor dares fight.
Oh, the wife knew the appropriate warfare
The way to put suspicion to the blush !
Oh, the wife knew the appropriate warfare
Why should not she call these to arbitrate ?
"I'll nothavethat, I'll punish and prevent!"—
State her case,—Franceschini was a name,
'In the face of the world, you found her; she
Cried out on the Archbishop,—why, there
She bade the Governor do governance,
Wringing her hands, when he came out to
Had he to reconduct her by main-force
Judge if he missed the natural grin of folk,
His shut door,—on the public steps thereto,
Of friends or frowned on foes as heretofore!
Of cap and bells, the luckless husband's fit!
And shrieking all her wrongs forth at his
Back to the husband and the house she fled:
After the cuckoo, so late, near noonday, 890
So it went on and on till—who was right ?
And teeth one mud-paste made of poppy-milk ;
Ears plugged, eyes gummed together, palate,
One merry April morning, Guido woke
Some money there had made itself wings
For a rummage,—jewelry that was, was not,
And found his wife flown, his scritoire the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Just ahead, just out as he galloped in, 960
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
Still on the couch where she had spent the
And the other runaway, the wife ? Upstairs,
The Public Force. The Commissary came,
With him, a guard on either side, the stair
Then, for his more confusion, mounted up
Officers also; they secured the priest;
To the bedroom where still slept or feigned
The company and bade her wake and rise.
Sprang to her husband's side, caught at the
I'th' midst and stood as terrible as truth,
That hung there useless,—since they held
And in a moment out flew the bright thing
Full in the face of Guido: but for help
With a flourish of red all round it, pinked her
O' the guards who held her back and pinioned
With pains enough, she had finished you my
Prettily; but she fought them one to six.
She spat forth such invective at her spouse,
O'erfrothed him with such foam of murderer,
Ebbed from the husband, set toward his wife,
People cried "Hands off, pay a priest re-
And "persecuting fiend" and "martyred
Began to lead a measure from lip to lip.
A wife caught playing truant if no more;
While the Count, mortified in mien enough,
Here was a priest found out in masquerade,
"I' the poke of you?"—admits of no reply.
As witness Joseph, the friend's patron-saint.
"Difficult to believe, yet possible,"
"So long a flight necessitates a fall
Subdued it to the soul, as saints assure:
"When mindful of what flight fatigued the
"Ere at church on edge of the baptismal font
"As male-babe haply laid by female-babe
Innocent were they both from first to last
What do they but obey law—natural law?
"Are they not, then, as all the good,
"With malefice they should have been
"And, as 'tis said the fox still finds the stench,
"Witness Joseph, the friend's patron-saint:
"Alike of what bears his name and bears hers:
'T ' Alike of what bears his name and bears hers:
As for this fardel, filth and foolishness,
She sees it now the first time: burn it too!
While for his part the friend vows ignorance
Alike of what bears his name and bears hers,
'Tis forgery, a felon's masterpiece,
And, as 'tis said the fox still finds the stench,
"Home-manufacture and the husband's work.
Though he confesses, the ingenuous friend,
"That certain missives, letters of a sort,
And further, if the friend partake the fear,
"An apprehension she is jeopardized,—
"Nay, that she simply hold, ill-groundedly,
"Are they not, then, as all the good,
"With malefice they should have been
"And, as 'tis said the fox still finds the stench,
"Flighty and feeble, which assigned them-
That certain missives, letters of a sort,
"In his path: wherefrom he understood just
"That were they verily the lady's own.
"Who penned them, since he never
"That were they verily the lady's own.
"Which trusteth all, trust her that she mis-
"And, as 'tis said the fox still finds the stench,
"That certain missives, letters of a sort,
"In his path: wherefrom he understood just
"That were they verily the lady's own.
"Who penned them, since he never
"That were they verily the lady's own.
"Which trusteth all, trust her that she mis-
"And, as 'tis said the fox still finds the stench,
"That certain missives, letters of a sort,
"In his path: wherefrom he understood just
"That were they verily the lady's own.
"Who penned them, since he never
"That were they verily the lady's own.
"Which trusteth all, trust her that she mis-
"And, as 'tis said the fox still finds the stench,
"O' the self-spun fabric some mean spiderware, 
Never was such a tangled knotmess, 
But thus authority cuts the Gordian through, 
And mark how her decision suits the need,
Here's troublesomeness, scandal on both,
 Plenty of fault to find, no absolute crime:
What does a priest in cavalier's attire
In quarters close as the confessional, iws
Though innocent of harm? 'Tis harm
Three years, to spend in some place not
Nor yet too near, midway 'twixt near and far,
Where he may lounge away time, live at
Find out the proper function of a priest,
But one our love thus keeps out of harm's
Not more from the husband's anger than,
With her, in Via Lungara, where the light ones live,
Is heaven," cried she,—was therefore suited
The injured man thus righted—found no
But for Count Guido Franceschini, he—
The injured man thus righted—found no heaven
And motherhood no motherhood at all,—
That even this sin might have its sort of 
good
Inasmuch as no question more could be,—
Call it false, call the story true,—no claim
Of further parentage pretended now:
The parents had abjured all right, at least;
The woman owned his wife: to plead right
Wore to declare the abjuration false:
Which rendered sojourn,—so the court
—That even this sin might have its sort of
Where better air, more light, new food might
Never lacks friendship's arm about her neck)—
Nor light enough, but all looked prison-like,
And windows narrow, nor was air enough
Too irksome, since the convent's walls were
Demanded change after full three long weeks
Pompilia with his name upon her yet.
Their hands might touch, their breath defile
I' the woman owned his wife: to plead right
The parents had abjured all right, at least,
Call it false, call the story true,—no claim
Donuts pro carcere,
At some sure friend's house she must keep
But out o' the way,—or in the way, who
What house obtained Pompilia's preference?
Propose anew expedient therefore,—this!
She had demanded—had obtained indeed,
By intervention of her playing friends
Or perhaps lovers—(beauty in distress,
Beauty whose tale is the town-talk beside,
Took Pompilia to their hiding-place—
Not in the heart of Rome as formerly,
In twilight by marauders: where perchance
That blind mute villa lurking by the gate
At Via Paulina, not so hard to miss
Was caught, pulled Guido to the shore
For the bait, would trail the gauze wings yet
And gutted him,—now found a further use
What would say little Arezzo and great Rome,
What would say little Arezzo and great Rome,
And what did God say and the devil say
One at each ear o' the man, the husband, now
The father? Why, the overburdened mind
Broke down, what was a brain became a blaze.
In fury of the moment—that first news
Fell on the Count among his vines, it seems,
Doing his farm-work,—why, he summoned
Cried in the first four hard hands and stout
He learned the true convenience of the change,
Employ odd moments when he too tried
Some muffled Caponsacchi might repair,
In the heart of Rome 1381
And found their daughter safe and sound again
All five soon somehow found themselves at
At the villa door: there was the warmth and
The sense of life so just an inch inside—
Some angel must have whispered "One more
He gave it: bade the others stand aside:
Knocked at the door,—"Who is it knocks?"—
"Guido cried: I want your word now: what do you say to
I want your word now: what do you say to
"A neighbour, even a belated man, much less your husband's friend, your
"Much less your husband's friend, your husband's self:
"At such appeal the door is bound to open.
"But I will say—"—here's rhetoric to spare!—
Why, Sir, the stumbling-block is cursed and
Block though it be; the name that brought
Will bring offence: the burnt child dreads
Although that fine food on some taper-wick
Which never left the altar nor singed a fly:
And had a harmless man tripped by chance,
How would you wait him, stand or step aside,
When next you heard he rolled your way?

"Giuseppe Caponsacchi!" Guido cried:
And open flew the door: enough again.
Vengeance, you know, burst, like a mountain-
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last
With a wash of hell-fire,—father, mother, wife,
Killed them all, bathed his name clean in
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last 1435
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
Vengeance, you know, burst, like a mountain-
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last
With a wash of hell-fire,—father, mother, wife,
Killed them all, bathed his name clean in
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
Vengeance, you know, burst, like a mountain-
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last
With a wash of hell-fire,—father, mother, wife,
Killed them all, bathed his name clean in
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
Vengeance, you know, burst, like a mountain-
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last
With a wash of hell-fire,—father, mother, wife,
Killed them all, bathed his name clean in
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
Vengeance, you know, burst, like a mountain-
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last
With a wash of hell-fire,—father, mother, wife,
Killed them all, bathed his name clean in
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
Vengeance, you know, burst, like a mountain-
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last
With a wash of hell-fire,—father, mother, wife,
Killed them all, bathed his name clean in
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
Vengeance, you know, burst, like a mountain-
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last
With a wash of hell-fire,—father, mother, wife,
Killed them all, bathed his name clean in
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
Vengeance, you know, burst, like a mountain-
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last
With a wash of hell-fire,—father, mother, wife,
Killed them all, bathed his name clean in
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
Vengeance, you know, burst, like a mountain-
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last
With a wash of hell-fire,—father, mother, wife,
Killed them all, bathed his name clean in
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
Vengeance, you know, burst, like a mountain-
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last
With a wash of hell-fire,—father, mother, wife,
Killed them all, bathed his name clean in
And wiped its filthy four walls free at last
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
Vengeance, you know, burst, like a mountain-
That holds a monster in it, over the house,
The incidents of flight, pursuit, surprise,
Capture, with hints of kisses all between—
The incidents of flight, pursuit, surprise,
Hotly indignant now, now dewy-dimmed,
Hears him recount, with helpful cheek, and eye
No longer fit to laugh at since the blood
Why, he and those four luckless friends of his
Gave the broad farce an all too brutal air,
To bide their trial, since trial, and for the
But with a certain issue: no dispute,
If the law thinks to find them guilty, Sir,
But as to the issue,—look me in the face!—
"Try him," bids law: formalities oblige:
Then I say in the name of all that's left
Of honour in Rome, civility in the world
Astraea's gone indeed, let hope go too!
There's an end to all hope of justice more.
Who is it dares impugn the natural law,
This crowd of miseries make the man a mark,
For our example?—yours and mine who read
"Stand, like a natural in the public way,
Had Guido, in the twinkling of an eye,
Summed up the reckoning, promptly paid
That morning when he came up with the pair
At the wayside inn,—exacted his just debt
That axe, if providence so pleased,
Claven each head, by some Rolando-stroke,
In one clean cut from crown to clavicle,
Slain the priest-gallant, the wife-paramour,
Sticking, for all defence, in each skull's slit.
The rhyme and reason of the stroke thus dealt,
Sticking, for all defence, in each skull's deft
Bidding, who pitied, undistend the skulls—
That were too plain, too straight, too simply just!
He hesitates, calls law sooth to help.
And law, disaster to whom calls in law
When honour is beforehand and would serve,
What wonder if law hesitate in turn,
Plied her disuse to calls of the kind, reply
(Smiling a little) "Thyself assess
The worth of what's lost, sum of damage done.
What you touched with so light a finger-tip,
"You whose concern it was to grasp the thing,
"What you dealt lightly with, shall law make
In a case of the kind? None, as she all but
Call in law when a neighbour breaks your fence,
Fathers of wives, especially in Rome.

III.—THE OTHER HALF-ROME.
Another day that finds her living yet,
Little Pompadour, with the patient brow
And lamentable smile on those poor lips,
And, under the white hospital-array,
A flower-like body, to frighten at a bruise
You'd think, yet now, stabbed through and through again,
Alive? The rains. "Tis a miracle.
It seems that, when her husband struck her first,
She prayed Madonna just that she might live
So long as to confess and be absolved; and
Whether it was that, all her sad life long
Never before successful in a prayer,
This prayer rose with authority too dread,—
What you dealt lightly with, shall law make
For a patient in such plight. The lawyers first
Paid the due visit—justice must be done;
They took her witness, why the murder was.
Then the priests followed properly,—a soul
Toschive: "twas brother Celestine's owright,
The same who noiseth thus her gifts abroad.
But many more, who found they were old friends,
Pushed in to have their stare and take their talk
And go forth boasting of it and to boast.
Old Monna Baldi chatters like a jay,
Swears—but that, prematurely trundled out
Just as she felt the benefit begin,
The miracle was snapped up by somebody,—
Her praised limb's 'gan prick and promise life
At touch of the bedclothes merely,—how
More? Had she but brushed the body as she tried!
Cavalier Carlo—well, there's some excuse
For him—Maratta who paints Virgins so—
He too must fee the porter and slip by
With pencil cut and paper squared, and straight 
There was he figuring away at face: 
"A lover's face is not in Rome," cried he, 
"Shaped like a peacock's egg, the pure as pearl, 
That hatches you anon a snow-white chick, 
Then, oh that pair of eyes, that pendent hair, 
Black this and black the other! Mighty fine— 
But nobody cared to paint the same, 
Nor grew a poet over hair and eyes.

Then cry we "Ah, the perfect paragon!"

So much uncomplimented as uncropped 
Flower-like from out her window long enough,

"Two jealous people fought for yesterday 
And killed each other: see, there's no disturbed

"A pretty pool at the root, of rival red!" 
Then cry we "Ah, the perfect paragon!"

"And filled each other: see, there's no disturbed

Truth lies between: there's anyhow a child
Of seventeen years, whether a flower or weed,

And gentle face and girlish form he found,

So again, in the couple's very souls
Making a whole that had all and lacked

For see now: Pietro and Violante's life 
Till seventeen years ago, all Rome might note

What Guido Franceschini's heart could hold? 
Thus saintship is effected probably; ni

What could they be but happy?—balanced so, 
Yield its like, propagate a bliss in turn

To sinnership, immunity and all.

But put in evidence, record they were,

Now, one reminder of this gnawing want, 
One flesh: God says so: let him do his 

And as for doing any detriment
To the veritable heir,—why, tell her first 
Who was he? Which of all the hands held up

Did she so wrong by intercepting thus 
Yield its like, propagate a bliss in turn

Stupid credulity of the foolish man  
From the implicit faith, or rather say

Who swallowed such a tale nor strained a whit
Even at his wife's far-over-fifty years

Misfortune on misfortune; but she harmed
No one i' the world, so far as she could see.

The act had gladdened Pietro to the height, 
Herspouse whom God himself must gladden so
Or not at all: thus much seems probable

Who swallowed such a tale nor strained a whit
Even at his wife's far-over-fifty years

Matching his sixty-and-under. Him she 
Blessed; 

And as for doing any detriment
To the veritable heir,—why, tell her first 
Who was she? Which of all the hands held up

Did she so wrong by intercepting thus

The ducat, spendthrift fortune thought to fling

You saw the inadequate half with half to match, 
Each having and each lacking somewhat, both

Making a whole that had all and lacked

The round and sound, in whose composite just

1 Von Triton. — See Book I, l. 868. The spear is represented as being in the Piazza Barberini, near Bernini's fountain, composed of a Triton supported by dolphins.
Of a mere interruption to sin's trade, 210
Well then, she had caught up this castaway:
O' the child, glad transfer of this irksome
This fragile egg, some careless wild bird
In the efficacious way old Tiber knows.
What so excessive harm was done?—she asked.
Able to sing God praise on mornings now.
And put in her own breast till forth broke finch
She had picked from where it waited the
To which demand the dreadful answer
For that same deed, now at Lorenzo's church,
Both agents, conscious and inconscious, lie;
Yonder where curious people count her
Lies also, the most lamentable of things,
Calculate how long yet the little life
Joining the other round her preciousness—
Give them their story, then the church its group.
Well, having gained Pompilia, the girl grew
Unspilt may serve their turn nor spoil the show,
Each, like a semicircle with stretched arms,
Where a chance sliver, branchlet slipt from bole
I' the midst of Pietro here, Violante there,
Year by year mounting, grade by grade sur­
Filched by two exiles and borne far away,
Of some tongue-leaved eye-figured Eden tree,
Patiently glorifies their solitude,—
Still hidden happily and shielded safe,— 240
What meant that laugh? The coping-stone
Else why should miracle have graced the
Nay, above towered a light tuft of bloom
To bear away triumphant back, some wife.
He must find straightway, woo and haply win
He, the Abate,—ought he to interpose?
Across this difficulty: then let go,
There was no making Guido great, it seems,
For he was slipping into years apace,
And years make men restless—they needs
But that, to light his mother's visage up
The built brick-work, yet is compassed still,
The sun?—for if some good girl (a girl, since she must take
Not wealthy (Guido for his rank was poor) 355
But with whatever dowry came to hand,—
Scintillant, rutilant, fraternal fire,—
That the sick, and bare, are but the slow
We want no name and fame—having our own:
If harm were,—well, the matter was off his
(A final cherish of the stockinged calf)
Some certainty, some sort of end assured,
Some sparkle, tho' from topmost beacon-tip,
That warrants life a burthen through the hand.
In short, call him fantastic as you choose,
Guido was home-sick, yearned for the old sights
And usual faces,—gain would settle himself
And have the patron's bounty when it fell
While Pietro took his after-dinner doze,
He dissertated on that Tuscan house, 270
As younger brother of a Tuscan house
Whereof the actual representative,
Count Guido, had employed his youth and age
In culture of Rome's most productive plant—
A cardinal: but years pass and change comes,
A ribbon o'er each puncture: his—no soul
Ecclesiastic (here the hat was brushed) 300
Having, as one who puts his hand to the plough,
Amid Rome's pomp and glare for dinginess
Poor brother Guido! All too plain, he pined
Their house might wear the red cloth that
Since if his brother's patron-friend kept faith,
Since to this comes old grandeur now-a-days—
Or that absurd wild villa in the waste
And bear away triumphant back, some wife.
He found her by the open window:—for she came—
To gather greyness there, give voice at length
And shame the brood... but it was long ago
Vittiano, nor unpleasant with its vines,
Youther was reached; had spoken, he could no
The first name-pecking credit-scratching fowl
To be toyed with by butterfly or bee, 245
Done good to or else harm to from outside:
Pompilia's root, stalk and a branch or two
Home enclosed still, the rest would be the
Well now, the man was rational in his way:
For he was slipping into years apace,
And years make men restless—they needs
But that, to light his mother's visage up
Well now, the man was rational in his way:
Whatsoever of the actual representative,
Count Guido, had employed his youth and age
In culture of Rome's most productive plant—
A cardinal: but years pass and change comes,
A ribbon o'er each puncture: his—no soul
Ecclesiastic (here the hat was brushed) 300
Having, as one who puts his hand to the plough,
Amid Rome's pomp and glare for dinginess
Poor brother Guido! All too plain, he pined
Their house might wear the red cloth that
Since if his brother's patron-friend kept faith,
Since to this comes old grandeur now-a-days—
Or that absurd wild villa in the waste
And bear away triumphant back, some wife.
He found her by the open window:—for she came—
To gather greyness there, give voice at length
And shame the brood... but it was long ago
Vittiano, nor unpleasant with its vines,
Youther was reached; had spoken, he could no
The first name-pecking credit-scratching fowl
To be toyed with by butterfly or bee, 245
Done good to or else harm to from outside:
Pompilia's root, stalk and a branch or two
Home enclosed still, the rest would be the
Well now, the man was rational in his way:
Whatsoever of the actual representative,
Count Guido, had employed his youth and age
In culture of Rome's most productive plant—
A cardinal: but years pass and change comes,
A ribbon o'er each puncture: his—no soul
Ecclesiastic (here the hat was brushed) 300
Having, as one who puts his hand to the plough,
Amid Rome's pomp and glare for dinginess
Poor brother Guido! All too plain, he pined
Their house might wear the red cloth that
Since if his brother's patron-friend kept faith,
Since to this comes old grandeur now-a-days—
Or that absurd wild villa in the waste
And bear away triumphant back, some wife.
He found her by the open window:—for she came—
To gather greyness there, give voice at length
And shame the brood... but it was long ago
Vittiano, nor unpleasant with its vines,
Youther was reached; had spoken, he could no
The first name-pecking credit-scratching fowl
To be toyed with by butterfly or bee, 245
Done good to or else harm to from outside:
Pompilia's root, stalk and a branch or two
Home enclosed still, the rest would be the
Well now, the man was rational in his way:
Whatsoever of the actual representative,
Count Guido, had employed his youth and age
In culture of Rome's most productive plant—
A cardinal: but years pass and change comes,
A ribbon o'er each puncture: his—no soul
Ecclesiastic (here the hat was brushed) 300
Having, as one who puts his hand to the plough,
Amid Rome's pomp and glare for dinginess
Poor brother Guido! All too plain, he pined
Their house might wear the red cloth that
Since if his brother's patron-friend kept faith,
Since to this comes old grandeur now-a-days—
Or that absurd wild villa in the waste
And bear away triumphant back, some wife.
He found her by the open window:—for she came—
To gather greyness there, give voice at length
And shame the brood... but it was long ago
Vittiano, nor unpleasant with its vines,
Youther was reached; had spoken, he could no
The first name-pecking credit-scratching fowl
To be toyed with by butterfly or bee, 245
Done good to or else harm to from outside:
Pompilia's root, stalk and a branch or two
Home enclosed still, the rest would be the
Well now, the man was rational in his way:
Whatsoever of the actual representative,
Count Guido, had employed his youth and age
In culture of Rome's most productive plant—
A cardinal: but years pass and change comes,
A ribbon o'er each puncture: his—no soul
Ecclesiastic (here the hat was brushed) 300
Having, as one who puts his hand to the plough,
Amid Rome's pomp and glare for dinginess
Poor brother Guido! All too plain, he pined
Their house might wear the red cloth that
Since if his brother's patron-friend kept faith,
Since to this comes old grandeur now-a-days—
Or that absurd wild villa in the waste
And bear away triumphant back, some wife.
He found her by the open window:—for she came—
To gather greyness there, give voice at length
And shame the brood... but it was long ago
Vittiano, nor unpleasant with its vines,
Youther was reached; had spoken, he could no
The first name-pecking credit-scratching fowl
To be toyed with by butterfly or bee, 245
Done good to or else harm to from outside:
Pompilia's root, stalk and a branch or two
Then with the great air did he kiss, devout, Violante's hand, and rise up his whole height (A certain purple gleam about the black) as And go forth grandly,—as if the Pope came next.

And so Violante rubbed her eyes awhile, Got up too, walked to wake her Pietro soon And pour into his ear the mighty news How somebody had somehow somewhere seen Their tree-top-tuft of bloom above the wall, And came now to apprize them the tree's self. Was no such crab-sort as should go feed swine, But veritable gold, the Hesperian ball

Ordained for Hercules to haste and pluck, And bear and give the Gods to banquet with— 385 Hercules standing ready at the door. Wherein did Pietro rub his eyes in turn, Look very wise, a little woeful too, Then, periwig on head, and cane in hand, 390 Selly forth dignifiedly into the Square Which used to be a dwelling-place now To the stubble once a corn-field, and brick-heap. Had pricked for comfortable quarters, inched Into the core of Rome, and fastened so;

But Guido, over-burly for rat's hole 415 But Guido, over-burly for rat's hole Suited to clerical slimness, starved outside, But a cross i' the poke to bless the Count— 420 But Guido, over-burly for rat's hole Suited to clerical slimness, starved outside, But a cross i' the poke to bless the Count—

Went Pietro to announce a change indeed, 494 With the rough draught of those marriage-articles Signed in a hurry by Guido, since revoked: Trust's politic, suspicion does the harm, 486 Resignedly Count Guido bore the blow:

As for the usufruct—In favour of Guido. As for the usufruct—Lest the son's service flag,—is reason and 480 Resignedly Count Guido bore the blow:

For frailty, patient in a naughty world. 480 For frailty, patient in a naughty world.
Rome's choicest comfit 'neath the tongue
Into this quag, "jump" bade the Cardinal.
And neck-deep in a minute there flounced
Four months' experience of how craft and greed
But they touched bottom at Arezzo: there—
Four months' taste of apportioned insolence,
Cruelty graduated, dose by dose
Of ruffianism dealt out at bed and board,
And lo, the work was done, success clapped
Broke at last in their desperation loose,
Fled away for their lives, and lucky so;
Found their account in casting coat afar
And bearing off a shred of skin at least
And, careless what came after, carried their
Needs not be plagued with till a later day.
As folly feels, since pain can make it wise,
To Rome,—I nothing doubt, with such re-
But crime, past wisdom, which is innocence,
In hope that memory not quite extinct
Pietro went back to beg from door to door,
Friends and acquaintance—after the natural
And tributary "Just as we foretold—"
Who lived large and kept open house so long.
Scraps of the trencher, to their host that was,
Or let him share the mat with the mastiff, he
Not so Violante: ever a-head i' the march,
Quick at the bye-road and the cut-across,
In all this retribution of the past.
But here too was what Holy Year would help,
Bound to rid sinners of sin vulgar, sin
Abnormal, sin prodigious, up to sin
Impossible and supposed for jubilant's sake:
To lift the loaden gates, let sore
The soul unhampered by a feather-weight.
I will," said she, "go burn out this bad hole
That broods the scorpion, baulk the plague at least.
Of hope to further plague by prudence;
I will confess my fault, be punished, yes,
But pardoned too: Saint Peter pays for all.
So, with the crowd she mixed, made for the done,
Great door new-broken for the nonce
Marched, muffled more than ever man-wise,
Up the left nave to the formidable throne,
Fell into file with this the poisoner
And that the parricide, and reached in turn
The poor repugnant Penitentiary
Set at this gully-hole of the world's discharge
To help the frightfullest of filth have vent,
And then knelt down and whispered in his ear
How he had bought Pompiolla, palmed the babe
On Pietro, passed the girl off as their child
To Guido, and defrauded of his due
This one and that one, more than she could name
Until her solid piece of wickedness
Happened to split and spread woe far and wide;
Contrite now she brought the case for cure.
Replied the throne—"Ere God forgive the guilt,
Made man some restitution? Do your part!
The owners of your husband's heritage,
Barred thence by this pretended birth and heir,—
Tell them, the bar came so, it broken so,
Thiers be the due reversion as before!
Your husband who, no partner in the guilt,
Suffers the penalty, led blindfold thus
By love of what he thought his flesh and blood
To alienate his all in her behalf—
"Tell him too such contract is null and void!
Last, he who personates your son-in-law,
Who with sealed eyes and stopped ears,
tame and mute
"Take at your hand that bastard of a whore
You called your daughter and he calls his wife,
Tell him, and bear the anger which is just!
Then, penance so performed, may pardon be!"
Who could gainsay this just and right award?
Nobody in the world: but, out o' the world,
Who knows?—might timid intervention be
From any makeshift of an angel-guide,
Substitute for celestial guardianship,
Pretending to take care of the girl's self:
"Woman, confessing crime is healthy work,
And telling truth relieves a liar like you,
No thought if, while this good befalls your—
But how of my quite unconsidered charge?
Who not content with cutting purse, crops ear—
"Assuredly it shall be salve to mine
When this great news red-letters him, the rogue!
"Ay, let him taste the teeth o' the trap, this fox,
Give us our lamb back, golden fleece and all,
Let her creep in and warm our breasts again!
Why care for the past? We three are our old selves,
And know now what the outside world is worth."
And so, he carried case before the courts; And there Violante, blushing to the bone,
Made public declaration of her guilt,
Renounced her motherhood, and paid the law
To interpose, frustrate its effect
Her folly, and redress the injury done.
Whereof was the disastrous consequence,
That though indisputably clear the case (For thirteen years are not so large a lapse,
And still six witnesses survived in Rome
To prove the truth o' the tale)—yet, patent wrong,
Seemed Guido's: the first cheet had chance on
Here was the pity that, deciding right,
Those who began the wrong would gain the prize.
Guido pronounced the story long lie—
Lied to do robbery and take revenge: Or say it were no lie at all but truth,
Then, it both robbed the right heirs and shamed him
Without revenge to humanize the deed.
With his immense hate and, the solitary
No, he was pinned to the place there, left alone
To other fortune and a novel prey.
Worm-like, and so away with his defeat 696
Nor cranny whence, desperate and disgraced,
And back turned full upon the baffled foe,—•
Victorious, wreath on head and spoils in hand,
Subject to satisfy that hate, his wife. 700
Stripped to the skin, he might be fain to crawl
No path whereby the fatal man might march
Till law said “Reinvestigate the case! ”
“Still dowry, principal and interest,
“ Cast her off? Turn her naked out of doors?
She liberally told the household-news,
Rejoiced her vile progenitors were gone,
A last injunction on her, when they fled,
That she should forthwith find a paramour, 744
Complot with him to gather spoil enough,
Then burn the house down,—taking previous
care To poison all its inmates overnight,
And so companionsed, so provisioned too,
Follow to Rome and there join fortunes
gay. 749
This letter, traced in pencil-characters,
Guido as easily got re-traced in ink
By his wife’s pen, guided from end to end,
As if it had been just so much Chinese.
For why? That wife could broder, sing
perhaps,
Pay certainly, but no more read than write
This letter: “which yet write she must,” he said.
“Being half courtesy and compliment,
Half sisterliness: take the thing on trust!
She had as readily re-traced the words 705
Of her own death-warrant,—in some sort
trswas so.
This letter the Abate in due course
Communicated to such curious souls
In Rome as needs must pry into the cause
Of quite a plan formed, a programme
Authentic answer! Tell detractors too
“ That I know: who contrived it, God for­

So much for what should work in Rome
back now
To Arezzo, follow up the project there,
Forward the next step with as bold a foot, 774
And plague Pompilia to the height, you see!
Accordingly did Guido set himself
To worry up and down, across, around,
The woman, hemmed in by her household-
hars,—
Chase her about the coop of daily life,
Having first stopped each outlet thence save
one 790
Which, like bird with a ferret in her haunt,
She needs must seize as sole way of escape
Though there was tied and twittering a decoy
To seem as if it tempted,—just the plume
O’ the popinjay, not a real respite there 789
From tooth and claw of something in the dark,—
Giuseppe Caponoschi.
Now begins
The tenebrous passage of the tale: 799
How hold a light, display the cavern’s gorge?
How, in this phase of the affair, show truth?
Here is the dying wife who smiles and says
“ I never knew nor ever care to know—"
Till they all weep, physician, man of law,
Even that poor old bit of battered brass
Bitten out of all shape by the world’s sins,
Common utemel of the lazar-house—
Confessor Celestino groans “ ‘Tis truth,
All truth and only truth: there’s something here,
Some presence in the room beside us all,
Something that every lie expires before: 804
“ No question she was pure from first to last,”
So far is well and helps us to believe:
But beyond, she is the helpless, simple-sweet
Or silly-sooth, unskilled to break one blow
At her good fame by putting finger forth,—
How can she render service to the truth?
The bird says “ So I flattered where a spring
Caught me r the springe did not contrive
for itself,
“ That I know: who contrived it, God for­
give! ”
But we, who hear no voice and have dry eyes,
Must ask,—we cannot else, absolving her—
How of the part played by that same decoy
I’ the catching, caging? Was himself caught
First? 815
We deal here with no innocent at least,
No witless victim,—he’s a man of the age
And priest beside,—persuade the mocking
world
Mere charity boiled over in this sort!
He whose own safety too,—(the Pope’s
appraisal—
Good-natured with the secular offence,
The Pope looks grave on priesthood in a scrape) Our priest's own safety therefore, may-be life, Hangs on the issue! You will find it hard, Stiff like a statue— "Leave what went before!" "My wife fled the company of a priest, "Spent two days and two nights alone with him, "Leave what came after!" He stands hard to throw. Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; 'Tis no such great ill-fortune: finding grey, When we get weakness, and no guilt beside, Moreover priests are merely flesh and blood; "First spoke the lady, last the cavalier!" —"I say,—why should the man tell truth just now? When graceful lying meets such ready shift? Or is there a first moment for a priest As for a woman, when invaded shame Must have its first and last excuse to show? Do both contrive love's entry in the mind Shall look, if the manner of it, a surprise— That after, once the flag of the first halted down, Effrontery may sink drawbridge, open gate, Welcome and entertain the conqueror? Or what do you say to a touch of the devil's worst? Can it be that the husband, he who wrote The letter to his brother I told you of, —I name of her it meant to criminate,— —What if he wrote those letters to the priest? Further the priest says, when it first befell, This folly of the letters, that he checked the flow, Put them back lightly each with its reply. Here again voice new dyspepsia —There never reached her eye a word from him: He did write but she could not read—could just Burn the offence to wifehood, womanhood, So did burn: never bade him come to her, Yet when it proved he must come, let him come, —And when he did come though uncalled,— Why, spoke Prompt by an inspiration: thus it chanced. Will you go somewhat back to understand? When first, pursuant to his plan, there sprang, —Like an unceased blast, Guido's cruelty On soul and body of his wife, she cried To those whom law appoints resource for such, The secular guardian,—that's the Governor, And the Archbishop,—that's the spiritual guide, And prayed them take the claws from out her flesh. Now, this is ever the ill consequence Of being noble, poor and difficult, Ungainly, yet too great to disregard,—
Though disinclined to help from their own store
When he goes wistful by at dinner-time,
Yet, if his needs conduct him where they sit
Smugly in office, judge this, bishop that, an
And if, friend's door shut and friend's purse
Still potentates may find the office-seat
Just through a feather-weight too much i'
Do as good service at no cost—give help
By-the-bye, pay up traditional dues at once.
Thus when, in the first roughness of sur-
At Guido's wolf-face whence the sheep'skin fell,
Rushed to the Governor,—who else rights
Told him their tale of wrong and craved
That Guido was a friend of old, poor Count!—
So, promptly paid his tribute, promised the
Next time they came, wept, prated and told
The troubles pressing on her, as I said,
Three times she rushed, maddened by misery,
To the other mighty man, sobbed out her
Of her husband also! Oh, good friends of yore!
So, the Archbishop, not to be outdone
By the Governor, break custom more than he,
Thrice bade the foolish woman stop her
tongue,
Unloosed her hands from harassing his gait,
Couched her and carried her to the Count
again,
His old friend should be master in his house,
Rule his wife and correct her faults at need!
Well, driven from post to pillar in this wise,
She, as a last resource, betook herself
To one, should be no family-friend at least,
A simple friar o' the city; confessed to him,
Then told how fierce temptation of release
By self-dealt death was busy with her soul,
And urged that he put this in words, write
plain
For one who could not write, set down her
That Pietro and Violante, parent-like
If somehow not her parents, should for love
Come save her, pluck from out the flame the brand
Themselves had thoughtlessly thrust in so deep
To send gay-coloured sparks up and cheer
Their seat at the chimney-corner. The good friar
Promised as much at the moment; but, alack,
Night brings discretion: he was no one's
Nor take a step i' the case and fail to tread
On someone's toe who either was a friend,
Or a friend's friend, or friend's friend thrice-
At matrimony the profound mistake,
He threw reluctantly the business up,
If then, all outlets thus secured save one,
At last she took to the open, stood and stared
With her wan face, to see where God might well—
And there found Caponsacchi wait as well
For the precious something at perdition's edge,
He only was predestinate to save,—
And if they recognized in a critical flash 1054
From the zenith, each the other, her need
of him,
His need of . . . say, a woman to perish for,
The regular way o' the world, yet break no
Encouragement, un molested found herself
At the city gate, by Caponsacchi's side,
Hops there, joy there, life and all good again,
The carriage there, the convoy there, light there
Broadening ever into blaze at Rome up,
And breaking small what long miles lay
between;
Up she sprang, in he followed, they were safe.

The husband quotes this for incredible,
All of the story from first word to last—
Sees the priest's hand throughout upholding her,
Traces his foot to the alcove, that right,
Whiter and wherewith blindfold he knew the
way,
Profligate in all craft and stealthiness;
And cites for proof a servant, eye that watched
And ear that opened to pursue secrets,
A woman-spy,—suborned to give and take
Letters and tokens, do the work of shame,
All of the story from first word to last:
The husband quotes this for incredible,
All of the story from first word to last;
Sees the priest's hand throughout upholding
her,
Traces his foot to the alcove, that right,
Whiter and wherewith blindfold he knew the
way,
Profligate in all craft and stealthiness;
And cites for proof a servant, eye that watched
And ear that opened to pursue secrets,
A woman-spy,—suborned to give and take
Letters and tokens, do the work of shame,
All of the story from first word to last:

"What is this?"
"Ay, but at last, 'e'en have it how you
will,"
"Whatever the means, whatever the way,
explodes
"The consummation"—the accusers shrink:
"Here is the wife so awkwardly found in flight,
And the companion of her flight, a priest;
She flies her husband, he the church his
spouse:
"What is this?"
She says, "God put it in my head to fly, "Very strange, very justifiable." 1120
"As when the martin migrates; autumn claps
"Her hands, cries 'Winter's coming, will
"The south wind and whatever favours flight;
"Flee!' So I fled: this friend was the
"'Fly and arrive!' So long as I found
"Till at the end of that last longest night
"And speech became mere talking through
"And my companion whispered 'Next stage
"And prostrate the poor soul too, and I said
"All the frail fabric at a finger's touch,
"'But though Count Guido were a furlong
"Then something like a huge white wave
"And where was I found but on a strange
"In a strange room like hell, roaring with
"At the wall and left him there to palpitate,
"The woman is my wife: they fled me late,
"The flight was just for flight's sake, no pre-
"Pressed on no more than lingered after, step
"The flight had been, morrow was, triumph would
"The last league, reach Rome and be
"When up came Guido.

Guido's tale begins—
How he and his whole household, drunk to
death
By some enchanted potion, popped drugs
Piled by the wise, lay powerless in gross sleep
And left the spoilers unimpeded way,
Taking successively at tower and town,
Left to improve on both by one deed more,
How he must needs have gnawn lip and
gnashed teeth, 1215
Anyhow, of this natural consequence
But that already Satan's laugh was heard,
His black back turned on Guido—left it the
lunch
Or rather, bukied of suit and service now,
Left to improve on both by one deed more,
Put up the better at no distant day,
Body and soul one holocaust to hell.
Anyhow, of this natural consequence
Did just the last link of the long chain snap:
For an eruption was the priest, alive
Complete from head to heel, with sword at
force

Wife and priest alike reply
"This is the simple thing it claims to be,
"A course we took for life and honour's sake,
"Very strange, very justifiable." 1220
She says, "God put it in my head to fly,
"As when the martin migrates; autumn claps
"Her hands, cries 'Winter's coming, will
"Off with you ere the white teeth overtake!
"Flee!' So I fled: this friend was the
warm day,
"The south wind and whatever favours flight;
"I took the favour, had the help, how else?
"And so we did by rapidly all night,
"All day, all night—a longer night—again,
"And then another day, longest of days, 1230
"And all the while, whether we fled or stopped,
"I scarce know how or why, one thought
filled both,
"Fly and arrive!' So long as I found
strength
"I talked with my companion, told him much,
"Knowing that he knew more, knew,
known God
"And God's disposal of me,—but the sense
"Of the blessed flight absorbed me in the main,
"And speed became mere talking through

A halt was, and her husband had his will.
Till he should spy in the east a signal-streak—
Night had been, morrow was, triumph would
Till at the nick of time, he saw his chance,
Left to improve on both by one deed more,
How he must needs have gnawn lip and
gnashed teeth, 1215
Anyhow, of this natural consequence
But that already Satan's laugh was heard,
His black back turned on Guido—left it the
lunch
Or rather, bukied of suit and service now,
Left to improve on both by one deed more,
Put up the better at no distant day,
Body and soul one holocaust to hell.
Anyhow, of this natural consequence
Did just the last link of the long chain snap:
For an eruption was the priest, alive
Complete from head to heel, with sword at
force
"Charge any wrong beyond, I answer it,"
Guido, the valorous, had met his match,
Was forced to demand help instead of fight,
And make the best of a broken matter so.
They soon obeyed the summons—I suppose,
Then, to make good Count Guido's further charge,
Proceeded, prisoner made lead the way,
In a crowd, upstairs to the chamber-door.
Where wax-white, dead asleep, deep beyond
How I see Guido taking heart again!
He knew his wife so well and the way of
Leave him triumphant with the crowd to see
She would crouch silent till the great doom
How at the outbreak she would shroud her
No! Second misadventure, this worm turned,
I told you: would have slain him on the
Guilt motionless or writhing like a worm!
In hell's heart, would it mercifully yawn—
With his own weapon, but they seized her
Of Guido's hope so lively late. The past
Leaving her tongue free, as it tolled the knell
"Never again degraded to be yours
"Thanks to his liberating angel Death—
"If, with the midday blaze of truth above,
The unlidded eye of God awake, aware,
The man who tortured thus the woman,
"Here has a blot surprised the social blank,—
"What better thing can happen to a man?
"If, with the midday blaze of truth above,
In the forbidden sense of your surmise,—
"As for the fancies—whether . . . what is
"So is he rid of his domestic plague:
"Not now nor here! Enough that first to last
"First, let the husband stomach as he may,
We make no miss of justice in a sort.
"He must invent another story now!
"Or showed for found the abominable prize—
Love-letters in reply o' the priest—thank
"That was the prelude; this, the play's first act:
While meditating mischief!—and so forth.
"The court that also took—I told you, Sir—
That statement of the couple, how a cheat
Had been? the birth of the babe, no child
That was the prelude; this, the play's first act:
Whereof we wait what comes, crown, close of all.
Well, the result was something of a shade
On the parties thus accused,—how otherwise?
Stable, but with shine as unmistakable.
Each had a prompt defence: Pompilia first—
"Earth was made hell to me who did no harm:
"I caught at it and thereby stepped to heaven:
Then Caponsacchi with a grave grand sweep
Of this, and prove the false thing forged
Throughout:
So was the case concluded then and there:
The accused ones to the Prefect of the place,
Called on the law to adjudicate, consigned
To all men be our moderation known!
"The while those plague allegations frown,
Forgive we grant him the redemption;
To all men be our moderation known!
"Rewarding none while compensating each,
Hurt all round though harming nobody,
"No matter, leprosy has touched our robe
To all men be our moderation known!
"Husband, wife, priest, scot-free not one
To all men be our moderation known!
"Yest, priest, wife, husband, boast the unbroken head
"From application of our excellent oil:
As if he were the pattern of desert—
"So is he rid of his domestic plague:
"First, let the husband stomach as he may,
We make no miss of justice in a sort.
"It is a thorny question, yea, a tale
"Who can write and confront his character
Would have slain him on the
Guilt motionless or writhing like a worm!
In hell's heart, would it mercifully yawn—
With his own weapon, but they seized her
Of Guido's hope so lively late. The past
Leaving her tongue free, as it tolled the knell
"Never again degraded to be yours
"Thanks to his liberating angel Death—
"At least and for ever I am mine and God's,
"The unlidded eye of God awake, aware,
The man who tortured thus the woman,
"Here has a blot surprised the social blank,—
"What better thing can happen to a man?
"If, with the midday blaze of truth above,
In the forbidden sense of your surmise,—
"As for the fancies—whether . . . what is
"So is he rid of his domestic plague:
"Not now nor here! Enough that first to last
"First, let the husband stomach as he may,
We make no miss of justice in a sort.
"It is a thorny question, yea, a tale
"Who can write and confront his character
Would have slain him on the
Guilt motionless or writhing like a worm!
In hell's heart, would it mercifully yawn—
With his own weapon, but they seized her
Of Guido's hope so lively late. The past
Leaving her tongue free, as it tolled the knell
"Never again degraded to be yours
"Thanks to his liberating angel Death—
"If, with the midday blaze of truth above,
The unlidded eye of God awake, aware,
The man who tortured thus the woman,
"Here has a blot surprised the social blank,—
"What better thing can happen to a man?
"If, with the midday blaze of truth above,
In the forbidden sense of your surmise,—
"As for the fancies—whether . . . what is
"So is he rid of his domestic plague:
"Not now nor here! Enough that first to last
"First, let the husband stomach as he may,
We make no miss of justice in a sort.
"It is a thorny question, yea, a tale
"Who can write and confront his character
Would have slain him on the
Guilt motionless or writhing like a worm!
In hell's heart, would it mercifully yawn—
With his own weapon, but they seized her
Of Guido's hope so lively late. The past
Leaving her tongue free, as it tolled the knell
"Never again degraded to be yours
"Thanks to his liberating angel Death—
"If, with the midday blaze of truth above,
The unlidded eye of God awake, aware,
The man who tortured thus the woman,
"Here has a blot surprised the social blank,—
"What better thing can happen to a man?
"If, with the midday blaze of truth above,
In the forbidden sense of your surmise,—
"As for the fancies—whether . . . what is
"So is he rid of his domestic plague:
"Not now nor here! Enough that first to last
"First, let the husband stomach as he may,
We make no miss of justice in a sort.
"It is a thorny question, yea, a tale
"Who can write and confront his character
Would have slain him on the
Guilt motionless or writhing like a worm!
In hell's heart, would it mercifully yawn—
With his own weapon, but they seized her
Of Guido's hope so lively late. The past
Leaving her tongue free, as it tolled the knell
"Never again degraded to be yours
"Thanks to his liberating angel Death—
"If, with the midday blaze of truth above,
The unlidded eye of God awake, aware,
The man who tortured thus the woman,
"Here has a blot surprised the social blank,—
"What better thing can happen to a man?
"If, with the midday blaze of truth above,
In the forbidden sense of your surmise,—
"As for the fancies—whether . . . what is
"So is he rid of his domestic plaque:
"What better thing can happen to a man?
"Next, let the priest retire—unshamed, unshamed,
At this last best of the Hundred Merry Tales 1

Of how a youth and spirited clerk devised
To carry off a spouse that moped too much,
And cured her of the vapours in a trice:
And how the husband, playing Vulcan's part,2
Told by the Sun, started in hot pursuit
To catch the lover, and came halting up,
Cast his net and then called the Gods to see
The convicts in their nay impassioned—
Whereat said Mercury "Would that I were
Mars!" 3

Oh it was rare, and naught all the same!
Brief, the wife's courage and cunning,—the
priest's show
Of chivalry and adroitness,—last not least,
The husband—how he ne'er showed teeth at all,
Whose bark had promised biting; but just
shook
Back to his kennel, tail 'twist legs, as 'twere—
All this was hard to gulp down and digest.
So pays the devil his liegeman, brass for gold.
But this was at Arezzo: here in Rome
That want fresh air outside the convent-wall,
And favouritism unfashionable: the Pope
Said "Render Caesar what is Caesar's due!"

Finding the world's face an universal grin
The priest went to his relegation-places,
The wife to her convent, brother Paolo 1429
To the arms of brother Guido with the news
And this beside—his charge was counter-charged;
The Comparini, his old brace of hates,
Had shot a second bolt where the first stuck,
By a procedure should release the wife
Escape when Guido turned the screw too
On his wife's flesh and blood, as husband
No more defence, she turned and made attack,
Claimed now divorce from bed and board, in
Of soul with cure of body, mend her mind
She may have leave to go combine her cure
That, since Pompilia's health is fast o' the wane,
The convent's self makes application bland
For the unknown shelter by undreamed-of shores,
And there is born a blood-pulse in her heart
To fight if needs be, though with flag of war.
For the wool-flock or the fur-tuft, though a
hawk

At the trial's issue: for, why punishment
However slight unless for guiltiness
Much as a mountain of offence this way.
So be his gathering strength on every side
And growing more and more to menace—
when
All of a terrible moment came the blow
That beat down Paolo's fence, ended the play
O' the foil and brought manna to the stage.
Five months had passed now since Pompilia's
Flight,
Months spent in peace among the Convent
nuns.
This,—being, as it seemed, for Guido's sake Solely; what pride might call imprisonment
And quote as something gained, to friends at
home,—
This naturally was at Guido's charge: 1455
Grudge it he might, but penitential fare,
This,—being, as it seemed, for Guido's sake
As, proved,—and proofs seemed coming thick
In the case: 1460
Back to the old Pope's self,—past decency indeed,—
To 'domus pro carcere' of Boccaccio, in which ten
tales are told on each of ten days, many of them of the type described in the next lines.

The strange and passionate precipitance 1530
Of sudden startled into motherhood
Which changes body and soul by nature's law.
So when the she-dove breeds, strange yearnings
come
For the unknown shelter by undreamed-of shores,
And there is born a blood-pulse in her heart
To fight if needs be, though with flag of war.
For the wool-flock or the fur-tuft, though a
hawk

Oh, and shift the cost, too; Pietro pays in
sneak 1465
Of soul with cure of body, mend her mind
Together with her thin arms and sunk eyes
That want fresh air outside the convent-
wall, 1595
Some will rise and others will repine and fast,— 1470
Solely, what pride might call imprisonment
And quote as something gained, to friends at
home,—
This,—being, as it seemed, for Guido's sake
As, proved,—and proofs seemed coming thick
In the case: 1460
Back to the old Pope's self,—past decency indeed,—
To 'domus pro carcere' of Boccaccio, in which ten
tales are told on each of ten days, many of them of the type described in the next lines.

1 The Hundred Merry Tales: referring to the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, in which ten tales are told on each of ten days, many of them of the type described in the next lines.
2 Vulcans part: referring to Homer (Od. viii. 566 ff.), where Hephaestus (Vulcan) is deceived by Adrione (Venus), his wife, and Mars (Mars), her lover.
3 Domus pro carcere: "a house in place of a prison."
That heir being his too, all grew his at last
By this road or by that road, since they join.
Guido debarred his rights as husband soon,
Which puts post-horses at a traveller's use:
So, the new process threatened,—now, the—
Cleanse the house, let the three but disappear.
Wipe out the past, all done all left undone,
Swell the good present to best evermore,
That Guido may enjoy his own again,
Repair all losses by a master-stroke,
With his will's imprint; then took horse,
And so arrived, all five of them, at Rome
On Christmas-Eve, and forthwith found
Installed i' the vacancy and solitude
Who, good as his word, had disappeared at first,
As if to leave the stage free. A whole week
Did Guido spend in study of his part,
Then played it fearless of a failure. One,
Strech the year's clock whereof the hours are
And off was rung 'o the little wheels the chime
Across the town by blind cuts and black turns
To the little lone suburban villa; knocked—
"Who may be outside?" called a well-known voice.
"A friend of Caponsacchi's bringing friends
"A letter." That's a test, the excusers say:
Aha, do you think law disposed of these?
You may chop and change and right wrong,
To save my honour which is more than life.
"I declare the same," (He cannot choose,—but—) "I declare the same
Just and inevitable,—since no way else
"Trying i' the courts,—and you had three
"Neither i' the wife, who kept all faith to you,
"And they blameworthy where you fix all
"Grant but confession! " Cold steel was the grant.
Then came Pompilia's turn.
Then they escaped.
The noise o' the slaughter roused the neighbourhood.
They had forgotten just the one thing more
Which saves us the inconvenience and the ticket
Which puts post-horses at a traveller's use:
So, all on foot, desperate through the dark
And cried ' Honour's hurt the sword must cure?'
"Aha, and so i' the middle of each suit
"And the wife lives yet by miracle.
All is told.
You hardly need ask what Count Guido says,
Since something he must say. "I own the deed..."
(He cannot choose,—but—) "I declare the same
Just and inevitable,—since no way else
"Leaving the law to lag as she thinks fit?
"To my administration of effects,
The theft as good as, one may say, alleged,
The promise of a letter? Stealthy guests
"Of fear with it, aught to dash the present joy
"And you had three
"Being yet sensitive in my degree
"One's honour forsooth? Does that take hurt
"My honour's touched and shall deal death
"No: but since Guido knew, none knew so
"One would have still a remedy in reserve
"Who, good as his word, had disappeared at first,"}

- THE OTHER HALF-ROME

Stabbed through and through. Pietro, close
on her heels,
Set up a cry— "Let me confess myself!
"Grant but confession! " Cold steel was the grant.
Then came Pompilia's turn.
Then they escaped.
The noise o' the slaughter roused the neighborhood.
They had forgotten just the one thing more
Which saves you the inconvenience and the ticket
Which puts post-horses at a traveller's use:
So, all on foot, desperate through the dark
And cried ' Honour's hurt the sword must cure?'
"Aha, and so i' the middle of each suit
"And the wife lives yet by miracle.
All is told.
You hardly need ask what Count Guido says,
Since something he must say. "I own the deed...
(He cannot choose,—but—) "I declare the same
Just and inevitable,—since no way else
"Leaving the law to lag as she thinks fit?
"To my administration of effects,
The theft as good as, one may say, alleged,
The promise of a letter? Stealthy guests
"Of fear with it, aught to dash the present joy
"And you had three
"Being yet sensitive in my degree
"One's honour forsooth? Does that take hurt
"My honour's touched and shall deal death
"No: but since Guido knew, none knew so
"One would have still a remedy in reserve
"Who, good as his word, had disappeared at first,"
IV.—TERTIUM QUID.

True, Excellency—as His Highness says, though she's not dead yet, she's as good as stretched.

Symmetrical beside the other two; though he's not judged yet, he's the same as judged.

So do the facts abound and superabound: and nothing hinders that we lift the case qualified persons to pronounce at last, between this rabble's-brabble of dolts and who make up reasonless unreasoning Rome.

"The truth, weigh husband and weigh wife in the scales of law, make one scale kick law's a machine from which, to please the truth the divinity must needs descend hammer into their noddles who was who could law be competent to such a feat?"

"Is end of the Trial, last link of a chain 'twas done already: what begins next week and proved so slow in taking the first step taking the first step that ever some new grievance,—tort, retort, is thrown in, as it were, last bale to boat crammed to the edge with cargo—or passengers?"

"Trecentos inserts: ohe, jam sont et!" "Hoc apelle?"—passengers, the word must be.

The mob, now, that's just how the error comes: behold you that you have to deal with plebs. The commonly; this is an episode.

In burgess-life,—why seek to aggressandize, idealize, denaturalize the class? people talk just as if they had to do with a noble pair that... Excellency, your car! Stoop to me, Highness,—listen and look yourselves!

Pietro, this Violante, live their life in Rome in the easy way that's far from worst. Even for their betters,—themselves love themselves, spend their own oil in feeding their own lamp. That their own faces may grow bright thereby, they get to fifty and over: how's the lamp? Full to the depth of the wick,—moneys so much; and also with a remnant,—so much more of moneys,—which there's no consuming now. But, when the wick shall moulder out some day, falling fresh twist of tow to use up dregs, will lie a prize for the passer-by,—to wit, anyone that can prove himself the heir, seeing, the couple are wanting in a child: Meantime their wick swims in the safe broad bowl. O' the middle rank,—not raised a beacon's height. For wind to ravage, nor dropped till lamp grazes ground. Like cresset, mudlarks poke now here now there, going their rounds to probe the ruts i' the road or fish the luck o' the puddle. Pietro's soul has failed to lubricate their path in life on selfish worthless human slugs whose slime has not laid a ducat by, decease—who has not laid a ducat by, decease—now that dark begins to creep on day, as he were any lordling of us all: straight he must be subsidized at our expense: why, the Pope picks the first ripe fruit that comes! And providence be,—just what the mob admires!

That is, instead of putting a prompt foot on selfish worthless human slugs whose slime has failed to lubricate their path in life, why, the Pope picks the first ripe fruit that falls and gracious puts not the mouth of, ravens there. And providence be,—just what the mob admires! for wind to ravage, nor dropped till lamp grazes ground. Like cresset, mudlarks poke now here now there, going their rounds to probe the ruts i' the road or fish the luck o' the puddle. Pietro's soul was satisfied when cronies smirked, "No wine!" "Like Pietro's, and he drinks it every day!" His wife's heart swelled her bodice, joyed its fill. When neighbours turned heads wistfully at church, sighed at the load of lace that came to pray. Well, having got through fifty years of fare, they burn out so indulge, so their dear selves.
In her first difficulty showed great teeth
Fit to crunch up and swallow a good round
crime.
She meditates the tenure of the Trust,
*>field maior quamcumque* is the lawyer-phrase. 325
These funds that only want an heir to take—

Whispering to idlers, when they stopped and
praised
The ankles she let liberally shine
In kneeling at the slab by the fountain-side,
That there was plenty more to criticize

Struck was the bargain, business at an end—
"Then, six months hence, that person whom
you trust,
Comes, fetches whatsoever babe it be ;
"I keep the price and secret, you the babe,
Payling beside for mass to make all straight:
"Meaning, I poach the earnest-money.
Down stairs again goes fumbling by the rope
Violante, triumpthing in a flourish of fire

By another vile one: her ostensible work
Was washing clothes, °ut in the open air
At the cistern by Citorio; her true trade—

May Pietro fail to have a child, please God!
From the horror of the pre-appointed lot
With the unknown father and the mother
known

To see who proffers the obstreperous praise:
The bad and barren hill of stuff you kick,
"Twere inexpedient; decency forbade.

And with all that sudden swirl of silk I 't
the place !
"What may your pleasure be, my honey
dame?"
Your Excellency supplies aught left obscure?
One of those women that abound in Rome,
Whose needs oblige them eke out one poor
And growl down low, one scale in sundry

The ankles she let liberally shine
In kneeling at the slab by the fountain-side,
That there was plenty more to criticize

The officiating priest turns round
Before encroached on and encompassed
The softening of the wife's old wicked heart,

If so they might compensate the saved

By worm, and fly, and foot of the free bird?
But no, a question,—how long does it lie,

And the result was like to be an heir.

Otherwise and works of charity,
(Beside that pair of pinners and a coif,
Bite down a little lane to the left, is lost

And nature and civility and the mode:
Flat robbery of the proper heirs thus foiled
O' the dice succession,—and, what followed

They, or the Orvieto in a double dose.
Of Pietro frustrate of its ancient cheer,—

To the havings and the holdings (here's the

O' the due succession,—and, what followed

They, or the Orvieto in a double dose.
Of Pietro frustrate of its ancient cheer,—

Whispering to idlers, when they stopped and
praised
The ankles she let liberally shine
In kneeling at the slab by the fountain-side,
That there was plenty more to criticize

They take the natural blessing of all change.
There was the joy o' the husband silly-sooth,
The softening of the wife's old wicked heart,

As good as new created, since withdrawn
From the horror of the pre-appointed lot
With the unknown father and the mother
known

They, or the Orvieto in a double dose.
Of Pietro frustrate of its ancient cheer,—

And then the sudden existence, dewy-dear,
O' the rose above the dungheap, the pure
child
Well then, God doesn't please, nor heart or selfsame thing as though a child it were, is to begin well-doing somehow else. Moreover, say that certain sin there seem, if he accepts it why should you demur? Because he has a child at last, you see, "The sooner that his heart will pine be-..." So shall his heart be..." for this young beauty with the thumping heart. Who wrong, who neither, don't you? What, you call it worthless for the worthless core? Yon globe upon the Principessa's neck? (She doesn't, who well knows what she knows what?)

Threws back no heat upon the parent-hearth. The family instinct felt out for its..." Two years, 370. "Priceless," he tells you,—puts in his place..." Indeed the prize was simply full to a fault, and you have paid to see: "Good morning, Sir!"

"So shall his home and goods belong to me," "The sooner that his heart will pine be-times?" Well then, God doesn't please, nor heart shall pine! Because he has a child at last, you see. Or selfsame thing as though a child it were, he thinks, whose sole concern it is to think: If he accepts it why should you demur? Moreover, say that certain sin there seem, the proper process of unseeing sin is to begin well-doing somehow else. Pietro,—remember, with no sin at all, why, this gift of God Flung in his lap from over Paradise steadied him in a moment, set him straight on the good path he had been straying from. Henceforward no more wilderness and waste. Cuppings, carousings,—these a sponge wiped on the good path he had been straying from. Flung in his lap from over Paradise.

"The family instinct felt out for its fire and no heat upon the parent-hearth. A second son: and such was Paolo, established here at Rome these thirty years, who played the regular game,—priest and Abate. Made friends, owned house and land, became of use. To a personage: his coarse lay clear enough. The youngest caught the sympathetic flame, and, though unfledged wings kept him still i' the cage, yet he shot up to be a Canon, clung to the higher perch and crowed in hope. Even our Guido, eldest brother, went as far i' the way o' the Church as safety seemed, and he was the Head o' the House, ordained to..."

"So shall his heart..." for this young beauty with the thumping heart. Who wrong, who neither, don't you? What, you call it worthless for the worthless core? Yon globe upon the Principessa's neck? (She doesn't, who well knows what she knows what?)

Threws back no heat upon the parent-hearth. The family instinct felt out for its..." Two years, 370. "Priceless," he tells you,—puts in his place..." Indeed the prize was simply full to a fault, and you have paid to see: "Good morning, Sir!"

"So shall his home and goods belong to me," "The sooner that his heart will pine be-times?" Well then, God doesn't please, nor heart shall pine! Because he has a child at last, you see. Or selfsame thing as though a child it were, he thinks, whose sole concern it is to think: If he accepts it why should you demur? Moreover, say that certain sin there seem, the proper process of unseeing sin is to begin well-doing somehow else. Pietro,—remember, with no sin at all, why, this gift of God Flung in his lap from over Paradise steadied him in a moment, set him straight on the good path he had been straying from. Henceforward no more wilderness and waste. Cuppings, carousings,—these a sponge wiped on the good path he had been straying from. Flung in his lap from over Paradise.

"The family instinct felt out for its fire and no heat upon the parent-hearth. A second son: and such was Paolo, established here at Rome these thirty years, who played the regular game,—priest and Abate. Made friends, owned house and land, became of use. To a personage: his coarse lay clear enough. The youngest caught the sympathetic flame, and, though unfledged wings kept him still i' the cage, yet he shot up to be a Canon, clung to the higher perch and crowed in hope. Even our Guido, eldest brother, went as far i' the way o' the Church as safety seemed, and he was the Head o' the House, ordained to..."

"So shall his home and goods belong to me," "The sooner that his heart will pine be-times?" Well then, God doesn't please, nor heart shall pine! Because he has a child at last, you see. Or selfsame thing as though a child it were, he thinks, whose sole concern it is to think: If he accepts it why should you demur? Moreover, say that certain sin there seem, the proper process of unseeing sin is to begin well-doing somehow else. Pietro,—remember, with no sin at all, why, this gift of God Flung in his lap from over Paradise steadied him in a moment, set him straight on the good path he had been straying from. Henceforward no more wilderness and waste. Cuppings, carousings,—these a sponge wiped on the good path he had been straying from. Flung in his lap from over Paradise.

"The family instinct felt out for its fire and no heat upon the parent-hearth. A second son: and such was Paolo, established here at Rome these thirty years, who played the regular game,—priest and Abate. Made friends, owned house and land, became of use. To a personage: his coarse lay clear enough. The youngest caught the sympathetic flame, and, though unfledged wings kept him still i' the cage, yet he shot up to be a Canon, clung to the higher perch and crowed in hope. Even our Guido, eldest brother, went as far i' the way o' the Church as safety seemed, and he was the Head o' the House, ordained to..."
"To a purple pompadour, whose feet I kiss,
Knowing his father wiped the shoes of mine?"

"Patience," pats Paolo the recalcitrant—
You have not had, so far, the proper hack.

"Nor do my gains suffice to keep us both:
A modest competency is mine, not more.

You are the Count however, yours the style,
Heirdom and state,—you can't expect all good.

"Had I, now, held your hand of cards..."

"What's yet unplayed, I'll look at, by your leave,
Over your shoulder,—I who made my game,
"Let's see, if I can't help to handle yours.
Filz on you, all the Honours in your fist,
"Countship, Househeadship,—how have you
Fie on you, all the Honours in your fist,

"Why, in the first place, these will marry a man!
"Notum tonsoribus:
With..."
No noise goes too near the brain and makes you mad.
The gnats say, Guido used the candle-flame
Unfairly,—worsened that first bad of his,
By practising all kinds of cruelty
To outst and suppress the wall and white—
That speedily he so scared and bullied them.
Fain were they, long before five months had passed,
To beg him grant, from what was once their wealth,
Just so much as would help them back to Rome,
Where, when they finished paying the last doit
O' the dowry, they might beg from door to door.
So say the Comparini—as if it came
Of pure resentment for this worse than bad,
That then Violante, feeling conscience prick,
Confessed her substitution of the child
Whence all the harm fell,—and that Pietro first
Bethought him of advantage to himself
I' the deed, as part revenge, part remedy
For all miscalculation in the pact.

On the other hand "Not so!" Guido retorts—
"I am the wronged, solely, from first to last,
Who gave the dignity I engaged to give,
Which was, is, cannot but continue gain.
My being poor was a bye-circumstance,
Miscalculated piece of untowardness,
Might end to-morrow did heaven's windows
That speedily he so scared and bullied them.
Fain were they, long before five months had passed,
To beg him grant, from what was once their wealth,
Just so much as would help them back to Rome,
Where, when they finished paying the last doit
O' the dowry, they might beg from door to door.
So say the Comparini—as if it came
Of pure resentment for this worse than bad,
That then Violante, feeling conscience prick,
Confessed her substitution of the child
Whence all the harm fell,—and that Pietro first
Bethought him of advantage to himself
I' the deed, as part revenge, part remedy
For all miscalculation in the pact.

On the other hand "Not so!" Guido retorts—
"I am the wronged, solely, from first to last,
Who gave the dignity I engaged to give,
Which was, is, cannot but continue gain.
My being poor was a bye-circumstance,
Miscalculated piece of untowardness,
Might end to-morrow did heaven's windows
That speedily he so scared and bullied them.
Fain were they, long before five months had passed,
To beg him grant, from what was once their wealth,
Just so much as would help them back to Rome,
Where, when they finished paying the last doit
O' the dowry, they might beg from door to door.
So say the Comparini—as if it came
Of pure resentment for this worse than bad,
That then Violante, feeling conscience prick,
Confessed her substitution of the child
Whence all the harm fell,—and that Pietro first
Bethought him of advantage to himself
I' the deed, as part revenge, part remedy
For all miscalculation in the pact.
Being selfish beasts throughout, no less, no more:
—Cared for themselves, their supposed good, nought else,
And brought about the marriage: good proved bad.
As little they cared for her its victim—na——
Meant she should stay behind and take the chance,
If they might wriggle themselves free.
They baited their own hook to catch a fish
With this poor worm, failed o' the prize, and then
Sought how to unbait tackle, let worm float
Or cause the monster while they 'scape.
Under the best stars Hymen brings above,
Had all been honesty on either side,
A common sincere effort to good end,
Still, this would prove a difficult problem,
Prince !
—Given, a fair wife, aged thirteen years,
A husband poor, care-bitten, sorrow-sunk,
Little, long-nosed, bush-bearded, lantern-jawed,
Fifty-six years old,—place the two grown one,
She, cut off shear from every natural aid,
In a strange town with no familiar face
He, in his own parade-ground or retreat
If need were, free from challenge, much less check.
To an irritated, disappointed will—
How evolve happiness from such a match?
'Twre hard to serve up a congenial dish
Out of these ill-agreeing morsels, Duke,
How evolve happiness from such a match?
If need were, free from challenge, much less check.
To an irritated, disappointed will—
How evolve happiness from such a match?

Prince, what will then the natural loathing be?
What wonder if this —the compound plague
Of the pair
Pricked Guido,—not to take the course they hoped,
That is, submit him to their statement's truth,
Propitiously from the very first,
And thrust them out of doors the girl again
Since the girl's dowry would not enter there,
—Quit of the one if battled of the other:
Rather did rage and hate so work in him,
Their product proved the horrible conceit
That he should plot and plan and bring to pass
His wife's right, of her own free will and deed,
Relieve him of his presence, get her gone,
And yet leave all the dowry safe behind,
Confirmed his own henceforward past dispute,
While blotting out, as by a balm of helL,
Their triumph in her misery and death.
You see, the man was Aureline, had touch
O' the subtle air that breeds the subtle wit;
They also say,—to keep her straight therein,
All sort of torture was piled, pain on pain,
On either side Pomphilia's path of life,
Built round about and over against by fear,
Circumvallated month by month, and week
By week, and day by day, and hour by hour,
Close, closer and yet closer still with pain,
No outlet from the encroaching pain save just
Where stood one saviour like a piece of heaven,
Hell's arms would strain round but for this blue gap.

She, they say further, first tried every chink
Every imaginable break i' the fire,
That shrinks from clowlioneness in disgust:
That parents, to save breaking down a wall,
Relieved the couple of their presence,
And you have Guido, practising, 'tis said,
To the brother, the Abate then in Rome,
Who heard her story in confession, wept,
Crossed himself, showed the man within the monk.

"Then, will you save me, you the one i' the midst,
Where we may live like flies in honey-pot?"

Such being exact the programme of the course
Imputed her as carried to effect.
They also say,—to keep her straight therein,
All sort of torture was piled, pain on pain,
On either side Pomphilia's path of life,
Built round about and over against by fear,
Circumvallated month by month, and week
By week, and day by day, and hour by hour,
Close, closer and yet closer still with pain,
No outlet from the encroaching pain save just
Where stood one saviour like a piece of heaven,
Hell's arms would strain round but for this blue gap.

She, they say further, first tried every chink
Every imaginable break i' the fire,
That shrinks from clowlioneness in disgust:
That parents, to save breaking down a wall,
Relieved the couple of their presence,
And you have Guido, practising, 'tis said,
To the brother, the Abate then in Rome,
Who heard her story in confession, wept,
Crossed himself, showed the man within the monk.

"Then, will you save me, you the one i' the midst,
Where we may live like flies in honey-pot?"

Such being exact the programme of the course
Imputed her as carried to effect.

On their departure, their enjoinder; bade
"We being safely arrived here, follow, you!"
"Poison your husband, rob, set fire to all,
And then by means of the gallant you procure"
"With ease, by helpful eye and ready tongue,
Some brave youths ready to dare, do and die,
You shall run off and marry reach Rome,
Where we may live like flies in honey-pot;"

But, this would prove a difficult problem,
A common sincere effort to good end,
Had all been honesty on either side,
Or sink, amuse the monster while they sought
How to unbait tackle, let worm float
With this poor worm, failed o' the prize, and
Mean she should stay behind and take the chance,
If they might wriggle themselves free.
They baited their own hook to catch a fish
With this poor worm, failed o' the prize, and then
Sought how to unbait tackle, let worm float
Or cause the monster while they 'scape.
Under the best stars Hymen brings above,
Had all been honesty on either side,
A common sincere effort to good end,
Still, this would prove a difficult problem,
Prince !
—Given, a fair wife, aged thirteen years,
A husband poor, care-bitten, sorrow-sunk,
Little, long-nosed, bush-bearded, lantern-jawed,
Fifty-six years old,—place the two grown one,
She, cut off shear from every natural aid,
In a strange town with no familiar face
He, in his own parade-ground or retreat
If need were, free from challenge, much less check.
To an irritated, disappointed will—
How evolve happiness from such a match?
'Twre hard to serve up a congenial dish
Out of these ill-agreeing morsels, Duke,
How evolve happiness from such a match?
If need were, free from challenge, much less check.
To an irritated, disappointed will—
How evolve happiness from such a match?

Prince, what will then the natural loathing be?
What wonder if this —the compound plague
Of the pair
Pricked Guido,—not to take the course they hoped,
That is, submit him to their statement's truth,
Propitiously from the very first,
And thrust them out of doors the girl again
Since the girl's dowry would not enter there,
—Quit of the one if battled of the other:
Rather did rage and hate so work in him,
Their product proved the horrible conceit
That he should plot and plan and bring to pass
His wife's right, of her own free will and deed,
Relieve him of his presence, get her gone,
And yet leave all the dowry safe behind,
Confirmed his own henceforward past dispute,
While blotting out, as by a balm of helL,
Their triumph in her misery and death.
You see, the man was Aureline, had touch
O' the subtle air that breeds the subtle wit;
They also say,—to keep her straight therein,
All sort of torture was piled, pain on pain,
On either side Pomphilia's path of life,
Built round about and over against by fear,
Circumvallated month by month, and week
By week, and day by day, and hour by hour,
Close, closer and yet closer still with pain,
No outlet from the encroaching pain save just
Where stood one saviour like a piece of heaven,
Hell's arms would strain round but for this blue gap.

She, they say further, first tried every chink
Every imaginable break i' the fire,
That shrinks from clowlioneness in disgust:
That parents, to save breaking down a wall,
Relieved the couple of their presence,
And you have Guido, practising, 'tis said,
To the brother, the Abate then in Rome,
Who heard her story in confession, wept,
Crossed himself, showed the man within the monk.

"Then, will you save me, you the one i' the midst,
Where we may live like flies in honey-pot?"

Such being exact the programme of the course
Imputed her as carried to effect.
They also say,—to keep her straight therein,
All sort of torture was piled, pain on pain,
On either side Pomphilia's path of life,
Built round about and over against by fear,
Circumvallated month by month, and week
By week, and day by day, and hour by hour,
Close, closer and yet closer still with pain,
No outlet from the encroaching pain save just
Where stood one saviour like a piece of heaven,
Hell's arms would strain round but for this blue gap.

She, they say further, first tried every chink
Every imaginable break i' the fire,
That shrinks from clowlioneness in disgust:
That parents, to save breaking down a wall,
Relieved the couple of their presence,
And you have Guido, practising, 'tis said,
To the brother, the Abate then in Rome,
Who heard her story in confession, wept,
Crossed himself, showed the man within the monk.

"Then, will you save me, you the one i' the midst,
Where we may live like flies in honey-pot?"

Such being exact the programme of the course
Imputed her as carried to effect.
"Out by me! Hesitate one moment more
And the fire shuts out me and shuts in you!
Here my hand holds you life out!" Whereupon
She clasped the hand, which closed on hers
And drew Pompilia out of the circle now complete.
Whose fault or shame but Guido’s?—ask her friends.

But then this is the wife’s—Pompilia’s tale—Eve’s... no, not Eve’s, since Eve, to speak the truth,
Was hardly fallen (our candour might provoke)
When simply saying in her own defence
"The serpent tempted me and I did eat." So much of natural nature, Eve’s!
Her daughters ever since prefer to urge
"Adam so starved me I was fain accept
The apple any serpent pushed my way." Adam so starved me I was fain accept
On,— 875
"Why?—ask and echoed the fools.
"Hell thawed that icicle, else "Why was it—
Daughter o’ the couple we all venerate,
Look now,—last week, the lady we all love,—
How could a married lady go astray?
How, unless hell broke loose to cause the step,
Ere run the crystal into dew-drops! Else,
Show us there needed /Etna vomit flame
To account for the thawing of an icicle,
Her daughters ever since prefer to urge
So much of paradisal nature, Eve’s!
When simply saying in her own defence
Was hardly fallen (our candour might propose)
Brought forth, pushed forward amid trumpet-blast,
To account for the thawing of an icicle,
Show us there needed /Etna vomit flame
To account for the thawing of an icicle,
Her daughters ever since prefer to urge
So much of paradisal nature, Eve’s!
When simply saying in her own defence
Was hardly fallen (our candour might propose)
Brought forth, pushed forward amid trumpet-blast,
To account for the thawing of an icicle,
Show us there needed /Etna vomit flame
To account for the thawing of an icicle,
Her daughters ever since prefer to urge
So much of paradisal nature, Eve’s!
When simply saying in her own defence
Was hardly fallen (our candour might propose)
Brought forth, pushed forward amid trumpet-blast,
To account for the thawing of an icicle,
Show us there needed /Etna vomit flame
To account for the thawing of an icicle,
Her daughters ever since prefer to urge
So much of paradisal nature, Eve’s!
When simply saying in her own defence
Was hardly fallen (our candour might propose)
Brought forth, pushed forward amid trumpet-blast,
To account for the thawing of an icicle,
Show us there needed /Etna vomit flame
To account for the thawing of an icicle,
Her daughters ever since prefer to urge
So much of paradisal nature, Eve’s!
When simply saying in her own defence
Was hardly fallen (our candour might propose)
Brought forth, pushed forward amid trumpet-blast,
To account for the thawing of an icicle,
Show us there needed /Etna vomit flame
To account for the thawing of an icicle,
Her daughters ever since prefer to urge
So much of paradisal nature, Eve’s!
When simply saying in her own defence
Was hardly fallen (our candour might propose)
Brought forth, pushed forward amid trumpet-blast,
To account for the thawing of an icicle,
Show us there needed /Etna vomit flame
To account for the thawing of an icicle,
Her daughters ever since prefer to urge
So much of paradisal nature, Eve’s!
Eye-witness of the described martyrdom, 1909
So, competent to pronounce its remedy
But rush on such extreme and desperate course—
Involving such enormity of harm,
Moreover, to the husband judged truth, 1908
And damned without a word in his defence?
Not he! the truth was felt by instinct here.
—Process which saves a world of trouble and time.

There's the priest's story: what do you say?
In r's, trying its truth by your own instinct too.
Since that's to be the expedient mode? 1908
'And now, do hear my version,' Guido cries:

'I accept argument and inference both.
It would indeed have been miraculous
Had such a confidency sprung to birth
With no more fanning from acquaintance-ships,

Than here avowed by my wife and this priest.
'Only, it did not: you must substitute
The old stale unromantic way of fault,
Cheatings and lies: they used the hackney word

In prose form with the unpoetic tricks,
Only, it did not: you must substitute
Such an expedient mode? 1909
—Process which saves a world of trouble and time.

When all was safe, the husband far and away—
Eye-witness of the described martyrdom, 1909
To establish guilt in them, disgrace in me—
'The chronicle of the reverse from its rise
'To culmination in this outrage: read it
Letters from wife to priest, from priest to wife—

Here they are, and say where they chime in
With the other tale, superlative purity
'0' the pair of saints! I stand or fall by these.'

But then on the other side again,—how say
'The pair of saints? That none one word is theirs
No syllable of the batch or writ or sent
Or yet received by either of the two.
'Found,' says the priest, 'because he needed them,
Failing all other proofs, to prove our fault:
So, here they are, just as is natural.

'Oh yes—we had our missives, each of us!'
'Not these, but to the full as vile, no doubt:
Here as from me,—she could not read, so burnt—'
'Mine as from her,—I burnt because I read.

Who forg'd and found them? Cui profuerint?
(I take the phrase out of your Highness' mouth)
He who would gain by her fault and my fall,
The trickster, schemer and pretender—he
Whose whole career was lie entailing lie

Sought to be sealed truth by the worst lie last!
Guido rejoins—'Did the other end of the tale
Match this beginning? Tis alleged I prove
'A murderer at the end, a man of force
Prompt, indiscriminate, effectual! good!'
Then what need all this trifling woman's work,

Letters and embassies and weak intrigue,
'The trickster, schemer and pretender—he

Whose whole career was lie entailing lie
Sought to be sealed truth by the worst lie last!
Guido rejoins—'Did the other end of the tale
Match this beginning? Tis alleged I prove
'A murderer at the end, a man of force
Prompt, indiscriminate, effectual! good!,'
Then what need all this trifling woman's work,

Letters and embassies and weak intrigue, 1909

Nor gilded gimcrack novelty from below,
Neither the wormy age which eats even oak,

But, knowing also what my duty was,
In reading hearts than ever was the world.

I did it: I must look to men more skilled
With no more fanning from acquaintance-ships,

Than here avowed by my wife and this priest.
'Only, it did not: you must substitute
The old stale unromantic way of fault,
Cheatings and lies: they used the hackney word

In prose form with the unpoetic tricks,
Only, it did not: you must substitute
Such an expedient mode? 1909
—Process which saves a world of trouble and time.

When all was safe, the husband far and away—
Eye-witness of the described martyrdom, 1909
To establish guilt in them, disgrace in me—
'The chronicle of the reverse from its rise
'To culmination in this outrage: read it
Letters from wife to priest, from priest to wife—

Here they are, and say where they chime in
With the other tale, superlative purity
'0' the pair of saints! I stand or fall by these.'

But then on the other side again,—how say
'The pair of saints? That none one word is theirs
No syllable of the batch or writ or sent
Or yet received by either of the two.
'Found,' says the priest, 'because he needed them,
Failing all other proofs, to prove our fault:
So, here they are, just as is natural.

'Oh yes—we had our missives, each of us!'
'Not these, but to the full as vile, no doubt:
Here as from me,—she could not read, so burnt—'
'Mine as from her,—I burnt because I read.

Who forg'd and found them? Cui profuerint?
(I take the phrase out of your Highness' mouth)
He who would gain by her fault and my fall,
The trickster, schemer and pretender—he
Whose whole career was lie entailing lie

Sought to be sealed truth by the worst lie last!
Guido rejoins—'Did the other end of the tale
Match this beginning? Tis alleged I prove
'A murderer at the end, a man of force
Prompt, indiscriminate, effectual! good!'
Then what need all this trifling woman's work,

Letters and embassies and weak intrigue,
'The trickster, schemer and pretender—he

Whose whole career was lie entailing lie
Sought to be sealed truth by the worst lie last!
Guido rejoins—'Did the other end of the tale
Match this beginning? Tis alleged I prove
'A murderer at the end, a man of force
Prompt, indiscriminate, effectual! good!'
Then what need all this trifling woman's work,

Letters and embassies and weak intrigue,
"Of all pleas and excuses in the world
For any deed hereafter to be done,
His irrepressible wrath at honour's wound!
Passion and madness irrepressible?"

Why, Count and cavalier, the husband comes
"Himself catches for the very act of shame!
There's man to man,—nature must have her way,—
We look he should have cleared things on the spot.
"Yes, then, indeed—even tho' it prove he erred—
Though the ambiguous first appearance, mount
Of solid injury, melt soon to mist,
"Still, had he stain the lover and the wife—
Or, since she was a woman and his wife,
Stain him, but strip her naked to the skin
Or at best left no more of an attire
Than patch sufficient to pin paper to,
Or at best left no more of an attire
Than patch sufficient to pin paper to,
Some one love-letter, infamy and all,
As passport to the Faphos' fit for such,
Safe-conduct to her natural home the
One had recognized the power of
One had recognized the power of
But when he stands, the stock-fish,—sticks in law—
Offers the hole in his heart, all fresh and warm,
For scribe's pen to poke at play about
Can stand, can stare, can tell his beads perhaps,
Oh, let us hear no syllable of the pulse!
But when he stands, the stock-fish,—sticks in law—
Offers the hole in his heart, all fresh and warm,
For scribe's pen to poke at play about
Can stand, can stare, can tell his beads perhaps,
Oh, let us hear no syllable of the pulse!
"Nay," interpose as prompt his friends—
"This is the world's way! So you adjudge reward
To the forbearance and legality
Yourselves begin by inculcating—ay,
"Extracting from us all with knife at throat!
This one wrong more you add to wrong's amount,
"You publish all, with the kind comment here,
"Its victim was too cowardly for revenge."
Make it your own case,—you who stand apart!
The husband wakes one morn from heavy sleep,
With a taste of poppy in his mouth,—rubs eyes,
Finds his wife flown, his strong boxransacked too,
Follows as he best can, overtakes if the end.
You bid him use his privilege: well, it seems
He's scarce cool-blooded enough for the right
Fellows as he best can, overtakes if the end.
You bid him use his privilege: well, it seems
He's scarce cool-blooded enough for the right
Fellows as he best can, overtakes if the end.
You bid him use his privilege: well, it seems
He's scarce cool-blooded enough for the right
Fellows as he best can, overtakes if the end.
You bid him use his privilege: well, it seems
He's scarce cool-blooded enough for
Fellows as he best can, overtakes if the end.
You bid him use his privilege: well, it seems
He's scarce cool-blooded enough for
Fellows as he best can, overtakes if the end.
You bid him use his privilege: well, it seems
He's scarce cool-blooded enough for
Fellows as he best can, overtakes if the end.
You bid him use his privilege: well, it seems
He's scarce cool-blooded enough for
Fellows as he best can, overtakes if the end.
You bid him use his privilege: well, it seems
He's scarce cool-blooded enough for
Fellows as he best can, overtakes if the end.
You bid him use his privilege: well, it seems
He's scarce cool-blooded enough for
Fellows as he best can, overtakes if the end.
You bid him use his privilege: well, it seems
He's scarce cool-blooded enough for
Fellows as he best can, overtakes if the end.
THE RING AND THE BOOK

"Would she be locked up, set to say her prayers,
Prevented intercourse with the outside world,
And that suspected priest in banishment,
Whose portion is a further help in the case?
Oh, ay, you all of you want the other thing,
The extreme of law, some verdict near,
Either, the whole o' the dowry in your poke,
With full release from the false wife, to boot,
And heading, hanging for the priest, beside—
Or, contrary, claim freedom for the wife,
With fall release from the false wife, to
You've seen the puppets, of Place Navona,
Is it settled so far? Settled or disturbed,
And push things to the steel point."

"Is wisdom to the children of this world;
Repayment of each penny paid her spouse,
Shall show, what you thought tragedy was
To re-engage in one last worst fight more
In tatter with fresh-tinseled staves,
Invariably is, the devil appears himself,
Note, that the climax and the crown of
Three suits of all importance plaguing him,
For Paolo, knowing the right way at Rome,
So, that same night was he, with the other four,
Overtaken near Baccano,—where they sank
By the way-side, in some shelter meant for
Overtaken near Baccano,—where they sank
And ends all with "Let us away, my boys!"
And, as they left by one door, in at the other
She stands, in her time, the search of
And the other tries if life come from the
Draws a deep satisfied breath, "So—dead at last!"
Throws down the burden on dead Pietro's
To the mill and the grange, this cottage and
And stumps the shrieval and the shrine,
To the very court will judge what we judge
The five proceed in a body, reach the place,
And plan completed, all in a grim week,
And makes straight for the Abate's dried-up
They stop, then, as near as they can,
And christmas Eve, thanks be to God!
And makes straight for the Abate's dried-up
The five proceed in a body, reach the place,
And plan completed, all in a grim week,
And makes straight for the Abate's dried-up
The five proceed in a body, reach the place,
And plan completed, all in a grim week,
And makes straight for the Abate's dried-up
The five proceed in a body, reach the place,
And plan completed, all in a grim week,
And makes straight for the Abate's dried-up
The five proceed in a body, reach the place,
And plan completed, all in a grim week,
And makes straight for the Abate's dried-up
The five proceed in a body, reach the place,
"Thus, two ways, does she love her love to
the end,
And hate her hate,—death, hell is no such
price
To pay for these,—lovers and haters hold.
But there's another parry for the thrust,
"Confession," cry folks — "a confession,
think!
Confession of the moral bond is true!"
Which of them, my wise friends? This
public one,
Or the private other we shall never know?
The private may contain,—your certificates
enough.

The acknowledgment of, and the penitence for,
That other public one, so people say.
However it be,—we trench on delicate ground,

"What better way of saving him than this?
To pay for these,—lovers and haters hold.
"To pay for these,—lovers and haters hold."

Guido preferred the same complaint before
the court at Arezzo, bar of the Granduke,
In virtue of it being Tuscany
Where the offence had rise and flight began,—
Which nothing baulks of swift and sure
ending:

The past ripped up, he may be punished
still:
"What better way of saving him than this?
Then,—thus she dies revenged to the utter-
most.

The Stinche, House of Punishment, for life,—
"The injury must be less by lapse of time ? 
Where the offence grew to the full, the flight
ended: offence and flight, one fact judged twice
by two distinct tribunals,—what result ?

It smarts a little to-day, well in a week, 1520
Forgotten in a month ; or never, or now, revenge!
But a wound to the soul? That ranks worse
and worse.
Shall I comfort you, explaining—"Not this one
But now it may be some five hundred times
I called you ruffian, pandar, liar and
rogue: 1535
"The injury must be less by lapse of time ? 
The wrong is a wrong, one and immortal
too,
And that you bore it those five hundred
times,
Let it rank unreogned five hundred years,
Is just five hundred wrongs the more and
worse !

Men, plagued this fashion, get to explode
this way,
If left no other.
"But we left this man
"Many another way, and there's his fault,"
"Thine, over-vigilant, and chase,
Emit the miracle of continued life
A warning to the over-vigilant,
Who, having but duty to sustain weak flesh.
The self-command and even the final prayer,
As attestation to her probity. 1441

And cite the miracle of continued life
To last of it; praying, in the face of death,
Which seems to have been about the single
lie: 1430
She ever put up, that was granted her.
"By the new turn things take: he answers yet
Guido preferred the same complaint before
the court at Arezzo, bar of the Granduke,
In virtue of it being Tuscany
Where the offence had rise and flight began,—
Which nothing baulks of swift and sure
ending:

The past ripped up, he may be punished
still:
"What better way of saving him than this?
Then,—thus she dies revenged to the utter-
most.

The Stinche, House of Punishment, for life,—
"The injury must be less by lapse of time ? 
Where the offence grew to the full, the flight
ended: offence and flight, one fact judged twice
by two distinct tribunals,—what result ?

There was a sentence passed at the same time
By Arezzo and confirmed by the Granduke,
Which nothing baulks of swift and sure
effect
But absence of the guilty, (flight to Rome
Frees them from Tuscan jurisdiction now)
—Condemns the wife to the opprobrious doom
Of all whom law just lets escape from
death.

The Stinche, House of Punishment, for life,—
That's what the wife deserves in Tuscany :
Here, she deserves—remitting with a smile
To her father's house, main object of the

Remaining.

"But we left this man
"Many another way, and there's his fault,"
"Thine, over-vigilant, and chase,
Emit the miracle of continued life
A warning to the over-vigilant,
Who, having but duty to sustain weak flesh.
The self-command and even the final prayer,
As attestation to her probity. 1441

And cite the miracle of continued life
To last of it; praying, in the face of death,
Which seems to have been about the single
lie: 1430
She ever put up, that was granted her.
"By the new turn things take: he answers yet
Guido preferred the same complaint before
the court at Arezzo, bar of the Granduke,
In virtue of it being Tuscany
Where the offence had rise and flight began,—
Which nothing baulks of swift and sure
ending:

The past ripped up, he may be punished
still:
"What better way of saving him than this?
Then,—thus she dies revenged to the utter-
most.

The Stinche, House of Punishment, for life,—
"The injury must be less by lapse of time ? 
Where the offence grew to the full, the flight
ended: offence and flight, one fact judged twice
by two distinct tribunals,—what result ?

There was a sentence passed at the same time
By Arezzo and confirmed by the Granduke,
Which nothing baulks of swift and sure
effect
But absence of the guilty, (flight to Rome
Frees them from Tuscan jurisdiction now)
—Condemns the wife to the opprobrious doom
Of all whom law just lets escape from
death.

The Stinche, House of Punishment, for life,—
That's what the wife deserves in Tuscany :
Here, she deserves—remitting with a smile
To her father's house, main object of the

Remaining.

"But we left this man
"Many another way, and there's his fault,"
"Thine, over-vigilant, and chase,
Emit the miracle of continued life
A warning to the over-vigilant,
Who, having but duty to sustain weak flesh.
The self-command and even the final prayer,
As attestation to her probity. 1441

And cite the miracle of continued life
To last of it; praying, in the face of death,
Which seems to have been about the single
lie: 1430
She ever put up, that was granted her.
"By the new turn things take: he answers yet
Guido preferred the same complaint before
the court at Arezzo, bar of the Granduke,
In virtue of it being Tuscany
Where the offence had rise and flight began,—
Which nothing baulks of swift and sure
ending:

The past ripped up, he may be punished
still:
"What better way of saving him than this?
Then,—thus she dies revenged to the utter-
most.

The Stinche, House of Punishment, for life,—
"The injury must be less by lapse of time ? 
Where the offence grew to the full, the flight
ended: offence and flight, one fact judged twice
by two distinct tribunals,—what result ?

There was a sentence passed at the same time
By Arezzo and confirmed by the Granduke,
Which nothing baulks of swift and sure
effect
But absence of the guilty, (flight to Rome
Frees them from Tuscan jurisdiction now)
—Condemns the wife to the opprobrious doom
Of all whom law just lets escape from
death.

The Stinche, House of Punishment, for life,—
That's what the wife deserves in Tuscany :
Here, she deserves—remitting with a smile
To her father's house, main object of the

Remaining.

"But we left this man
"Many another way, and there's his fault,"
"Thine, over-vigilant, and chase,
Emit the miracle of continued life
A warning to the over-vigilant,
Who, having but duty to sustain weak flesh.
The self-command and even the final prayer,
As attestation to her probity. 1441

And cite the miracle of continued life
To last of it; praying, in the face of death,
Which seems to have been about the single
lie: 1430
She ever put up, that was granted her.
"By the new turn things take: he answers yet
Guido preferred the same complaint before
the court at Arezzo, bar of the Granduke,
In virtue of it being Tuscany
Where the offence had rise and flight began,—
Which nothing baulks of swift and sure
ending:

The past ripped up, he may be punished
still:
"What better way of saving him than this?
Then,—thus she dies revenged to the utter-
most.

The Stinche, House of Punishment, for life,—
"The injury must be less by lapse of time ? 
Where the offence grew to the full, the flight
ended: offence and flight, one fact judged twice
by two distinct tribunals,—what result ?

There was a sentence passed at the same time
By Arezzo and confirmed by the Granduke,
Which nothing baulks of swift and sure
effect
But absence of the guilty, (flight to Rome
Frees them from Tuscan jurisdiction now)
—Condemns the wife to the opprobrious doom
Of all whom law just lets escape from
death.

The Stinche, House of Punishment, for life,—
That's what the wife deserves in Tuscany :
Here, she deserves—remitting with a smile
To her father's house, main object of the

Remaining.
"Tis answered—"He himself preferred our arm."

"O the law to fight his battle with. No doubt:

"We did not open him an armoury To pick and choose from, use, and then reject.

"He tries one weapon and fails,—he tries the next.

"And now he flourishes wit and common sense—

"They fail him,—he plies logic doughtily,

"But meriting a little punishment?"—inquire—

"Rather than one deserving not at all

"One treated inconsiderately, say, 1590

"But meriting a little punishment?"

No, they must have her purity itself,

"And, in short, I thank you,—yes, and mean the word."

What rejoinder? save
That friends accept our ball-similitude.

Ball-like,—the indiscriminate slaughter, rude:

And reckless aggravation of revenge, Were all i' the way o' the brute who never once

Cease, amid all provocation more,

To bear in mind the first tormentor, first

Giver o' the wound that goaded him to

And, though a dozen follow and reinforce

The aggressor, wound in front and wound in flank,

Continues undisturbably pursued,

And only after prostrating his prize

Turns on the petitioner, makes a general prey.

So Guido rushed against Violante, first

Author of all his wrongs, font et crivo

Malorum—drops first, deluge since,—which

done, He finished with the rest. Do you blame a bull? 1599

In truth you look as puzzled as ere I preached!

How is that? There are difficulties perhaps

On any supposition, and either side.

Each party wants too much, claims sympathy

For its object of compassion, more than just.

Cry the wife's friends, "O the enormous crime"

"Caused by no provocation in the world."

"Was not the wife a little weak?"—inquire—

"Punished extravagantly, if you please,

"Rather than one deserving not at all

"Treatment and discipline o' the harsher sort?"

But meriting a little punishment?

For nothing! Hell broke loose on a butterfly! 1601

A dragon born of rose-dew and the moon! 245

For nothing! Hell broke loose on a
dragon born of rose-dew and the moon! 245

A dragon born of rose-dew and the moon! 245

Yet here is the monster! Why he's a mere man—

Born, bred and brought up in the usual way.

The Governor of his town knows and approves,

Here he has Cardinal This to vouch for the birth,

And marriage was a Cardinal's making, —

Cardinal That to trust for the future,—

Cardinal This to vouch for the past.

Cardinal That to trust for the future,—

That we of these last days be edified

With one full taste of the justice of the world? 1650

The long and the short is, truth seems what

I show:—

Undoubtedly no pains ought to be spared.

To give the mob an inkling of our lights. 1261

It seems unduly harsh to put the man

To the torture, as I hear the court intends,

Though readiest way of twisting out the truth:

He is noble, and he may be innocent.

On the other hand, if they exempt the man

(As it is also said they hesitate 1262

On the fair ground, presumptive guilt is weak

I' the case of nobility and privilege),—

What crime that ever was, ever will be, Deserves the torture? Then abolish it! 1650

If any harm be, 'tis the shoulder-blade,

The left one, that seems wrong i' the socket: —Sirs,

Much could not happen, I was quick to faint,

Being past my prime of life, and out of health.

In short, I thank you,—yes, and mean the word. 20

Needs must the Court be slow to understand

How this quite novel form of taking pain,

This getting tortured merely in the flesh,

Amounts to almost an agreeable change

In my case, me fastidious, pined too much as

With opposite treatment, used (forgive the joke)

To the rasp-tooth toying with this beam of mine,

And, in and out my heart, the trick o' the

That looked up to my face when days were

Close round her, hoped to slink unchallenged

O' the Franceschini's once superb array 40

With one full taste of the justice of the world? 1650
O'the same son got to be of middle age, And brow where half was furious, half fatigued, Would, when the purse he left held spider-webs, Whereat the worthies judge he wants advice And yet demurs thereon, preposterous fool! — When things go cross and the young wife, Mimic the tetchy humour, furtive glance, And beg to civilly ask what's evil here, Take to the window at a whistle's bid, Perhaps remonstrate on the habit they deem —Let the old mother's economy alone, Who cooks the meal and combs the lady's hair? For the future when you mean me martyrdom? What! 'Tis my wrist you merely dislocate O'the wedding-gown buy raiment for a year? The less when three-parts water? Then, I say, Fit for a duke, lamb's head and purtenance— No word of the wine rejoicing God and man Through policy,—a rhetorician's trick,— Is naught. But I curtail the catalogue O'the practice, more exactly parallel so Because I would reserve some choicer points When I am hanged or headed, time enough (Having an eye to climax) with what gift, To prove the tenderness of only that, 85 I' the name of the indivisible Trinity! Will my lords, in the plenitude of their light, Weigh well that all this trouble has come on me

1 Omphal: shoulder-blade.
THE RING AND THE BOOK
COUNT GUIDO FRANCESCHINI

"Till one day . . . don't you mind that 'Stuck to his pen and got to be a priest,
' ' His boy recoiled from muck, liked Latin
"He penned and dropped it in the patron's
"Against Molinos, the old Cardinal wrote?
"Licensed the thing, allowed it for his own;
"Who, deep in thought and absent much of
"Be not a priest but gird up priesthood's
"That way the Franceschini worked at first,
"And who keeps kith and kin that fall on
"This youngster, play the gipsy out of doors,
"That the Franceschini worked at first,
"So I was.
"I turned alike from the hill-side zip-rag thread
"As to keep breath i' the body, out of heart
"And prop roof, stanchion wall o' the palace
"And prop roof, stanchion wall o' the palace
"As who should fetch and carry, come and go,
"Say with a ring to it for the digits of the niece
"Be not the vine but dig and dung its root,
"Be not a priest but gird up priesthood's
"That's your vocation. Make your brothers
"Amid the advance of neighbouring loftiness—
"And I was prompt and pushing! By all
"That, means!—
"And I was prompt and pushing! By all
"With whatsoever blade had fame in fance,
"As who should fetch and carry, come and go,
"That, means!—
"As who should fetch and carry, come and go,
"He can pay for coach and six, be sure!
"So I was.
"Turned alike from the hill-side zip-rag thread
"As who should fetch and carry, come and go,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
"As near to starving as might decently be,
While I—kept fasts and feasts innumerable,
That I was near my seventh climacteric,
And slight sense there was now enough of
The tick of time inside me, turning-point
Brought his own people. Brief, one day I felt
Have rarely missed a place at the table-foot
I' the train of Monsignor and Eminence,
Matins and vespers, functions to no end
'1 Anything for an old friend! " and thereat
With foretaste of the Land of Promise, still
And so on back and back till first and best
Who merely had a father great and rich,
Began i' the night; I finish in the day.
With living and dying only a nobleman,
Better not press it further,—be content
My gorge gave symptom it might play me false;
Who simply had one greater and richer yet,
Thus, one day, I disbosomed me and bowed.
"And do for dowry: both my brothers
"Can manage to pass a sister off, at need,
"The mother must be getting old," I said;
"Ne'er won . . . aha, fair lady, don't men
A word in your ear! Take courage, since
Leave him to me. Count Guido and
Do you see the happiness 0' the hint? At
And Paul apprised me, ere the week was out,
There's an ill look,—it's sinister, spoils
See that the loser leave door handsomely!
That Pietro and Violante, the easy pair,
And Paul apprised me, ere the week was out,
To truck for the quality of myself: " She's
And all that hangs to Franceschinihood,
If that thing has no value, cannot buy
"Anyhow: " and the watchers of his ways,
A trifle struck contemplation at the word,
Yet sensible of relief, breathe free once more,
Break up the ring, venture polite advice—
"How, Sir? So scant of heart and hope indeed?
"So incurious, so short-casting—give your chance
"To a younger, stronger, bolder spirit be­like,
"Just when luck turns and the fine throw sweeps all?
Such was the chorus: and its goodwill meant—
"When the loser leave door handsomely!
"There's an ill look,—it's sinister, spoils
"In shaggy beard and doleful doublet, drops
"And breaks his heart on the outside:
"I' the giving or the taking honour; straight
"Are heart and soul a chattel? "
'Like ox or ass? Are flesh and blood a ware?
"No blush at the avowal you dared buy
"No cross but blessings rather on our heads
"All my privation and endurance, all
Love, loyalty and labour dared and did,
"A match," said I. Done! He proposed all, I accepted all,
Count Guido Franceschini had hit the mark.
Far better, spent his life with more effect,
As a dancer or a prizer, trades that pay!
To deal 0' the square: others find fault, it
To deal 0' the square: others find fault, it
"What? "
"No blush at the avowal you dared buy
"A girl of age besieges your grand-daughter,
"Is it to be a match? ""A match," said I.
"What?
"No blush at the avowal you dared buy
"A girl of age besieges your grand-daughter,
"Is it to be a match? ""A match," said I.
"What?
"No blush at the avowal you dared buy
"A girl of age besieges your grand-daughter,
"Is it to be a match? ""A match," said I.
"What?
"No blush at the avowal you dared buy
"A girl of age besieges your grand-daughter,
"Is it to be a match? ""A match," said I.
"What?
"No blush at the avowal you dared buy
"A girl of age besieges your grand-daughter,
"Is it to be a match? ""A match," said I.
"What?
"No blush at the avowal you dared buy
"A girl of age besieges your grand-daughter,
"Is it to be a match? ""A match," said I.
"What?
"No blush at the avowal you dared buy
"A girl of age besieges your grand-daughter,
"Is it to be a match? ""A match," said I.
"What?
"No blush at the avowal you dared buy
"A girl of age besieges your grand-daughter,
"Is it to be a match? ""A match," said I.
"What?
Pietro, Violante, cried they fair or foul? 480
Nor take a minute to chaffer? Bargain struck,
They straight grew bilious, wished their money
Repented them, no doubt: why, so did I,
So did your Lordship, if town-talk be true,
By Pietro of Cortona—probably
Of paying a full farm's worth for that piece
His scholar Ciro Ferri may have retouched—
That's incident to all the folk who buy!
I am charged, I know, with gilding fact by
Myself down roughly richer than I prove,
A flourish round the figures of a sum
The veritable back-bone, understood
What may such fancy-flights be? Flecks of
Essence of this same bargain, blank and bare,
Being the exchange of quality for wealth,
I may have dripped a drop—"My name I
<< We bring you riches; still our ancestor
"Was hardly the rapscallion folk saw flogged,
They knew and I knew where the backbone
1' the writhings of the bargain, lords, believe.
In word and deed: for that they gave me
Delivered them just that which, their life long,
But when they came to try their gain, my gift,
Quit Rome and qualify for Arezzo, take
And this you admire, you men o' the world;
My lords?
This moves compassion, makes you doubt
my faith?
Why, I appeal to . . . sun and moon?
Not, the bril' o' the moon, nor worse
Rather to Plautus, Terence, Boccaccio's Book,
My townsman, frank Ser Franco's merry
Tales,—
To all who strip a wizard from a face,
A body from its padding, and a soul
From froth and ignorance it styles itself,—
If this be other than the daily hap
Of purblind greed that dog-like still drops bone,
Gnaw shadow, and then howls the case is hard!
So much for them so far: now for myself,
My profit or loss I the matter: married am I:
Text whereon friendly censors burst to preach.
Ay, at Rome even, long ere I was left
To regulate her life for my young bride
I buy the song o' the nightingale inside,
As when I buy, timber and twig, a tree—
I buy the song o' the nightingale inside.
To save a soldo, stretch and make ends
The meanness and the misery of each shift
Ludicrous face of things,—how very poor
My misdemeanour. First the lighter side,
In four months' time, the time o' the parents'
Heaven and earth to the rescue of all three.
Her parents, Pietro and Violante,—moved
Broke it, refused from the beginning day
Such was the pact: Pompilia from the first
With a wife I look to find all wifeliness,
As youth chalks on our walls at spring of
If this be other than the daily hap
Of purblind greed that dog-like still drops bone,
Gnaw shadow, and then howls the case is hard!
So much for them so far: now for myself,
My profit or loss I the matter: married am I:
There is the law: what sets this law aside
To the novel, not disadvantageous mould!
Cleave to the husband, be it for weal or woe:
Judge, guardian, benefactor,—fee, faw, fum,
"From the bride's soul what is it you expect?"
"P the barter with the body and money
And the body of the soul, then what?"
"And salamander-like support the flame:
He dines on chestnuts, chucks the husks to help
Goes off light-hearted: his grimace begins
Of friend the money-lender,—then he's
By the flame and frizzles at the babe to kiss.
Here did a petty nature split on rock
Of vulgar wants predestinate for such
The prince had grinned and borne: the
"Guide, guardian, benefactor,—fee, faw, fum,
"From the bride's soul what is it you expect?"
"P the barter with the body and money
And the body of the soul, then what?"
"And salamander-like support the flame:
He dines on chestnuts, chucks the husks to help
Goes off light-hearted: his grimace begins
Of friend the money-lender,—then he's
By the flame and frizzles at the babe to kiss.
Here did a petty nature split on rock
Of vulgar wants predestinate for such
The prince had grinned and borne: the
"Guide, guardian, benefactor,—fee, faw, fum,
"From the bride's soul what is it you expect?"
"P the barter with the body and money
And the body of the soul, then what?"
"And salamander-like support the flame:
He dines on chestnuts, chucks the husks to help
Goes off light-hearted: his grimace begins
Of friend the money-lender,—then he's
By the flame and frizzles at the babe to kiss.
Here did a petty nature split on rock
Of vulgar wants predestinate for such
The prince had grinned and borne: the
"Guide, guardian, benefactor,—fee, faw, fum,
"From the bride's soul what is it you expect?"
"P the barter with the body and money
And the body of the soul, then what?"
"And salamander-like support the flame:
He dines on chestnuts, chucks the husks to help
Goes off light-hearted: his grimace begins
Of friend the money-lender,—then he's
By the flame and frizzles at the babe to kiss.
Here did a petty nature split on rock
Of vulgar wants predestinate for such
The prince had grinned and borne: the
"Guide, guardian, benefactor,—fee, faw, fum,
"From the bride's soul what is it you expect?"
"P the barter with the body and money
And the body of the soul, then what?"
"And salamander-like support the flame:
He dines on chestnuts, chucks the husks to help
Goes off light-hearted: his grimace begins
Of friend the money-lender,—then he's
By the flame and frizzles at the babe to kiss.
Here did a petty nature split on rock
Of vulgar wants predestinate for such
The prince had grinned and borne: the
"Guide, guardian, benefactor,—fee, faw, fum,
"From the bride's soul what is it you expect?"
"P the barter with the body and money
And the body of the soul, then what?"
"And salamander-like support the flame:
He dines on chestnuts, chucks the husks to help
Goes off light-hearted: his grimace begins
Of friend the money-lender,—then he's
By the flame and frizzles at the babe to kiss.
Here did a petty nature split on rock
Of vulgar wants predestinate for such
The prince had grinned and borne: the
"Guide, guardian, benefactor,—fee, faw, fum,
"From the bride's soul what is it you expect?"
"P the barter with the body and money
And the body of the soul, then what?"
"And salamander-like support the flame:
He dines on chestnuts, chucks the husks to help
Goes off light-hearted: his grimace begins
Of friend the money-lender,—then he's
By the flame and frizzles at the babe to kiss.
Here did a petty nature split on rock
Of vulgar wants predestinate for such
The prince had grinned and borne: the
"Guide, guardian, benefactor,—fee, faw, fum,
"From the bride's soul what is it you expect?"
"P the barter with the body and money
And the body of the soul, then what?"
"And salamander-like support the flame:
He dines on chestnuts, chucks the husks to help
Goes off light-hearted: his grimace begins
Of friend the money-lender,—then he's
By the flame and frizzles at the babe to kiss.
Here did a petty nature split on rock
Of vulgar wants predestinate for such
The prince had grinned and borne: the
"Guide, guardian, benefactor,—fee, faw, fum,
"From the bride's soul what is it you expect?"
"P the barter with the body and money
And the body of the soul, then what?"
"And salamander-like support the flame:
He dines on chestnuts, chucks the husks to help
Goes off light-hearted: his grimace begins
Of friend the money-lender,—then he's
By the flame and frizzles at the babe to kiss.
Here did a petty nature split on rock
Of vulgar wants predestinate for such
The prince had grinned and borne: the
"Guide, guardian, benefactor,—fee, faw, fum,
"From the bride's soul what is it you expect?"
"P the barter with the body and money
And the body of the soul, then what?"
"And salamander-like support the flame:
He dines on chestnuts, chucks the husks to help
Goes off light-hearted: his grimace begins
Of friend the money-lender,—then he's
By the flame and frizzles at the babe to kiss.
Here did a petty nature split on rock
Of vulgar wants predestinate for such
The prince had grinned and borne: the
"Guide, guardian, benefactor,—fee, faw, fum,
Next, the more hateful aspect,—how myself
With cruelty beyond Caligula’s
Had stripped and beaten, robbed and murdered them,
The good old couple, I decoyed, abused,
Plundered and then cast out, and happily
So,
Since,—in due course the abominable
Comes,—
Woe worth the poor young wife left lonely here!
Repugnant in my person as my mind,
I sought,—was ever heard of such revenge?
—To lure and bind her to so cursed a couch,
Such co-embrace with sulphur, snake and
That she was fain to rush forth, call the stones
O’ the common street to save her, not from
With the blister of the lie? . . . the satyr—
Too long enforced to lenten fare belike,
I’ the trencher where lay bread and herbs at
Was charged to me by the universal voice
Mark, this yourselves say!—this, none dis—
And then you ask “Such charges so preferred,
” (Truly or falsely, here concerns us not)
That pure smooth egg which, laid within my
Do you cry out on the marvel? When I find
“Harden?” I answer “Have it your way
Could not but hatch a comfort to us all,
Issues a cockatrice for me and mine,
Do you stare to see me stamp on it? Swans
Married a month and making outcry thus,—
She married: what was it she married for, an
“Love” suggests some one, “love, a little
nest, 655
and will!”
So, the Pompilia, child, girl, wife, in one,
Whereof we have not heard one syllable.”
From Thyrsis to Neaera! Guido’s love—
At casement, with a bravo close beside? 675
Plume to his cap, and trio of guitars
Good things all these are, clearly claimable
I bought at a hawk’s price and carried home
To sit on my rough shoulder,—but a hawk,
That shuffled from between her pressing paps
Pompilia was no pigeon, Venus’ pet,
Of blood shall dye my wife’s true-love-knot
The every-day conditions and no more; 715
We talk of just a marriage, if you please—
And dusty crumbings of romance! But here
And dusty crumbings of romance! But here
Full four weeks? Do you straightway slacken
Of the innocents, the all-unwary ones 725
Who, eager to profess, mistook their mind?
—Resist a fast-day’s rigour to the Monk
Who fancied Francis’ manna meant roast
quails,
Concede the Deacon sweet society,
Hene verrawreck the Levite-rule renounced,
Or rather prescribe short chain and sharp
accroce.
Corrective of such peccant humour? This—
I take to be the Church’s mode, and mine.
If I was over-harsh,—the worse I the wife
Who did not win from harshness as she ought,
Waited the patience and persuasion, lore
Of love, should cure me and conserve herself.
Put case that I mishandle, fanny and fright
My hawk through clumsiness in sportsmanship,
Twich out five pens where plucking one
would serve—
What, shall she bite and claw to mend the
case?
And, if you find I fluck five more for that,
Shall you weep “How roughs the turtle
there”?
Such was the starting: now of the further step,
In lieu of taking penance in good part,
The Monk, with hue and cry, summons a mob
To make a bonfire of the convent, say,—
Am I to teach my lords what marriage means,
What God ordains thereby and man fulfils?
Who, dole to the dictate, treats the house?
My lords have chosen the happier part with
Paul
And neither marry nor burn,—yet priestliness
Can find a parallel to the marriage-bond 735
In its own blessed special ordinance
Whereof indeed was marriage made the type:
The Church may show her insubordinate
As marriage her refractory, How of the Monk
Who finds the Canutal regimen too sharp
After the first month’s essay? What’s the
mode?
With the Deacon who supports indifferently
VOL. II.
Breath first 'mid Rome's worst rankness, through the deed
Of a drab and a rogue, was by-blind bastard-babe
Of a nameless strumpet, passed off, palmed on me
As the daughter with the dowry. Daughter?
Nought less, nought else but—oh—ah
O' the kennel! Dowry? Dust o the street!
A Franceschini and my very wife!
Now take this charge as you will, for false or true
Who judge me now,—I pray you, adjudge
Justify that in its place; I am now to say,
Classing it with the cheats or with the lies,
By which category I suffer most!
But of their reckoning, theirs who dealt with
Whichever point o' the charge might poison
In either fashion,—I reserve my word,
You put the protestation in her mouth
Pompilia's duty was no doubtful one. 785
"Ye fiends, who drop disguise and glare
"Henceforward and forevermore, avaunt
"In your own shape, no longer father mine
"Nor mother mine! Too nakedly you hate
"Private perdition, absolute overthrow.
"For, hate my husband to your hearts' con­
"I, spoil and prey of you from first to last,
"The lion to your pitfall,—I, thus left
"To answer for my ignant bleeding there,
"I should have been remembered and with­
drawn

1 Lurata: the name of a notorious female poisoner at Rome in the first century; hence typical of any poisoner.

The Ring and the Book

99

COUNT GUIDO FRANCESCINI

Such protestation should have been my wife's.
Looking for this, do I exact too much?
Why, here's the,—word for word, so much,
And left to go alone there, soon might see
That too frantic-forward, all too simple-straight
Her step was, and decline to tread the rough,
When here lay, tempting foot, the meadow-
side,
And there the coppice rang with singing-
birds!
So soon she discovered she was young and fair,
That many in Arezzo knew as much.
Yes, this next cup of bitterness, my lords,
Had to begin go filling, drop by drop,
Its measure up of full disgust for me
Filtered into by every noisome drain—
Society's sink toward which all moisture runs.
Would not you prophesy,—"She on whose

800

454

815

885

900

925

940

955

970

985

990

995

1010

1015

1020
And come at the dregs to—Caponsacchi!

IOO

And fortune from the marsh would drown
Struggling to extricate my name and fame
I,—chin-deep in a marsh of misery,
Must free me from the attacking lover too!

Your lordships are considerate at least—
The proper part o' the husband: have it so!

Men say I battled ungracefully enough—
You order me to speak in my defence
As when you bid a singer solace you,—
Plainly, expect no quavering tuneful trills
Stanz fede in uno:

Already pricked with every shame could
And need a chair, in the other. Ask you
This story of my wrongs,—and that I ache
Why I enforced not exhortation mild
To leave whore's tricks and let my brows
With mulct of comfits, promise of perfume?

When, with her parents, my wife plagued
And presently, bit by bit, the full and true
Particulars of the tale were volunteered
With all the breathless real of friendship—
"Thus
"Matters were managed: at the seventh
hour of night..."  
"Later, at daybreak..." "Caponsacchi came..."  
"While you and all your household slept
like death,
"Dragged as your supper was with drowsy
stuff..."  
"And your own cousin Gallicchio too..."  
"Either or both entered your dwelling-place,
"Flundered it at their pleasure, made prize
of all,
"Including your wife..." "Oh, your
wife led the way,
"Out of doors, on to the gate..." "But
gates are shut,
"In a decent town, to darkness and such
deeds:
"They climbed the wall—your lady must be
Eh—
"At the gap, the broken bit..." "Tor-
rione, true!
"To escape the questioning guard at the
proper gate,
"Clemente, where at the inn, hard by, my
Horse,
"Just outside, a caflas in readiness
"Took the two principals, all alone at last,
To gate San Sphnito, which o'erlooked the
road,
"Leads to Perugia, Rome and liberty."  
Bit by bit this made-up mosaic-wise,
Flat lay my fortune,—tesselated floor,
Particulars of the tale were volunteered
With all the breathless real of friendship—
"Thus
"Matters were managed: at the seventh
hour of night..."  
"Later, at daybreak..." "Caponsacchi came..."  
"While you and all your household slept
like death,
"Dragged as your supper was with drowsy
stuff..."  
"And your own cousin Gallicchio too..."  
"Either or both entered your dwelling-place,
"Flundered it at their pleasure, made prize
of all,
"Including your wife..." "Oh, your
wife led the way,
"Out of doors, on to the gate..." "But
gates are shut,
"In a decent town, to darkness and such
deeds:
"They climbed the wall—your lady must be
Eh—
"At the gap, the broken bit..." "Tor-
rione, true!
"To escape the questioning guard at the
proper gate,
"Clemente, where at the inn, hard by, my
Horse,
"Just outside, a caflas in readiness
"Took the two principals, all alone at last,
To gate San Sphnito, which o'erlooked the
road,
"Leads to Perugia, Rome and liberty."  
Bit by bit this made-up mosaic-wise,
Flat lay my fortune,—tesselated floor,
Particulars of the tale were volunteered
With all the breathless real of friendship—
"Thus
"Matters were managed: at the seventh
hour of night..."  
"Later, at daybreak..." "Caponsacchi came..."  
"While you and all your household slept
like death,
"Dragged as your supper was with drowsy
stuff..."  
"And your own cousin Gallicchio too..."  
"Either or both entered your dwelling-place,
"Flundered it at their pleasure, made prize
of all,
"Including your wife..." "Oh, your
wife led the way,
"Out of doors, on to the gate..." "But
gates are shut,
"In a decent town, to darkness and such
deeds:
"They climbed the wall—your lady must be
Eh—
"At the gap, the broken bit..." "Tor-
rione, true!
"To escape the questioning guard at the
proper gate,
"Clemente, where at the inn, hard by, my
Horse,
"Just outside, a caflas in readiness
"Took the two principals, all alone at last,
To gate San Sphnito, which o'erlooked the
road,
"Leads to Perugia, Rome and liberty."  
Bit by bit this made-up mosaic-wise,
Flat lay my fortune,—tesselated floor,
Particulars of the tale were volunteered
With all the breathless real of friendship—
"Thus
"Matters were managed: at the seventh
hour of night..."  
"Later, at daybreak..." "Caponsacchi came..."  
"While you and all your household slept
like death,
THE RING AND THE BOOK

COUNT GUIDO FRANCESCINI

And I do kill the offending ones indeed.—
When crime of theirs, only surmised before,
Is patent, proved indisputably now.—
When remedy for wrong, untried at the time,
Is thrice tried now, found threefold worse than null—
When what might turn to transient shade,
who knows?
Soldiery into a blot which breaks
Hell’s black off in pale flakes for fear of mine.—
Then, when I claim and take revenge—"So rash?
They cry—"so little reverence for the law?"

Listen, my masters, and distinguish here!
At first, I called in law to act and help:
Seeing I did so, "Why, 'tis clear," they cry
Does that deprive my right of lamb
And give my niece and heir to first wolf?
Are eunuchs, women, children, shieldless
Against attack their own timidity tempts?
Take it that way, since I am fallen so low
And thank the man who simply spits not
Unless the Court be generous, compre-
headed

How one brought up at the very feet of law
As I, awaits the grave Gamaliel's nod
Ere he clench fist at outrage,—much less,
stub!!
—How, ready enough to rise at the right time,
I still could recognize no time mature mo
—So did I find my wife.

When crime of theirs, only surmised before,
When remedy for wrong, untried at the time,
Is thrice tried now, found threefold worse than null—
When what might turn to transient shade,
who knows?
Soldiery into a blot which breaks
Hell’s black off in pale flakes for fear of mine.—
Then, when I claim and take revenge—"So rash?
They cry—"so little reverence for the law?"

Listen, my masters, and distinguish here!
At first, I called in law to act and help:
Seeing I did so, "Why, 'tis clear," they cry
Does that deprive my right of lamb
And give my niece and heir to first wolf?
Are eunuchs, women, children, shieldless
Against attack their own timidity tempts?
Take it that way, since I am fallen so low
And thank the man who simply spits not
Unless the Court be generous, compre-
headed

How one brought up at the very feet of law
As I, awaits the grave Gamaliel's nod
Ere he clench fist at outrage,—much less,
stub!!
—How, ready enough to rise at the right time,
I still could recognize no time mature mo
—So did I find my wife.

When crime of theirs, only surmised before,
When remedy for wrong, untried at the time,
Is thrice tried now, found threefold worse than null—
When what might turn to transient shade,
who knows?
Soldiery into a blot which breaks
Hell’s black off in pale flakes for fear of mine.—
Then, when I claim and take revenge—"So rash?
They cry—"so little reverence for the law?"

Listen, my masters, and distinguish here!
At first, I called in law to act and help:
Seeing I did so, "Why, 'tis clear," they cry
Does that deprive my right of lamb
And give my niece and heir to first wolf?
Are eunuchs, women, children, shieldless
Against attack their own timidity tempts?
Take it that way, since I am fallen so low
And thank the man who simply spits not
Unless the Court be generous, compre-
headed

How one brought up at the very feet of law
As I, awaits the grave Gamaliel's nod
Ere he clench fist at outrage,—much less,
stub!!
—How, ready enough to rise at the right time,
I still could recognize no time mature mo
—So did I find my wife.

When crime of theirs, only surmised before,
When remedy for wrong, untried at the time,
Is thrice tried now, found threefold worse than null—
When what might turn to transient shade,
who knows?
Soldiery into a blot which breaks
Hell’s black off in pale flakes for fear of mine.—
Then, when I claim and take revenge—"So rash?
They cry—"so little reverence for the law?"

Listen, my masters, and distinguish here!
At first, I called in law to act and help:
Seeing I did so, "Why, 'tis clear," they cry
Does that deprive my right of lamb
And give my niece and heir to first wolf?
Are eunuchs, women, children, shieldless
Against attack their own timidity tempts?
Take it that way, since I am fallen so low
And thank the man who simply spits not
Unless the Court be generous, compre-
headed

How one brought up at the very feet of law
As I, awaits the grave Gamaliel's nod
Ere he clench fist at outrage,—much less,
stub!!
—How, ready enough to rise at the right time,
I still could recognize no time mature mo
—So did I find my wife.

When crime of theirs, only surmised before,
When remedy for wrong, untried at the time,
Is thrice tried now, found threefold worse than null—
When what might turn to transient shade,
who knows?
Soldiery into a blot which breaks
Hell’s black off in pale flakes for fear of mine.—
Then, when I claim and take revenge—"So rash?
They cry—"so little reverence for the law?"

Listen, my masters, and distinguish here!
At first, I called in law to act and help:
Seeing I did so, "Why, 'tis clear," they cry
Does that deprive my right of lamb
And give my niece and heir to first wolf?
Are eunuchs, women, children, shieldless
Against attack their own timidity tempts?
Take it that way, since I am fallen so low
And thank the man who simply spits not
Unless the Court be generous, compre-
headed

How one brought up at the very feet of law
As I, awaits the grave Gamaliel's nod
Ere he clench fist at outrage,—much less,
stub!!
—How, ready enough to rise at the right time,
I still could recognize no time mature mo
—So did I find my wife.

When crime of theirs, only surmised before,
When remedy for wrong, untried at the time,
Is thrice tried now, found threefold worse than null—
When what might turn to transient shade,
who knows?
Soldiery into a blot which breaks
Hell’s black off in pale flakes for fear of mine.—
Then, when I claim and take revenge—"So rash?
They cry—"so little reverence for the law?"

Listen, my masters, and distinguish here!
At first, I called in law to act and help:
Seeing I did so, "Why, 'tis clear," they cry
Does that deprive my right of lamb
And give my niece and heir to first wolf?
Are eunuchs, women, children, shieldless
Against attack their own timidity tempts?
Take it that way, since I am fallen so low
And thank the man who simply spits not
Unless the Court be generous, compre-
headed

How one brought up at the very feet of law
As I, awaits the grave Gamaliel's nod
Ere he clench fist at outrage,—much less,
stub!!
—How, ready enough to rise at the right time,
I still could recognize no time mature mo
—So did I find my wife.

When crime of theirs, only surmised before,
When remedy for wrong, untried at the time,
Is thrice tried now, found threefold worse than null—
When what might turn to transient shade,
who knows?
Soldiery into a blot which breaks
Hell’s black off in pale flakes for fear of mine.—
Then, when I claim and take revenge—"So rash?
They cry—"so little reverence for the law?"

Listen, my masters, and distinguish here!
At first, I called in law to act and help:
Seeing I did so, "Why, 'tis clear," they cry
Does that deprive my right of lamb
And give my niece and heir to first wolf?
Are eunuchs, women, children, shieldless
Against attack their own timidity tempts?
Take it that way, since I am fallen so low
And thank the man who simply spits not
Unless the Court be generous, compre-
headed

How one brought up at the very feet of law
As I, awaits the grave Gamaliel's nod
Ere he clench fist at outrage,—much less,
stub!!
—How, ready enough to rise at the right time,
I still could recognize no time mature mo
—So did I find my wife.

When crime of theirs, only surmised before,
When remedy for wrong, untried at the time,
Is thrice tried now, found threefold worse than null—
When what might turn to transient shade,
who knows?
Soldiery into a blot which breaks
Hell’s black off in pale flakes for fear of mine.—
Then, when I claim and take revenge—"So rash?
They cry—"so little reverence for the law?"

Listen, my masters, and distinguish here!
At first, I called in law to act and help:
Seeing I did so, "Why, 'tis clear," they cry
Does that deprive my right of lamb
And give my niece and heir to first wolf?
Are eunuchs, women, children, shieldless
Against attack their own timidity tempts?
Take it that way, since I am fallen so low
And thank the man who simply spits not
Unless the Court be generous, compre-
headed

How one brought up at the very feet of law
As I, awaits the grave Gamaliel's nod
Ere he clench fist at outrage,—much less,
stub!!
—How, ready enough to rise at the right time,
I still could recognize no time mature mo
—So did I find my wife.

When crime of theirs, only surmised before,
When remedy for wrong, untried at the time,
Is thrice tried now, found threefold worse than null—
When what might turn to transient shade,
who knows?
Soldiery into a blot which breaks
Hell’s black off in pale flakes for fear of mine.—
Then, when I claim and take revenge—"So rash?
They cry—"so little reverence for the law?"

Listen, my masters, and distinguish here!
At first, I called in law to act and help:
Seeing I did so, "Why, 'tis clear," they cry
Does that deprive my right of lamb
And give my niece and heir to first wolf?
Are eunuchs, women, children, shieldless
Against attack their own timidity tempts?
Take it that way, since I am fallen so low
And thank the man who simply spits not
Unless the Court be generous, compre-
headed

How one brought up at the very feet of law
As I, awaits the grave Gamaliel's nod
Ere he clench fist at outrage,—much less,
stub!!
—How, ready enough to rise at the right time,
I still could recognize no time mature mo
—So did I find my wife.
Redress, could purblind eye but see the point.

The wife stood a convicted runagate
From house and husband,—driven to such a course
By what she somehow took for cruelty,

Oppression and imperilment of life—H85
Not that such things were, but that so they seemed;
Therefore, the end conceded lawful, (since

The wife stood a convicted runagate
By what she somehow took for cruelty,
To save life there's no risk should stay our

Therefore, the end conceded lawful, (since

Oppression and imperilment of life—H85
From house and husband,—driven to such a

Not that such things were, but that so they

Enough that he too thought life jeopardized;

Are lawful likewise,—poison, theft and flight.

It follows that all means to the lawful end

What did he else but act the precept out,

Concede him then the colour charity

To follow the single lamb and strayaway?

—All may bear explanation: may? then,

I' the carriage, the tempting privacy, the

The letters,—do they so incriminate?

Bred of the vapours of my brain belike,

But what if the whole prove a prank o' the pen,

Wherefore so ready to infer the worst?

Yet

Still, I did righteously in bringing doubts

Did not Catullus write less seemly once?

Or at worst mere exercise of scholar's-wit

For the law to solve,—take the solution now!

"Bear themselves not without some touch of

'Which trouble our peace and require chastisement?"
As for the circumstance of imprisonment 
You did the wrong and have to answer it.

The convent-quiet preyed upon her health, 
The durance is already at an end; 
Never fear, that point is considered too!

And colour it lends to this your new 
—No-parents, when that cheats and

As now—for, this their house is not the 
In Via Vittoria wherein neighbours' watch

But parentage again confessed in full, 
When such confession pricks and plagues you more—

As now—for, this their house is not the house 
In Via Vittoria wherein neighbours' watch

Out of eye-reach, out of ear-shot, little and lone, 
Whither a friend,—at Civita, we hope,

No-parenthood, when that cheats and

A good half-dozen-hours' ride off,—might, 
At the town's edge by the gate i' the Pauline Way, 
Whither a friend,—at Civita, we hope,

Of the old outwitted husband, wronged

A brisk priest who is versed in Ovid's art

Nothing the wiser: but be that as it may, 
They probably please expect my bile was

Shift in their seat,—would I could do the same!

The fiery titillation urged my flesh

Break through the bonds. By your pardon, no, sweet Sirs!

I took into my hand, broke seal to read

To stem the irruption, bear Rome's ridicule

Paul,—finding it moreover past his strength

The brother presumably might tell a tale

To trade with, turn to account a second

Here's one has chosen his part and knows

'Those who have got my name,—'tis nailed now

To its old cold stone face,—stuck your cap

'Covered my lowest cry for human aid

That, when morose December roused me

I am done with, dead now; strike away,

Of being beaten and baffled?—God's decree,

As I supped, ate the coarse bread, drank the wine

'Vere the three suits decided in a trice?

Some eve, some eve, some eve, 
'Twas Autumn, the old mother in bed

The child or changeling is anyway my wife;

To press me for demanding the first pound

They gain all, and I lose all—even to the lure

To its old cold stone face,—stuck your cap

To its old cold stone face,—stuck your cap

The ring and the book COUNT GUIDO FRANCESCHINI 107
"For spitting on the statue's cheek, the impatient world.

Seeentrée tomb-top in our family church;
Let him creep under covert as I shall do,
Half below-ground already indeed. Good-bye!
My brother are priests, and childless i.e.,
that's well——
And, thank God most for this, no child
leave I——
None after me to bear till his heart break:
The being a Franceschini and my son !

"Nay," said the letter, "but you have just
Lawful,—'tis only eight months since your
Left you,—so, son and heir, your babe was
That's not so savage as the Sisterhood
For quitting Convent without beat of drum,
To slips and stumbles: Pietro's heart is
Last Wednesday in the villa,—you see the
And he's already hidden away and safe
Violante leans to pity's side,—the pair
Stealing a hurried march to this retreat
They need him for themselves,—don't fear,
From any claim on him you mean to make——

What, all is only beginning not ending now?
Then I rose up like fire, and fire-like roared.
"The use o' the bantling,—the nerve thus
To nip at, new and nice, with finger-nail!"
To the bone and there lay biting, did its
What, it goes on to scrape at the bone's self,
They know
soft,—
The broken sword has served to stir a jakes?
When what demands its tribute of applause
The lies and lust o' the mother, and the brave
Bold carriages of the priestly worthy crowned
By a witness to his feat i' the following age,—
And how this three-fold cord could hook and
fetch
And land leviathan that king of pride !

Or say, by some mad miracle of chance,
Is he indeed my flesh and blood, this babe?
Betwixt my wife and me, and both alike
Was it when she could damn my soul indeed
Found we henceforth some one thing to
For quitting Convent without beat of drum,
Stealing a hurried march to this retreat
They need him for themselves,—don't fear,
From any claim on him you mean to make——

At the feet so dim and distant and divine
So I might touch shore, lay down life at last
Had held, through night and storm, the
Of the apparition, as 'twere Mary's Babe
Bom now in very deed to bear this brand

Babe,

"And paunched the Duke, had it been
As my own people watched without a word,
As my own people watched without a word,
Of the dread duty, only heard the song

But where would have brained the man denounced
our wife,
And staked the wife whose lust altered the man,
And pranced the Duke, had it been
Who ruled the land yet barred us such

Who ruled the land yet barred us such

Yes! Not one of us that dig your soil
And dress your vineyard, prune your olive-trees.

I fixed on the first whose eyes caught mine

"Peace upon earth," saw nothing but the face
Lord's side?''

Let the first half of it, scarce heard to end
Arrived: I was at Rome on Christmas Eve.

Festive bells—everywhere the Feast o' the
Babe,
Joy upon earth, peace and good will to man!
I am baptized. I started and let drop
The mugger. "Where is it, His promised
peace?"
Nine days o' the Birth-Feast did I pause and
pray
To enter into no temptation more.
I bore the hateful house, my brother's once,
Deserted,—let the ghost of social joy
Mock and make mouths at me from empty
room.
And little door that missed the master's step,—
Bore the frank wonder of incredulous eyes,
As my own people watched without a word,
Wafted, from where they huddled round the
hearth
Black like all else, that nod so slow to come.
I stopped my ears even to the inner call, 1385
Of the dread duty, only heard the song

"Peace upon earth," saw nothing but the face
O' the Holy Infant and the halo there
Able to cover yet another face
Behind it, Satan's which I else should see.
Sank into wrinkled ruinous old age,
But, day by day, joy waned and withered off:
Suffering and death, then mist-like disappered,
And showed only the Cross at end of all,
Left nothing more to interpose 'twixt me
The ring and the book

I started up—"Some end must be!" At

On the ninth day, this grew too much for man.
"O Lord, how long, how long be un-

Silence: then, scratching like a death-watch-

"One more concession, one decisive way

"This way, in fine, I whisper in thy ear :

To do right, and the daring aught save leave

And made the experiment, the final test,
Ultimate chance that ever was to be
The name, the predetermined touch for truth,
"What welcome for the wanderer? Opened.

"That is a way, thou whisperest in my ear !

And so, all yet uncertain save the will
To do right, and the daring aught save leave
Right undone, I did find myself at last
If the dark before the villa with my friends,
And made the experiment, the final test,
Ultimate chance that ever was to be
For the wretchedness inside. I knocked,
pronounced
The name, the predetermined touch for truth,
"What welcome for the wanderer? Open
straight!"
To the friend, physician, friar upon his
rounds,
Traveler belted, beggar lame and blind?
No, but—" to Capanoschini !" And the door
Opened.

And then,—why, even then, I think,
I the minute that confirmed my worst of
fears,
Surely,—I pray God that I think aright,—I
Had but Pompilia's self, the tender thing
Who once was good and pure, was once my
lamb
And lay in my bosom, had the well-known
Fronted me in the door-way,—stood there
faint
With the recent pang perhaps of giving birth
To what might, though by minute, seem my
child,—
"Nay more, I will say, had even the aged fool
Pietro, the dotard, in whom folly and age
Wrought, more than ennui or malvolence,
To practise and conspire against my peace,—
Had either of these but opened, I had paused.
But it was the bag, she that brought hell
For a dowry with her to her husband's
house,
She the mock-mother, she that made the
match
And married me to perdition, spring and
source
Of the fire inside me that bolted up from
heart
To brain and hailed the Fury gave it birth,—
Violante Comparini, she it was,
With the old grin amid the wrinkles yet,
Coiled with a leer at foot of it.

So do I. But my wife is still alive,
Has breath enough to tell her story yet,
Her way, which is not mine, no doubt at all.
"What welcome for the wanderer? Opened.

But now, with a warrant which 'tis ask and have,
With horse thereby made mine without a
word,
I had gained the frontier and slept safe that
night.

Then, my companions,—call them what you
please,
Slave or stipendiary,—what need of one
To me whose right-hand did its own work?
Hire an assassin yet expose yourself?
Or else disowns. Why use such tools at all
To me whose right-hand did its own work?

Or had not been so lavish: less had served.
Well, he too tells his story,—fordl prose
As smooth as mine is rough. You see, my
lords,
There will be a lying intoxicating smoke
Born of the blood,—confusion probably,
For lies breed lies—but all that rests with
you !
The trial is no concern of mine; with me
The main of the care is over: I at least
Recognize who took that huge burden off,
Let me begin to live again. I did

The trial is no concern of mine; with me
The main of the care is over: I at least
Recognize who took that huge burden off,
Let me begin to live again. I did

But now
Health is returned, and sanctity of soul
Nowise indifferent to the body's harm.
I find the instinct bids me save my life;
Your officers of justice,—caught the crime
In the first natural frenzy of remorse?
Twenty miles off, sound sleeping as a child.
On a cloak I the straw which promised

The main of the care is over: I at least
Recognize who took that huge burden off,
Let me begin to live again. I did

But now
Health is returned, and sanctity of soul
Nowise indifferent to the body's harm.
I find the instinct bids me save my life;
Your officers of justice,—caught the crime
In the first natural frenzy of remorse?
Twenty miles off, sound sleeping as a child.
On a cloak I the straw which promised

...
And use the arms that strewed the ground before,

Unnoticed or spurned aside! I take my stand,

Make my defence. God shall not lose a life

To the law it is I hang till life shall end.

That rectitude, sagacity sufficed—

Nor trouble law,—some fondness of conceit

And put me back to law,—referred the cause

Ad judices meos,—

Knew better, set aside my brother's plea

Cry, by the higher law whereof your law

Cry, on what point is it, where either accuse,

O' the land is humbly representative,—

Here, then, I clutch my judges,—I claim law—

Acquitted, actually or virtually,

I fail to furnish you defence? I stand.

With God's throne, ends with the tribunal

Each unit in the series that begins

That takes account of right or wrong in man,

Man's conscience, custom, manners, all that

God's verdict in determinable words,

Justinian's Pandects only make precise—

To the finer sense as word the legist welds.

More and more effort to promulgate, mark

What simply sparkled in men's eyes before,

Twitched in their brow or quivered on their lip,

I am charged with passing right's due bound,

—such acts

As I thought just, my wife called cruelest,

Complained of in due form,—convoked no

Of common grossness, but took her wrongs—

And not once, but so long as patience served—

To the town's top, jurisdiction's pride of place,

To the Archbishop and the Governor. These

Heard her charge with my reply, and found

That futile, this sufficient: they dismissed

The hysteric querulous rebel, and confirmed

Authority in its wholesome exercise,

They, with directest access to the facts.

They, with directest access to the facts.

"Specify?"

Well, my last patron was a Cardinal.

Come, unreservedly,—favour none nor fear,—

Look on it by the light reflected thence!

"This broken beggarly noble,—bribed per­

"validate this. It's impossible!

"Annull a marriage? 'Tis impossible!

"Annull a marriage? 'Tis impossible!

But held my hand,—preferred play prodigy,

Into the new life that I left him for,

I left him unconvicted of a fault—

Signed the deed where you yet may see his

He is gone to his reward,—dead, being my

To the Archbishop and the Governor. 1825

And not once, but so long as patience served—

To the finer sense as word the legist welds.

More and more effort to promulgate, mark

What simply sparkled in men's eyes before,

Twitched in their brow or quivered on their lip,

I am charged with passing right's due bound,

—such acts

As I thought just, my wife called cruelest,

Complained of in due form,—convoked no

Of common grossness, but took her wrongs—

And not once, but so long as patience served—

To the town's top, jurisdiction's pride of place,

To the Archbishop and the Governor. These

Heard her charge with my reply, and found

That futile, this sufficient: they dismissed

The hysteric querulous rebel, and confirmed

Authority in its wholesome exercise,

They, with directest access to the facts.

They, with directest access to the facts.

"Specify?"

Well, my last patron was a Cardinal.

Come, unreservedly,—favour none nor fear,—

Look on it by the light reflected thence!

"This broken beggarly noble,—bribed per­

"validate this. It's impossible!

"Annull a marriage? 'Tis impossible!

"Annull a marriage? 'Tis impossible!

But held my hand,—preferred play prodigy,

Into the new life that I left him for,

I left him unconvicted of a fault—

Signed the deed where you yet may see his

He is gone to his reward,—dead, being my

To the Archbishop and the Governor. 1825

And not once, but so long as patience served—

To the finer sense as word the legist welds.

More and more effort to promulgate, mark

What simply sparkled in men's eyes before,

Twitched in their brow or quivered on their lip,

I am charged with passing right's due bound,

—such acts

As I thought just, my wife called cruelest,

Complained of in due form,—convoked no

Of common grossness, but took her wrongs—

And not once, but so long as patience served—

To the town's top, jurisdiction's pride of place,

To the Archbishop and the Governor. These

Heard her charge with my reply, and found

That futile, this sufficient: they dismissed

The hysteric querulous rebel, and confirmed

Authority in its wholesome exercise,

They, with directest access to the facts.

They, with directest access to the facts.

"Specify?"

Well, my last patron was a Cardinal.

Come, unreservedly,—favour none nor fear,—

Look on it by the light reflected thence!

"This broken beggarly noble,—bribed per­

"validate this. It's impossible!

"Annull a marriage? 'Tis impossible!

"Annull a marriage? 'Tis impossible!

But held my hand,—preferred play prodigy,

Into the new life that I left him for,

I left him unconvicted of a fault—

Signed the deed where you yet may see his

He is gone to his reward,—dead, being my

To the Archbishop and the Governor. 1825

And not once, but so long as patience served—

To the finer sense as word the legist welds.
THE RING AND THE BOOK

You were to judge between us; so you did.
You disregard the excuse, you breathe away
The colour of innocence and leave guilt black.
"Guilty" is the decision of the court, so you did.
And that I stand in consequence untouched,
The colour of innocence and leave guilt black,
One white integrity from head to heel.

"Guilty" is the decision of the court, so you did.
The same case simultaneously was judged
My foes that jeer, who echo "inadequate"—
At Arezzo, in the province of the Court
Where the crime had its beginning but not end.
They then, deciding on but half of the crime,
The effraction, robbery,—features of the fault
I never cared to dwell upon at Rome,
To Pompilia,—the one criminal of the pair
Who is Rome's? Why, just imprisonment
To a wife that robs her husband: you at
I' the Stinche. There was Tuscany's award
Having to deal with adultery in a wife
And, in a priest, breach of the priestly vow—
You call imprisonment, in the very house
Of the culprits' crime was—just to reach and
This difference 'twixt their penalty and yours
Is immaterial: make your penalty less—
Merely that she should henceforth wear black
Why, all the same the fact o' the thing sub­
Reconcile to your conscience as you may,
Be it on your own heads, you pronounced but
Half 'o' the penalty for heinousness like hers
And his, that pays a fault at Carnival
Of comfit-pelting past discretion's law,
Or accident to handkerchief in Lent
Which falls perversely as a lady kneels
Abruptly, and but half conceals her neck!
By a pin-point scratch, means guilty: guilty means:
—What are I been but innocent hitherto?
Anyhow, here the offence, being punished, ends.

That was throughout the veritable aim
O' the sentence light or heavy,—to redress
Recognized wrong? You righted me, I think?
Well then,—what if I, at this last of all,
Demonstrate you, as my whole pleading proves,
No particle of wrong received thereby
One atom of right?—that cure grew worse
disease?
That in the process you call "justice done "
All along you have slipped away just inch
By inch the creeping climbing length of plague
Breaking my tree of life from root to branch,
And left me, after all and every act
O' the theif, poisoner and adulteress
Fashioned of soul as featured like in face,
And coil itself on the remains of me,
Body and mind, and there flesh fang content,
Its aim is now to evoke life from death,
Make me anew, satisfy in my son
Tormented on to perpetuity,—
My son, whom, dead, I shall know, understand,
In heaven that's turned to hell, or hell returned
Moulded into the image and made one,

A victor in the battle of this world!
Give me—for last, best gift—my son again,
Whom law makes mine,—I take him at your
word,
Mine be he, by micious mercy, lords!
Let me lift up his youth and innocence
To purify my palace, room by room,
From pernicious memories, leads from his bright
brow
Light to the old proud paladin my sire
Shrouded now for shame into the darkest shade
Of the tapestry, showed him once and shrouds him now!
Then may we,—strong from that rekindled
smile,
Go forward, face now times, the better day
And when, in times made better through your
brave
Decision now,—might but Utopia be!—
Rome rife with honest women and strong men,
Manners reformed, old habits back once more,
Customs that recognize the standard worth,
The wholesome household rule in force again,
Husbands once more God's representative,
Wives like the typical Spouse once more, and
Priests
No longer men of Belial, with no aim
At leading silly women captive, but
Of rising to such duties as yours now,—
Then will I set my son at my right-hand
And tell his father's story to this point.
For the cost of One murdered an hour ago!

I am a priest,—talk of what I have learned.

Pompilia is bleeding out her life belike,

Gasping away the latest breath of all,

This minute, while I talk—not while you laugh?

I, the sly one, all this we are bound believe!

Well, he can say no other than what he

Let do his will, or have his will restrained,

This Guido from whose throat you took my

And sound,—from the four corners of this earth

Tells itself over, to my sense at least.

But you may want it lower set in the scale,—

A very reputable priest. But she—-

Thus the key and lets the captive go?

I am free to break the blow, next hawk that

A profit in employing me?—at length

I may conceivably help the august law?

I am a-priest,—talk of what I have learned.

Pompilia is only dying while I speak!

Did any other man need interpose so

Which turns the key and lets the captive go?

To stop song, loosen flower, and leave path.

Who lets his soul show, through transparent

The mundane love that's sin and scandal too!

To you, and let the law reign paramount:

That she I helped eight months since to escape

Who, priest and trained to live my whole

Remit one death-bed pang to her? Come,

Who, priest and trained to live my whole

On beauty and splendour, solely at their

The glory of life, the beauty of the world,

And sound,—from the four corners of this earth

Tells itself over, to my sense at least.

But you may want it lower set in the scale,—

Too vast, too close it Changes in the ear,

I am rehabilitated then,

A very reputable priest. But she—-

The glory of life, the beauty of the world,

To stop song, loosen flower, and leave path.

Who lets his soul show, through transparent

The mundane love that's sin and scandal too!
You are all struck acquiescent now, it seems:
It seems the oldest, gravest signor here,
Even the redoubtable Tommati, sits
Chop-sullen,—understands how law might take
Service like mine, of brain and heart and hand.
In good part. Better late than never, law
You understand of a sudden, gospel too
Has a claim here, may possibly pronounce
Consistent with my priesthood, worthy Christ,
Most or least priestly! Saints, to do us good,
He looked the greater and was the better.
Be her first prayer then presently for you—
She has done the good to me . . .
What is all this?
There, I was born, have lived, shall die, a fool!
That's all we may expect of man, this side
Who bids have courage and keep honour safe,
With . . . what's his style, the other potentate
Priest's-duty,—labour to pluck tares
I heard, last time I stood here to be judged,
To make you hear, this time, how, in such a case,
Not one word more from the point now!
Yes, I begin.
Yes, I am one of your body and a priest.
Also I am a younger son of the House
Oldest now, greatest once, in my birth-town
That's all we may expect of man, this side
That wants withstanding. Many a man of guile
Will, at the beginning stop my mouth:
Many a man of guile will clamour yet,
Of such a wonderful white soul, that comes
Untenderly. But, all the same, I know
He it was,—when the Granduke Ferdinand
Sware he would raze our city, plough the place
And sow it with salt, because we Arretines
Hadt a rope about the necks, to hale
The statue of his father from its base
For hate's sake,—he availed by prayers and tears
To pacify the Duke and save the town.
This was my father's father's brother. You see,
For his sake, how it was I had a right
To the self-same office, bishop in the egg,
So, grew' the garb and prattled in the school,
Was made expect, from infancy almost,
The proper mood of the priest; till time ran by
And brought the day when I must read the vows,
Declare the world renounced and undertake
To become priest and leave probation,—leap
Over the ledge into the other life,
Having gone trippingly hitherto up to the height
Of the wan water. Just a vow to read!
I stopped short awe-struck. "How shall
He that has women shall be called father; what is
Not simply for the advantage of my birth
I the day, that's loved and looked to as a saint
Far! 275
For all the world like a hero, when I'm
Not therefore thrust into the Church, because
To become priest and leave probation,—leap
Over the ledge into the other life,
Having gone trippingly hitherto up to the height
O'er the wan water. Just a vow to read!
I stopped short awe-struck. "How shall
He that has women shall be called father; what is
Not simply for the advantage of my birth
I the day, that's loved and looked to as a saint
Far! 275
For all the world like a hero, when I'm
Rough rigid reading. Mark what makes all smooth.

Nay, has been even a solace to myself!

The Jews who needs must, in their synagogues,
Utter sometimes the holy name of God,
A thing their superstition boggles at,
Pronounce aloud the ineffable sacrosanct,—

Should I know?—that there grows from another set of sounds they substitute, 285
How does their shrewdness help them?

We want the pick o' the earth to practise with,
Not its offscouring, salt and despised blind
In soul and body. There's a rubbstone-une
Untit for the front o' the building, stuff to stow

In a gap behind and keep us weather-tight;
There's propitry for the prominent place.

Saint Paul has had enough and to spare,
In a book I promise Christendom next year.

In the closet-lectures on the Latin tongue
A lady learns so much by, we know where.

I think, if you march boldly up and take your stand
'Permissible only to Catullus! There!'

As far from all this rave at sanctitude—
Heads that wag, eyes that twinkle, modified,
At the closet-lectures on the Latin tongue
A lady learns so much by, we know where.

Why, body o' Bacchus, you should crave his rule
For passes in the elegiac couplets, choose!

On the magnitude of fan-mounts: all the while
Wanting no whit the advantage of a hint
Sent to Pope Agrippa, now, to shake and use.

Crying 'Take notice, I the young and free
A fixture by attendance morn and eve!

Nowise, to make you disbelieve me now.

I was good enough for that, nor cheated so;
As the necessary way was once, we know,
When Didcelotus flourished and his like.

That building of the buttress-work was done
By martyrs and confessors: let it bide,
As the necessary way was once, we know,
When Diocletian flourished and his like.

'Cast in my lot thus with no gay young world,
A fribble and coxcomb, yet, as priest, break the rules of
Churches in Arezzo.

And o' the old, that there grows from another set of sounds they substitute,
How does their shrewdness help them?

I trow, and wrote the rhymes, was punctual to my

At will, and tact at every pore of you!

'Thither they clump-clumped, beads and
Book in hand, 226

And ever since 'tis meat for man and maid
How both flapped down, prayed blessing on bent pate

Bald many an inch beyond the tonsure's need,
"Never once dreaming, the two moony dolts,
There's nothing moves his Eminence so much
As—far from all this rave at sanctitude—

Of delicate play at tarocs, and arbiter
Of making madrigals—(who told me? Ah!)

A paper-twist of comfits to her lap,
Said Canon Conti; and at the word he tossed
Well, after three or four years of this life,
In prosecution of my calling, I

To the theatre one night
With a brother Canon, in a mood and mind
Proper enough for the place, amused or not.
When I saw enter, stand, and seat herself
A lady, young, tall, beautiful, strange and sad.

There was the Rafael! I was still one stare,
But the grand old Church: she tempts me of the two!

Renounce the world? Nay, keep and give

Who may have been before
A friable and comical, yet, as priest, break word
Nowise, to make you disbelieve me now.
I need that you should know my truth.
Well, then, 1

A Maritanae Adonied: adluxing to the
Adone of Giovanni Battista Maria (or Marra),
published in 1452, and very popular during the
seventeenth century.

1 A Maritanae Adonied: adluxing to the
2 Tarocs: a card game.

According to prescription did I live,
—Conformed myself; both read the breviary
And wrote the rhymes, was punctual to my place

I sent for learning, Brother Clout,
And Father Slecho, our piece of piety,
To see Rome and try suit the Cardinal.

3 Break Priscian's head: break the rules of classical Latin grammar, on which Priscian was the most famous ancient authority.

4 Facchini: bear a burden up,
Base it on the high-altar, break away
A board or two, and leave the thing inside
Lofty and lone: and lo, when next I looked,
There was the Rafael! I was still one stare,
When—'Nay, I'll make her give you back your gaze?"—

Said Canon Conti; and at the word he tossed
A paper-twist of comfits to her lap.
And dodged and in a trice was at my back
Nodding from over my shoulder. Then she
Looked our way, smiled the beautiful sad
THE RING AND THE BOOK
"Is not she fair? 'Tis my new cousin,"
"The fellow lurking there i' the black o'    
"Is Guido, the old scapegrace: she's his wife,
My Count—

When he can worry both her parents
I don't go much there, for the chamber's
And the coffee pale. I got a turn at first
__The two old frightened family spectres—
I' the cat's cage: ever since, I stay at home.
That night and next day did the gaze endure,
"To-morrow I'll make my peace, e'en tell
To fling the sweetmeats. Prudence, for
By way of a diversion! I was a fool

Try if I can't find means to take you there.
I' the choir,—part said, part sung—"Then I
ex-cel-sis—

All's to no purpose; I have louted low,
But he saw you staring—quis subs—don't incline
To know you nearer: him we would not hold
For Hercules,—the man would lick your
If you and certain efficacious friends
Managed him warily,—but there's the wife:
Spare her, because he beats her, as it is,
She's breaking her heart quite fast enough—

So, be you indulgent and make amends
With little Light-skirts yonder— in secta
Secro-a-o-a-o; Ah, you rogue! Every one

What great dame she makes jealous: one against one

"Play, and win both!"
Sirs, ere the week was out,
I saw and said to myself "Light-skirts hides
tooth:
Would make a dog sick,—the great dame
shows spite:

Should drive a cat mad: 'tis but poor work
this—

Counting one's fingers till the sonnet's
crowned.
I doubt much if Marino really be
A better bard than Dante after all.
'Tis more amusing to go pace at eve
I' the Duomo,—watch the day's last gleam
outside

Turn, as into a skirt of God's own robe,
Those lancet-windows' jewelled miracle,—
Than go eat the Archbishop's ortolans,
And gave it,—loved me and confessed it thus,

Her husband being away, the surly patch,
Blind and deserted, not the street in front:
Who cares to look will find me in my
ex-cel-sis—

Eating into my heart, which craved employ,
And yet there was no way in the wide world
And she, perhaps, need of a finger's help,—
Nought more,—how I had a whole store of

Over the opened "Summa," darken'd round
By the mid-March twilight, thinking how my life
Had shaken under me,—broke short indeed
And showed the gap "twixt what is, what

And into what abyss the soul may slip,
Lacking omnipotence to connect extremes—
Thinking moreover... oh, thinking, if
you like,

But other thoughts now occupy my mind.
God's love!  
To-morrow I'll make my peace, o'en tell
some fib,
Try if I can't find means to take you there.
That night and next day did the gaze endure,
Burnt to my brain, as sanbeam thro' shit
eyes,
And not once changed the beautiful sad

At vespers Conti leaned beside my seat
I' the choir. —part said, part sang. —"In
ex-cel-sis—

Are you turning Molinist?" I answered
quickly.

Sir, what if I turned Christian? It might be.
"The fact is, I am troubled in my mind,
"Best and pressed hard by some novel
thoughts.

This your Arezzo is a limited world;
"There's a strange Pope,—tis said, a priest
who thinks.

Rome is the port, you say: to Rome I go.
"I will live alone, one does so in a
crowd,
"And look into my heart a little." "Lenct
"Ended,"—I told friends,—"I shall go to
Rome.

One evening I was sitting in a muse
Over the opened "Summa," darken'd round
By the mid-March twilight, thinking how my life
Had shaken under me,—broke short indeed
And showed the gap "twixt what is, what

And into what abyss the soul may slip,
Lacking omnipotence to connect extremes—
Thinking moreover... oh, thinking, if
you like,

The silence we could break by no one word,—
And bade me render thanks by word of mouth,
In obedience to my summons, last
And, in-glided a masked muffled mystery,
Laid lightly a letter on the opened book,
Then stood with folded arms and foot demure,
Pointing as if to mark the minutes' flight.

I took the letter, read to the effect
That she, I lately flung the comfits to,
Had worn her heart to give me in exchange,
And gave it,—loved me and confessed it thus,
And bade me render thanks by word of mouth,
Going that night to such a side of the
house
Where the small terrace overhangs a street
Blind and deserted, not the street in front:
Her husband being away, the early patch,
At his villa of Vittiano.

And gone play truant in church all day long?
No more of this! That you are fair, I
know:
But other thoughts now occupy my mind.
I should not that have played the impossible
Once on a time. What made you,—may
One ask,—
Marry your hideous husband? 'Twas a fault,
And now you taste the fruit of it. Fare...

Then I took a pen and wrote

"And you?"—I asked:
"What may you be?" "Count Guido's kind
of maid,—
Most of us have two functions in his house.
We all hate him, the lady suffers much,
"Tis just we show compassion, furnish help,
Specially since her choice is fixed so
well.

"What answer may I bring to cheer the sweet

"And you?"—I asked:
"What may you be?" "Count Guido's kind
of maid,—
Most of us have two functions in his house.
We all hate him, the lady suffers much,
"Tis just we show compassion, furnish help,
Specially since her choice is fixed so
well.

"What answer may I bring to cheer the sweet

"And you?"—I asked:
"What may you be?" "Count Guido's kind
of maid,—
Most of us have two functions in his house.
We all hate him, the lady suffers much,
"Tis just we show compassion, furnish help,
Specially since her choice is fixed so
well.

"What answer may I bring to cheer the sweet

"And you?"—I asked:
"What may you be?" "Count Guido's kind
of maid,—
Most of us have two functions in his house.
We all hate him, the lady suffers much,
"Tis just we show compassion, furnish help,
Specially since her choice is fixed so
well.

"What answer may I bring to cheer the sweet

"And you?"—I asked:
"What may you be?" "Count Guido's kind
of maid,—
Most of us have two functions in his house.
We all hate him, the lady suffers much,
"Tis just we show compassion, furnish help,
Specially since her choice is fixed so
well.

"What answer may I bring to cheer the sweet

"And you?"—I asked:
"What may you be?" "Count Guido's kind
of maid,—
Most of us have two functions in his house.
We all hate him, the lady suffers much,
"Tis just we show compassion, furnish help,
Specially since her choice is fixed so
well.

"What answer may I bring to cheer the sweet

"And you?"—I asked:
"What may you be?" "Count Guido's kind
of maid,—
Most of us have two functions in his house.
We all hate him, the lady suffers much,
"Tis just we show compassion, furnish help,
Specially since her choice is fixed so
well.

"What answer may I bring to cheer the sweet

"And you?"—I asked:
"What may you be?" "Count Guido's kind
of maid,—
Most of us have two functions in his house.
We all hate him, the lady suffers much,
"Tis just we show compassion, furnish help,
Specially since her choice is fixed so
well.

"What answer may I bring to cheer the sweet

"And you?"—I asked:
"What may you be?" "Count Guido's kind
of maid,—
Most of us have two functions in his house.
We all hate him, the lady suffers much,
"Tis just we show compassion, furnish help,
Specially since her choice is fixed so
well.

"What answer may I bring to cheer the sweet

"And you?"—I asked:
"What may you be?" "Count Guido's kind
of maid,—
Most of us have two functions in his house.
We all hate him, the lady suffers much,
"Tis just we show compassion, furnish help,
Specially since her choice is fixed so
well.
I questioned—lifting half the woman's mask
To let her smile loose. "So, you gave my line
To the merry lady?" "She kissed off the wax,
And put what paper was not kissed away,
In her bosom to go burn: but merry, no!
She went all night when evening brought
Alonge, the unkind missive at her breast;
Thus Philomel, the thorn at her breast too,
Sings . . . " Writes this second letter?"
"Even so!
Then she may peep at vespers forth?"
"What risk
Do we run of the husband?"—"Ah,—no risk at all!
He is more stupid even than jealous.
That was the reason! Why, the man's away!
Beside, his beggar is that friend of yours,
Fat little Canon Conti. He fears him,
How should he dream of you? I told you truth;
He goes to the villa at Vittiano—his
The time when Spring-sap rises in the vine—
Spends the night there. And then his wife:
Does he think a child outlives him? A mere child:
Yet so full grown, a dish for any duke.
Don't quarrel longer with such cates, but come!
I wrote "In vain do you solicit me,
I am a priest: and you are wedded wife,
Whatever kind of brute your husband prove,
I have scruples, in short. Yet should you really show
Sign at the window . . . but ray, best be good!
My thoughts are elsewhere." "Take her that?
"Again
Let the incarnate meanness, cheat and spy,
Mean to the marrow of him, make his heart
His food, anticipate hell's worn once more!
Let him watch shivering at the window—ay,
And let this hybrid, this light-of-love,
And lacks-of-lies,—a sage economy,—
Paid with embracings for the rank brass coin,—
Let her report and make him chuckle over
The break-down of my resolution now,
And hear at disappointment in good time!
—So rattle and so wrage by turns,
Until the two fall each on the other like
Two famished spiders, as the coveted fly
That toys long, leaves their net and them
For a month, say,—I still came at every turn
On the soft sly adder, endlong 'neath my tread.
I was met 't the street, made sign to in the church.
A slip was found i' the door-sill, scribbled
Twist page and page of the prayer-book in
My place.
A crumpled thing dropped even before my feet,
Pushed through the blind, above the terrace rail.
As I passed, by day, the very window once.
The messenger, with the self-same demand
Pushed through the blind, above the terrace rail.
A transfixed scorpion, let the reptile writhe,
If someone did not interpose with smile
And sneer, "And prithee why so confident
O'the narrative,—search notes and see and say
Nothing to cure the wound, assuage the throes.
Oh! the sweetest lamb that ever loved a bear?"
And ever my one answer in one tone—
"Mean to the marrow of him, make his heart
This venom issued from Madonna's mouth!"
"What if she wrote the letters?"
"Fabricate thus,—what if the lady loved?
Nothing to cure the wound, assuage the throes.
"I am a priest: and you are wedded wife,
Whatever kind of brute your husband prove,
I have scruples, in short. Yet should you really show
Sign at the window . . . but ray, best be good!
My thoughts are elsewhere." "Take her that?"
"Again
Let the incarnate meanness, cheat and spy,
"I am a priest: and you are wedded wife,
Whatever kind of brute your husband prove,
I have scruples, in short. Yet should you really show
Sign at the window . . . but ray, best be good!
My thoughts are elsewhere." "Take her that?"
"Again
Let the incarnate meanness, cheat and spy,
"Mean to the marrow of him, make his heart
His food, anticipate hell's worn once more!
Let him watch shivering at the window—ay,
And let this hybrid, this light-of-love,
And lacks-of-lies,—a sage economy,—
Paid with embracings for the rank brass coin,—
Let her report and make him chuckle o'er
The break-down of my resolution now,
And hear at disappointment in good time!
—So rattle and so wrage by turns,
Until the two fall each on the other like
Two famished spiders, as the coveted fly
That toys long, leaves their net and them
For a month, say,—I still came at every turn
On the soft sly adder, endlong 'neath my tread.
I was met 't the street, made sign to in the church.
A slip was found i' the door-sill, scribbled
Twist page and page of the prayer-book in
My place.
A crumpled thing dropped even before my feet,
Pushed through the blind, above the terrace rail.
As I passed, by day, the very window once.
The messenger, with the self-same demand
Pushed through the blind, above the terrace rail.
A transfixed scorpion, let the reptile writhe,
If someone did not interpose with smile
And sneer, "And prithee why so confident
O'the narrative,—search notes and see and say
Nothing to cure the wound, assuage the throes.
Oh! the sweetest lamb that ever loved a bear?"
And ever my one answer in one tone—
"Mean to the marrow of him, make his heart
This venom issued from Madonna's mouth!"
"What if she wrote the letters?"
"Fabricate thus,—what if the lady loved?
Nothing to cure the wound, assuage the throes.
"I am a priest: and you are wedded wife,
Whatever kind of brute your husband prove,
I have scruples, in short. Yet should you really show
Sign at the window . . . but ray, best be good!
My thoughts are elsewhere." "Take her that?"
"Again
Let the incarnate meanness, cheat and spy,
"Mean to the marrow of him, make his heart
His food, anticipate hell's worn once more!
Let him watch shivering at the window—ay,
And let this hybrid, this light-of-love,
And lacks-of-lies,—a sage economy,—
Paid with embracings for the rank brass coin,—
Let her report and make him chuckle o'er
The break-down of my resolution now,
And hear at disappointment in good time!
—So rattle and so wrage by turns,
Until the two fall each on the other like
Two famished spiders, as the coveted fly
That toys long, leaves their net and them
For a month, say,—I still came at every turn
On the soft sly adder, endlong 'neath my tread.
I was met 't the street, made sign to in the church.
A slip was found i' the door-sill, scribbled
Twist page and page of the prayer-book in
My place.
A crumpled thing dropped even before my feet,
Pushed through the blind, above the terrace rail.
As I passed, by day, the very window once.
The messenger, with the self-same demand
Pushed through the blind, above the terrace rail.
A transfixed scorpion, let the reptile writhe,
If someone did not interpose with smile
And sneer, "And prithee why so confident
O'the narrative,—search notes and see and say
Nothing to cure the wound, assuage the throes.
Oh! the sweetest lamb that ever loved a bear?"
And ever my one answer in one tone—
"Mean to the marrow of him, make his heart
This venom issued from Madonna's mouth!"
"What if she wrote the letters?"
"Fabricate thus,—what if the lady loved?
Nothing to cure the wound, assuage the throes.
"I am a priest: and you are wedded wife,
Whatever kind of brute your husband prove,
I have scruples, in short. Yet should you really show
Sign at the window . . . but ray, best be good!
My thoughts are elsewhere." "Take her that?"
"Again
Let the incarnate meanness, cheat and spy,
"Has issued from your body, like from love,
"By way of the ovule-corner!"

But no less,
I tired of the same long black teasing lie
Obtruded thus at every turn; the past
Was far too near the picture, anyhow:
One does Madonna service, making clowns
Remove their dung-heap from the sacristy.
"I will to the window, as he tempts," said I:
"Kith, kin, and Count mustered to bite my
Though the imprisoned lady keeps afar,
This new bait of adventure tempts,—thinks
Yes, whom the easy love has failed allure,
I stand beneath the terrace, see, above,
No mother nor brother viper of the brood
Shall scuttle off without the instructive bruise!"

So I went: crossed street and street: "The next street's turn,
I stand beneath the terrace, see, above,
The black of the ambush-window. Then, in place
Of hand's throw of soft prelude over lute,
And cough that clears way for the ditty
Began to laugh already—"he will have
"Out of the hole you hide in, on to the front,
Count Guido Franceschi, show yourself!"
"Hear what a man thinks of a thing like you,
And after, take this foulness in your face!"

She began—"You have sent me letters, Sir:
I have read none, I can neither read nor write;
But she you gave them to, a woman here,
One of the people in whose power I am,
Partly explained their sense, I think, to me
Obliged to listen when she inculcates
That you, a priest, can dare love me, a wife,
Desire to live or die as I shall lead,
(She makes me listen if I will or no)
Because you saw my face a single time.
It cannot be she says the thing you mean;
Such wickedness were deadly to us both;
But good true love would help me now so much—
I tell myself, you may mean good and true.
You offer me, I seem to understand,
Because I am in poverty and starve,
My case is, I was dwelling happily
Since I am starving, and return the rest,
I am in that strait, I may not dare abstain
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I found I had become Count Guido's wife:
I am in that strait, I may not dare abstain
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
Much money, where one piece would save
I simply needs must see that it is so,
Have a child once more, since child I am,
"Then he took pity and promised 'I will
'But,' said I, 'when I neither read nor
' Of dangers here, bid them convey you
' Yes, we must interfere : I counsel,—write ■
If he did so,—why, they are dumb or dead:
'To those who used to be your parents once,
'This is grave—
'To go hence and do your pleasure, find
'To summon me and signify her choice.
'Afterward,—oh ! I gave a passing glance
Of hell-smoke hurrying past the splendid moon
Out now to tolerate no darkness more,
And saw right through the thing that tried to pass
For truth and solid, not an empty lie :
'So, he not only forged the words for her
'But words for me, made letters he called mine :
'What I sent, he retained, gave these in place,
'All by the mistress-messenger ! As I
'Recognized her, at potency of truth,
'She, by the crystalline soul, knew me,
'Never mistook the signs. Enough of this—
'Let the wraith go to nothingness again,
'Never mistook the signs. Enough of this—
'Here is the orb, have only thought for her !
'Thought ?' say, Sirs, what shall follow was not thought :
'I have thought sometimes, and thought long and hard.
'I have stood before, gone round a serious thing,
'Tasked my whole mind to touch and clasp it close,
As I stretch forth my arm to touch this bar.
'Soar to the sky,—die well and you do that.
'That pulled me down. Death meant, to
'Have I not mingled with the air; found
'Here is another point which I must dwell on
'What I sent, he retained, gave these in place,
'And so did I prepare what I now say,
'Too, or else, wrapped wholly up in their own joy
'Or elate, wrapped wholly up in their own joy
'Of such escape, they care not who cries, still
'I will go hence and do your pleasure, find
'Here in the house was some young man,
'He came and we had to be alone—
'When I told thus far, Someone said, softly, 'Here at least was found
'Your confidence in error,—you perceived
'The spirit of the letters, in a sort,
'Had been the lady's, if the body should be.
'Supplied by Guido ; say, he forged them all!
'Here was the unforged fact—she sent for him,
'She was withdrawn. Here is another point
'Which I must dwell on
'What I sent, he retained, gave these in place,
'And so did I prepare what I now say,
'Here too has been dream-work, delusion too,
'And that at no time, you with the eyes here,
'Though you have never uttered word yet,—well, I know,
'Here too has been dream-work, delusion too,
'And that at no time, you with the eyes here,
'Though you are true, have been true, it will be true.
'Te Rome then,—when is it you take me there ?
'Each minute lost is mortal. When?—I ask.
'I answered 'It shall be when it can be.
'I will go hence and do your pleasure, find
'The sure and speedy means of travel, then
'Come back and take you to your friends in Rome.
'There wants a carriage, money and the rest,—
'Either they give no credit to the tale,
'Or else, wrapped wholly up in their own joy
'Of such escape, they care not who cries, still
'I will go hence and do your pleasure, find
'The sure and speedy means of travel, then
'Come back and take you to your friends in Rome.
'There wants a carriage, money and the rest,—
'Either they give no credit to the tale,
'Or else, wrapped wholly up in their own joy
'Of such escape, they care not who cries, still
'I will go hence and do your pleasure, find
'The sure and speedy means of travel, then
'Come back and take you to your friends in Rome.
'There wants a carriage, money and the rest,—
'Either they give no credit to the tale,
'Or else, wrapped wholly up in their own joy
'Of such escape, they care not who cries, still
'I will go hence and do your pleasure, find
'The sure and speedy means of travel, then
'Come back and take you to your friends in Rome.
'There wants a carriage, money and the rest,—
Which ntherto, soothed alike and sung,
Saint Thomas 1 with his sober grey goose-call,
And slender Plato by Cephissian reed,2
Would scan, pretending just the insect’s good,
Which hitherto, sophist alike and sage,
And rise with something of a rosy shame
Feel at the end the earthly garments drop,
As when the virgin-band, the victors chaste,
I knew myself was passing swift and sure;
Saint Thomas with his sober grey goose-call.
Felicitous annoy, as bitter-sweet
Into another state, under new rule
With half a curse and half a pitying smile
My church: it seemed to say for the first
In the grey of dawn it was I found myself
Facing the pillared front—mine, mine,
The first authoritative word. ’Twas God’s.
Now, from the stone lungs, sighed the steeple voice:
”Leave that live passion, come be dead with me!”
As if, in the fabled garden,8 I had gone
As if, in the fabled garden,8 I had gone
To quicken my pace nor stop for prating—
Was ready with her quip, if word conduced,
Intent on his
Prostrate and corpse-like at the altar-foot
For the monk I stumbled over in my haste,
”I thought the other way self-sacrifice:"
”I thought the other way self-sacrifice:"
”Better your life-blood, thou art pulseless"
”Better your life-blood, thou art pulseless"
”To fold thy warm heart on my heart of stone"
”To fold thy warm heart on my heart of stone"
”O’ the Lamb, who took thy plighted troth,”
”O’ the Lamb, who took thy plighted troth,”
”Be thankful you are no such ninny, go"
”Be thankful you are no such ninny, go"
”Than gabble Latin and protrude that nose"
”Than gabble Latin and protrude that nose"
”To make a new thing that had been struck into me"
”To make a new thing that had been struck into me"
”The reeds of Cephisus, one
”The reeds of Cephisus, one
”Where the golden apple was guarded by
”Where the golden apple was guarded by
”The first authoritative word. ’Twas God’s.
”The first authoritative word. ’Twas God’s.
”And the apple’s self: and, scarce my eye on that,
”And the apple’s self: and, scarce my eye on that,
”There!"
”There!"
”But am not I the Bride, the mystic love"
”But am not I the Bride, the mystic love"
”O’ the Lamb, who took thy plighted troth,”
”O’ the Lamb, who took thy plighted troth,”
”The world now, fear the Archbishop, fear"
”The world now, fear the Archbishop, fear"
”Count Guido, he who, having forged the axe:
”Count Guido, he who, having forged the axe:
”May wait the work, attend the effect—I
”May wait the work, attend the effect—I
”To make a new thing that had been struck into me"
”To make a new thing that had been struck into me"
”The sun slanted into my room, had reached
”The sun slanted into my room, had reached
”The east. I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”The east. I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”For the monk I stumbled over in my haste,
”For the monk I stumbled over in my haste,
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”You are again here, in the self-same mind,"
”You are again here, in the self-same mind,"
”I am a priest! I see the function here;
”I am a priest! I see the function here;
”And come say all is ready. I am a priest.
”And come say all is ready. I am a priest.
”Duty to God is duty to her: I think
”Duty to God is duty to her: I think
”This new thing that had been struck into me"
”This new thing that had been struck into me"
”This is the true, seals up the perfect sum.
”This is the true, seals up the perfect sum.
”I see here, steadfast in the face of you—"
”I see here, steadfast in the face of you—"
”I have saved her from a scandal, stopped"
”I have saved her from a scandal, stopped"
”I have saved her from a scandal, stopped"
”I have saved her from a scandal, stopped"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”Without me. Then, prayer may avail perhaps.”
”Without me. Then, prayer may avail perhaps.”
”To make a new thing that had been struck into me"
”To make a new thing that had been struck into me"
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”Breaking my heart two days more than was need.
”Breaking my heart two days more than was need.
”Breaking my heart two days more than was need.
”Breaking my heart two days more than was need.
”I am a priest! I see the function here;
”I am a priest! I see the function here;
”I am a priest! I see the function here;
”I am a priest! I see the function here;
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”To make a new thing that had been struck into me"
”To make a new thing that had been struck into me"
”To make a new thing that had been struck into me"
”To make a new thing that had been struck into me"
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”The ring and the book
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I opened book—Aquinas blazed
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
”I will go minister, advise her seek"
"I will go minister, advise her seek"
Then I retraced my steps, was found once more
In my own house for the last time: there lay
I know not how the night passed: morning
"There's other showing! 'Twas a Thomas
"I know my betters. Are you bound for
"I too have seen a lady and hold a grace."

"He kept that safe and had all doubt adieu.
"Our Lady's girdle; down he saw it drop
"Obtained,—more favoured than his name—
"And Canon Conti now away a month,

'And a vigil, since to-morrow is Saint George,
"This being last Monday in the month but
"As she ascended into heaven, they say:

"You let him sulk in stall and bear the
"And Canon Crispi sour because, forsooth,

"Of the octave... Well, Sir, 'tis impor-

"I said to myself—"I have caught it, I

"The mind o' the mystery: 'tis the way
"And wait, two martyrs somewhere in a

"Each by each as their blessing was to die;
"Every some spiritual witness new and new

"For the true thing it was. The first faint
"Felt time's old barrier-growth of right and fit

"Proves, I maintain, that action of the flight
"I knew Assisi; this is holy ground."
"Have you a mother?" "She died, I was born." "A sister then?" "No sister." "Who was it— What woman were you used to serve this way, the kind to, till I called you and you came?"

I did not like that word. Soon afterward— "Tell me, are men unhappy, in some kind Of mere unhappiness at being men, I mean? Of what did you talk at whiles about?"

"As women suffer, being womanish? Have you, now, some unhappiness, I mean? Born of what may be man's strength overwhelming, To match the undue susceptibility, the sense at every pore when hate is close? To bear !"

"Or child strikes at us punitively, calls names Or makes a mouth,—much more if stranger men Laugh or frown,—just as that were much the hour!"

"Yet rocks split—and the blow-ball does no more, Quivers to featherly nothing at a touch; And strength may have its drawback weaknessapses."

Once she asked— "What is it that made you talk at whiles about? At the great gate with the eagles and the shrine. Where the company entered, 'tis a long time since?"

"Forgive— I think you would not understand: Ah, but you ask me,—therefore, it was this. That was a certain bishop's villa-gate, 'I knew it by the eagles,—and at once Remembered this same bishop was just her. People of old were wont to bid me please, if I would catch preferment; so, I smiled: Because an impulse came to me, a whim—" What if I prayed the prelate leave to speak, "Began upon him in his presence-hall! What, still at work so grey and obsolete?"

"Still robed and muttered more or less? Don't you feel all that out of fashion now? I find out when the day of things is done!"

At eve we heard the eagles: she turned— "I told you I cannot read nor write. My life stopped with the play-time; I will learn, if I begin to live again: but you— Who are a priest—wherefore do you not read the service at this hour? Read Gabriel's song, the lesson, and then read the little prayer To Raphael, proper for us travellers!"

I did not like that, neither, but I read. When we stopped at Foligno it was dark. The people of the post came out with lights: 

"The sun now like an immense egg of fire?" Came back, and there she sat: close to her knee, Paced the road, then bade put the horses to, And in her arms the woman's infant lay. Wondered to see how little she could drink, And in the carriage! "Still a day, my friend!"

"And perhaps half a night, the woman fears. I pray it finish since it cannot last: There may be more unhappiness at the close, And where will you be? God suffice me then!"

And presently,—for there was a roadside-shrine— "When was taken first to my own church Lorenzo in Lucina, being a girl, I mean? Not on pretence he punished sin of mine, Nor for sin's sake and lust of cruelty, My husband used to seem to harm me, "Were I surprised and killed here on the spot, "Do you account it were in sin I died? "My husband used to seem to harm me, not . . . "Not on pretence he punished sin of mine, Nor for sin's sake and lust of cruelty, But as I heard him bid a foraging-man, "At the villa take a lamb once to the wood.
To other people—strangers—or unborn—
I quickened pace with promise now, now
I grew alarmed, my head seemed turning too.
"Gaetano!"—that is not my name: whose
She wandered in her mind,—addressed me
Again the restless eyes began to rove
In new fear of the foe mine could not see.
"You are a priest." She said, "my friend."
This time she might have said,—might, did
Taken up wholly with the thought, perhaps,
You must conceive my answer,—I forget—
"The woman said that trees so turn: now,
"Away from the north wind with what nest
"I think, or else from,—dare I say, some
"Others than I might become prey and spoil.
That so, whatever was his gain thereby,
"That first night at Foligno—news abound
"Or else from,—dare I say, some
"As past them I came halting after you,
"Against the world, and get his meed of men,
"Vulcan pursuing Mars, as poets sing,—
"The Commissary and the unpoisoned arm
"Vulcan—and not without my Cyclops too,
The sin's reply to the fifh. And while I
arried
The minute, oh the misery, was gone !
On other idle hand of me there stood
Really an officer, nor laughed t' the least :
Nay, rendered justice to his reason, laid
Logic to heart, as twere admitted them
"Twice two makes four."
"And now, catch her!" he cried,
That sootherd me. "Let myself lead the
way,"
"Are you arresting, who am somebody,
Being, as you hear, a priest and privi-
leged,—
To the lady's chamber! I presume you—
Expert, instructed how to find out truth,
Familiar with the guise of guilt. Detect
Guilt on her face when it meets mine, then
"Slight at your peril! We are aliens here,
My adversary and I, called noble both;
I could refer our cause to our own Court
In our own country, but prefer appeal
To the nearer jurisdiction. Being a priest,
Though in a secular garb,—for reasons good
I shall advance in due time to my peers,—
I demand that the Church I serve, de-
cide!
Between us, right the slandered lady there.
A Tuscan noble, I might claim the Duke
Of one—To get leave and go see her of your grace—
I have told you this whole story over again.
Do I deserve grace? For I might lock lips,
Laugh at your jurisdiction: what have you
To do with me in the matter? I suppose
They bore her off, to separate cells o' the same
Ignoble prison, and, separate, thence to Rome.
Pompilia's face, then and thus, looked on me
As friend of the Court—and for pure friend-
ship's sake
I have been patient, done my best to help:
I have been patient, done my best to help:
I come from Civita and punishment
I was chained fast at Civita hand and foot—
I, in a laic garb, a mundane mode,
Laugh at your jurisdiction: what have you
To do with me in the matter? I suppose
They bore her off, to separate cells o' the same
I have told you this whole story over again.
Do I deserve grace? For I might lock lips,
Laugh at your jurisdiction: what have you
To do with me in the matter? I suppose
They bore her off, to separate cells o' the same
Ignoble prison, and, separate, thence to Rome.
Pompilia's face, then and thus, looked on me
As friend of the Court—and for pure friend-
ship's sake
I have been patient, done my best to help:
I have been patient, done my best to help:
I come from Civita and punishment
I was chained fast at Civita hand and foot—
I, in a laic garb, a mundane mode,
Laugh at your jurisdiction: what have you
To do with me in the matter? I suppose
They bore her off, to separate cells o' the same
Ignoble prison, and, separate, thence to Rome.
Pompilia's face, then and thus, looked on me
As friend of the Court—and for pure friend-
ship's sake
I have been patient, done my best to help:
I have been patient, done my best to help:
I come from Civita and punishment
I was chained fast at Civita hand and foot—
I, in a laic garb, a mundane mode,
When we were parted,—shall I go on there?

To save the lady. Then your clerk pro-

Eclipse in the air now; still, the outline

'Tis natural, since the sky is different,

I heard charge, and bore question, and told

And there sat you and you, Sirs, quite the

I showed you how it came to be my part

If, by one jot or tittle, I vary now! ra

Better, I think, though priest and loveless

—How was it that a wife, young, innocent,

—The trusty servant, Margherita's self,

Who found them waited till I turned my

—Flow on a broomstick to the man i' the

Who witnessed or will testify this trash?

—How did it come to be my part

Papers, a pack of stupid and impure

—This precious piece of verse, I really judge,

She who brought letters from who could

—Sirs, who have knowledge of the facts,

—And what of the clandestine visits paid,

Who had not brought disgrace to the order,

—Wine tastes,—a saint above the smack! But

I meekly bowed to, took my allotment from,

Guido has snatched at, broken in your hands,

I arise in your esteem, sagacious Sirs,

—Do it in Latin, not the Vulgar, then!

—But a showing fair play, an indulgence, even,

—This precious piece of verse, I really judge,

—How did it come to be my part

—How did it come to be my part

To one no worse than others after all—

To go with the herd, be hog no more nor less,

I must not be unduly borne upon, 1725

Undoubtedly—some toying with the wife,

—I rise in your esteem, sagacious Sirs,

Guido has snatched at, broken in your hands,

—Do it in Latin, not the Vulgar, then!

—But a showing fair play, an indulgence, even,

—This precious piece of verse, I really judge,

—How did it come to be my part

—How did it come to be my part

To one no worse than others after all—

To go with the herd, be hog no more nor less,

I must not be unduly borne upon, 1725

Undoubtedly—some toying with the wife,

—I rise in your esteem, sagacious Sirs,

Guido has snatched at, broken in your hands,

—Do it in Latin, not the Vulgar, then!

—But a showing fair play, an indulgence, even,

—This precious piece of verse, I really judge,

—How did it come to be my part

—How did it come to be my part

To one no worse than others after all—

To go with the herd, be hog no more nor less,

I must not be unduly borne upon, 1725

Undoubtedly—some toying with the wife,

—I rise in your esteem, sagacious Sirs,

Guido has snatched at, broken in your hands,

—Do it in Latin, not the Vulgar, then!

—But a showing fair play, an indulgence, even,

—This precious piece of verse, I really judge,

—How did it come to be my part

—How did it come to be my part

To one no worse than others after all—

To go with the herd, be hog no more nor less,

I must not be unduly borne upon, 1725

Undoubtedly—some toying with the wife,

—I rise in your esteem, sagacious Sirs,

Guido has snatched at, broken in your hands,

—Do it in Latin, not the Vulgar, then!

—But a showing fair play, an indulgence, even,

—This precious piece of verse, I really judge,

—How did it come to be my part

—How did it come to be my part

To one no worse than others after all—

To go with the herd, be hog no more nor less,

I must not be unduly borne upon, 1725

Undoubtedly—some toying with the wife,

—I rise in your esteem, sagacious Sirs,

Guido has snatched at, broken in your hands,

—Do it in Latin, not the Vulgar, then!

—But a showing fair play, an indulgence, even,

—This precious piece of verse, I really judge,

—How did it come to be my part

—How did it come to be my part

To one no worse than others after all—

To go with the herd, be hog no more nor less,

I must not be unduly borne upon, 1725

Undoubtedly—some toying with the wife,

—I rise in your esteem, sagacious Sirs,

Guido has snatched at, broken in your hands,

—Do it in Latin, not the Vulgar, then!

—But a showing fair play, an indulgence, even,

—This precious piece of verse, I really judge,

—How did it come to be my part

—How did it come to be my part

To one no worse than others after all—

To go with the herd, be hog no more nor less,
For a mock Princess in undragoned days,
What, the blood startles you? What, after all
The priest whom mechanism carry sword on thigh
May find imperative use for it? Then, there was
A Princess, was a dragon belching flame,
And should have been a Saint George also
Then, there might be worse schemes than to break the bonds
At Arezzo, lead her by the little hand,
Till she reached Rome, and let her try to live.
But you were law and gospel,—would one please
Stand back, allow your faculty elbow-room?
You blind guides who must needs lead eyes that see!
Fools, alike ignorant of man and God!
What was there here should have perplexed your wit
For a wink of the owl-eyes of you? How—
What has now forced on you by this flare of fact—
Fools, alike ignorant of man and God!

Made substitution of the thing she hoped,
For the thing she had and held, its opposite,
While the husband in the background bit his lips
At each fresh failure of his precious plot?
—that when at the last we did rush each on each,
By no chance but because God willed it so—
The spark of truth was struck from out our souls—
Made all of me, descried in the first glance,
Seem fair and honest and permissible love
Of the good and true—as the first glance told me
There was no duty patent in the world
Like daring try be good and true myself,
Leaving the shows of things to the Lord of Show
And Prince o’ the Power of the Air. Our very flight,
Even to its most ambiguous circumstance,
Irresistibly proved how false, false...
Why, men—men and not boys—boys and not babes—
Babes and not-beasts—beasts and not stocks and stones!
Had the fair’s lie been true a pin-point speck,
Were I the accepted suitor, free o’ the place,
Disposer of the time, to come at a call
And went in as one should who should say me nay—
What need of flight, what were the gain
One poor step more, and justify the means,
Having allowed the end?—not see and say.


GIUSEPPE CAPONSACCHI

THE RING AND THE BOOK

Low, lower,—left o' the very edge of things,
I seem to see him catch convulsively.
One by one at all honest forms of life.
At reason, order, decency and use—
To cram him and get foothold by at least;
And still they disengage them from his clutch.
To cramp him and get foothold by at least;
At reason, order, decency and use—
I seem to see him catch convulsively.
Whom is it, straining onward still, he meets ?
The two are at one now! Let them love
At the horizontal line, creation's verge,
As the snake, hatched on hill-top by mis-
And thus I see him slowly and surely edged
Silence and dusk, till at the doleful end,
That smatch 0' the slaver blistering on your
There, let them each tear each in devil's-fun,
That mops and mows and makes as it were
Tudas, made monstrous by much solitude !
Discovers in the act a frightful face—
My part was just to tell you how things stand,
While I was running on at such a rate,
I plucked a handful of Spring herb and
I spent a good half-hour, paced to and fro
I
Infatuated,—oh, I saw, be sure !

Faint or friends, but indubitably bound,
In their one spot out of the ken of God !
Or care of man, for ever and ever more !
Why, Sirs, what's this? Why, this is sorry
and strange !
Futility, diversion: this from me
Bound to be rational, justify an act
Of sober man,—whereas, being moved so
much,
I give you cause to doubt the lady's mind:
A pretty sarcasm for the world! I fear
You do her writ injustice,—all through me?
Like my fate all through,—ineffective help!
A poor rash advocate I prove myself.
You might be angry with good cause: but sure
At the advocate,—only at the unmask
That spoils the force of his own plea, I think?
My part was just to tell you how things stand,
State facts and not be flustered at their fame.
But then 'tis a priest speaks: as for love,—no
If you let bane a vulgar fly like that
About your brains, as if I loved, forsooth,
Indeed, Sirs, you do wrong! We had no
thought
Of such infatuation, she and I:
There are many points that prove it: do be
just !
I told you,—at one little roadside-place
I spent a good half-hour, paced to and fro
The garden; just to leave her free awhile,
I plucked a handful of Spring herb and
Bloom :—
I might have sat beside her on the bench
Where the children were: I wish the thing
had been,
Indeed: the event could not be worse, you know.
One more half-hour of her saved! She's
deal now, Sirs!
While I was running on at such a rate,
Friends should have plucked me by the
sleeve: I went
Too much o' the trivial outside of her face
And the purity that shone there,—plain to
me,
Not to you, what more natural? Nor am I
Intoxicated,—oh, I saw, be sure !

It is not true,—yet, since friends think it helps,—
She only tried me when some other failed—
Began with Comi, whom I told you of,
And Guicciolini, Guido's kinfolk both,
And when abandoned by them, not before.
Turned to me. That's conclusive why she
turned.

Much good they got by the happy cowardice!—
Comi is dead, poisoned a month ago:
Does that much strike you as a sin? Not
much,
After the present murder,—one mark more
On the Moor's skin,—what is black by
blackener still?
Comi had come here and told truth. And
With Guicciolini; he's condemned of course
To the galleys, as a friend in this affair,
Tried and condemned for no one thing 'tis
the world,
A forlorn since by who but the Governor?
The just judge, who refused Pompilia help.
At first blush, being her husband's friend, you
know.
There are two tales to suit the separate courts,
Where better men are,—most of all, that man
The spiritual sin, Rome looks to: but else­
where
He likes best we should break in, steal,
bear off,
Be fit to brand and pillory and flog—
That's the charge goes to the heart of the
Governor.
If these unprist me, you and I may yet

Converse, Vinus Maris Mediocris !
Oh, Sis, there are worse men than you, I say!
More easily duped, I mean; this stupid lie,
This seemed bent somewhat with an invisible
And how the dark orbs dwelt deep underneath,
Of martyr and saint, not such as art approves.
Looked out of such a sad sweet heaven on me!
O' the verse-and-prose pollution in love's
And the purity that shone there,—plain to
me,
Not to you, what more natural? Nor am I
Intoxicated,—oh, I saw, be sure !

Probationis ob defectum, —proof?
How could you get proof without trying us?
You went through the preliminary form,
Stopped there, contrived this sentence to
amuse
The adversary. If the title ran
Then, here's another point involving law :
What penalty it bore, I had to pay
Probationis ob defectum: —for want of
sufficient proof."
This seemed bent somewhat with an invisible
And how the dark orbs dwelt deep underneath,
Of martyr and saint, not such as art approves.
And how the dark orbs dwelt deep underneath,
Looked out of such a sad sweet heaven on me!
O' the verse-and-prose pollution in love's
And the purity that shone there,—plain to
me,
Not to you, what more natural? Nor am I
Intoxicated,—oh, I saw, be sure !
Many a dying person, never one
So sweet and true and pure and beautiful.
A good man! Will you make him Pope one day?
Not that he is not good too, this we have—
A good man! Will you make him Pope one
So sweet and true and pure and beautiful.
But old,—else he would have his word to speak,
His truth to teach the world: I think for truth,
But shall not drink it till I reach the source.

Sirs, I am quiet again. You see, we are
So very pittable, she and I,
Who had conceivably been otherwise.
Forget distemperature and idle heat!
Apart from truth's sake, what's to move so much?
Pompilia will be presently with God;
She and I are mere strangers now: but priests
Should study passion; how else cure man—
Out of the low obscure and petty world—
To live, and see her learn, and learn by her,
This, in its place, this which one cares to
Evolve themselves i' the world, change wrong
Or only see one purpose and one will
To right:

VII.—POMPILIA.

[In this Book scarcely any explanatory notes are necessary. With dramatic appro-
notes are necessary. With dramatic appro-

O great, just, good God! Miserable me! 2105

THE RING AND THE BOOK POMPILIA 147

All these few things
I know are true,—will you remember them?
Because time flies. The surgeon cared for
To count my wounds,—twenty-two dagger-
Wounds, Five deadly, but I do not suffer much—
Or too much pain,—and am to die to-night. 
Oh how good God is that my babe was born,
—Better than born, baptized and hid away
Before this happened, safe from being hurt!
That had been sin God could not well for
He was too young to smile and save himself.
And hidden awhile, for fear his foe should find
The country-woman, used to nursing babes,
Said "Why take on so? where is the great
I am just seventeen years and five months old,
And, if I lived one day more, three full
weeks;
This is so in the church's register.
Lorenzo In Lucina, all my names
At length, so many names for one poor child,
—Francesca Camilla Vittoria Angela
Pompilia Compatri—laughable!
Also 'tis writ that I was married there
Four years ago: and they will add, I hope,
When they insert my death, a word or two,—
Omitting all about the mode of death,—
This, in its place, this which one cares to
Know,
That I had been a mother of a son
Exactly two weeks. It will be through grace
He will seem hardly more than a great boy;
Omitting all about the mode of death,—

And they should add, to have my life com-
He is a boy and Gaetan by name—
Gustave, for a reason,—if the friar
Don Celestine will ask this grace for me
Of Curate Ottoboni: he it was
Baptized me: he remembers my whole life
As I do his grey hair.

And how can he but think of this and that,
Luches, Marie, Sofies, who titter or blush
When he regards them as such boys may do?
Therefore I wish someone will please to say
I looked already old though I was young;
Do I not . . . say, if you are by to speak . . .
Look nearer twenty? No more like, at
least,
Girls who look arch or redden when boys
laugh,
Then the poor Virgin that I used to know
At our street-corner in a lonely niche,—
The babe, that sat upon her knees,
Such could write what their son should read
How happy those are who know how to write!
So much write what their son should read
Had they a whole day to live out like me.
Also my name is not a common name,
I looked already old though I was young;
I used to wonder, when I stood scarce high
And how can he but think of this and that,
Luches, Marie, Sofies, who titter or blush
When he regards them as such boys may do?
Therefore I wish someone will please to say
I looked already old though I was young;
Do I not . . . say, if you are by to speak . . .
Look nearer twenty? No more like, at
least,
Girls who look arch or redden when boys
laugh,
Then the poor Virgin that I used to know
At our street-corner in a lonely niche,—
The babe, that sat upon her knees,
Such could write what their son should read
How happy those are who know how to write!
So much write what their son should read
Had they a whole day to live out like me.
Also my name is not a common name,
I looked already old though I was young;
I used to wonder, when I stood scarce high
And how can he but think of this and that,
Luches, Marie, Sofies, who titter or blush
When he regards them as such boys may do?
Therefore I wish someone will please to say
I looked already old though I was young;
Do I not . . . say, if you are by to speak . . .
Look nearer twenty? No more like, at
least,
Girls who look arch or redden when boys
laugh,
Then the poor Virgin that I used to know
At our street-corner in a lonely niche,—
The babe, that sat upon her knees,
Such could write what their son should read
How happy those are who know how to write!
So much write what their son should read
Had they a whole day to live out like me.
Also my name is not a common name,
I looked already old though I was young;
I used to wonder, when I stood scarce high
And how can he but think of this and that,
Good Pietro, kind Violante, gave me birth?
They loved me always as I love my babe
(Nearly so, that is—quite so could not be—)
Did for me all I meant to do for him,
Till one surprising day, three years ago,
They both declared, at Rome, before some judge
In some Court where the people flocked to hear.
That really I had never been their child,
Was a mere castaway, the careless crime
Of an unknown man, the crime and care too much
Of a woman known too well,—little to these,
No more my relatives than you or I.
Nothing to them! You know what they declared.
So with my husband,—just such a surprise,
Such a mistake, in that relationship!
Everyone says that husbands love their wives,
Guard them and guide them, give them happiness;
'Tis duty, law, pleasure, religion; well,
People indeed would fain have somehow
Drifted from us our own households,
Drifted the figures never were ourselves
And see the figures never were ourselves
And catch him, and by means of him catch me.
Since they have saved him so, it was well done:
Yet thence comes such confusion of what
Something began for once that would not end,
Looks old, fantastic and impossible:
And catch him, and by means of him catch me.
Though we nicknamed them so. Thus, all
You know the figures never were ourselves
They know that, and yet go on, say, the same,
"Yes, how he loves you! " "That' was love"—they say.
When anything is answered that they ask
Of else "No wonder you love him"—they say.
And, next day, about noon, out Pietro went—

Oh what a happy friendly eve was that! 249

Sight-seeing in the cold, — "So much to see

Until Violante pushed and laughed him forth

"To-morrow, and, the next, begin the cape

Powdered so thick with snow it made us laugh,

Rolled a great log upon the ash o' the hearth,

He came back late, laid by cloak, staff and

"I' the churches! Swathe your throat three

times!" she cried, 254

And above all, beware the slippery ways,

"And all the sheep together, big as cats!!

At a wild briar's end, full i' the wild beast's

It is not that because a bud is born

We ought to pluck and put it out of reach

She could not let it go nor keep it fast. 258

She thought, moreover, real lies were lies

To her, — since how could it be aught

To give me up, so, from her very breast,

From whom one word would make a father

"Needs must you either give your babe to me

And let me call him mine for evermore,

"Or let your husband get him"—ah, my God,

That were a trial I refuse to face!

Well, just so here: it proved wrong but

seemed right

To poor Violante — for there lay, she said,

My poor real dying mother in her rags,

Who put me from her: with the life and all,

Poverty, pain, shame and disease at once,

To die the easier by what price I fetched—

So much to see

Until Violante pushed and laughed him forth

"To-morrow, and, the next, begin the cape

Powdered so thick with snow it made us laugh,

Rolled a great log upon the ash o' the hearth,

He came back late, laid by cloak, staff and

"I' the churches! Swathe your throat three

times!" she cried, 254

And above all, beware the slippery ways,

"And all the sheep together, big as cats!!

At a wild briar's end, full i' the wild beast's

It is not that because a bud is born

We ought to pluck and put it out of reach

She could not let it go nor keep it fast. 258

She thought, moreover, real lies were lies

To her, — since how could it be aught

To give me up, so, from her very breast,

From whom one word would make a father

"Needs must you either give your babe to me

And let me call him mine for evermore,

"Or let your husband get him"—ah, my God,

That were a trial I refuse to face!

Well, just so here: it proved wrong but

seemed right

To poor Violante — for there lay, she said,

My poor real dying mother in her rags,

Who put me from her: with the life and all,

Poverty, pain, shame and disease at once,

To die the easier by what price I fetched—

"Starts up and hears the angel"—when, at
And the bit of Corso,—cloaked round, covered close,
I was like something strange or contraband,—
Into Blank San Lorenzo, up the aisle.

When my mother keeping hold of me so tight,
I fancied we were come to see a corpse
Before the altar which she pulled me toward.

There we found waiting an unpleasant priest
Who proved the brother, not our parish friend,
But one with mischief-making mouth and eye,
Paul, whom I know since to my cost. And then
I heard the heavy church-door lock out help
From ... what's behind the altar where he hid—
Hawl-noise and yellowness and bush and all,
Stepped Guido, caught my hand, and there was I
O' the chanced, and the priest had opened book,
Read here and there, made me say that and this.

And after, told me I was now a wife,
Honoured indeed, since Christ thus weds the Church,
And therefore turned he water into wine,
To show I should obey my spouse like Christ.

Then the two slipped aside and talked apart,
And I, silent and scared, got down again
And joined my mother who was weeping now.

Nobody seemed to mind us any more,
All of us murdered, past averting now!

While Pietro seemed all red and angry,
With sly face,—formal but nowise afraid,—
There stood the very Guido and the priest
From each to the other ! In I ran to see.

While fast and faster sobbed Violante—"Ay,
That cure of the illness: just as I was cured,
I am married,—neither scarecrow will return.

Three weeks, I chuckled—"How would
Ghisa stare,

"And Tecla smile and Tisbe laugh outright,
"And water only water in our house."

"That done thing, undone? You, it is, we thought I:
"Nothing is changed however, wine is wine
And water only water in our house."

"Nor did I see that ugly doctor since
"That care of the illness: just as I was cured.
"I am married,—neither scarecrow will return.

"Three weeks, I chuckled—"How would
Ghisa stare,

"And Tecla smile and Tisbe laugh outright,
"And water only water in our house."

"And I, silent and scared, got down again
And joined my mother who was weeping now.

Nobody seemed to mind us any more,
All of us murdered, past averting now!

While Pietro seemed all red and angry,
With sly face,—formal but nowise afraid,—
There stood the very Guido and the priest
From each to the other ! In I ran to see.

While fast and faster sobbed Violante—"Ay,
That cure of the illness: just as I was cured,
I am married,—neither scarecrow will return.

Three weeks, I chuckled—"How would
Ghisa stare,

"And Tecla smile and Tisbe laugh outright,
"And water only water in our house."

"That done thing, undone? You, it is, we thought I:
"Nothing is changed however, wine is wine
And water only water in our house."

"Nor did I see that ugly doctor since
"That care of the illness: just as I was cured.
"I am married,—neither scarecrow will return.

"Three weeks, I chuckled—"How would
Ghisa stare,
But movement on her mouth for make-believe
Matters were somehow getting right again.
She bade me sit down by her side and hear.
"You are too young and cannot understand,
Nor did your father understand at first.
I wished to benefit all three of us,
And when he failed to take my meaning,—why,
I tried to have my way at unaware—
"Not so large as this noisy Rome, no doubt,
But older far and finer much, say folk,—
In a great palace where you will be queen,
Know the Archbishop and the Governors, 695
And see homage done you are we die.
"Obtained him the advantage he refused.
"Therefore, be good and pardon! "—"Pardon what?
"You know things, I am very ignorant:
"All is right if you only will not cry!"
And so an end! Because a blank begins
From when, at the word, she kissed me hard and hot,
And took me back to where my father leaned
Opposite Guido—who stood eyeing him,
As eyes the butcher the cast panting ox
That feels his fate is come, nor struggles more,—
While Paul looked archly on, pricked brow at whiles
With the pen-point as to punish triumph there,
And said "Count Guido, take your lawful wife
Until death part you!"
All since is one blank, 670
Over and ended; a terrific dream.
It is the good of dreams—so soon they go!
Wake in a horror of heart-beats, you may—
Cry "The dread thing will never from my
thoughts escape!"
Still, a few daylight doeses of plain life,
Cock-crow and sparrows in the bell.
Of goats that trot by, tickling, to be milked;
And when youธ your eyes awake and wide,
Where is the harm of the horror? Gone!
So here,
I know I wake,—but from what? Blank, I say i
This is the note of evil: for good last,
Even when Don Celestine bade "Search and find!"
For your soul's sake, remember what is past,
That thrill of dawn's suffusion through my
God's way of breaking the good news to
Don Celestine urged "But remember more!
"Or how can I advise you to forgive? "—so
"I need the cruelty exposed, explained,
Nor, in one point whereto he pledged him­self,
Then my poor parents took the violent way
To thwart him,—he must needs retaliate,—
Better say, all blind?
"He was ill-used and cheated of his hope
For now,—be fair and say,—is it not true:
"Or how can I advise you to forgive? "—so
"I need the cruelty exposed, explained,
"Give me the money and be poor
Or how can I advise you to forgive? "—so
"I need the cruelty exposed, explained,
"Give me the money and be poor
Or how can I advise you to forgive? "—so
"I need the cruelty exposed, explained,
"Give me the money and be poor
Or how can I advise you to forgive? "—so
"I need the cruelty exposed, explained,
"Give me the money and be poor
Or how can I advise you to forgive? "—so
"I need the cruelty exposed, explained,
"Give me the money and be poor
Or how can I advise you to forgive? "—so
"I need the cruelty exposed, explained,
"Give me the money and be poor
Or how can I advise you to forgive? "—so
"I need the cruelty exposed, explained,
But why he charged me falsely, whither sought
To drive me by such charge,—how could I know?
So, unaware, I only made things worse.
I tried to soothe him by adjuring walk, 84
Window, church, theatre, for good and all,
As if he had been in earnest: that, you know,
Was nothing like the object of his charge.
Yes, when I got my maid to supplicate
The priest, whose name she read when she
would read
Those forged false letters I was forced to hear;
Though I could read no word of,—he should case
Writing,—say, if he minded prayer of mine,
Came from so much as even pass the street
Whereon our house looked,—in my ignorance
I was dull too. Oh, if I dared but speak !
If I interpret smiles and shakes of head,—
Wherein my husband blamed me,—and you
Only, my dulness should not prove too much!
I cannot say less; more I will not say. 710
Think it out, you who have the time ! for
To make me and my friend unself ourselves,
To write indeed, and pass the house, and
Writing,—nay, if he minded prayer of mine,
Yes, when I got my maid to supplicate
As if he had been in earnest: that, you know,
Leave it to God to cover and undo !
It follows,—if I fell into such fault,
I failed to apprehend its drift. How plain
Simulate folly: but,—wrong or right, the
Till both of us were taken in a crime.
He ought not to have wished me thus act lies,
Simulate folly: but,—wrong or right, the
Wish,— 755
I failed to apprehend its drift. How plain
It follows,—if I fell into such fault,
He ought not to have wished me thus act lies,
Simulate folly: but,—wrong or right, the
Wish,—
I failed to apprehend its drift. How plain
It follows,—if I fell into such fault,
He ought not to have wished me thus act lies,
Simulate folly: but,—wrong or right, the
Wish,—
I failed to apprehend its drift. How plain
It follows,—if I fell into such fault,
He ought not to have wished me thus act lies,
Simulate folly: but,—wrong or right, the
Wish,—
And, to the tree, said ... either the spirit
of the fig,

"Or, if we bring in men, the gardener,—

Archbishop of the orchard—had I time
To try o' the two which fits in best: indeed
It might be the Creator's self, but then

The tree should bear an apple, I suppose,—

"Ripe fig, burst skin, regale the fig-pecker—

"Nay,' with a flounce, replied the restif fig,

How cynic,—when, how wanton, were

"He may go breakfastless and dinnerless,

"I much prefer to keep my pulp myself:

"He will the sooner back to book again."

And hardly that, and certainly no more.

For, miserable consequence to me, so

Was witness why all lights were quenched

God's glimmer, that came through the ruin-

Henceforth I asked God counsel, not man's

To the daughter-stream where Guido dipt

'You all descry a spider in the midst.

One says "The head of it is plain to see,"

Through every atom of his act with me:

Shot itself out in white light, blazed the truth

That man, you misinterpret and misprise—

Such difference too in eyes that see the minds!

So we are made, such difference in minds,

If ... but that never could be asked of me!

Then, I must lay my babe away with God,

But not to any parent in the world,—

And so now you are not tired? How patient

Then crouched down, breathed cold through

My life, and what I know of other lives,

When I mistrust who speaks even well of

Yes, my last breath shall wholly spend itself

May not you, seeming as you harmed me

This it was for you sacrificed your babe?

One says "The head of it is plain to see,"

The glory of his nature, I had thought, 921

For a moment in his arms, the lucky one!

Begin to live untempted, not go doomed

That I at least might try be good and pure, sso

To try o' the two which fits in best: indeed

Or, if we bring in men, the gardener, 825

At mercy of the hateful: every heart

"Bequeathed turbidity and bitterness

Therefore go home, embrace your husband

What guardianship were safer could we

All plans and projects come to nought:

The weak a saviour and the vile a foe,—

All human plans and projects come to nought:

So, back she flopped into her bunch of

Who did wrong (if she needs must have done

That I at least might try be good and pure, sso

So, when I made the effort, freed myself, sso

They said—"No care to save appearance

A month to keep my pulp myself."

For, miserable consequence to me, so

From my experience of what hate calls love,—

The sorrow: for he lives and is belied.

May not you, seeming as you harmed me

None in front could

I had been miserable three drear years

There, there!—your lover, do we dream he

Through every atom of his act with me:

"True life is only love, love only bliss:

I love thee—thee I love!" then they em-

In the last days of Carnival last March,

"To the daughter-stream where Guido dipt

"To try o' the two which fits in best: indeed

To try o' the two which fits in best: indeed

"To try o' the two which fits in best: indeed

To try o' the two which fits in best: indeed

To try o' the two which fits in best: indeed

To try o' the two which fits in best: indeed

To try o' the two which fits in best: indeed

To try o' the two which fits in best: indeed

To try o' the two which fits in best: indeed
My thoughts went through the roof and out, to Rome.
On wings of music, waft of measured words,
Set me down there, a happy child again.
Sure that to-morrow would be festa-day, 
Hearing my parents praise past festivities more, 
And seeing they were old if I was young, 
Yet wondering why they still would end discourse 
With "We must soon go, you abide your time," 
And,—might we haply see the proper friend 
Throw his arm over you and make you safe!"

Sudden I saw him, into my lap there fell 
A foolish twist of comfits, broke my dream
And brought me from the air and laid me low,
As ruined as the soaring bee that's reached
A foolish twist of comfits, broke my dream
(So Pietro told me at the Villa once)
I looked to see who flung them, and I faced
By the dust-handful. There the comfits lay:
Whoever flung them, his was not the hand,—
Ere I could reason out why, I felt sure,
Up rose the round face and good-natured
To throw the thing: the other, silent, grave,
He was my husband's cousin, privileged
There is a psalm Don Celestine recites,
Solemn almost, saw me, as I saw him.
Not "If wings fall from heaven, I fix them fast,"
Not "If wings fall from heaven, I fix them fast,—"
Simply "How good it was to fly and rest,
Have hope now, and one day expect content;
How well to do what I shall never do!"
So I said "Had there been a man like that,
To lift me with his strength out of all strife
Into the calm, how I could fly and rest!"
"Can make an angry violent heart subside.

"Why should we venture teach Him governance?

"Never address me on this subject more!"

Next night she said: "But I went, all the same.

"Can make an angry violent heart subside.

"Why should we venture teach Him governance?"

And come back stuffed with news I must outpour.

"I told him: 'Sir, my mistress is a stone:

"For you do harm her—prowl about our place.

"With the Count never distant half the street.

"Lurking at every corner, would you look!

"'Tis certain she has witched you with a spell.

"Go make them grateful, leave the stone cold!"

And he—oh, he turned first white and then red,

"Go make them grateful, leave the stone cold!"

"And he—oh, he turned first white and then red,

"Just hear the pretty verse he made to-day!

"Who harm me? Have I ever done you wrong?

"Let it suffice I either feel no wrong, or else forgive it,—yet you turn my foe!

"Let it suffice I either feel no wrong, or else forgive it,—yet you turn my foe!

"Whom I love with my body and my soul:

"Who harm me? Have I ever done you wrong?

"One little word, no harm to see or hear!

"For the first time, I let her have her will,

"For the first time, I let her have her will,

"Or, what is better, lead you to his house.

"Or, what is better, lead you to his house.

"I know you cannot read,—therefore, let me:

"I know you cannot read,—therefore, let me:

"My idol!" ...

But I took it from her hand

"But I took it from her hand

And tore it into shreds. "Why join the rest

And tore it into shreds. "Why join the rest

"Who harm me? Have I ever done you wrong?

"People have told me 'tis you wrong my self:

"Let it suffice I either feel no wrong

"Or else forgive it,—yet you turn my foe!

"The others hunt me and you throw a noose!"

She muttered: "Have your wilful way!" I slept.

Whereupon . . . no, I leave my husband out! It is not to do him more hurt, I speak.

Let it suffice, when misery was most,

One day, I swooned and got a respite so.

She stooped as I was slowly coming to,

And wagged her finger, saying—"Caponsacchi!"

If I drowned,

But wove about the wave with upturned eyes,

And found their first sight was a star! I turned—

For the first time, I let her have her will,

Heard passively,—"The imposthume at such head,

"'One touch, one lancet-puncture would reduce—

"And still no glance the good physician's way.

"Who rides you of the torment in a trice!" Still he writes letters you refuse to hear.

"He may prevent your husband, kill himself,

"So desperate and all fordone is he!-

"He gibbered and I listened; but I know

"All poetry is difficult to read, listless.

"A sonnet from Mirtillo.

"—The sense of it is, anyhow, he seeks

"Unfasten him, the maniac!" Thus I know

"You little girl, whose eyes do good to sight.

"Folly or dreaming? I have seen so much

"By that adventure at the spectacle,

"The face I fronted that one first, last time:

"He would belie it by such words and thoughts.

"Therefore while you profess to show him me,

"I ever see his own face. Got you gone!"

"—That will I, nor once open mouth declare!"

"No, by Saint Joseph and the Holy Ghost!

"On your head be the damage, so adieu!"

"In his two hands, 'Here's she will let me speak!"

"You little girl, whose eyes do good to sight.

"'Is Lucifer disguised in human flesh!"

"'And that Twelfth Innocent, proclaimed

"And the Archbishop gets him back to Rome.

"Everyone leaves the town for Rome, this Spring!

"Even Caponsacchi, out of heart and hope,

"Pompey himself and follows with the flock.

"I heard this drop and drop like rain outside

"A rough gaunt man in rags, with eyes on fire,

"A crowd of boys and idlers at his heels,

"Rushed as I crossed the Square, and held my head.

"And in his two hands, 'Here's she will let me speak!"

"For you do harm her—prowl about our place.

"With the Count never distant half the street.

"Lurking at every corner, would you look!

"'Tis certain she has witched you with a spell.

"Go make them grateful, leave the stone cold!"

And he—oh, he turned first white and then red,

"Whom I love with my body and my soul:

"This man would place each fragment in a shrine:

"I returned:

"It is not true I love my husband,—no,

"Nor hate this man. I listen while you speak,

"Arouse what that you say is false, the same:

"Much as when once, to me a little child,
My heart sang, "I too am to go away, my
I too have something I must care about."
"Carry away with me to Rome, to Rome!
From window here to window there, with all
The world to choose,—so well he knows
I have my purpose and my motive too,
Wished Guido all his pleasure with the
Last night I almost prayed for leave to die,
My march to Rome, like any bird or fly!
Or the poison,—poison, sword, was but a
The deed I could have dared against myself!
My life is charmed, will last till I reach
And risk the health I want to have and use!
Now, understand here, by no means mistake!
When it seemed such procedure would stop
"For life means to make haste and go to
Not to live, now, would be the wicked­ness,—
And still failed more the more I tried—at first
The Archbishop, as I told you,—next, our
I went to the great palace where he rules,
They who had never let me want a nosegay,—
he spoke the jail for felons, if they kept
What was first theirs, then mine, so doubly
Though all the while my husband's most of
I knew well who had spoken the word wrought
the:
Ves, being in extremity, I fled
To the Governor, as I say,—scarcely opened lip
When the cold cruel snicker close behind—
Guido was on my trace, already there,
Exchanging nod and wink for shrug and
And,—pushed back to him and, for my pains
Guido was on my trace, already there,
Exchanging nod and wink for shrug and
And the,—pushed back to him and, for my pains
Guido was on my trace, already there,
Exchanging nod and wink for shrug and
And,—pushed back to him and, for my pains
Con a word, a trick, a pretense;
They name had got to take a half-grotesque
Half-ominous, wholly enigmatic sense,
Though the reports—pure birth of the
And, feeling, through the grate, his horror
For life means to make haste and go to
And shook his head, looked grave—"Above
The frightfulness of my despair in God:
I sought out a poor friar the people call
The Roman, and confessed my sin which
Came
Of their sin,—that fact could not be re­pressed,—
The frightfulness of my despair in God:
And, feeling, through the grate, his horror
Implored him, "Write for me who cannot
Guido has claws that scratch, shows feline
Teeth;—
A formidable foe than I dare fret:
"Give me a dog to deal with, twice the size!"
"Of course I am a priest and Canon too,
You shall find liker love than love found here,
'And hate me as you do the gnats and
'Even the scorpions! How I shall rej oice!
Write that and save me!"
"And, feeling, through the grate, his horror
Implored him, "Write for me who cannot
Guido has claws that scratch, shows feline
Teeth;
A formidable foe than I dare fret:
"Give me a dog to deal with, twice the size!"
"Of course I am a priest and Canon too,
You shall find liker love than love found here,
'And hate me as you do the gnats and
'Even the scorpions! How I shall rej oice!
Write that and save me!"
"I turned—"Tell Caponsacchi he may come!"
To slay the monster, set the Princess free,
And have the whole High-Altar to him
self:
"I always think so when I see that piece
'P the Fleece, that's his church and mine,
you know:
'Though you drop eyes at mention of his
name!"
That name had got to take a half-grotesque
Half-ominous, wholly enigmatic sense,
Like any by-word, broken bit of song
Born with a meaning, changed by mouth and
mouth
That mix it in a sneer or smile, as chance
Birds, till it now means naught but ugliness
And perhaps shame.
What did I care?—who felt myself of force
To play with silk, and spurn the horsehair—

"But—do you know that I have bade him come,
And in your own name? I presumed so much,
Knowing the thing you needed in your heart.
But somehow—what had I to show in proof?
He would not come: half-promised, that was all,
And wrote the letters you refused to read.
What is the message that shall move him now?"

"After the Ave Maria, at first dark,
I will be standing on the terrace, say!"
I would I had a good long lock of hair
Should prove I was not lying! Never mind!

Off she went—"May he not refuse, that's all—
Fearing a trick!"
I spoke on the instant, as my duty bade,
In some such sense as this, whatever the phrase.

Friend, foolish words were borne from you to me;
Your soul behind them is the pure strong wind,
Not dust and feathers which its breath may bear;
These to the wildest seem the wind itself.
Since proving thus the first of it they feel.
If by mischance you blew offence my way,
The straws are dropt, the wind desists no more
If by mischance you blows offence my way.
Since proving thus the first of it they feel.
If by mischance you blew offence my way,
The straws are dropt, the wind desists no more
If by mischance you blows offence my way.
Since proving thus the first of it they feel.
If by mischance you blew offence my way,
The straws are dropt, the wind desists no more
If by mischance you blows offence my way.
Since proving thus the first of it they feel.
If by mischance you blew offence my way,
The straws are dropt, the wind desists no more
If by mischance you blows offence my way.
Since proving thus the first of it they feel.
If by mischance you blew offence my way,
The straws are dropt, the wind desists no more
If by mischance you blows offence my way.
Since proving thus the first of it they feel.
If by mischance you blew offence my way,
The straws are dropt, the wind desists no more
If by mischance you blows offence my way.
Since proving thus the first of it they feel.
If by mischance you blew offence my way,
The straws are dropt, the wind desists no more
If by mischance you blows offence my way.
Since proving thus the first of it they feel.
If by mischance you blew offence my way,
The straws are dropt, the wind desists no more
If by mischance you blows offence my way.
Since proving thus the first of it they feel.
If by mischance you blew offence my way,
The straws are dropt, the wind desists no more
If by mischance you blows offence my way.
Since proving thus the first of it they feel.
If by mischance you blew offence my way,
The straws are dropt, the wind desists no more
If by mischance you blows offence my way.
Since proving thus the first of it they feel.
I spoke on the instant, as my duty bade,
In some such sense as this, whatever the phrase.

And lo, the fire she grasped at, fixed its flash,
Lay in her hand a calm cold dreadful sword
She brandished till pursuers strove around the ground.
So did the souls within them die away,
As o'er the prostrate bodies, sworded, safe, She walked forth to the solitude and Christ:
So should I grasp the lightning and be saved!
And still, as the day wore, the trouble grew Whereby I guessed there would be born a star,
Until at an intense throb of the dusk,
I started up, was pushed, I dare to say,
Out on the terrace, leaned and looked at last Where the deliverer waited me: the same Silent and solemn face, I first descried
At the spectacle, confronted mine once more.
So was that minute twice vouchsafed me, so

I would have known—"Do you remember, too?
That had his right of life and claim on mine,
For all my child's sake!"

Who, for our own good, makes the need
And, all day, I sent prayer like incense up
To God the strong, God the beneficent,
God ever mindful in all strife and strait,

I would not let me die till he was born,
And picked me at the heart to save us both,
So did the star rise, soon to lead my step,
Above the House of the Babe,—my babe there,
O' the soul that then broke silence—"I am yours."
The first word I heard ever from his lips,
All himself in it,—an eternity
Of speech, to match the immeasurable depth
And where to fly.

The manhood, wasted then, was still at watch
That knew me first and thus made me know him,
And this man, men call sinner? Jesus Christ!

And how such strays were caught up in the street
And took a motion from you, why inquire?
If it be truth,—why should I doubt it truth?

Frighted his way, have flecked the blaze!
For me,
'Tis otherwise: let man take, silt my thoughts—
Thoughts I throw like the flax for sun to bleach!
I did pray, do pray, in the prayer shall die,
"Oh, to have Caponaccia for my guide!"
Ever the face upturned, to mine, the hand
Holding my hand across the world,—a sense
That reads, as only such can read, the mark
I did pray, do pray, in the prayer shall die,
She should—shall peradventure—be divine;
God sets on woman, signifying so
Holding my hand across the world,—a sense
"Oh, to have Caponaccia for my guide!"

Worth floods of lazy music, spendthrift joy—
The saints must bear with me, impute the fault
To a soul! the bud, so startled by ignorance,
Stinted of warmth, it will not blow this year

But I, not privileged to see a saint
Of old when such walked earth with crown and palm,
If I call "saint" what saints call something else—
The saints must bear with me, impute the fault
To a soul! the bud, so startled by ignorance,
Stinted of warmth, it will not blow this year
For the profit was—compassion and a jest.

The very angel's self made sojol i' the face
By the fiend who struck there,—that I would not bear,
That only I resisted! So, my first
And last resistance was invincible.

But if meanwhile some insect with a heart
Worth floods of lazy music, spendthrift joy—
Some fire-fly resounded Spring for my dwarfed cup,
Crept close to me, brought lastre for the dark,
Comfort against the cold,—what though excess
Of comfort should miscall the creature—sun?
What did the sun to hinder while harsh hands
Petal by petal, crude and colourless, 1525
Tore me? This one heart gave me all the Spring!
Is all told? There's the journey: and where's
To tell you how that heart burst out in
Yet certain points do press on me too hard.
How strange it was—there where the plain begins
And the small river mitigates its flow—
When eve was fading fast, and my soul sank,
All was against the combat: vantage, 
And saved me, not the vain sword nor weak 
Against the lightning! 'Twas truth singed 
At foe from head to foot in magic mail, 
Yet, shame thus rank and patent, I struck, 
In company with the plan-contriving priest? 
Traced round about with white to front the 
Used might, and solemnized the sport at 
The judges judged aright i' the main, gave me 
What of the calumny I came across, 
Who said and sang away the ugly past. 
The uttermost of my heart's desire, a truce 
One point o' the circle plainer, where I 
And give my bird the life among the leaves 
Through that Arezzo noise and trouble: back 
But the sweet peace cured all, and let me live 
And give my bird the life among the leaves 
God meant him! Weeks and months of 
Know life a little, I should leave so soon. 

Therefore, because this man restored my 
All has been right; I have gained my gain, 
As well as suffered,—nay, got fare too 
All through the breathing-while allowed me 
Which let good premonitions reach my soul 
There I lay, then, all my great fortnight 
And, as they fancy, happily all the same. 
Thus object of its natural loathing forth! 
Help further to relieve the heart that cast 
Nothing about me but drew somehow down 
Oh it shall be success 
To the whole of our poor family! My friends 
But the sweet peace cured all, and let me live 
They have been rudely stripped of life, dis- 
Like children who must needs go dressed too 
Carry the garb of Carnival in Lent. 

Therefore, because this man restored my 
All has been right; I have gained my gain, 
Enjoyed 
As well as suffered,—nay, got fare too 
All through the breathing-while allowed me 
Which let good premonitions reach my soul 
There I lay, then, all my great fortnight 
And, as they fancy, happily all the same. 
Thus object of its natural loathing forth! 
Help further to relieve the heart that cast 
Nothing about me but drew somehow down 
Oh it shall be success 
To the whole of our poor family! My friends 
But the sweet peace cured all, and let me live 
They have been rudely stripped of life, dis- 
Like children who must needs go dressed too 
Carry the garb of Carnival in Lent.
Who put his breast between the spears and
Ever with Capusschi! Otherwise
Here alone would be failure, loss to me—
How much more loss to him, with life
deferred
From giving life, love locked from love's
display.
The day-star stopped its task that makes
right morn!
O lover of my life, O saint-saint,
No work began shall ever pause for death!
Love will be helpful to me more and more
the coming course, the new path I must
tread—
My weak hand in thy strong hand, strong
for that!
Tell him that if I seem without him now,
That's the world's insight! Oh, he under­
stands:
He is at Civita,—do I once doubt
The world again is holding as apart?
He had been here, displayed in my behalf.
The broad brow that reverberates the truth,
He had been here, displayed in my behalf.

—Trying his milk-teeth on some crusty case
There's cookery in a certain dwelling-place!
Gossips, too, each with kepsake in his poke,
Will pick the way, thrid lane by lantern-light,
And so find door, put gulligaskin off
At entry of a decent domicile
Cornered in sang Comodiatti,—all for love,
All to crush cup with Cinucciatolo!

If criminals, as the "Fisc" is the official
jurist of the beginning of the third century.

The Fisc was the official defender
of criminals, as the ‘Fisc’ is the official
procurator.

1 Paeuerum Procurator: the official defender
of criminals, as the “Fisc” is the official
procurator.

2 Cinone: a pet diminutive of Giacelato, as are
Cinozzo, Cinoncello, Cinino, and various
other forms occurring in this Book.

3 Corderius: Matharm Cordier, author of the
most popular Latin school-book of the six­
teenth century, the Collegia Scholastica.

4 Petronianum: from Petronius, a Roman
frist of the beginning of the third century.
I defend Guido and his comrades—I !
We'll beat you, my Bottinius, all for love,
Pray God, I keep me humble : not to me—
And set the same in Cinoncino's cap !
Who pluck this flower o' the field, no Solomon
Wife's father and wife's mother and wife's
—Not sneakingly but almost with parade—
A special providence for fatherhood !
The fact is, there's a blessing on the hearth,
And never find thè chance which now finds
For some such illustration from his sire,
This murder, gives me Guido to defend
The while we spread him fine and toss him
How the fop chuckled when they made him
That's mother's self of son and heir (like
Here's a man, and what's more, a noble, kills
No matter, so his gratitude be moved,
By when my Giacintino gets of age,
So, liver fizz, law flit and Latin fly
Let law come dimple Cinoncino's cheek,
O' the day, the son and heir that's eight
But should have done its duty to the saint
O' the day, the son and heir that's eight years old !
Let law come dimple Cinoncino's cheek,
And Latin dumple Cinoncino's chin.
The while we spread him fine and toss him flat
This pulp that makes the pancake, trim our miss
Of matter into Argument the First,
Prime Pleading in defence of our accused,
Which, once a-waft on paper wing, shall sour,
Shall signalize before applauding Rome
What study, and mayhap some mother-wit,
Can do toward making Master fop and Fisc:
Old bachelor Bottini bites his thumb.
Now, how good God is ! How falls plumb to point
This murder, gives me Guido to defend
Now, of all days ! the year, just when the boy
Verxes on Vingh, reaches the right age
For some such illustration from his sire,
Stimulus to himself ! One might wait years
And never find the chance which now finds me !
The fact is, there's a blessing on the hearth,
A special providence for fatherhood !
Here's a man, and what's more, a noble, kills
Not sneakingly but almost with parade—
A special providence for fatherhood !
The fact is, there's a blessing on the hearth,
A special providence for fatherhood !

1. Pro Milone: Cicero's great speech in defence of Milon on a charge of murder.
2. Herodotus: the great Roman orator, contemporary with Cicero.
Ah, but with law ne'er hope
To level the fellow,—don't I know his trick!
How he draws up, ducks under, twist aside!

He's a lean-gutted hectic rascal, fine
As pale-haired red-eyed ferret which pretends
'Tis ermine, pure soft snow from tail to snout.
As pale-haired red-eyed ferret which pretends
He eludes law by piteous looks aloft,
Oh I was young and had the trick of fame,
Knew subtle pass and push with careless right—

My left arm ever quiet behind back,
With dagger ready: not both hands to blade!
And Judge, you'll not be long in seeing next!
Do you suppose I don't conceive the beast?
To saint that's somewhere in the ceiling-top:
Confound the fop—he's now at work like me:
It takes, and here's the fellow Fisc, you see,
Plague of the ermine-vermin! For it takes,
—Plague of the ermine-vermin! For it takes,
I see him strain on tiptoe, soar and pour
The hoarse shrill throat, see shut eyes, neck
I know he writes as if he spoke: I hear
With the product! What abuse of type and
Eloquence out, nor stay nor stint at all—
Perorate in the air, then quick to press
He'll keep clear of my cast, my logic-throw,
A plaguy cast, a mortifying stroke:
Having the luck o' the last word, the reply—
Some bowl from quite an unguessed point of
Let argument slide, and then deliver swift
To edify, to give one's name and fame
The town a-swarm with strangers to amuse,
Carnival-time,—another providence!

When she must needs have her own judgment?
Point that can titillate the brain o' the Bench
Torpid with over-teaching, long ago!

Yet what do I name "little and a leak"?
That main defence o' the murder's used to death,
By this time, dry bare bones, no scrap we pick:
Safe I worked the new, the unforeseen,
The nice by-stroke, the fine and improvised
Point that can titillate the brain o' the Bench
Torpid with over-teaching, long ago!

As if Tommati (that has heard, reheard
And heard again, first this side and then that—
Guido and Pietro, Pietro and Guido, tin
And daedal, full three years, at each long ear)
Don't want amusement for instruction now,
Wont rather feel a fish run o'er his ribs,
Than a daw settle heavily on his head!
Oh I was young and had the trick of fame,
Knew subtle pass and push with careless right—

My left arm ever quiet behind back,
With dagger ready: not both hands to blade!
And Judge, you'll not be long in seeing next!
Do you suppose I don't conceive the beast?
To saint that's somewhere in the ceiling-top:
Confound the fop—he's now at work like me:
It takes, and here's the fellow Fisc, you see,
Plague of the ermine-vermin! For it takes,
—I see him strain on tiptoe, soar and pour
The hoarse shrill throat, see shut eyes, neck
I know he writes as if he spoke: I hear
With the product! What abuse of type and
Eloquence out, nor stay nor stint at all—
Perorate in the air, then quick to press
He'll keep clear of my cast, my logic-throw,
A plaguy cast, a mortifying stroke:
Having the luck o' the last word, the reply—
Some bowl from quite an unguessed point of
Let argument slide, and then deliver swift
To edify, to give one's name and fame
The town a-swarm with strangers to amuse,
Carnival-time,—another providence!

When she must needs have her own judgment?
Point that can titillate the brain o' the Bench
Torpid with over-teaching, long ago!
And bid—(go seek him where you please to search)—
Just at the time when Guido, touched by grace,
Deviations ended, hastened to the spot,
Meaning to pardon his convicted wife,
"Neither do I condemn thee, go in peace!"
And thus arrived he the nick of time to catch
The charge of the killing, though great-heartedly
He came but to forgive and bring to light.
Doubt ye the force of Christmas on the soul?
He came but to forgive and bring to life.

But for the full confession round and sound!
"Is thine eye evil because mine is good?"
Transmuted into gold, but triumphing,
The apparition buoyed by winged words
Forced, by the gross need, to gird apron round,
Hovering above its birth-place in the brain,—
But in the idea, the spiritual display,
Not vulgarly to the mere sight and touch,
What, though proved fancy afterward, seemed fact
Of one of these poor rustics—four, ye gods!
Whom the first taste of friend the Fiscal's cord
Of one of these poor rustics—four, ye gods!
May disconcert you his presumptive truth!
Plant forge, light fire, ply bellows,—in a word,
Undoing, on his birthday,—what is worse,—
My son and heir! 403
It used once, when my father was a boy,
Bear pain no better! Everybody knows
But—Guido Franceschini, nobleman, 406
That which we do, persuaded of good cause
Is veritable and no figment: since,
That Honour is a gift of God to man
Therefore we shall demonstrate first of all
That Honour is a gift of God to man
Precious beyond compare: which natural sense

Of human rectitude and purity,—
Which white, man's soul is born with,—
Brooks no touch:
Therefore, the sensitivest spot of all,
Wounded by any wraft breathed from black,
In,—honour within honour, like the eye
Cent' the ball,—the honour of our wife.
Touch us o' the pupil of our honour, then,
Not actually,—since so you slay outright,—
But by a gesture simulating touch,
Presumable mere menace of such taint,—
This were our warrant for eruptive ire
"To whose dominion I impose no end."
(Virgil, now, should not be too difficult
To Groningen,—say, the early books.
Pen, truce to further symbols! Postumph!)
Nor can revenge of injury done here
To the honour proved the life and soul of us,
Be too excessive, too extravagant:
Such wrong seeks and must have complete revenge.
Show we this, first, on the mere natural ground !
Begin at the beginning, and proceed
Incontrovertibly. Theodoric,2
In an apt sentence Cassiodorus cites,
"Bird mates with bird, beast genders with its like,
And brooks no interference." Bird and beast.

1 To whose dominion, &c. "Hic ergo nec metas nec tempora move; Imperium sine fine sedet" (Virgil, Æn. I. 236, 237).
2 Theodoric: the Goth, king of Italy, 493——526. Cassiodorus was his secretary.

The very insects . . . if they were not, How dare I say when Aristotle doubts? 489
But the presumption is they likewise wire,
At least the nobler sorts: for take the bee
As instance,—copying King Solomon,—
Why that displeasure of the bee to angriest, Which savours of inconstancy, makes
The unchalette a very horror to the hive? 493
Whence comes it bees obtain their epithet
Of caste after, notably " the chaste "? 495
Because, ingenuously saith Scaliger,
(3 The young sage,—see his book of Table-talk
"Such is their hatred of immoral act, 500
"They fall upon the offender, sting to death."
I mind a passage much confirmative
I' the Idyllist (though I read him Latinized)
"Why " asks a shepherd, "is this bank unfit
For celebration of our vernals loves?"
Oh swain," returns the instructed shepherdless,
"Bees swarm here, and would quick resent our warmth!"
Only cold-blooded fish lack instinct here,
Nor gain nor guard communiability:
But beasts, quadrupedal, mammiferous,
Do credit to their beasthood: witness him
That Ælian cites the noble elephant,
(Or if not Ælian, somebody as sage)
Who seeing, much offence beneath his nose,
His master's friend exceed in courtesy
Taught them good manners and killed both
The due allowance to his master's wife,
Who values his own honour not a straw,—
Adeo, ut qui honorem spernit,
Unlike his like, 498
Do not differ a delibris, or
"His ego nec metas nec tempora move; Imperium sine fine sedet" (Virgil, Æn. I. 236, 237).

3 Ælian: in his De Nat. Anim. X1. 15.
Ipsismet bettuis, 
Much more irrational than brutes themselves, 
Taught by blind instinct nature plants in him, 
Should be considered, 
Shall man, — confessed creation's master—
If a poor animal feel honour smart,
Nay, of the nature of my Judges here,—
Shall man prove the insensible, the block,
Absit derogate, live for the low tastes alone,
Mean creeping cares about the animal life?
Was there need I should say "and fennel Fried liver out of its monotony
But no, she cannot have been so obtuse!
From beast to man next mount we—ay, but,
Allowed in the Spring rawness of our kind,
And ripe, the latter harvest-tide of man?
Shall not he rather double penalty, 

First, the fit compliment to His Holiness
Happily reigning: thus sustain the point—
All that was long ago declared as law
By the natural revelation, stands confirmed
By Apostle and Evangelist and Saint,—
To wit—that Honour is man's supreme good.

The Julian; the Cornelian; Gracchus' Law:
Solon's, the name is serviceable,—then,
The Laws of the Twelve Tables, that fifth—
"Romulus" likewise rolls out round and large;
The Julia; the Cornelian; Gracchus' Law:
So old a chime, the bells ring of themselves!
Intent to rise from dusk, diluculam,
Into the Christian day shall broaden next.

The frequent injury,
Ibi injuria frequens;
No, he, the mind is often cast down,
Mens a proposito scepe dejicitur.
Arrives at term of fury and despair,

Justo non esse est, where no honour is,
Ubi honor non est,

But when he found himself, i' the public place,
Disdain burned up with such an impetus
"Far worthier were it that I died," cries
"Damnum, nor dreads the loss of dignity;
Ignorat, nor dreads the loss of dignity;
Loses all guidance from the reason-check:
Quires, stripes and daily labour at the mill; But when he found himself, if the public place,
Arrives at term of fury and despair,

Mors, nor does the fear of death delay,
Quires, stripes and daily labour at the mill; But when he found himself, if the public place,
Arrives at term of fury and despair,

Mors, nor does the fear of death delay,
Quires, stripes and daily labour at the mill; But when he found himself, if the public place,
Arrives at term of fury and despair,

Mors, nor does the fear of death delay,
Then, Sirs, this Christian dogma, this law—
Of Papal doctrine in our blaze of day,—
THE RING AND THE BOOK
DOMINUS HYACINTHUS DE ARCHANGELIS
One doubtful birth of dawn crepuscular,
Yea, argue Molinists who bar revenge—
Now that the chalice teems with noonday
The doom of the adulterous wife was death,
Referring just to what makes out our case!
Then, as no jot nor tittle of the Law
Under old dispensation, argue they,
As not one word of Christ is rendered vain—
Ordains the Church, "she typifies ourself,
" Put her away!" next legislates our Lord;
Which, could it be though heaven and earth
Has passed away—which who presumes to
—Where do I find my proper punishment
Of my infallible Pope,—who now remits
The Gospel checks the Law which throws
Of lapidation Moses licensed me?
Even the divorce allowed by Christ in lieu
The Church tears the divorce-bill Gospel
The final dispensation, I demand,
What profits me the fulness of the days,
Shall wives sin and enjoy impunity?
Unless Law, Gospel and the Church sub-
' ' Which, like fire damped and dammed up,
Bottini will scarce hazard an attack
My lords, we rather need defend ourselves
Of four years' exile. Why cite more? Enough
Peculiar unforeseen new circumstance
Reasons of a kind, arise from out the strange
Back to its simple proper private way
Of Sicily's Decisions sixty-first.
Prosperator, when he tried the law,
Quod si matrimonii statum quaeque
Conseguitarum, he's presumed a—foh!
Accidit ejus, this befell himself,
Praemittatur, he now advises—ah!
Quod rursum moveri et cachinant, that
Or nearly all, fear in omnibus
Etiam semper et cordibus, men
Strong-sensed, sound-hearted, nay, the very Court,
Praesumitur leno: so,
Non tamens discat. In a cause like this,
So multiplied were reasons pro and con,
Delicate, interwoven and obscure,
That Law refused loan of a finger-tip
To unravel, re-adjust the hopeless tangles,
Since, half-a-dozen steps outside Law's seat,
There stood a foolish trifler with a tool
A-dangle to no purpose by his side,
Had clearly cut the embroilment in a trice.
Assent extra manus.
Doctors, for the Doctors all assert,
That husbands, good maritius, must be held
Pilus, certamin reputantur, vile,
Fronts branching forth a florid infamy,
St propiritis manuibus, if with their own hands,
Non sultant, they fall straight to take revenge,
Vindictam, but expect the deed be done
By the Court—expectant illum fieri
For justice, qua non superaddere iustitiam,
Prosecutum, and lest so he supersede
Lax of honour, ignorance too,
Et sic ne istam quoque ignominiam
Amisse honor superaddet.
My lords, my lords, the incomprehensible step
Was—we referred ourselves to Law at all!
Tutti iudiciis, if Law else had punished
you?
Each punishment of the extra-legal step,
To which the high-born preferably revert,
Is ever for some oversight, some slip
If the taking vengeance, not for vengeance
self.
A good thing, gone unheededly, turns ill;
That having—shall I say—secured a thief,
Can it be, Law intends to eat up us,
That neighbour's Law, that couple are the
But owes our neighbour just a dance i' the air
He owes us, for our part, a drubbing say, 89
We opportunely find reposing there,
Not simply we recover from his pouch 886
Nor make the private good our sole concern ?
Not mere self-seekers,—mind the public weal,
To the fact that, guilty, they incurred thereby,
Adfidei commissum,
Under the gallows : so, we throttle him.
Do you blame us that we turn Law's instru­

Why, they were felons that Law failed to clutch,
The actual wrong, Pompilia seemed to do,
No, indeed ? Why, thou very sciolist! 860
Imposing her upon us as their child—
But wait a little, sneak not off so soon !
" Nor Christian, no nor votarist of the mode,
" Neither brute-beast nor Pagan, Gentile, Jew,
" Not too much, not exceed the golden mean:
" But even,—prove the pair not culpable,

" Nor Cyricus cites beside the mark : 900
" Similiter uxor que manifestaret,
" Justo dolore impulsam,
" Qui, such well-meaning people as ourselves,
" Qui ut fraudarent,
" Virum et salutum ex co componem, who
" Both husband and her son begot by him
" Killed, interferent, ex quo, because,
" Sexillis annis perderatur, her spouse
" Had been beforehand with her, killed her, her son,
" Matrimonii primi, of a previous bed.
" Danse accusat, then accused,
" Adidit Delilah, before him that act
" Proconsul, nec duxit codibus
" Contaminatam liberare,
" To liberate a woman doubly-dyed
" With murder, sed ubi, made he up his mind
" No condemnatus, nor to doom to death,
" Justo dolore impulsi, one impelled
" By just grief; sed remissus, but sent her up
" Ad Areopagum, to the Hill of Mars,
" Valeat simulacrum, before that act
" Contumeliam imposui, that
" To or at—
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
" Adiutrix, to aid, that both sides
" Of the prepositions each with proper case,
Object you, "See the danger of delay!"
Suppose a man murdered my friend last
Ere do the simplest act of justice. 1030
Nay, if you urge me, interval was none! loss
Of adverse and contrarious incident
From the inn to the villa—blank or else a bar
Ere thou hast learned law, will be much
An instinct that compels him love his wife?
Our case is, that the thing we lost, we found:
By death of the delinquent. Go thy ways!
Being recoverable at any day
Though prisoned in the bosom of his foe.
So, couldst thou wrench thy friend's life back
Thou justifiably hadst wrung it thence:
To-day, to-morrow or next century, 1044
The visits to the Villa, and so forth,
Or else invent the fight his grandsire fought:
Has done most detriment to the Infidel—
And Rapier, which the Pope sends to what
What to the uncle, as I bid advance 1101
And, despite liberty to act at once,
We summarily might dispose of such
Or I shall scarce see lamb's fry in an hour!
In rage, I had done right, allows the law:
No more to the purpose! Murdered we?
So many aggravations of our crime, 1110
Perjury—make it to the uncle, Fisc!
The word is null.
Our Governor, who, being no Fisc, my
And thereby whetted courage if 'twere
As come to your poor loving nephew's
No,—handle, mischief rather,—play with
But to Rome, the journey there, the jaunting
What was one minute left us all this while
We show that did he rise we stand his match!
Parasite-growth upon mere murder's back.
So, let him ponder long in this bad world
To shelter at the House of Convertîtes,
And thereby whetted courage if 'twere
And shape or length or breadth, as,
A regular assemblage of armed men, 1121
Behoves we care a little for our kin—
No,—handle, mischief rather,—play with
So I interpret you the manly mind
Delatio armorum,
And thereby whetted courage if 'twere
The priest who flourishes his
Hast thy wits, Fisc? To take such slayer's
We planned o' the instant?—as it were,
What with the priest who flourishes his
And, despite liberty to act at once,
What to the uncle, as I bid advance 1101
No longer to the purpose! Murdered we?
No,—handle, mischief rather,—play with
It is more propitious than our nest, should
On his masse—patiently the crowd—and then the capture, the appeal
And the crowd, the appeal, the sentence—

dominus hyacinthus de archangelis
Horace, And "Except in mathematics, sages say. Since better is And once more undertake the high emprise, Well then, how culpably do we gird loin Unless we load ourselves this second time We had no arms or merely lawful ones, Against a foe, pollut in potency, Why did we so? Because our courage failed. I think I proved that in last paragraph! Had we, or had we not, incurred your blame Nature cries out, "Take the first arms you Furor arma. ministrat: means to an end, means to an end, my Fisc! Unde sagittas? Killed, dost see? Then, if killed, what matter now? By pick or stone, by sword or dagger, tool Long or tool short, round or triangular— Poor spite folk find small comfort in the choice! Meant to an end, means to an end, my Fisc! Nature cries out, "Take the first arms you find!" Furor arma. minister: where’s a stone? Unde succidet? Where dart for me? Unde sagittas? But subdue the bard And nationalize a little. Eight months since, Had we, or had not, incurred your blame For letting ‘scape unmastered this bad pair? I think I proved that in last paragraph! Why did we so? Because our courage failed. Wherefore? Through lack of arms to fight the foe: We had no arms or merely lawful ones, An unimportant sword and blunderbuss, Against a foe, pollut in potency. The amnisus, and our vixen of a wife. Well then, how culpably do we gird loin And once more undertake the high emprise, Unless we load ourselves this second time With handsome superfluity of arms, Since better is "too much" than "not enough," And "plus non vinisti," too much does no harm, Except in mathematics, sages say.

Gather instruction from the parable! At first we are advised—"A lad hath here "Seven barley loaves and two small fishes : "Is that among so many?" Aptly asked: But put that question twice and, quite as apt, The answer is "Fragments, twelve baskets full!" And, while we speak of superabundance, fling We word by the way to fools who cast their flint On Guido—"Punishment were pardoned him. "But where the punishment exceeds offence: "He might be just, but he was cruel too!" Why, grant there seems a kind of cruelty In downright stabbing people he could main, (If you stigmatise the stern and strict) Still, Guido meant no cruelty—may plied Transgression of his mandate, over-zeal O’ the part of his companions: all he craved Was, they should fray the faces of the folk, Merely disfigure, nowise make them die. Salutum quisturn est, he owns no more, Dolkis mantillatum, than that he desired, A furor inimicus, done, that they buck And hew, i’ the customary phrase, his wife, Uxoren tamen, and no harra beside. If his instructions then be misconceived, Nay, disbelieved, impute you blame to him? Cite me no Panicles to the point, As adverse! Oh, I quite expect his case— How certain noble youths of Sicily Were condemned to the galleys, cast for guilt, Having good reason to mistrust their wives, Killed the two, and were absolved in consequence: While others who had gone beyond the need By mutilation of each paramour— As Gafla in the Horatian satire—grieved: These were condemned to the galleys, cast for guilt. Exceeding simple murder of a wife. But why? Because of ugliness, and not Cruelty, in the said revenge, I row! Ex rebus abeuntibus partibus; Qui non speus id facientes reprehendit Nature insinuit, una revolto Against them as the natural enemy, Pray, grant to one who meant to slit the nose And slash the cheek and slit the mouth, at what A somewhat more humane award than these Obtained, these natural enemies of man! Objectum funditum coronis, flat you fall, My Fisc! I waste no kick on you, but pass. Third aggravation: that our act was done Not in the public street, where safety lies, Not in the by-place, caution may avoid, Wood, cavern, desert, spots contrived for crime, But in the very house, home, nook and nest, O’ the victims, murdered in their dwelling-place, In done as habitationes propriae, Where all presumably is peace and joy. The spider, crime, pronounce we twice a pest When, creeping from congenial cottage, she Taketh hold with her hands, to horrify 1200 All three were housed and safe and confident. Moreover, the permission that our wife Should have at length dominum pro parcere, Her own abode in place of prison—why, We are naught granted, by our other self And proxy Paolo: did we make such grant, Meaning a lure?—chide the vigilance Of the jailor, lead her to commodious death, While we ostensibly relented? The Horatian satire: Sat. 1. 9, 46. Qui non speus id facientes reprehendit Nature insinuit, una revolto...
A prison, ano? his power became its guard

Stub pot estate jtidicis,

As man : but th^n as father ... if the Fisc

Now, I might staffer my own nose be pulled,

This is a toughj point, shrewd, redoubtable :

In lieu of wall ¡and gate and bolt and bar.

Shall overlook Wrong done the judgment-seat.

Because we hawe to supplicate that judge 1345

Crossing the Corsa, at my own desire,

In confidence he ccjuld not come to harm

You laud his magnanimity the while

This is the sole and' single knotty point:

For, bid Tommati blink his interest, 1355

But baulk Tommati's office,—he talks big !

Fifth aggravation, that our wife reposed

Well, have we more to manage ? Ay, indeed!

To 'scape the malice of the governor

De ilia tit vindictam sumeret,

" O' the prophets that may hope succeed me

Whereby mere murder got complicated with

" Has the Governor of Rome none ? 

Turned homunculum ex insidiis ? Flíc,

How often must I round thee in the ears—

All means are lawful to a lawful end?

Could he had the right to kill his wife :

The Court indulged in a travesty ; why?

De ila ut violentiam sumeret,

On that her he might lawful vengeance take,

Commendat, with more ease, et titoris,

And safeliter : wants he warrant for the step?

To read th profit how the Apostle once

For ease and safety, when Damascus raged,

Was let down in a basket by the wall

To' scope the malice of the governor

(Another sort of Governor boasts Rome !)

Many are of opinion,—covered close,

Concealed with,—what except that very
cloak

He left behind at Troas afterward?

I shall not add a syllable : Molinists may !

With sour-sweet sauce and pine-pips; but,

We cut short thereby

" Has the Governor of Rome none ? 

There—here,—

" Has the Governor of Rome none ? 

This is the sole and' single knotty point:

For, bid Tommati blink his interest, 1355

But baulk Tommati's office,—he talks big !

Fifth aggravation, that our wife reposed

Well, have we more to manage ? Ay, indeed!

To 'scape the malice of the governor

De ilia tit vindictam sumeret,
I claim co-operation of a stick: 
Doth if stick be tough, I crave a sword: 
Difffident of ability in fence, 
I see a friend, a swordsman to assist: 
Take one—he may be coward, fool or knave: 
Why not take fifty?—and if these exceed 
I the due degree of drubbing, whom accuse 
But the first author of the aforesaid wrong 
Who put poor me to such a world of pains? 
Why not take fifty?—and if these exceed 
Ourselves, be ours alone; our piece of gold 
The piece of gold! Our reasons, which suffice 
But country clowns want dirt they comprehend, 
Taunt us not that our friends performed for 
The patient made such pother, struggled so 
Each level have its language! Heaven 
O' the limitedly apprehensive. Let 
Surgery would have just excised a wart; 
And finally that dog finds how the flea 
Haudpassibus aquis 1 

The cause 0' the poor, the friends (of old—
Sicarii, Reminds me I must put in special word 
Is my style: 
Telling of which flea, 
Who lie in tribulation for our sake. 
Who hardly marks if taper blink below,—

To the angel, then the angel names the word 
Down to the ear of Guido: be, in turn, 
Diminishes the message to his dog, 
And finally that dog finds how the flea (Which else, important, might check his speed) 
So many varied sorts of language here, 
Each following each with pace to match the step, 
Hand parvis aquis! 

Talking of which flea, 
Reminds me I must put in special word 
For the poor humble following,—the four friends, 
Sierró, our assassins caught and caged. 
Ourselves be safe in your approval now: 
Yet must we care for our companions, plead 
The cause of the poor, the friends (of old-world faith) 
Who lie in tribulation for our sake. 
Pavonius Procurator is my style: 

I stand forth as the poor man’s advocate: 
And when we treat of what concerns the poor, 
Et cum agatur de paupereus, 154 
In bondage, caraverti, for their sake, 
In cursus oneris, natural pitty. 
Pity, ever ought to win the day, 
Triumphare debet, quia ipsi sunt, 
Because those very paupers constitute, 
Tristis Christi, all the wealth of Christ. 
Nevertheless I shall not hold you long 
With multiplicity of proofs, nor burn 
Candle at noon-time, clarify the clear. 
There beams a case refugiate from our books— 
Castrensis, Butringarius, everywhere 
I find it burn to dissipate the dark. 
Tis this: a husband had a friend, which friend 
Seemed to him over-friendly with his wife 
In thought and purpose,—I pretend no more. 
To justify suspicion or dispel, 
'Tis this: a husband had a friend, which friend 
He bids his wife make show of giving heed, 
In eorum causis, 

And when we treat of what concerns the poor, 
We bring to do our bidding of this sort, 
And missing which, they missed of every­ 
Obtain the bread clowns earn by sweat of 
Taste the bread clowns earn by sweat of 
On mere friends 

Flinging the breast-blade I the face o’ the 
Fisc, 

For Speci; such as the delinquents’ youth. 
One of them falls short, by some months, of 

The money for the murder on the spot, 1594 
That, since he had not kept his promise, paid 
Behind the back of Guido as he fled,— 
All four unanimously made resolve,— 1590 
And they, at instance of the rack, confess 
Play off his privilege and rack the clowns,— 

He spared them the pollution of the pay. 
So much for the allegiance, thine, my Fisc, 

He spared them the pollution of the pay. 
So much for the allegiance, thine, my Fisc, 

In mandatorius simplicies, but sucks 
Along with it in wide and generous whirl, 
Sed etiam assumpsi qualitate 
Qualifier, people qualified 
By the quality of assassination’s self, 
Dare I make use of such neologism, 1575 

I claim co-operation of a stick; 
Doth if stick be tough, I crave a sword; 
Difffident of ability in fence, 
I see a friend, a swordsman to assist; 
Take one—he may be coward, fool or knave; 
Why not take fifty?—and if these exceed 
I the due degree of drubbing, whom accuse 
But the first author of the aforesaid wrong 
Who put poor me to such a world of pains? 
Would you have just excised a wart? 1497

I claim co-operation of a stick; 
Doth if stick be tough, I crave a sword; 
Difffident of ability in fence, 
I see a friend, a swordsman to assist; 
Take one—he may be coward, fool or knave; 
Why not take fifty?—and if these exceed 
I the due degree of drubbing, whom accuse 
But the first author of the aforesaid wrong 
Who put poor me to such a world of pains?

I claim co-operation of a stick; 
Doth if stick be tough, I crave a sword; 
Difffident of ability in fence, 
I see a friend, a swordsman to assist; 
Take one—he may be coward, fool or knave; 
Why not take fifty?—and if these exceed 
I the due degree of drubbing, whom accuse 
But the first author of the aforesaid wrong 
Who put poor me to such a world of pains?

I claim co-operation of a stick; 
Doth if stick be tough, I crave a sword; 
Difffident of ability in fence, 
I see a friend, a swordsman to assist; 
Take one—he may be coward, fool or knave; 
Why not take fifty?—and if these exceed 
I the due degree of drubbing, whom accuse 
But the first author of the aforesaid wrong 
Who put poor me to such a world of pains?

I claim co-operation of a stick; 
Doth if stick be tough, I crave a sword; 
Difffident of ability in fence, 
I see a friend, a swordsman to assist; 
Take one—he may be coward, fool or knave; 
Why not take fifty?—and if these exceed 
I the due degree of drubbing, whom accuse 
But the first author of the aforesaid wrong 
Who put poor me to such a world of pains?

I claim co-operation of a stick; 
Doth if stick be tough, I crave a sword; 
Difffident of ability in fence, 
I see a friend, a swordsman to assist; 
Take one—he may be coward, fool or knave; 
Why not take fifty?—and if these exceed 
I the due degree of drubbing, whom accuse 
But the first author of the aforesaid wrong 
Who put poor me to such a world of pains?

I claim co-operation of a stick; 
Doth if stick be tough, I crave a sword; 
Difffident of ability in fence, 
I see a friend, a swordsman to assist; 
Take one—he may be coward, fool or knave; 
Why not take fifty?—and if these exceed 
I the due degree of drubbing, whom accuse 
But the first author of the aforesaid wrong 
Who put poor me to such a world of pains?

I claim co-operation of a stick; 
Doth if stick be tough, I crave a sword; 
Difffident of ability in fence, 
I see a friend, a swordsman to assist; 
Take one—he may be coward, fool or knave; 
Why not take fifty?—and if these exceed 
I the due degree of drubbing, whom accuse 
But the first author of the aforesaid wrong 
Who put poor me to such a world of pains?

I claim co-operation of a stick; 
Doth if stick be tough, I crave a sword; 
Difffident of ability in fence, 
I see a friend, a swordsman to assist; 
Take one—he may be coward, fool or knave; 
Why not take fifty?—and if these exceed 
I the due degree of drubbing, whom accuse 
But the first author of the aforesaid wrong 
Who put poor me to such a world of pains?
Their daughter,

Sed polluentem parricidio,

Patrem,

They,

Filiam repudiarunt,

Imbrue his hands with butchery,

Impunem,

Wash off the spots of her pudicity,

Abluere pudicitia maculas, 1685

Notatus,

Sed vi obedientie,

Not simply did alluringly incite,

Dumtaxat pellexerunt,

That so himself might lose his social rank!

Erubuerunt,

Sanguine proprio,

Nempe quce alias spectata est,

A common hack-block to try edge of jokes.

By friends,

Ne scilicet amplius in dedecore,

O' the duty,

Qui,

THE RING AND THE BOOK

Suspicio,

Occidit,

Relictus ab amicis,

Invisus consanguineis,

Coegerunt,

Et ad illicitos amores non

Honori laso,

Conscii agnoscerent,

Nullum locum,

Honoris amittendi,

Asylum,

For heathen and, what's worse, for ignorant

For heathen and, what's worse, for ignorant

O' the Court and what it likes

Redeemable by somebody, ne sit

Relatives que retraheris

O' the quality of the Court and what it likes

Now, what an evening have I earned to-day!

Hail, ye true pleasures, all the rest are false!

Oh the old mother, oh the fattish wife! 1780

Rogue Hynacith shall put on pap paper,

And wrap himself around with mamma's veil

And where's my fry, and family and friends?

Where's that huge Hynacith I mean to hug

Till he cries out, "Hum! Hum! Let me breathe!"

Now, what an evening have I earned to-day!

Hail, ye true pleasures, all the rest are false!

Oh the old mother, oh the fattish wife! 1780

Rogue Hynacith shall put on pap paper,

And wrap himself around with mamma's veil

And where's my fry, and family and friends?

Where's that huge Hynacith I mean to hug

Till he cries out, "Hum! Hum! Let me breathe!"

Now, what an evening have I earned to-day!

Hail, ye true pleasures, all the rest are false!

Oh the old mother, oh the fattish wife! 1780

Rogue Hynacith shall put on pap paper,

And wrap himself around with mamma's veil

And where's my fry, and family and friends?

Where's that huge Hynacith I mean to hug

Till he cries out, "Hum! Hum! Let me breathe!"

Now, what an evening have I earned to-day!

Hail, ye true pleasures, all the rest are false!

Oh the old mother, oh the fattish wife! 1780

Rogue Hynacith shall put on pap paper,

And wrap himself around with mamma's veil

And where's my fry, and family and friends?

Where's that huge Hynacith I mean to hug

Till he cries out, "Hum! Hum! Let me breathe!"

Now, what an evening have I earned to-day!

Hail, ye true pleasures, all the rest are false!

Oh the old mother, oh the fattish wife! 1780

Rogue Hynacith shall put on pap paper,

And wrap himself around with mamma's veil

And where's my fry, and family and friends?

Where's that huge Hynacith I mean to hug

Till he cries out, "Hum! Hum! Let me breathe!"

Now, what an evening have I earned to-day!

Hail, ye true pleasures, all the rest are false!

Oh the old mother, oh the fattish wife! 1780

Rogue Hynacith shall put on pap paper,

And wrap himself around with mamma's veil

And where's my fry, and family and friends?

Where's that huge Hynacith I mean to hug

Till he cries out, "Hum! Hum! Let me breathe!"

Now, what an evening have I earned to-day!

Hail, ye true pleasures, all the rest are false!

Oh the old mother, oh the fattish wife! 1780

Rogue Hynacith shall put on pap paper,

And wrap himself around with mamma's veil

And where's my fry, and family and friends?

Where's that huge Hynacith I mean to hug

Till he cries out, "Hum! Hum! Let me breathe!"

Now, what an evening have I earned to-day!

Hail, ye true pleasures, all the rest are false!

Oh the old mother, oh the fattish wife! 1780

Rogue Hynacith shall put on pap paper,

And wrap himself around with mamma's veil

And where's my fry, and family and friends?

Where's that huge Hynacith I mean to hug

Till he cries out, "Hum! Hum! Let me breathe!"

Now, what an evening have I earned to-day!

Hail, ye true pleasures, all the rest are false!

Oh the old mother, oh the fattish wife! 1780

Rogue Hynacith shall put on pap paper,

And wrap himself around with mamma's veil

And where's my fry, and family and friends?

Where's that huge Hynacith I mean to hug

Till he cries out, "Hum! Hum! Let me breathe!"

Now, what an evening have I earned to-day!

Hail, ye true pleasures, all the rest are false!

Oh the old mother, oh the fattish wife! 1780

Rogue Hynacith shall put on pap paper,

And wrap himself around with mamma's veil

And where's my fry, and family and friends?

Where's that huge Hynacith I mean to hug

Till he cries out, "Hum! Hum! Let me breathe!"
Jingling his chain and stumping with his staff, 
And, where yon window is, the Pope should hide—
Watch, curtained, but peep sufficiently. 
A buzz of expectation! Through the crowd, 
Jingling his chain and stumping with his staff, 
Up comes an usher, louts him low, "The Court"—
"Requires the allocation of the Fisc!"—
I rise, I bend, I look about me, pause. 
Up comes an usher, louts him low, "The Court"—
"Requires the allocation of the Fisc!"—
Ye summon to a task shall test his worth, 
To manufacture, as he knows and can, 
Throughout our city nutritive of arts, 
Why, first he sedulously practiseth, 
Suppose that Joseph, Mary, and her Babe, 
From some assistant corpse of Jew or Turk, 
On what may nourish eye, make facile hand; 
On him the muscles turn, in triple tier, 
—Ensuring due correctness in the nude. 
Thus, and thus lowers again, leg, arm and foot!—
Not a whit, ye lords!—not so my lords were slow 
To paint a parallel, a Family, 
The patriarch Pietro with his wise old wife 
To boot (as if one introduced Saint Anne 
By bold conjecture to complete the group) 
And juvenile Pompilia with her babe, 
Who, seeking safety in the wilderness, 
Were all surprised by Herod, while out-stretched 
In sleep beneath a palm-tree by a spring, 
And killed—the very circumstance I paint. 
Moving the pity and terror of my lords— 
Exactly so have I, a month at least, 
Your Fiscal, made me cognizant of facts, 
Searched out, pieced into, pressed the meaning forth.

Of every piece of evidence in point, 
How bloody Herod slew these innocents,— 
Until the glad result is gained, the group Demonstrably presented in detail, 
Their slumber and his onslaught,—like as life. 
Yea and, availing me of help allowed, 
By law, discreet provision lest my lords— 
Be too much troubled by effrontery, 
The rack, law piles suspected crime withal—
(Law that hath listened while the lyrist sang 
"Lene tormentum ingenio admoves," 
Gently thou joggest by a twinge the wit, 
"Plerumque durus," else were slow to blab!)
Through this concession my full cup runs o'er: 
The picture be for our eximious Rome 
And—who knows?—satisfy its Governor, no else. 
The picture, the expected Family? 
End we exordium, Phæbus plucks my ear! 
Or, rather, the bees of Ciro Ferri's hive, 
E pluribus unum:—
E pluribus unum:—
E pluribus unum:—
A great theme! may my strength be adequate! For—paint Pompilia, dare my feebleness?
How did I unawares engage so much
—Find myself undertaking to produce
A faultless nature in a flawless form?
What's here? Oh, turn aside nor dare the glance
Of such a crown, such constellation, say,
As jewels hitherto the frugal. Humanity!
First, inanity, pullicid as a pearl.
Then childhood—stone which, dew-dow at the first.
(An old conjecture) auck, by dint of gaze.
Time from the sky and turns to sphery in
Yet both these gems eclipsed by, last and best.
Womanliness and withhood opaline,
Its milk-white pallor, chastity, suffused
With here and there a tint and hint of flame,—
Desire,—the lapidary loves to find,
Such jewels bind conspicuously thy brow.
Pompilia, infant, child, maid, woman, wife
Crown the ideal in our earth at last!
For, lo, advancing Hymen and his pomp!
Disceduntnunc amores, .—
Demur we? Nowise: heifer brave the hind?
But melting wiles, deliciousest deceits,
As though the Court were yet in pupilage,
No more of proof, disproof,—such virtue
Worn but to aggravate Guidonian ire,—
Prepare to find that, lamb-like, she too frisks—
Nasitur ordo I
As jewels here thy front, Humanity!
For lo, advancing Hymen and his pomp!
Disceduntnunc amores, .—
What is this Tale of Tarquin, how the slave
Look'st the lie dead, Lucretia! iso
Now do they differ? Know one, you know all.
Prepare to find that, lamb-like, she too frisks—
Nasitur ordo I
What is this Tale of Tarquin, how the slave
Look'st the lie dead, Lucretia! iso

1 Alluding to the defence of the courtesan
Phrynd by Hyperides, who secured a verdict
by displaying her unveiled beauty to the court.
3 The Telos: Anchaeon.
Waiting his turn unmoved amid the whirl,
'Tis no ignoble object, husband! Doubt'st?
Since 'tis a levite bears the bell away,
No longer shall he blame "She none excludes,"
Parades him henceforth as Pompilia's choice.
Calm in his levity,—indulge the quip!—
For who is here, long sought and latest found,
But substitute "She laudably sees all,"
O' the sweets of wifehood stored to other ends:
Of lavish bounty, inconsiderate gift
"Constans in Imitate,
Off and away she puts this same reproach
Ere three revolving years have crowned their
For lo, Pompilia, she submits herself;
Grant we his grievance and content the man!
Concede we there was reason in his wrong,
But rather like a lump of spice they lie,
These are no household-bread each stranger's
All womanly components in a spouse,
Lustre of eye, allowance of the lip,
Haste we to advertise him—charm of cheek,
Mistake, misname such bounty in a wife,
Open to gnat, midge, bee and moth as well?
Which butterfly of the wide air shall brag
The gift particular, arguing malice so?
Were many and oft and indiscriminate—
"I was preferred to Guido"—when 'tis clear
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
But, first come was first served, the accuser
Wrote many and oft and indiscriminate—
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
But, first come was first served, the accuser
Wrote many and oft and indiscriminate—
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
But, first come was first served, the accuser
Wrote many and oft and indiscriminate—
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
But, first come was first served, the accuser
Wrote many and oft and indiscriminate—
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
But, first come was first served, the accuser
Wrote many and oft and indiscriminate—
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
But, first come was first served, the accuser
Wrote many and oft and indiscriminate—
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
But, first come was first served, the accuser
Wrote many and oft and indiscriminate—
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
But, first come was first served, the accuser
Wrote many and oft and indiscriminate—
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
But, first come was first served, the accuser
Wrote many and oft and indiscriminate—
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
But, first come was first served, the accuser
Wrote many and oft and indiscriminate—
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
But, first come was first served, the accuser
Wrote many and oft and indiscriminate—
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
But, first come was first served, the accuser
Wrote many and oft and indiscriminate—
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
But, first come was first served, the accuser
Wrote many and oft and indiscriminate—
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
But, first come was first served, the accuser
Wrote many and oft and indiscriminate—
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
But, first come was first served, the accuser
Wrote many and oft and indiscriminate—
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
But, first come was first served, the accuser
Wrote many and oft and indiscriminate—
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
But, first come was first served, the accuser
Wrote many and oft and indiscriminate—
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
But, first come was first served, the accuser
Wrote many and oft and indiscriminate—
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
But, first come was first served, the accuser
Wrote many and oft and indiscriminate—
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
But, first come was first served, the accuser
Wrote many and oft and indiscriminate—
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
But, first come was first served, the accuser
Wrote many and oft and indiscriminate—
Impute ye as the action were prepense,
Put case her sort of ... in this kind...
To nobody she destined donative,
And so Pompilia,—as the move of the mouse,
Quoth Persius, makes a parrot bid "Good day!"
A crew salute the concave, and a pie
Endeavour at proficiency in speech,—
So she, through hunger after fellowship,
May well have learned, though late, to play the scribe:
As indeed, there's one letter on the list
Explicitly declares did happen here.
"You thought my letters could be none of mine,"
She tells her parents,—"mine, who wanted skill;"
"But now I have the skill, and write, you see!"
She needed write love-letters, so she learned,
Negatas artifex sequi voces
But now I have the skill, and write, you see!
This letter nowise 'scape the common lot,
She tells her parents,—"mine, who wanted skill;"
Yet, for the sacredness of argument,
For this once an exemption shall it plead—
Anything, anything to let the wheels run—
Of argument run glibly to their goal!
Thus Venus losing Cupid on a day,
Of feigned love, false allurement, fancied fact.
Ad ilium assequendum ordinata
To whoso gropes amid the dung for gold.
I hope you heard my adversary ring
Where he is wandered to, my winged babe,
What help of pride from the hard high-
Endeavour at proficiency in speech,—
She sunk particular qualms and played the spy,
That promise was not simply made to break,
To legalized our means illicit else
Of Holophernes,—style the Canon so—
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
Must argue folly in a matron—since
And should fair face accompany strong hand,
And would love, dared he only let love show?
In case the woman of his love speaks first,
Must such external semblance of intrigue
How if Ulysses,—when, for public good
As consequent and requisite,
He took for wisdom and talked ten years
To rob and ravish,—much behoves she keep
To justify our means illicit else
To whoso gropes amid the dung for gold.
It is Myrtillus, Amaryllis she,
That dragon, our Saint George would slay,
To the priest whose service was to save her.
No damsel to convey in dish the head
A priest, and wicked if he break his vow:
To legalize our means illicit else
How then?—our saint George would slay,
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
Must argue folly in a matron—since
And having but one stay in this extreme,
What if he first had boggled at this clout,
Thus Venus losing Cupid on a day,
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
To rob and ravish,—must she keep
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
To rob and ravish,—much behoves she keep
Thus Venus losing Cupid on a day,
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
To rob and ravish,—must she keep
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
To rob and ravish,—must she keep
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
To rob and ravish,—much behoves she keep
Thus Venus losing Cupid on a day,
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
To rob and ravish,—must she keep
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
To rob and ravish,—much behoves she keep
Thus Venus losing Cupid on a day,
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
To rob and ravish,—must she keep
Thus Venus losing Cupid on a day,
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
To rob and ravish,—much behoves she keep
Thus Venus losing Cupid on a day,
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
To rob and ravish,—must she keep
Thus Venus losing Cupid on a day,
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
To rob and ravish,—much behoves she keep
Thus Venus losing Cupid on a day,
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
To rob and ravish,—much behoves she keep
Thus Venus losing Cupid on a day,
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
That midnight meetings in a screened alcove
To rob and ravish,—must she keep
Thus Venus losing Cupid on a day,
Would I defend the step,—were the thing true
Of pain (Homer,)
Which is a fable,—see my former speech,—
Egyptian Polydamna, producing forgetfulness
In payment of his apparition!

Intent on more than friendly office,—nay,
Nor stop who steals away to join her friend,
While soft she leaves his side, he shall not
And do him service with the potent drug
Which respites blessedly each fretted nerve
Neither premiss nor yet conclusion here,
For his own quietude and comfort, then,
And, purblind, dreads a bear in every bush!

Do you? I would you were the husband,
In all obedience: "good," you grant again.
Albeit the bolt therein went true to oak.
Cheating his fulmination of its flash,
Deplored the check o’ the puny presence,
Cheating his fulmination of its flash,
Stealthily in case he should be there.

Albeit the bolt therein went true to oak.
Cheating his fulmination of its flash,
Stealthily in case he should be there.

If we believe,—as, while my wit is mine
I, cannot,—the writer testifies,
Fisc, called Veneroso, the mere tool
Of Giuibo and his friend the Governor,—
Avowal I proved wrong from out the wretch,
After long ratting in imprisonment,
As price of liberty and favour: long
They tempted, he at last succumbed, and lo
Counted them out full tale each kiss and more,
"The journey being one long embrace,"
quo
t.

Still, though we should believe the driver’s
lie,
Nor even admit as probable excuse,
Right reading of the riddle,—as I urged
In my first argument, with fruit perhaps—
That what the owl-like eyes (at back of head!)
O’ the driver, drowsed by driving night and
day,
Supposed a vulgar interchange of lips, 700
This was the harmless jingle of head (against head,
Check meeting joint as apple may touch pear
From branch and branch contiguous in the
wind,
When Autumn blusters and the orchard
rocks
That rapid run and the rough road were
cause
O’ the casual ambiguity, no harm
I’ the world eyes awake and penetrative.
Say,—not to grasp a truth I can release
Such osculation was a potent means,
Such with a third part of her nectar did
Such Osculation was a potent means,
Such with a third part of her nectar did

Since means to the end are lawful! What i
the way
Of wife should have allowance like a kiss
Sagely and sisterly administered,
Sororia saltern oscula? 760

We find
Such was the remedy her wit applied
To each incipient scruple of the priest.
If we believe,—as, while my wit is mine
I, cannot,—the writer testifies,
Fisc, called Veneroso, the mere tool
Of Giuibo and his friend the Governor,—
Avowal I proved wrong from out the wretch,
After long ratting in imprisonment,
As price of liberty and favour: long
They tempted, he at last succumbed, and lo
Counted them out full tale each kiss and more,
"The journey being one long embrace,"
quo
t.

Still, though we should believe the driver’s
lie,
Nor even admit as probable excuse,
Right reading of the riddle,—as I urged
In my first argument, with fruit perhaps—
That what the owl-like eyes (at back of head!)
O’ the driver, drowsed by driving night and
day,
Supposed a vulgar interchange of lips, 700
This was the harmless jingle of head (against head,
Check meeting joint as apple may touch pear
From branch and branch contiguous in the
wind,
When Autumn blusters and the orchard
rocks
That rapid run and the rough road were
cause
O’ the casual ambiguity, no harm
I’ the world eyes awake and penetrative.
Say,—not to grasp a truth I can release
Such osculation was a potent means,
Such with a third part of her nectar did

We must presume of energy enough,
No wit superstitious, so permissible?

The goal is gained: day, night and yet a
day
Have run their round: a long and devious
road
Is traversed,—many manners, various men
Passed in review, what cities did they see,
What hamlets mark, what profitable food
For after-meditation cull and store! 725
Till Rome, that Rome whereof—this voice
Would it might make our Malestis observe,
That she is built upon a rock nor shall
Their powers prevail against her!—Rome,
I say,
Is all but reached; one stage more and they
stop
Saved: pluck up heart, ye pair, and forward,
then!

Ah, Nature—baffled she the recurs, alas!
Nature imperiously exacts her duc,
Spirits is willing but the flesh is weak:
It is the innocent sleep soundly:
Nature imperiously exacts her due,
Ah, Nature—baffled she the recurs, alas!
Nature imperiously exacts her due.
spirit is willing but the flesh is weak:
It is the innocent sleep soundly:

"...and when they had kept the feast, Jesus said to Phanuel, "I am the bread of life. Whoever believes in me will have eternal life."

For more assurance sleep was not decease—
"Ul vidis," "how I sudden lost my brains!"
So neighbourly to all unreasonableness 755
In the ardent sex! And why curb arduous here?
How can the priest but pity whom he saved?
No what and if he gazed rewardedly
On the pale beauty imprisoned in embrace,
Stooped over, stole a balmy breath perhaps
For more assurance sleep was not decease—
"Ul vidis," "how I sudden lost my brains!"
So neighbourly to all unreasonableness 755
In the ardent sex! And why curb arduous here?
How can the priest but pity whom he saved?
No what and if he gazed rewardedly
On the pale beauty imprisoned in embrace,
Stooped over, stole a balmy breath perhaps
For more assurance sleep was not decease—
"Ul vidis," "how I sudden lost my brains!"
The nature of the woman,—impudence. 795

Now, what is greatest sin of womanhood?
By greater, dwindles into small again.
Were properly condemned for great: but
Conceive me! Little sin, by none at all,
What prevents sin, itself is sinless, sure:
Each least lie breaks the law,—is sin, we
Debemus.

Not always put one thing in the same words:
"Lie not at all," the exacter precept bids:
Than befits Christian. Pagans held, we know,
Man always ought to aim at good and truth,
Of what may pass for insincerity,
And teased the Court at times—as if, all said
Which,—frivolous, I grant,—my mind mis­
To treat of and repel objection here
And done, there seemed, the Court might
With so much innocence!

How so much beauty is compatible
For thou, too, hast thy problem hard to
And never knew himself was dead at all.
Was ignorant of the imminence o' the point
O' the sword till it surprised him: let it stab,
The while besiegers sacked his Syracuse,
Thus the philosopher absorbed by thought,
Being still sound asleep, as I premised?
As to love's object, whether love were sage
Or foolish, could Pompilia know or care,

206 THE RING AND THE BOOK

Whatever friendly fault may interpose
To save the sex from self-abolishment
Is three-parts on the way to virtue's rank!
And, what is taxed here as duplicity, 888
Pfent, wile and trick,—admitted for the
nonce,—
What, who were one and all than interpose,
Hold, as it were, a deprecating hand.
Statusqueuly, in the Medicun modo, 884
Before some shame which modesty would veil?
Who blames the gesture prettily perverse?
Thus,—lest ye mis a point illustrative,—
Admit the husband's calumny—allow
That the wife, having penned the epistle
fraught
With horrors, charge on charge of crime she
heap'd
O' the head of Pietro and Violante—still
Presumed her parents)—having despatched
the same
To thearch-enemy Paolo, through free choice
And no sort of compulsion in the world—
But case she next discards simplicity.
For craft, denies the voluntary act,
Debemus.

Who is so dull as wonder at the pose
And recognized were to be spurned at once:
And took on trust the unread sense which, read,
Is three-parts on the way to virtue's rank!
Whatever friendly fault may interpose
To save the sex from self-abolishment
Is three-parts on the way to virtue's rank!
And, what is taxed here as duplicity, 888
Pfent, wile and trick,—admitted for the
nonce,—
What, who were one and all than interpose,
Hold, as it were, a deprecating hand.
Statusqueuly, in the Medicun modo, 884
Before some shame which modesty would veil?
Who blames the gesture prettily perverse?
Thus,—lest ye mis a point illustrative,—
Admit the husband's calumny—allow
That the wife, having penned the epistle
fraught
With horrors, charge on charge of crime she
heap'd
O' the head of Pietro and Violante—still
Presumed her parents)—having despatched
the same
To thearch-enemy Paolo, through free choice
And no sort of compulsion in the world—
But case she next discards simplicity.
For craft, denies the voluntary act,
Debemus.

Who is so dull as wonder at the pose
And recognized were to be spurned at once:
And took on trust the unread sense which, read,
Is three-parts on the way to virtue's rank!
Whatever friendly fault may interpose
To save the sex from self-abolishment
Is three-parts on the way to virtue's rank!
And, what is taxed here as duplicity, 888
Pfent, wile and trick,—admitted for the
nonce,—
What, who were one and all than interpose,
Hold, as it were, a deprecating hand.
Statusqueuly, in the Medicun modo, 884
Before some shame which modesty would veil?
Who blames the gesture prettily perverse?
Thus,—lest ye mis a point illustrative,—
Admit the husband's calumny—allow
That the wife, having penned the epistle
fraught
With horrors, charge on charge of crime she
heap'd
O' the head of Pietro and Violante—still
Presumed her parents)—having despatched
the same
To thearch-enemy Paolo, through free choice
And no sort of compulsion in the world—
But case she next discards simplicity.
For craft, denies the voluntary act,
Debemus.

Who is so dull as wonder at the pose
And recognized were to be spurned at once:
And took on trust the unread sense which, read,
Is three-parts on the way to virtue's rank!
Whatever friendly fault may interpose
To save the sex from self-abolishment
Is three-parts on the way to virtue's rank!
And, what is taxed here as duplicity, 888
Pfent, wile and trick,—admitted for the
nonce,—
What, who were one and all than interpose,
Hold, as it were, a deprecating hand.
Statusqueuly, in the Medicun modo, 884
Before some shame which modesty would veil?
Who blames the gesture prettily perverse?
Thus,—lest ye mis a point illustrative,—
Admit the husband's calumny—allow
That the wife, having penned the epistle
fraught
With horrors, charge on charge of crime she
heap'd
O' the head of Pietro and Violante—still
Presumed her parents)—having despatched
the same
To thearch-enemy Paolo, through free choice
And no sort of compulsion in the world—
But case she next discards simplicity.
For craft, denies the voluntary act,
Debemus.

Who is so dull as wonder at the pose
And recognized were to be spurned at once:
And took on trust the unread sense which, read,
Is three-parts on the way to virtue's rank!
Whatever friendly fault may interpose
To save the sex from self-abolishment
Is three-parts on the way to virtue's rank!
And, what is taxed here as duplicity, 888
Pfent, wile and trick,—admitted for the
nonce,—
What, who were one and all than interpose,
Hold, as it were, a deprecating hand.
Statusqueuly, in the Medicun modo, 884
Before some shame which modesty would veil?
Who blames the gesture prettily perverse?
Thus,—lest ye mis a point illustrative,—
Admit the husband's calumny—allow
That the wife, having penned the epistle
fraught
With horrors, charge on charge of crime she
heap'd
O' the head of Pietro and Violante—still
Presumed her parents)—having despatched
the same
To thearch-enemy Paolo, through free choice
And no sort of compulsion in the world—
But case she next discards simplicity.
For craft, denies the voluntary act,
208

THE RING AND THE BOOK

Justice to the expedient which succeeds,
And dutifully as enjoined she jumped—
"By the hand!" such were the customary cry:
And so he was contented:—one must do
Anything to content a wilful spouse. 925

Drew his own sword and menaced his own
"I extricate myself by the rebound!"
Then murmured "This should be no wanton
Strange as it seem : at flourish of the blade,
"Has rushed so far, misguidedly perhaps,
'And patiently awaiting our first stone :
'She sought for aid; and if she made mistake
Forthwith the wife is pronounced innocent:
"Sir,' said she, and so following." Why
Far less forgiveably : consult the place—
What would the husband more than gain his
Where is the ambiguity to blame, 950
His apprehension was lest soil had smirched?
The flaw to find in our Pompilia ? Safe
Preposterous: at mid-day he groans "How
Listen to me, thou Archangelic swine !

She stands, see ! Does thy comment follow
"Stands dirtied, no dubiety at all ! 955
"But thither she picked way by devious path—
'Safe, inasmuch as at the end proposed ;
'There stands Hesione1 thrust out by Troy,
Her mother's from the virgin plucked the
Her father's hand has chained her to a crag,
While near and nearer comes the snorting
She wait till Jove despatch some demigod;
'Alcmena's son should brandish at the beast,—
'Too absurdly put!

As described by Homer, H. I. 425.

1 With the unblamed Athiop, as described by Homer, I. 1. 425.
Then each of us narrate the dream he had,
And he whose dream shall prove the happiest, point
The dearer out the dreamer as ordained
Beyond his fellows to receive the fowl, said
Who could dispute so plain a consequence?
And he whose dream shall prove the
Beyond his fellows to receive the fowl, said
So said, so done: each hurried to his
We all aspire to: the proud place was
I was the Loved Disciple: mine the
But I, proceeded Peter, "dreamed, a
The keys of heaven and hell into my
Made me the Vicar and Vice-gerent, gave
Turning each eye up to the inmost white—
With long-drawn sigh, yet letting both lips
I have had just the pitifullest dream
That ever proved man meanest of his
Foot-washer and foot-wiper, nay
Foot-kisser to each comrade of you all!
(Impalpable to dream as dream to fact)
But wait until I heard my brethren snore;
Then stole from couch, slipped noiseless
And those the sublunary sustenance!
Fie on the flesh—be mine the ethereal gust,
Lo, I renounce my portion cheerfully!
See that whate'er be left ye give the poor!
And yours the sublunary sustenance!
Just so, the Governor and all that's great
In the city, never meant that Innocence
Wished well to our Pompilia—in their
They had burned the one and drunk the other, while
Just so, again, contrariwise, the priest
Nature in extremity
By stuffng barley-bread into her mouth,
And Law would try conclusions with his foe,
Follies to-morrow: prattle shocks in church:
That to keep wide awake is man's best dream.
To extricate themselves through mother-wit
When tangled haply in the toils of life!
Guido would try conclusions with his foe,
Who'er the foe was and whate'er the offence;
He would recover certain dowry-dues:
"Put up thy sword, born enemy to the ear,
And put Law to thy difference!"
And Law does listen and compose the strife,
Settle the suit, how wisely and how well!
On our Pompilia, faultless to a fault,
Law bonds a brow maternally severe
Imply the worth of perfect chastity,
By fancying the law she cannot find.
Superficial siskin snow, nor helps nor harms:
"Is safe to conspire loosely in youth,
Tax womanhood with indiscretion, sure!
Since toys, permissible to-day, become
The matron changes for a trailing robe.
Mothers may aim a blow with half-shot eyes
Nodding above their spindles by the fire,
And chance to hit some hidden fault, else safe.
Just so, Law hazarded a punishment—
If applicable to the circumstance,
Why, well: if not so appropriate, well too.
"Quit the gay range of the world," I hear her cry,
"Enter, in lieu, the penitential pound:
Exchange the gauds of pomp for ashes, dust!
Leave each mollitious haunt of luxury!
The golden—garnished silken—couched above,
The many-columned terrace that so tempts
Leaves such a lesson to mankind at large.
To judge the tribes, unless the tribes be
So, all's one lawsuit, all one long leet-day!
Zyia'os ¿patrios
1 Sophocles: (Ed. Col.
2 Leet-day:

And now, this application pardoned, lords,—
This recreative pause and breathing-while,—
Back to benemuness and gravity!
For Law steps in: Guido appeals to Law,
Demands she arbitrate,—thys well for once.
O Law, of thee how neatly was it said—
By that old Sophocles, thou hast thy seat
I'm the breast of Jove, no meanlier throned!
When tangled haply in the toils of life!
Law steps in: Guido appeals to Law,
Here is a piece of work now, hitherto
Demand she arbitrate,—does well for once.
And Law does listen and compose the strife,
Settle the suit, how wisely and how well!
On our Pompilia, faultless to a fault,
Law bonds a brow maternally severe
Imply the worth of perfect chastity,
By fancying the law she cannot find.
Superficial siskin snow, nor helps nor harms:
"Is safe to conspire loosely in youth,
Tax womanhood with indiscretion, sure!
Since toys, permissible to-day, become
The matron changes for a trailing robe.
Mothers may aim a blow with half-shot eyes
Nodding above their spindles by the fire,
And chance to hit some hidden fault, else safe.
Just so, Law hazarded a punishment—
If applicable to the circumstance,
Why, well: if not so appropriate, well too.
"Quit the gay range of the world," I hear her cry,
"Enter, in lieu, the penitential pound:
Exchange the gauds of pomp for ashes, dust!
Leave each mollitious haunt of luxury!
The golden—garnished silken—couched above,
The many-columned terrace that so tempts
Leaves such a lesson to mankind at large.
To judge the tribes, unless the tribes be
So, all's one lawsuit, all one long leet-day!
Zyia'os ¿patrios
1 Sophocles: (Ed. Col.
2 Leet-day:
If such an exhortation proved, perchance, Inapplicable, words bestowed in waste, What harm, since Law has store, can spend nor miss? 1219

And so, our parson submits herself, Goes at command into the holy house, And, also at command, comes out again: For, could the effect of such obedience prove Too certain, too immediate? Being healed, Go blare abroad the matter, blessed one! and Art thou sound forthwith? Speedily vacate The step by pool-side, leave Bethesda free. Go blaze abroad the matter, blessed one! 12x6

She may betake her to her parents' place. Grants to your dwelling-place a prison's style, For why? Since Law relinquishes the charge, Motion her, mother, to thy breast again! As though she thence had never budged at all. And she is domiciled in house and home.
Of Guido, from the sire presumptive, nor
And newest namer for a thing so new!
Gaetano—last saint of our hierarchy,
Therefore be peace again: exult, ye hills!
Incipe, parve puer,
To recognize thy parent! Nor do thou
Kisu cognoscere patrem,
Distrusts assurance, lets the devil drive.
Because his house is swept and garnished
And make the last worse than the first, indeed!
O' the man and murder! They were stig-
Befittingly: the Court heard long ago wo
My mind o' the matter, which, outpouring
Has long since swept like surge, i' the simile
Yet though my purpose holds,—which was
His fate is sealed, his life as good as gone,
On him I am not tempted to waste word.
And solely shall be to the very end,
And niggard in the spirit's nourishment,
to draw the true
Yet let not such advocate object to me
I leave my proper function of attack!
"What's this to Baccus?"—(in the classic
phrase,
Well used, for once) he hicups probably.
O Advocate o' the Poor, then born to make
Their blessing void—beat, pansiers! 1429
By painting saints I depicture sin:
Beside my pearl, I prove how black thy jet,
And, through Pompilia's virtue, Guido's crime.
Back to her, then,—with but one beauty
more,
End we our argument,—one crowning grace
Pre-eminent 'ail agony and death.
For to the last Pompilia played her part,
Used the right means to the permissible end,
And, wily as an end that stirs the mud
Think overhead, so baffling sparrow's thrust.
She, while he stabbed her, simulated death,
Delayed, for his sake, the catastrophe,
Obtained herself a respite, four days' grace,
Whereby she told her story to the world,
Enabled me to make the present speech,
And, by a full confession, saved her soul.
Yet bold, even here would malice lex its last,
Gurgle its choked remonstrance: snake, his free!
Oh, that's the objection? and to whom?
not her
But me, forsooth,—as in the very act
Subsequent talk, chatter and gossipry,
Babbly to sympathizing he and she
Whoever chose besiege her dying bed,—
As this were found at variance with my
Pope,
Falsehood all I have adduced for truth,
Admitted not one peccadillo here,
Prevented to perfection, first and last,
Of the whole procedure—perfect in the end,
'Perfect is the means, perfect in everything.
Leaving a lawyer nothing to excuse,
Reason away and show his skill about!
A flight, impossible to Adamic flesh,
Just to be fancied, scarcely to be wished.
And, anyhow, unpleadable in court!
'How reconcile,' gasps Malice, 'that with
This?''
"But red once, still show pinkish to the eye!"
We say, abolishment is nothingness,
And nothingness has neither head nor tail,
End nor beginning! Better estimate
Exorbitantly, than disparage aught
Of the efficacy of the act, I hope!
Solvuntur tabulae? May we laugh and go?
"Blame my procedure? Could the Court
miscalculate?
"Which were indeed a misery to think!"
"Did not my sentence in the former stage
Tell the crude truth about might vex,
"Decretum"—I translate it word for word—
"Decreed: the priest, for his complicity
'The flight and deviation of the dame,
"As well as for unlawful intercourse,"
"What mercy to the culprit if, by just
The gift of such a full certificate
Seen in the light, she confessed before she talked!
"The court will break up in laughter."
"How can you call Pompilia innocent?
Starkly, O mother, judge men—whose
mistake
In the mere misapprehensiveness!"
"Triarei: the third rank in the old forma-
tion of the Roman legion, containing the oldest
soldiers, and only called upon at the crisis of a
battle.
Solvuntur tabulae: from Horace, Sat. II.
t. 6:—scincor post viu tabulae, "the court will
break up in laughter."
The Pope

LIKE to Ahæmaeus, that shrewd prince,
I will begin,—as is, those seven years now,
My daily wont,—and read a History
(Written by one whose deaf right hand was
dist
To the last digit, ages ere my birth)
Of all my predecessors, Popes of Rome:
For though mine ancient early dropped the
pen,
Yet others picked it up and wrote it dry.
From Peter first to Alexander last,
Can question each and take instruction so.
To suffer?—Such anone, how suffered he?—
I have to dare?—I ask, how dared this 

To suffer?—Such anone, how suffered he?
I have to dare?—I ask, how dared this 

To suffer?—Such anone, how suffered he?
I have to dare?—I ask, how dared this 

To suffer?—Such anone, how suffered he?
I have to dare?—I ask, how dared this 

To suffer?—Such anone, how suffered he?
I have to dare?—I ask, how dared this 

To suffer?—Such anone, how suffered he?
I have to dare?—I ask, how dared this 

To suffer?—Such anone, how suffered he?
I have to dare?—I ask, how dared this 

To suffer?—Such anone, how suffered he?
I have to dare?—I ask, how dared this 

To suffer?—Such anone, how suffered he?
I have to dare?—I ask, how dared this 

To suffer?—Such anone, how suffered he?
I have to dare?—I ask, how dared this 

To suffer?—Such anone, how suffered he?
I have to dare?—I ask, how dared this 

To suffer?—Such anone, how suffered he?
Followed the corpse they trailed from
Or else because the Pope is Fisherman,
And very aptly symbolizes Christ,
And seals with Fisher's-signet.
So said, so done: himself, to see it done,
Were loud or mute, wept or laughed, cursed
The people, crowded on the banks to see,
'Wot ye your Christ had vexed our Herod
Now when, Formosus being dead a year,
Made captive by the mob and strangled
His judge Pope Stephen tasted death in
Romanus, his successor for a month,
Did make protest Formosus was with God,
Next Theodore, who reigned but twenty
Therein convoked a synod, whose decree
And do away with Stephen as accursed.
Did reinstate, repope the late unpoped, no
Its swallowed Jonas, but discharged the
Or, as some said, by sanctity of flesh—
'Why, lay the body again,' bade Theodore,
'And burial-place of Peter!' which was
Among his predecessors, in the church
From putrefaction by the embalmer's spice,
'And,' addeth Luitprand, 'many of repute,
The mutilated man, Formosus,—saved
Produced the timely product of their nets,
'That, as they bore the body up the aisle—
The saints in imagined row bowed each his head
For welcome to a brother-saint come back—
As for Romanus and this Theodore,
These two Popes, through the brief reign
Granted each,
Could but initiate what John came to
And give the final stamp to:—he it was
Ninth of the name, (I follow the best guides)
Who,—in full synod at Ravenna held
With Bishops seventy-four, and present too
Eude, King of France with his Arch-bishopry,—
Did condemn Stephen, anathematized
The disinterment, and make all blots blank,
Fort, 'argueth here Auxilius in a place
De Ordinationibus,
Had been, no less, before Formosus long,
Of Bishops so transferred from see to see,—
Marinus, for example:—read the tract.
But, after John, came Sergius, reaffirmed
The right of Stephen, cursed Formosus,
Cast out, some say, his corpse a second
And here)—because the matter went to
Fretted by new griefs, other cares of the
Yet constantly opinion hath prevailed
And what availed Formosus that this cursed,
'The people,' as they cry, 'will avenge
And not the soul,' saith Christ, 'but
Can cast both soul and body into hell!'

John judged thus in Eight Hundred Ninety-Eight,
Exact eight hundred years ago to-day
When, sitting in his stead, Vice-gerent here,
I must give judgment on my own behalf.
So worked the predecessor: now, my turn!
In God's name! Once more on this earth of
God's,
While twilight lasted and time wherein to work,
I take His staff with my uncertain hand,
And stay my six and fourscore years, my due
Labour and sorrow, on His judgment-seat,
And forthwith think, speak, act, in place of
Him—
The Pope for Christ. Once more appeal is
made
From men's assent to mine: I sit and see
Another poor weak trembling human wretch
Pushed by his fellows, who pretend the right,
Up to the gulch which, where I gaze, begins
From this world to the next,—gives way and
way,
Just on the edge over the awful dark:
With nothing to arrest him but my feet.
He catches at me with convulsive face,
Cries 'Leave to live the natural minute
more!'
While hitherto the avengers echo 'Leave?
None! So has he exceeded man's due share
In man's fit license, wrung by Adam's fall,
'So and yet not surely die,—that we,
All of us sinful, all with need of grace,
All chary of our life,—the minute more
Or minute less of grace which saves a soul,—
Bound to make common cause with who
craves time,
We yet protest against the exce-dance
Of sin in this one sinner, and demand
That his poor soul remaining piece of time
Be plucked from out his clutch: put him
to death!
'Punish him now! As for the weal or woe
Hereafter, God grant mercy!
And I am bound, the solitary judge,
To weigh the worth, decide upon the plea,
And either hold a hand out, or withdraw
A foot and let the wretch drift to the fall.
Ay, and while this I daily, dare perchance
Put fancies for a comfort 'twixt this calm
And yonder passion that I have to bear,—
As if reprieve were possible for both
Prisoner and Pope,—how easy were reprieve!
A touch o' the hand bell here, a hasty word
To those who wait, and wonder they wait
long.
I' the passage there, and I should gain the
life!
Yes, though I flatter me with fancy thus,
I know it is but nature's craven-trick.
The case is over, judgment at an end,
And all things done now and irremovable:
A mere dead man is Franciscan here,
Even as Formosus centuries ago.
I have worn through this sombre wintry day,
With winter in my soul beyond the world's,
Over these dismalst of documents
Which drew night down on me ere eve be
fell.—
Pleadings and counter-pleadings, figure of fact
Beside fact's self, these summaries to-wit,—
How certain three were slain by certain five:
I read here why it was, and how it went,
And how the chiefe of the five preferred ex
case,
And how law rather chose defence should
lie,—
What argument he urged by wary word
When free to play off wise, start subturfe,
And the unguarded green told, torture's fast
When law grew brutal, outbroke, over
borne,
And glutted hunger on the truth, at last,
All's a clear reade and no more riddle now.
Truth, nowhere, lies yet everywhere in these—
Not absolutely in a portion, yet
Exorable from the whole: evolved at fast
painfully, held tenaciously by me.
Therefore there is not any deal to clear
When I shall write the brief word presently
And chink the hand bell, which I pause to
do.
I hold a heavier fault imputable
For no cause,—no, if I must bare my
Inasmuch as I changed a chaplain once,
Save that he snuffled somewhat saying mass.

Nor act grown great thence on the world
For I am ware it is the seed of act,
Therefore I stand on my integrity,
Hath he been pressed, as if his age were
Of you, me and himself, knowing he lies,
Man must tell
That, possibly, this in all likelihood.

Who finds by figures how the chances prove,
Not so ! Expect nor question nor reply
To dash the boldness of advancing March !
As, say, such dots turn up by throw of
dice, 

Mankind is ignorant, a man am I:
That still bursts o'er some lie which lurks
Irresolute? Not I, more than the mound
I hold a heavier fault imputable
Save that he snuffled somewhat saying mass.
But studiedst God and man, the many years
Domestic, legate rule in foreign lands,—
Thou, not Pope but the mere old man o' the
world,
Supposed inquisitive and dispassionate,
Wit thou, the one whose speed I somewhat
trust.

Question the after-me, this self now Pope,
Hear his procedure, criticize his work?
Wise in its generation is the world.

This is why Guido is found reprobrate.
I see him furnished forth for his career,
On starting for the life-chance in our world,
With nearly all we count sufficient help:
To deal in whatsoever circumstance
On starting for the life-chance in our world,
Oh, and much drawback! what were earth
Should minister to man, make life succeed.

'Mid obstacles in seeming, points that
Is this our ultimate stage, or starting-place
And makes the stumbling-block a stepping-
stone?

But that,—convicted of such crime as law
Pleads "But the case out yonder is myself!"
Catches the foul thing on its carrion-prey,
And steals by moonlight (I have seen the
thing)
In and out, now to prey and now to skulk.

For Guido's self, intend to test him by,
To who must undergo; so thrive mankind!

Straitened, whose limbs are restless till at
last
And makes the stumbling-block a stepping-
stone?

The outcast, the man almost affiliate to the Church,
Such is to deal with, let the world beware!

Theportentous brothers of the man
May do his murder in the Church's pale,
And steals by moonlight (I have seen the
thing)
In and out, now to prey and now to skulk.

For Guido's self, intend to test him by,
To who must undergo; so thrive mankind!

See this habitual creed exemplified
Most in the last delineate act; as last,
So, very sum and substance of the soul
Of him that planned and leaves one perfect
piece,
The sin brought under jurisdiction now,
Even the marriage of the man: this act

The man of rank, the much-befriended-man,
Strives to become solidity indeed?

Slept sound because the clock is vigilant,
And steals by moonlight (I have seen the
thing)
In and out, now to prey and now to skulk.

For Guido's self, intend to test him by,
To who must undergo; so thrive mankind!

See this habitual creed exemplified
Most in the last delineate act; as last,
So, very sum and substance of the soul
Of him that planned and leaves one perfect
piece,
The sin brought under jurisdiction now,
Even the marriage of the man: this act

The man of rank, the much-befriended-man,
Strives to become solidity indeed?

Slept sound because the clock is vigilant,
And steals by moonlight (I have seen the
thing)
In and out, now to prey and now to skulk.

For Guido's self, intend to test him by,
To who must undergo; so thrive mankind!

See this habitual creed exemplified
Most in the last delineate act; as last,
So, very sum and substance of the soul
Of him that planned and leaves one perfect
piece,
The sin brought under jurisdiction now,
Even the marriage of the man: this act

The man of rank, the much-befriended-man,
Strives to become solidity indeed?

Slept sound because the clock is vigilant,
And steals by moonlight (I have seen the
thing)
In and out, now to prey and now to skulk.

For Guido's self, intend to test him by,
To who must undergo; so thrive mankind!

See this habitual creed exemplified
Most in the last delineate act; as last,
So, very sum and substance of the soul
Of him that planned and leaves one perfect
piece,
The sin brought under jurisdiction now,
Even the marriage of the man: this act

The man of rank, the much-befriended-man,
Strives to become solidity indeed?

Slept sound because the clock is vigilant,
And steals by moonlight (I have seen the
thing)
In and out, now to prey and now to skulk.

For Guido's self, intend to test him by,
To who must undergo; so thrive mankind!

See this habitual creed exemplified
Most in the last delineate act; as last,
So, very sum and substance of the soul
Of him that planned and leaves one perfect
piece,
The sin brought under jurisdiction now,
Even the marriage of the man: this act

The man of rank, the much-befriended-man,
Strives to become solidity indeed?

Slept sound because the clock is vigilant,
And steals by moonlight (I have seen the
thing)
In and out, now to prey and now to skulk.

For Guido's self, intend to test him by,
To who must undergo; so thrive mankind!

See this habitual creed exemplified
Most in the last delineate act; as last,
So, very sum and substance of the soul
Of him that planned and leaves one perfect
piece,
The sin brought under jurisdiction now,
From the mere liking of the eye and ear,
To the true longing of the heart that loves,
No trace of these: but all to instigate,
Is what sinks man past level of the brute
Whose appetite if brutish is a truth.
All is the lust for money: to get gold—
Why, lie, rob, if 't须 be, murder!
Make Body and soul wring gold out, lured within
The clutch of hate by love, the trap's pretence!
What good else get from bodies and from souls?
The clutch of hate by love, the trap's pretence!
Whose appetite if brutish is a truth.
A lamb-like child his prey;
Plundered to the last remnant of their wealth,
(His slave, his chattel, to first use, then destroy.
All this, he bent mind how to bring about,
Hunted forth to go hide head, starve and die,
(What daily pittance pleased the plunderer
Plundered to the last remnant of their wealth,
With all these lies so opposite God's truth,
That sorry timid natures, even this sort
O' the Comparini, want nor trick nor lie
That as the got-crow treats
Theamble-finch so treats the finch themeth,
And the great Guido is minutely matched
By this same compe, whether true or false
The revelation of Pompiello's birth,
To satiate malice, pluck one last arch-pang
Determines, by the utmost exercise
By punishing their child, within reach yet,
From the parents, else would triumph out of
By punishing their child, within reach yet,
Who, by thought, word or deed, could no more.
Of their new noble nature: so a thorn
As a new safeguard sprang up in defence
As a new attribute were born of each
To hold them fast, to lean upon—
They thought a temple in their ignorance,
Some old malicious tower, some obscene tomb
Some grim and unscathed nucleus of the
Some old malicious tower, some obscene tomb
From bodies, souls, and wealth
No trace of these: but all to instigate,
Cowers at the steadfast eye and quiet word
O' the Canon of the Fie! There skulks crime
Behind law called in to back cowardice:
While out of the poor trampled worn the wife,
Springs up a serpent! 76

But anan of these,
Him I judge now,—of him proceed to note,
Failing the first, a second chance befriends
Guido, gives pause ere punishment arrive.
The law he called, comes, hears, adjudicates,
Nor does amiss 't the main,—secludes the wife
From the husband, respite the oppressed one,
Grants Probation to the oppressor, could he know
The mercy of a minute's fiery purge!
The furnace-cools alike of public scorn, 78
Private remorse, heaped glowing on his head,
What if,—the force and guilt, the ore's alloy,
Eminence, his luster refined—
The lost be saved even yet, so as by fire?
What if,—the force and guile, the ore's alloy,
Nor does amiss i' the main,—secludes the wife
The law he called, comes, hears, adjudicates,
Grants Probation to the oppressor, could he know
The mercy of a minute's fiery purge!

The mischief, file its blunted teeth anew,
Craft, greed and violence complot revenge:
Make sure, next time, first snap shall break
Here he picks up its fragments to the least,
And yet eschew vile practice, nor find sport
Late spurned to ruin by the indignant feet
But how hunts Guido? Why, the fraudul
Takes the unmanly means—ay, though to ends
Since fowlers hawk, shoot, nay and snare the
May sin, but nowise needs shame manhood so:
Who, fashioned to use feet and walk, deigns
The lost be saved even yet, so as by fire?

Guido, gives pause ere punishment arrive.
Failing the first, a second chance befriends
Springs up a serpent! 700
Behind law called in to back cowardice:
While out of the poor trampled worn the wife,
Springs up a serpent! 76

I represent my child; he comes between—
Cuts sudden off the sunshine of this life 770
From those three: why, the gold is in his
curls!
Not with old Pietro's, Violante's head,
Not his grey horror, her more hideous black.
Go these, devoted to the knife! 774

Tis done:
Wherefore should mind misgiv, heart hesitate?
He calls to counsel, fashions certain four
Colourless natures counted clean till now,
Rustic simplicity, uncorrupted youth,
Ignorant virtue! Here's the gold o' the
prime
When Saturn ruled, shall shock our leaden
day.
The clown abash the courier! Mark it,
Guido's first born, his son and heir, that gives
Back with the olive in her bill for news
Sorrow was over? 'Tis an infant's birth,
Cradled and sleeping on its mountain-top:
One final deluge to surprise the Ark
Speaks a word, names a crime, appoints a
price
Just breathes on what, suffused with all himself,
Is red hot henceforth past distinction now
I' the common glow of hell. And thus they break
And blaze up on us at Rome, Christ's birth-
night-ey

The banal scrap, clerk's scribble, a fair word
backs,

O' the Canon of the Pieve! There skulks
Crime upon a sentence just pronounced 835
It may be called in to back cowardice:
While out of the poor trampled worn the wife,
Springs up a serpent! 76

"I represent my child; he comes between—
Cuts sudden off the sunshine of this life 770
From those three: why, the gold is in his
curls!
Not with old Pietro's, Violante's head,
Not his grey horror, her more hideous black.
Go these, devoted to the knife! 774

Tis done:
Wherefore should mind misgiv, heart hesitate?
He calls to counsel, fashions certain four
Colourless natures counted clean till now,
Rustic simplicity, uncorrupted youth,
Ignorant virtue! Here's the gold o' the
prime
When Saturn ruled, shall shock our leaden
day.
The clown abash the courier! Mark it,
Guido's first born, his son and heir, that gives
Back with the olive in her bill for news
Sorrow was over? 'Tis an infant's birth,
Cradled and sleeping on its mountain-top:
One final deluge to surprise the Ark
Speaks a word, names a crime, appoints a
price
Just breathes on what, suffused with all himself,
Is red hot henceforth past distinction now
I' the common glow of hell. And thus they break
And blaze up on us at Rome, Christ's birth-
night-ey

The banal scrap, clerk's scribble, a fair word
backs,
With decent bloodshed and could face his friends,
Frolic it in the world's eye. Ay, such tale
Missed such applause, and by such oversight!
So, tired and footsore, those blood-flustered five
Went reeling on the road through dark and cold.
The few permissible miles, to sink at length,
As the other herd quenched, 't the wash o' the wave
—Each swine, the devil inside him: so slept they,
And so were caught and caged—all through one trip,
One touch of fool in Guido the astute!
He curses the omission, I surmise,
More than the murder. Why, thou fool and blind,
It is the mercy-stroke that stops thy fate,
Hamstrings and holds thee to thy hurt,—but how?
On the edge o' the precipice! One minute more,
Thou hadst gone farther and fared worse, my son,
Facing down on the flint and fire beneath
Thy comrades each and all were of one mind,
Thy murder done, to straightway murder thee
In turn, because of promised pay withheld.
So, to the last, greed found itself at odds
With craft in thee, and, proving conqueror,
Thus the atrocity: it was the craft.

Guido stands honest in the red o' the flame,
Beside this yellow that would pass for white,
Twice Guido, all craft but no violence,
This copier of the mien and gait and garb
Of Peter and Paul, that he may go disguised,
Rob hilt and lame, sick if the temple-porch!
Armed with religion, fortified by law,
A man of peace, who trims the midnight lamp,
Paul steps back the due distance, clear o' the judge;—
Not tainted by the unwholesome civic breath,
Not so at all, thou noble human heart!
Nor more of the background ye. Unnoticed forms
Claim to be classed, subordinately vile?
Complacent lookers-on that laugh,—perchance
Shake head as their friend's horse-play grows too rough
With the mere child he manages amiss—
But would not interfere and make bad worse
For twice the fractions tears and prayers: th' know at
Civility better, Marzi-Medici,
Governor for thy kinman the Granducé!
Fit representative of law, man's lamp
I' the magistrate's grasp full-flare, no rush-light-end
Sputtering 'twist thumb and finger of the priest!
Whose answer to the couple's cry for help
Is a threat,—whose remedy of Pomplia's wrong,
A shrug o' the shoulder, and faccions word
Or wink, traditional with Tuscan wits,
To Guido in the doorway. Laud to law!
The old to the new, promoted at one cry
O' the trump of God, to the new service, not
To longer bear, but henceforth fight, be found
Sublime in new impiansiance with the foe! 1190
Endure man and obey God: plant firm foot
On neck of man, tread man into the hell
Meet for him, and obey God all the more
Oh child that didst despise thy life so much
When it seemed only thine to keep or lose, 1195
How the fine ear felt fall the first low word
"Value life, and preserve life for My sake!"
Thou didst ... how shall I say? ... receive so long
The standing ordinance of God on earth, 1199
What wonder if the novel chain had clashed
With old requirement, seemed to supersede
Too much the customary law? But, brave,
Thou at first promising of what I call God,
And fools call Nature, didst hear, comprehend,
Accept the obligation laid on thee, 1204
To worthily defend the trust of trusts, 1205
O' the trump of God to the new service, not
The Pope
With that symmetric soul inside my son, All churchman’s or the worldling’s,—let him judge.
Our adversary who enjoys the task! I rather chronicle the healthy rage,— When the first moon broke from the martyr's maid.
At that uncaging of the beasts,—made bare My athlete on the instant, gave such good Great undisguised leap over post and pale Right into the mid-cirque, free fighting-place. There may have been rash stripping—every Of glove and coat?
 Went to the winds,—infringement manifold Of laws prescribed pudicity, I fear, In this impulsive and prompt self-display! For the outcome, the brave starry birth. There may have been rash stripping—every Of glove and coat?
Where are the men-at-arms with cross on gate,—see 1206
Be glad thou hast let light into the world Through that irregular breach 0’ the boun-
dary,—see 1236
I find it easy to believe: and if At any fateful moment of the strange Adventure, the strong passion of that strain, Fear and surprise, may have revealed too much,— As when a thundrous midnight, with black air That burns, min-dropst that blister, breaks a spell, Drawn out the excessive virtue of some sheathed Shot unsuspected flower that hoards and hides Immensity of sweetness,—so, perchance, Might the surprise and fear release too much The perfect beauty of the body and soul. Thou, whose sword-hand was used to strike Lead such temptations by the head and hair, Reluctant dragons, up to who dares fight, Sink again! So they keep the middle course, Slide into silly crime at unaware, Work, be unhappy but bear life, my son! Loyalty to the life’s end! Ruminate, Deserve the initiatory spasm,—once more Work, be unhappy but bear life, my son! And trop you, somewhere ’twixt the best and worst, Where crowd the indiffident product, all too poor.
Makoeh, starved samples of humanity! Father and mother, huddle there and hide! A gracious eye may find you! Fool and fair, Sadly mixed natures: self-indulgent,—yet Self-sacrificing too: how the love soars, How the cash, avarice, vanity and spite Sink again! So they keep the middle course, Slide into silly crime at unaware, What waits The ambiguous creature,—how the one black self-sacrificing too: how the love soars, How the craft, avarice, vanity and spite Sink again! So they keep the middle course, Slide into silly crime at unaware, What waits The ambiguous creature,—how the one black self-sacrificing too: how the love soars, How the craft, avarice, vanity and spite Sink again! So they keep the middle course, Slide into silly crime at unaware, What waits The ambiguous creature,—how the one black...
"Thy inch of inkling,—nor once face the doubt.
"I the sphere above thee, darkness to be felt?"

Yet my poor spark had for its source, the sun;
This I sent the great looks which compel
Light from its found: all that I do and am
Comes from the truth, or seen or else surmised,
Remembered or divined, as mere man say:
I know just so, nor otherwise. As I know,
I speak,—what should I know, then, and how speak?
Were there a wild mistake of eye or brain
As to recorded governance above?
If my own breath, only, blew coal alight
I styled celestial and the morning-star?
I, who in this world act resolvedly,
Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,
As they acknowledge or gainsay the light
And height of them,—shall I too lack courage?

I, too, the post of me, like those I blame?

To grapple danger whereby souls grow strong?
Who in this world act resolvedly,
Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,
As they acknowledge or gainsay the light
And height of them,—shall I too lack courage?

I, who in this world act resolvedly,
Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,
As they acknowledge or gainsay the light
And height of them,—shall I too lack courage?

I, who in this world act resolvedly,
Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,
As they acknowledge or gainsay the light
And height of them,—shall I too lack courage?

I, who in this world act resolvedly,
Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,
As they acknowledge or gainsay the light
And height of them,—shall I too lack courage?

I, who in this world act resolvedly,
Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,
As they acknowledge or gainsay the light
And height of them,—shall I too lack courage?

I, who in this world act resolvedly,
Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,
As they acknowledge or gainsay the light
And height of them,—shall I too lack courage?

I, who in this world act resolvedly,
Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,
As they acknowledge or gainsay the light
And height of them,—shall I too lack courage?

I, who in this world act resolvedly,
Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,
As they acknowledge or gainsay the light
And height of them,—shall I too lack courage?

I, who in this world act resolvedly,
Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,
As they acknowledge or gainsay the light
And height of them,—shall I too lack courage?

I, who in this world act resolvedly,
Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,
As they acknowledge or gainsay the light
And height of them,—shall I too lack courage?

I, who in this world act resolvedly,
Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,
As they acknowledge or gainsay the light
And height of them,—shall I too lack courage?

I, who in this world act resolvedly,
Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,
As they acknowledge or gainsay the light
And height of them,—shall I too lack courage?

I, who in this world act resolvedly,
Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,
As they acknowledge or gainsay the light
And height of them,—shall I too lack courage?

I, who in this world act resolvedly,
Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,
As they acknowledge or gainsay the light
And height of them,—shall I too lack courage?

I, who in this world act resolvedly,
Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,
As they acknowledge or gainsay the light
And height of them,—shall I too lack courage?

I, who in this world act resolvedly,
Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,
As they acknowledge or gainsay the light
And height of them,—shall I too lack courage?

I, who in this world act resolvedly,
Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,
As they acknowledge or gainsay the light
And height of them,—shall I too lack courage?

I, who in this world act resolvedly,
Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,
As they acknowledge or gainsay the light
And height of them,—shall I too lack courage?

I, who in this world act resolvedly,
Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,
As they acknowledge or gainsay the light
And height of them,—shall I too lack courage?

I, who in this world act resolvedly,
Dispose of men, their bodies and their souls,
As they acknowledge or gainsay the light
And height of them,—shall I too lack courage?
Enfeebled whom we sought to fortify, 1469
Made an archbishop and undone a saint?
Given gold and silk where plain hard steel
Have we misjudged here, over-armed our

"Which limps up bleeding to my foot and
" The darkness of his den with: so, the fawn
Dangerous to disquiet: let him bide!
Pompilia cries, "Protect me from the wolf!"
What's the best fighting when the couple
To show the enemy his victor,—see!

This champion of the faith, I armed and
Their robes of white unspotted by the world?
How do the Christians here deport them,
O' the disbelievers, see the faithful few!

Mud-worms that make the savoury soup!
Turn, and with double zest go dredge for
These,—that these favoured ones, should in
By the residue made rich for evermore,
But that, when haply found and known and

By our embodied cowards that grow brave.
Whereby the units grow compact and firm!
Each props the other, and so stand is made
The seventeen-hundredth since God died for

This Ring is consigned to these for help.
For what is an idea unrealized?—
Does as designed, else a nonentity,—
A thing existent only while it acts,
The individual weighed, found wanting, try

This Monastery called of Convertites,
To shore and shingle for the pebble it

Critical and contemptuous, straight consigned
Nor, seen and handled by a certain few
Should be let lie by fishers wanting food,—
By fasting, watching, stone cell and wire

By the residue made rich for evermore,
These,—that these favoured ones, should in

The helmet of salvation, and that sword
The mystery Spouse betrays the Bridgemen
To our last resource, then! Since all flesh

The Monastery called of Convertites,
Meant to help women because these helped

Christ,—
A thing existent only while it acts,
Does as designed, else a nonentity,—
For what is an idea unrealized?—
Pompilia is consigned to these for help.

They do help: they are prompt to testify
To help pure life and swiftly dying days. 1490
She dies, and lo, who seemed so poor, proves rich.
What does the body that lives through helpfulness
To women for Christ's sake? The kiss turns
The dove's note changes to the crow's cry: judge!
"Seeing that this our Convent claims of right
"What goods belong to those we succour, be
"The same proved women of dishonest life,—
"And seeing that this Trial made appear
"Pompilia was in such predicament,—

The Convent hereupon pretends to said
Succession of Pompilia, issues writ,
"And takes possession by the Fisc's advice." Such is their attestation to the cause
Of Christ, who had one saint at least, they hoped:
But, is a title-deed to filch, a corpse
To slander, and an infant-heir to cheat?
Christ must give up his gains then? They uneasy
All the fine speeches,—who was saint is
Where are the Christians in their panoply?

Disputing if it was Christ's coat at all,
The soldiers only threw dice for Christ's
Claiming as prize the woof of price—for why?
What does the body that lives through help
To women for Christ's sake? The kiss turns
The dove's note changes to the crow's cry: judge!
"Seeing that this our Convent claims of right
"What goods belong to those we succour, be
"The same proved women of dishonest life,—
"And seeing that this Trial made appear
"Pompilia was in such predicament,—

The Convent hereupon pretends to said
Succession of Pompilia, issues writ,
"And takes possession by the Fisc's advice." Such is their attestation to the cause
Of Christ, who had one saint at least, they hoped:
But, is a title-deed to filch, a corpse
To slander, and an infant-heir to cheat?
Christ must give up his gains then? They uneasy
All the fine speeches,—who was saint is
Where are the Christians in their panoply?

Disputing if it was Christ's coat at all,
The soldiers only threw dice for Christ's
Claiming as prize the woof of price—for why?
What does the body that lives through help
To women for Christ's sake? The kiss turns
The dove's note changes to the crow's cry: judge!
"Seeing that this our Convent claims of right
"What goods belong to those we succour, be
"The same proved women of dishonest life,—
"And seeing that this Trial made appear
"Pompilia was in such predicament,—

The Convent hereupon pretends to said
Succession of Pompilia, issues writ,
"And takes possession by the Fisc's advice." Such is their attestation to the cause
Of Christ, who had one saint at least, they hoped:
But, is a title-deed to filch, a corpse
To slander, and an infant-heir to cheat?
Christ must give up his gains then? They uneasy
All the fine speeches,—who was saint is
Where are the Christians in their panoply?
"At every point along the boundary-line
"Twixt true and false, religion and the world, 238
"Where this or the other dogma of our Church
"Called for defence? And I, despite myself,
How can I but speak loud what truth speaks low,
"Or better than the best, or nothing serves!
"What boots deed, I can cap and cover straight
"With such another doubleness to match,
"Done at an instinct of the natural man?
"Immodate body, sacrifice soul too,—
Do not these publicans the same? Outstrip!

Oh, I remark your diligence and zeal!
Five years long, now, rounds faith into my ears,
"Help thou, or Christendom is done to death!"
Five years since, in the Province of To-kien,
Which is in China as some people know,
Maigrot, my Vicar Apostolic there,
Five years since, in the Province of To-kien,

What if the sun crumble, the sands enroach,
While he looks on solemnly at his ease?
How does their ruin touch the empire's bound?
And is this little all that was to be?
Where is the gloriously-decisive change?
Metamorphosis the incomparable
Of human clay to divine gold, we looked
Should, in some poor sort, justify its price?
Had an adept of the mere Rosy Cross
Spent his life to consummate the Great Work,
Would not we start to see the stuff it touched
Yield not a grain more than the vulgar got
By the old smelting-process years ago?
If this were added to in just the sage
Who should profess so much, perform no more,
What is it when suspected in that Power
Under which magic-mad, and made the world,
Devised and did effect man, body and soul,
Ordeigned salvation for them both, and yet
Well, is the thing we see, salvation?

Put no such dreadful question to myself,
Within whose circle of experience burns
The central truth, Power, Wisdom, Goodness,—God:
I must outline a thing ere know it dead:
When I outline the faith there is a sun,
When I lie, ashes to the very soul:
Someone, not I, must walk above the heap,
"He died in dark whence never morn arose."
While I see day succeed the deepest night:
How can I speak but as I know?—my speech
Must be, through the darkness, "It will end."
"The light that did burn, will burn!"
Clouds obscure—
But for which obscurant all were bright,
Too hastily concluded! Sun-suffused,
A cloud may soothe the eye made blind by glare,
Better the very clarity of heaven:

An adept of the Rosy Cross: a member of the society of Rosicrucians.
"What is it else that rules outside man's self?

"Wisdom and folly: say, these make no

Various or one: for great and strong and

Named Nature, but the thing's self un-

I saw that there are, first and above all,

And so, the one revelation possible

Of what were unimagined else by man.

Therefore, what gods do, man may criticize,

"Applaud, condemn,—how should he fear

the truth?—

"But likewise have in awe because of power,

Venerate for the main munificence,

And give the doubtful deed its due excuse

From the acknowledged creature of a day

To the Eternal and Divine. Thus, bold

Yet self-mistrusting, should man bear him-

Most assured on what now concerns him

most—

"The law of his own life, the path he prints,—

And least inquisitive where search least

skills,

I'm the nature we best give the clouds to keep.

What could I paint beyond a scheme like this

Out of the fragmentary truths where light

Lay sifted in a tempestive time?

You have the sunrise now, joins truth to truth,

"Shoots life and substance into death and void;

"Themsevles compose the whole we made

before:

The forces and necessity grow God,—

"The beings so contemptuous that seemed gods,

Prove just His operation manifold

And multifarious, translated, as must be,

Into intelligible shape so far

As suits our sense and sets us free to feel.

"What if I let a child think, childhood-long,

"Had pricked them a sure path across the bog.

"That mere of cowardice and slash of lies

"Wherein I find them swallow in wide day?

How should I answer this Euripides?

Paul,—'tis a legend,—answered Seneca,

But that was in the day-spring; noon is now:

We have got too familiar with the light,

Shall I wish back once more that thrill of dawn?

When the whole truth-touched man burned

up, one fire?

—Assured the trial, fiery, fierce, but fleet,

Would, for his little heap of ashes, lend

Wings to that conflagration of the world

Which Christ awaits ere He makes all things

new:

So should the frail become the perfect, rapt

From glory of pain to glory of joy; and so,

Even in the end,—the act renouncing earth,

lands, houses, husbands, wives and children

here,

Begin that other act which finds all, lost,

Regained, in this time even, a hundredfold.

And, in the next time, feels the finite love

Bient and embalmed with the eternal life.

So does the sun glistingly seem to sink

In those north parts, lean all but out of life,

Deists a dread mere breathing-stop, then slow

Resessary day, begin the endless rise.

Was this too easy for our after-stage?

Was such a lighting-up of faith, in life,

shone? 1790

"Pope, dost thou dare pretend to punish me,

For not descrying sunshine at midnight,

"Me who cleave all four, found my way so

far—

"While thou reward'st teachers of the truth,

"Who miss the plain way in the blaze of noon,—

"Though just a word from that strong style of mine,

"Grasped honestly in hand as guiding-staff,

"Had pricked then a sure path across the bog.

"The earth is ours, no God can hide our

steps,

"God,—

good 1740

"The light's cause comprehends nor man

or child.

"That light's cause comprehends nor man

or child.

"That light's cause comprehends nor man

or child.

"That light's cause comprehends nor man

or child.

"That light's cause comprehends nor man

or child.

"That light's cause comprehends nor man

or child.

"That light's cause comprehends nor man

or child.

"That light's cause comprehends nor man

or child.

"That light's cause comprehends nor man

or child.

"That light's cause comprehends nor man

or child.

"That light's cause comprehends nor man

or child.

"That light's cause comprehends nor man

or child.

"That light's cause comprehends nor man

or child.

"That light's cause comprehends nor man

or child.

"That light's cause comprehends nor man

or child.

"That light's cause comprehends nor man

or child.

"That light's cause comprehends nor man

or child.

"That light's cause comprehends nor man

or child.

"That light's cause comprehends nor man

or child.
Unless... what whispers me of times to come?
What if it be the mission of that age
My death will usher into life, to shake
This torpor of assurance from our creed.
Rethink the doubt discarded, being
That formidable danger back, we drove
Long ago to the distance and the dark?
No wild beast now prows the infant camp.
We have built it wall and sleep in city safe:
But if some earthquake try the towers that laugh
To think they once saw lions rule outside.
And man stand out again, pale, resolute,
To think they once saw lions rule outside
We have built wall and sleep in city safe:
Quite through the crumbling truth, late sub-
But what a multitude will surely fall
 match the next discoverable base, 1890
Sink to the next discoverable base, 1890

The many that must sink to the old depth,
Then, for the few that rise to the new height,
At peril of their body and their soul,— 1870
Whence need to bravely disbelieve report
Will say "I know the right place by foot's feel,
At least some one Pompilia left the world
They hope perhaps, fear not impossibly.
E'en ere new laws speak clear, may keep the old,
Correct the portrait by the living face,
Faith, in the thing, grown faith in the report—
Prepared to die,—which means, alive at last?
And man stand out again, pale, resolute,
To think they once saw lions rule outside,
We have built wall and sleep in city safe:
Quite through the crumbling truth, late sub-
But what a multitude will surely fall
 match the next discoverable base, 1890
Sink to the next discoverable base, 1890

"But my heart answers to another tune,"
Puts in the Abate, second in the suite,
"You have my taste too, and tread no such step!"
"You choose the glorious life, and may, for me, 1880
"I like the lowest of life's appetites,— 1890
"So you judge,—but the very truth of joy
"To my own apprehension which decides.
"Call me knave and you get yourself called fool!"
"I live for greed, ambition, lust, revenge; 1890
"Attain these ends by force, guile: hypocrite.
"To-day, perchance to-morrow recognized
"The rational man, the type of common sense.
There's Loyola! adapted to our time!
Under such guidance Guido plays his part,
He also influencing in the due turn
These last clocks where I track intelligence
By any glimmer, these four at his beck 1890
Ready to murder any, and, at their own
As ready to murder him,—such make the world!
And, first effect of the new cause of things,
There they lie also duly,—the old pair 1900
With the one Christian mother, wife and girl,
—Which three gifts seem to make an angel

THE RING AND THE BOOK

"I like the lowest of life's appetites,— 1890
"So you judge,—but the very truth of joy
"To my own apprehension which decides.
"Call me knave and you get yourself called fool!"
"I live for greed, ambition, lust, revenge; 1890
"Attain these ends by force, guile: hypocrite.
"To-day, perchance to-morrow recognized
"The rational man, the type of common sense.
There's Loyola! adapted to our time!
Under such guidance Guido plays his part,
He also influencing in the due turn
These last clocks where I track intelligence
By any glimmer, these four at his beck 1890
Ready to murder any, and, at their own
As ready to murder him,—such make the world!
And, first effect of the new cause of things,
There they lie also duly,—the old pair 1900
With the one Christian mother, wife and girl,
—Which three gifts seem to make an angel

THE RING AND THE BOOK

"But my heart answers to another tune,"
Puts in the Abate, second in the suite,
"You have my taste too, and tread no such step!"
"You choose the glorious life, and may, for me, 1880
"I like the lowest of life's appetites,— 1890
"So you judge,—but the very truth of joy
"To my own apprehension which decides.
"Call me knave and you get yourself called fool!"
"I live for greed, ambition, lust, revenge; 1890
"Attain these ends by force, guile: hypocrite.
"To-day, perchance to-morrow recognized
"The rational man, the type of common sense.
There's Loyola! adapted to our time!
Under such guidance Guido plays his part,
He also influencing in the due turn
These last clocks where I track intelligence
By any glimmer, these four at his beck 1890
Ready to murder any, and, at their own
As ready to murder him,—such make the world!
And, first effect of the new cause of things,
There they lie also duly,—the old pair 1900
With the one Christian mother, wife and girl,
—Which three gifts seem to make an angel

THE RING AND THE BOOK

"I live for greed, ambition, lust, revenge; 1890
"Attain these ends by force, guile: hypocrite.
"To-day, perchance to-morrow recognized
"The rational man, the type of common sense.
There's Loyola! adapted to our time!
Under such guidance Guido plays his part,
He also influencing in the due turn
These last clocks where I track intelligence
By any glimmer, these four at his beck 1890
Ready to murder any, and, at their own
As ready to murder him,—such make the world!
And, first effect of the new cause of things,
There they lie also duly,—the old pair 1900
With the one Christian mother, wife and girl,
—Which three gifts seem to make an angel

THE RING AND THE BOOK
"Does the man rule i' the house, and may
For, this and that, will the ingenious sex
And savage, for, inept and silly-sooth,
One but allowed validity,—for, harsh
'through the deed, for, accomplish¬ment!
'"Why, on a certain feast, Barabbas' self
'"The pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"Does this give umbrage to a husband?
"Accomplishment, for, accomplish¬ment!
"For the main criminal I have no hope
"And so the Luthers chuckle, Calvins scowl,
"So simply over-loyal as these four
"Does this give umbrage to a husband?
"As the pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"The pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"And so the Luthers chuckle, Calvins scowl,
"Does this give umbrage to a husband?
"As the pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"The pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"And so the Luthers chuckle, Calvins scowl,
"Does this give umbrage to a husband?
"As the pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"The pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"And so the Luthers chuckle, Calvins scowl,
"Does this give umbrage to a husband?
"As the pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"The pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"And so the Luthers chuckle, Calvins scowl,
"Does this give umbrage to a husband?
"As the pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"The pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"And so the Luthers chuckle, Calvins scowl,
"Does this give umbrage to a husband?
"As the pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"The pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"And so the Luthers chuckle, Calvins scowl,
"Does this give umbrage to a husband?
"As the pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"The pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"And so the Luthers chuckle, Calvins scowl,
"Does this give umbrage to a husband?
"As the pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"The pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"And so the Luthers chuckle, Calvins scowl,
"Does this give umbrage to a husband?
"As the pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"The pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"And so the Luthers chuckle, Calvins scowl,
"Does this give umbrage to a husband?
"As the pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"The pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"And so the Luthers chuckle, Calvins scowl,
"Does this give umbrage to a husband?
"As the pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"The pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"And so the Luthers chuckle, Calvins scowl,
"Does this give umbrage to a husband?
"As the pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"The pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"And so the Luthers chuckle, Calvins scowl,
"Does this give umbrage to a husband?
"As the pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"The pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"And so the Luthers chuckle, Calvins scowl,
"Does this give umbrage to a husband?
"As the pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"The pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"And so the Luthers chuckle, Calvins scowl,
"Does this give umbrage to a husband?
"As the pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"The pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"And so the Luthers chuckle, Calvins scowl,
"Does this give umbrage to a husband?
"As the pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"The pardon, Holy Father! Spare grimace,
"And so the Luthers chuckle, Calvins scowl,
Over the little forky flashing Greve
That takes the quick turn at the foot o' the hill
Just as one first sees Florence—oh those days!~
'Tis Emna, though, the other rivulet.
The one-arched brown brick bridge yawns over,—yes,
Gallop and go five minutes, and you gain the Roman Gate from where the Emna's bridged:
Kingfishers fly there:—how I see the bend
O'erturned from Certosa which he built,
That Senescal (we styled him) of your House!
I do adjure you, help me, Sirs! My blood
Comes from as far a source: ought it to end thus,
This way, byalse through their scaffold-planks
Into Rome's sink where her red refuse runs?
That Senescal (we styled him) of your House!
I do adjure you, help me, Sirs! My blood
Comes from as far a source: ought it to end thus,
This way, byalse through their scaffold-planks
Into Rome's sink where her red refuse runs?
That Senescal (we styled him) of your House!
I do adjure you, help me, Sirs! My blood
Comes from as far a source: ought it to end thus,
This way, byalse through their scaffold-planks
Into Rome's sink where her red refuse runs?
That Senescal (we styled him) of your House!
I do adjure you, help me, Sirs! My blood
Comes from as far a source: ought it to end thus,
This way, byalse through their scaffold-planks
Into Rome's sink where her red refuse runs?
That Senescal (we styled him) of your House!
I do adjure you, help me, Sirs! My blood
Comes from as far a source: ought it to end thus,
This way, byalse through their scaffold-planks
Into Rome's sink where her red refuse runs?
That Senescal (we styled him) of your House!
I do adjure you, help me, Sirs! My blood
Comes from as far a source: ought it to end thus,
This way, byalse through their scaffold-planks
Into Rome's sink where her red refuse runs?
That Senescal (we styled him) of your House!
I do adjure you, help me, Sirs! My blood
Comes from as far a source: ought it to end thus,
This way, byalse through their scaffold-planks
Into Rome's sink where her red refuse runs?
Because a very little time ago
It had done service, chopped off head from
One goes by the Capitol: and wherefore coy,
Mannaia,—thus we made acquaintance first:
Came on your fine axe in a frame, that falls
Ah,—that I know the hateful thing! this way.
What did I say of your sharp iron tooth? 179
Looking, mayhap, to count what stars were out,
And, fool-like, what is it I wander from?
This voluble rhetoric, if you please,—'tis she!
This instantaneous sight through things and
In this unmanly appetite for truth, 171
Settle of a sudden: I'm my wife outright
Fools we are, how we learn things when too
In a woman,—why, the woman's in the man!
Yet needs must look for what I seemed to
I knew that just myself concerned myself,
There was my folly; I believed the saw.
I never had the words at will before. 190
Lucidity of soul unlocks the lips:
How I live, how I see!—so,—how I speak!
Lack of soul unlocks the lips; I never had the words at will before. 190
How I see all my folly at a glance!
"A man requires a woman and a wife:"
Just as, when grooms tie up and dress a steed,
A broad dish to hold sawdust, and a broom
To deck the brutes with,—on their gear it
I in the filthy doorway while she plaited fringe
To know the way a head is set on neck.
Thru starting when the axe fell and head
And sprain his ankle and be lame a month
For fear an officer should tumble thence
Considerately round to elbow-height, 215
There stood the twelve-foot-square of scat-}
folded, milled
Consequently round to elbow-height, 223
For fear an officer should stumble hence
And spin his ankle and be lame a month
Through starting when the axe fell and head
Railed likewise were the steps whereby 'twas
Reached. All of it painted red: red, in the midst,
Ran up two narrow tall beams barred across,
Since from the summit, some twelve feet to reach,
The iron plate with the sharp shearing edge
Had slammed, jerked, shot, split,—I shall soon find which
And so lay quiet, fast in its fit place,
The wooden half-moon collar, now eclipsed
By the blade which blocked its curvature: apart,
The other half,—the under half-moon board
Belonging to a fellow whose poor house
The thing must make a point to stand before—
Fell strick at Duke Some-title-or-other's face,
Because he kidnapped, carried away and kept
Felloni's sister who would sit and sing
I the filthy doorway while she plaited fringe
To deck the brutes with,—on their gear it
The good girl with the velvet in her voice.
So did the Duke, so did Felice, so
Did Justices, intervening with her axe.
There the man-mutilating engine stood
At ease, both gay and grim, like a Swiss guard
To know the way a head is set on neck.
As wins the wife in the pleasant story! Well?
Here it is all again, conserved for use:
Undergone by Felice What's-his-name.
As—better than virginity in rags—
Florid old rogue Albano's masterpiece,
A portrait of Felice's sister's self,
A broad dish to hold sawdust, and a broom
For justice done him,—bowed and smirked
Received the compliments 'O' the quality
Which, helped by this, completes a neck's
embrace,
Joined to a sort of deck that wheels aside
Out of the way when done with,—down you kneel.
In you're pushed, over you the other drops,
Tight you're clipped, whiz, there's the blade
cleaves its best,
Out trundles body, down flops head on floor,
And where's your soul gone? That, too, I
shall find!
This kneeling-place was red, red, never fear!
Not only slimy-like with paint, not blood,
For why? a decent pitcher stood at hand,
A broad dish to hold sawdust, and a broom
By some unnamed utensil,—scraper-rake,—
Each with a conscious air of duty done.
Underneath, loungers,—boys and some few

Discoursed this platter, named the other tool,
Just as, when grooms tie up and dress a steed,
Boys lounge and look on, and scrutinize
What the round brush is used for, what the square,
So was explained—'to me the skill less then—
The manner of the grooming for next world
Undergone by Felice What's-his-name.
There's no such lovely month in Rome as
May—
Felloni's crescent is no half-moon of red planks,
And came now tilting o'er the wave of
The one greenish-golden sea, right 'twixt those
bars
Of the engine—I began acquaintance with,
Understood, hated, hurried from before,
To have it out of sight and cleanse my soul!
Here it is all again, conserved for use:
Twelve hours hence, I may know more, not
hate worse.
That young May moon-month! Devils of the deep!
Not a Pope then Pope as much as now?
Was not a Pope then Pope as much as now?
Used not he chirrup o'er the Merry Tales,
Chuckling,—his nephew so exact the wag
To play a jealous cullion such a trick
As wins the wife if the pleasant story! Well?
Why do things change? Wherefore is Rome un-Rome?
I tell you, ere Felice's corpse was cold,
The Duke, that night, threw wide his palace-
doors,
Received the compliments 'O' the quality
For justice done him,—bowed and smirked
His best,
And in return passed round a pretty thing,
A portrait of Felice's sister's self,
Florid old rogue Albano's masterpiece,
As—better than virginity in rags—
Bouncing Europa on the back of the bull:
They laughed and took their road the safer
home.
Ah, but times change, there's quite another
Pope,
I do the Duke's deed, take Felice's place,
And, being no Felice, lust and clout,
Stomach but ill the phrase "I lose my head!"
How euphemistic! Lose what? Lose your
ring,
Your snuff-box, tablets, kerchief!—but, your
head?
I learnt the process at an early age:
"Twas useful knowledge, in those same old
days,
To know the way a head is set on neck.
My fencing-master urged "Would you excel?"
"Rest not content with mere hold give and
guard,
"Nor pick the antagonist somehow anyhow!"
"See me dissect a little, and know your game!"
"Only anatomy makes a thrust the thing."
Oh Cardinal, those lithe live necks of ours!
Here go the verthren, here's Atlas, here
Axes, and here the symphyses stop short,
So wisely and well,—as, of a corpse, we

And here's the silver cord which . . . what's
our word?
Depends from the gold bowl, which loosed
(not "lost")
Let us from heaven to hell,—one chop, we're
loose!
"And not much pain I the process," quoth
a sage:
Who told him? Not Felice's ghost, I think!
Such "losing" is scarce Mother Nature's mode.

She burn would have cord ease itself away,
Worn to thread by three score years and ten.
Snap while we shudder: that seems blankable.

I'm told one clot of blood extrava- 

ates. 

Ends one as certainly as Roland's sword,— 

One drop of lymph suffused proves Oliver's 

martyrdom. 


intruding, either of the pleasant pair, 

On the arachnoid tunic of my brain.

That's Nature's way of loosing cord!—but Art, 

How of Art's process with the engine here, 

When bow and cord alike are crushed across, 

Bored between, bruised through? Why, if 

Fagon's self, 

The French Court's pride, that famed practi-

tioner— 

Would pass his cold pale lightning of a knife, 

Pistoja-ware, adroit 'twixt joint and joint, 

With just a "See how facile, gentlefolk!"—

The thing were not so hard to bear! Brute 

force 

Cuts as he comes, breaks in, breaks on, breaks 

out

O' the hard and soft of you: is that the same? 

A little snake thirls the hedge, makes theb 

no leaf 

A heavy ox sets chest to brier and branch, 

Bursts somehow through, and leaves one 

hideous hole 

Behind him! 

And why, and why must this needs be? 

Oh, if men were but good! They are not 

good, 

Nowise like Peter: people called him rough, 

But if, as I left Rome, I spoke the Saint, 

"Petrus, quo vadis?"—doubtless, I should hear.

---

"Petrus, quo vadis?": an allusion to the legend that St. Peter was leaving Rome on the out-
break of the Neronian persecution, when he met Christ coming towards the city, and ad-
ressed Him with the words, "Damece, quo vadis?"—"Lord, whither goest Thou?" The 

answer was, "To Rome, to be crucified again"; whenupon Peter turned back and met his 
martyrdom.

---

"To free the prisoner and forgive his fault!" 

"I plucked the absolute deed from God's 

own hand; 

"And raised up Dorcas,—why not rescue 

thee?"

What would cost one such nullifying work? 

If Innocent succeeds to Peter's place, 

Let him think Peter's thought, speak Peter's 

speech! 

I say, he is bound to it: friends, how say 

you? 

Concede I be all one blood-guiltiness 

And mystery of murder in the flesh, 

Why should that fact keep the Pope's mouth 

shut fast?

He executes my crime,—good!—sees hell 

yawn

One inch from the red plank's end which I 

press,

Nothing is better! What's the consequence? 

How should a Pope proceed that knows his 

cue? 

Why, leave me linger out my minute here, 

Since close on death comes judgment and 

comes doon,

Not crih at dawn its pittance from a sheep 

Destined ere dewfall to be butcher's- 

meat! 

Think, Sirs, if I have done you any harm, 

And you require the natural revenge, 

Savage, and so intent to poison me, 

—just as you take and slip into my draught 

The papery of powder that clears sweets, 

You own on my brow a certain blue! 

How you both overset the wine at once! 

How you both smile! "Our enemy has the 

plague! 

"Twelve hours hence he'll be scraping his 

bones bare 

Of that intolerable flesh, and die, 

"Frenzied with pain: no need for poison 

here! 

"Step aside and enjoy the spectacle!" 

Tender for souls are you, Pope Innocent! 

Christ's maxim is—"one soul outweighs the 

world: 

Respite me, save a soul, then, curse the world! 

"No," venerable sire, I hear you smirk,

"To have him: loose him, whose will is 

Christ's!"

And now what does this Vicar of our Lord, 

Shepherd of the flock,—one of whose charge 

bleats sore 

For crook's help from the quag wherein it 

drowns?

Law suffers him employ the crumpled end: 

His pleasure is to turn staff, use the point, 

And thrust the shuddering sheep, he calls a 

wolf, 

Back and back, down and down to where 

hell gapes! 

"Guilty!" cries Law—"Guilty" corrects 

the Pope! 

"Guilty," for the whim's sake! "Guilty," 

he somehow thinks, 

And anyhow says: 'tis truth; he dares not 

lie! 

Others should do the lying. That's the cause 

Brings you both here: I ought in decency 

Confess you to that I deserve my fate, 

Am guilty, as the Pope thinks,—ay, to the 

end.

Keep up the jest, lie on, lie ever, lie 

I the latest gasp of me? What reason, Sirs? 

Because to-morrow will succeed to-day. 

For you, though not for me: and if I stick 

Still to the truth, declare with my last breath, 

I die an innocent and murdered man,— 

Why, there's the tongue of Rome will wag 

apace! 

This time to-morrow: don't I hear the talk! 

"So, to the last he proved impertinent? 

"Pagans have said as much of martyrled 

saints! 

"Law demurred, washed her hands of the 

whole case. 

"Prince Somebody said this, Duke Some-

thing, that. 

"Doubtless the man's dead, dead enough, 

don't fear! 

"But, hang it, what if there have been a 

spice, 

"A touch of . . . eh? You see, the Pope's 

so old, 

"Some of us add, obtuse: age never slips
THE RING AND THE BOOK

"The chance of showing youth to face death first!"
And so on. Therefore to suppress such talk,
You two come here, entertain I tell you lies,
And end, the ebbing way. I end,
Telling the truth! Your self-styled shepherd
A thief—and how thieves hate the wolves we know?
Damage to theft, damage to thievery, all's one!
The red hand is sworn foe of the black jaw.
That's only natural, that's right enough:
But why the wolf should complain the thief
With shepherd's title, bark out life in thanks,
And, spiteless, like the prong that spits him,
Bone against bone, like some old skeleton bat
Will that assist the engine half-way back
Into its hiding-house?—boards, shaking now,
If I fall forthwith at your feet, gnash, tear,
The thirteenth at the horrid dozen's end?
Twelve hours repenting, will that fact hold
Leave my teeth free if I must show my shag!
And, spiteless, lick the prong that spits him,
With shepherd's title, bark out life in thanks,
But why the wolf should compliment the
That's only natural, that's right enough:
Damage to theft, damage to thievery, all's one!

---

Fell on my own sword as a bungler may!
This incidental hurt, this sort of hole
I' the heart of me? I stumbled, got it so!
Nor used the vulgar weapon! This chance
But my antagonist dispensed with steel!
I ought to raise my ruined head, allege
Want more of me than lying flat on face:
But on your triumph you increase, it seems,
Have to try skill with a redoubted foe;
Me—who engaged to play a prize, fight you,
Why grant me respite who deserve my
And save his soul: much respite did I grant!
I loathed,—cried for just respite to confess
That I was fain to cry—"Down to the dust
Who breaks law, breaks pact therefore, helps
I, being well aware such pact there was,
In epitaph only! For, concede its death,
Abate, cross your breast and count your beads
With Law and straightway am found under-
I, in my time who found advantage come
I, being well aware such pact there was,
In Mesopotamy twelve centuries since,
"Such was its virtue!"—wangs the Sacristan,
I do say, full in the face of the crucifix you try to stop my mouth with! Off with it! — "You lie, and I admonish you for Christ!"

But might be prompted by the devil,— "is it? I say not,—" has been, and again may I do say, full? the face of the crucifix you try to stop my mouth with! Off with it!

Look in your own heart, if your soul have eyes:
You shall see reason why, though faith were fled,
Until still might work the wires and move Man, the machine, to play a faithful part.
Preside your college, Cardinal, in your cape.

Abe, girl, your bows and wash my feet!
Do you suppose I am at loss at all
Why you crook, why you cringe, why fast or feast?
Praise, blame, sit, stand, lie or go!—all of it.
In each of you, purest unbelief may prompt, And wit explain to who has eyes to see.

But, lo! I wave wand, make the false the true!
Here's Rome believes in Christianity!
What an explosion, how the fragments fly!
Of what was surface, mask and make-believe!
Begin now,—look at this Pope's-hallfenderer
In wasp-like black and yellow foolery!
Here's Rome believes in Christianity!

Down he flings halbert, leaps the passage-way
And nuns a-maundering here and mumping there,
Who could, and on occasion would, spurn the Trebbian running: what a grateful jump
He left a cask a-tilt, a tap unturned,
And the Pope, no matter for his priceless soul?
The Trebbian running: what a grateful jump
He left a cask a-tilt, a tap unturned,
Why, for your life, you dare not tell your friend"

"You lie, and I admonish you for Christ!"
Who yet dare seek that same man at the Mass.

To warn him—on his knees, and tinkle a bell:
Go pacify the Pope: there's Christ to serve!
Shall end the impudence: he leaves who fled,
To pay devoir,—is, of all times, just then
A powder-barrel 'neath the pavement lay
"You lie, and I admonish you for Christ!"

A powder-larrel 'neath the pavement lay
In neighbourhood with what might prove a match.

"You see my case: how can I quit my post?
"He has an eye to any such default.
"See to it, neighbour, I beseech your love!"
He and you know the relative worth of things,
What is permissible or inopportune.

Concert your brows! You know I speak the truth:
Gold is called gold, and dross called dross,
Gold you let lie and dross pick up and prize!
—Despite your muster of some fifty monks And nuns a-maundering here and mumping there,
Whom both these, each in his degree, would show in the extreme peril of the case
To the Pope's self,—whom in the world beside?—
And the Pope breaks talk with ambassador,
Bids aside bishop, wills the whole world wait
Till he secure that prize, outweighs the world,
A soul, relieve the sentry of his qualm!
His Altitude the Referendary,—
Robert right, and ready for the usher's word
To pay devot.,—is, of all times, just then
Wear of a master-stroke of argument
Will cut the spinal cord... ugh, ugh!
... I mean, Parody Mollinism for evermore!
Says he leaves lobby, trousnles, two and two,

Does that prove all the world outside insane?
Do fifty miracle-mongers match the mob
That acts on the frank faithless principle,
Born-baptized—bred Christian-atheists, each
With just as much a right to judge as you,
And dissolve,—go stop the devil's feast,
Withdraw him from the imminent hell-fire!
Why, for your life, you dare not tell your friend"

"You lie, and I admonish you for Christ!"
Who yet dare seek that same man at the Mass.

To warn him—on his knees, and tinkle a bell:
Go pacify the Pope: there's Christ to serve!
Shall end the impudence: he leaves who fled,
To pay devoir,—is, of all times, just then
A powder-barrel 'neath the pavement lay
In neighbourhood with what might prove a match.

"You see my case: how can I quit my post?
"He has an eye to any such default.
"See to it, neighbour, I beseech your love!"
He and you know the relative worth of things,
What is permissible or inopportune.

Concert your brows! You know I speak the truth:
Gold is called gold, and dross called dross,
Gold you let lie and dross pick up and prize!
—Despite your muster of some fifty monks And nuns a-maundering here and mumping there,
Whom both these, each in his degree, would show in the extreme peril of the case
To the Pope's self,—whom in the world beside?—
And the Pope breaks talk with ambassador,
Bids aside bishop, wills the whole world wait
Till he secure that prize, outweighs the world,
A soul, relieve the sentry of his qualm!
His Altitude the Referendary,—
Robert right, and ready for the usher's word
To pay devot.,—is, of all times, just then
Wear of a master-stroke of argument
Will cut the spinal cord... ugh, ugh!
... I mean, Parody Mollinism for evermore!
Says he leaves lobby, trousnles, two and two,

Does that prove all the world outside insane?
Do fifty miracle-mongers match the mob
That acts on the frank faithless principle,
Born-baptized—bred Christian-atheists, each
With just as much a right to judge as you,
And dissolve,—go stop the devil's feast,
Withdraw him from the imminent hell-fire!
Why, for your life, you dare not tell your friend"

"You lie, and I admonish you for Christ!"
Who yet dare seek that same man at the Mass.

To warn him—on his knees, and tinkle a bell:
Go pacify the Pope: there's Christ to serve!
Shall end the impudence: he leaves who fled,
To pay devoir,—is, of all times, just then
A powder-barrel 'neath the pavement lay
In neighbourhood with what might prove a match.

"You see my case: how can I quit my post?
"He has an eye to any such default.
"See to it, neighbour, I beseech your love!"
He and you know the relative worth of things,
What is permissible or inopportune.

Concert your brows! You know I speak the truth:
Gold is called gold, and dross called dross,
Gold you let lie and dross pick up and prize!
—Despite your muster of some fifty monks And nuns a-maundering here and mumping there,
Whom both these, each in his degree, would show in the extreme peril of the case
To the Pope's self,—whom in the world beside?—
And the Pope breaks talk with ambassador,
Bids aside bishop, wills the whole world wait
Till he secure that prize, outweighs the world,
A soul, relieve the sentry of his qualm!
His Altitude the Referendary,—
Robert right, and ready for the usher's word
To pay devot.,—is, of all times, just then
Wear of a master-stroke of argument
Will cut the spinal cord... ugh, ugh!
... I mean, Parody Mollinism for evermore!
Says he leaves lobby, trousnles, two and two,

Does that prove all the world outside insane?
Do fifty miracle-mongers match the mob
That acts on the frank faithless principle,
Born-baptized—bred Christian-atheists, each
With just as much a right to judge as you,
And dissolve,—go stop the devil's feast,
Withdraw him from the imminent hell-fire!
Why, for your life, you dare not tell your friend"

"You lie, and I admonish you for Christ!"
Who yet dare seek that same man at the Mass.

To warn him—on his knees, and tinkle a bell:
Go pacify the Pope: there's Christ to serve!
Shall end the impudence: he leaves who fled,
To pay devoir,—is, of all times, just then
A powder-barrel 'neath the pavement lay
In neighbourhood with what might prove a match.

"You see my case: how can I quit my post?
"He has an eye to any such default.
"See to it, neighbour, I beseech your love!"
He and you know the relative worth of things,
What is permissible or inopportune.

Concert your brows! You know I speak the truth:
Gold is called gold, and dross called dross,
Gold you let lie and dross pick up and prize!
—Despite your muster of some fifty monks And nuns a-maundering here and mumping there,
Whom both these, each in his degree, would show in the extreme peril of the case
To the Pope's self,—whom in the world beside?—
And the Pope breaks talk with ambassador,
Bids aside bishop, wills the whole world wait
Till he secure that prize, outweighs the world,
A soul, relieve the sentry of his qualm!
His Altitude the Referendary,—
Robert right, and ready for the usher's word
To pay devot.,—is, of all times, just then
Wear of a master-stroke of argument
Will cut the spinal cord... ugh, ugh!
... I mean, Parody Mollinism for evermore!
Says he leaves lobby, trousnles, two and two,

Does that prove all the world outside insane?
Do fifty miracle-mongers match the mob
That acts on the frank faithless principle,
Born-baptized—bred Christian-atheists, each
With just as much a right to judge as you,
And dissolve,—go stop the devil's feast,
Withdraw him from the imminent hell-fire!
Why, for your life, you dare not tell your friend"

"You lie, and I admonish you for Christ!"
Who yet dare seek that same man at the Mass.

To warn him—on his knees, and tinkle a bell:
Go pacify the Pope: there's Christ to serve!
Shall end the impudence: he leaves who fled,
To pay devoir,—is, of all times, just then
A powder-barrel 'neath the pavement lay
In neighbourhood with what might prove a match.

"You see my case: how can I quit my post?
"He has an eye to any such default.
"See to it, neighbour, I beseech your love!"
He and you know the relative worth of things,
What is permissible or inopportune.

Concert your brows! You know I speak the truth:
Gold is called gold, and dross called dross,
Gold you let lie and dross pick up and prize!
—Despite your muster of some fifty monks And nuns a-maundering here and mumping there,
Whom both these, each in his degree, would show in the extreme peril of the case
To the Pope's self,—whom in the world beside?—
And the Pope breaks talk with ambassador,
Bids aside bishop, wills the whole world wait
Till he secure that prize, outweighs the world,
A soul, relieve the sentry of his qualm!
His Altitude the Referendary,—
Robert right, and ready for the usher's word
To pay devot.,—is, of all times, just then
Wear of a master-stroke of argument
Will cut the spinal cord... ugh, ugh!
... I mean, Parody Mollinism for evermore!
Says he leaves lobby, trousnles, two and two,

Does that prove all the world outside insane?
Do fifty miracle-mongers match the mob
That acts on the frank faithless principle,
Born-baptized—bred Christian-atheists, each
With just as much a right to judge as you,
As many senses in his soul, and nerves
I neck of him as I,—whom, soul and sense,
Neck and nerve, you abolish presently,—
I being the unit in creation now.

Who pay the Maker, in this speech of mine,
A creature’s duty, spend my last of breath?
In bearing witness, even by my worst fault?
To the creature’s obligation, absolute,
Perpetual: my worst fault protests. “The faith
Claims all of me: I would give all she claims,
But for a space of doubt: the risk too rash:
Double or quits, I play, but, all or nothing,
Exceeds my courage: therefore, I descend
To the next faith with no dubiety—

Now yours, and now not yours but quite his
Who called me, who crooked finger till I came,
Fool that I was, to join companionship?
Liberty, scandalized you all so much?

And this, enabled to inherit earth
Down they all drop to my low level, rest
Heart upon dungy earth that’s warm and soft,
And take the natural course,—this rends his

And prove as full of pleasure as may hap,
Whatever pain it cause the world.” I’m
Wrong?

I had my life, where’er I lose: I’m right?

I’ve got the single good there was to gain.
Entire faith; or else complete unbeliev
Aught between has my loathing and contempt.
Mince and God’s also, doubtless: ask yourself,
Cardinal, where and how you like a man?
Why, either with your feet upon his head,
Confess’d your caudatory, or, at large,
The stranger in the crowd who caps to you
But keeps his distance,—why should he presume?
You want no hanger-on and dropper-off
Now yours, and now not yours but quite his
According as the sky looks black or bright.
Just so I cupped to and kept off from faith—
You promised trudge behind through fair and
Yet leave I the lunch at the first spit of rain.
Who holds to faith whenever rain begins?
What does the father when his son lies dead,
The merchant when his money-bags take wing.
What does the father when his son lies dead,
You promised trudge behind through fair and

And take the natural course,—this rends his
Hair
Because his child is taken to God’s breast
That grashes teeth and raves at loss of trash
Which rust corrupts and thieves break through
And steal,
And this, enabled to inherit earth
Through meekness, curses till your blood runs cold!

Down they all drop to my low level, rest
Heart upon dungy earth that’s warm and soft,
And who please attempt the altitudes.
Each playing prodigal son of heavenly sire,
Turning his nose up at the fatted calf,
Fain to fill belly with the husks, we swore
Did eat by born depravity of taste

Enough of the hypocrites. But you, Sirs,
Who never budged from litter where I lay,
And buried most the stench while I fed,
Cried amen to my creed’s one article—
Get pleasure, ’scape pain, give your preference
To the immediate good, for time is brief,
And death ends good and ill and everything!

What’s got is gained, what’s gained soon is
Gain’d twice,
And,—inasmuch as faith gains most,—feign
Faith!

So did we brother-like pass word about—
You, now,—like bloody drunkards but half-drunk,
Who fool men yet perceive men find them fools—
Vexed that a titter gains the gravest mouth—
Dare you bid us assist your sins, us priests
Who called me, who crooked finger till I came,
Fool that I was, to join companionship?
Liberty, scandalized you all so much?

But you as good as bade me wear sheep’s wool
Over wolf’s skin, suck blood and hide the noise
By minstrel of something like a beat.—
Whence it comes that because, despite my care,
Because I smack my tongue too loud for once,
Drop baaing, here’s the village up in arms!

I'd turn your gloved hands to account, be sure!
You should manipulate the coarse rough malt:
Tis you’d deal directly with, not them,—
Using your fears: why touch the thing myself?
When I could see you hunt, and then cry
“Shares!”

“Quarter the carcase or we quarrel; come,
Here’s the world ready to see justice done!”

Oh, it had been a desperate game, but game
Wherein the winner’s chance were worth the pains!

We’d try conclusions!—at the worst, what worse?

Than this Mannaia-machine, each minute’s talk
Helps push an inch the nearer me? Fool, fool!

You understand me and forgive, sweet Sirs?
I blame you, tear my hair and tell my woe—

Alls but a flourish, figure of rhetoric!
One must try each expedient to save life.
One makes fools look foolisher fifty-fold
By putting in their place men wise like you,
To take the full force of an argument
Would buffet their stolidity in vain.

If you should feel aggrieved by the mere wind
O' the blow that means to miss you and maul them,
That's my success! Is it not folly, now,
To say with folk, "A plausible defence—"
"We see through, notwithstanding, and reject?"
Reject the plausible they do, these fools,
Who never even make pretence to show
One point beyond its plausibility
In favour of the best belief they hold?
"Saint Somebody-or-other raised the dead!"
Did he? How do you come to know as much?
"Know it, what need? The story's plausible,
And while she held him captive by the hand,
Crowned his head,—you know what's the mockery!"
By half her body behind the curtain. That's Nature now! That's the subject of a piece
I saw in Vallombrosa Convict, made Expressly to teach men what marriage was!
But say "just so did I misapprehend,
"Imagine she deceived me to my face," And that's pretence too easily seen through!
All these eyes of all husbands in all plays, At stare like one expanded peacock-tail,
Were listened to and laughed at in my time
To whom it is a flattering novelty
And wanting to trap fieldfares: first a spark
Put me back to the cross-road, start afresh!
Had warned me from such wayfare: let me prove!
It leads to the red thing, we all see now,
O' the child to keep her from the toys, let fall
By half her body behind the curtain. That's Nature now! That's the subject of a piece
I saw in Vallombrosa Convict, made Expressly to teach men what marriage was!
But say "just so did I misapprehend,
"Imagine she deceived me to my face," And that's pretence too easily seen through!
All these eyes of all husbands in all plays, At stare like one expanded peacock-tail,
Were listened to and laughed at in my time
To whom it is a flattering novelty
And wanting to trap fieldfares: first a spark
Put me back to the cross-road, start afresh!
Had warned me from such wayfare: let me prove!
It leads to the red thing, we all see now,
O' the child to keep her from the toys, let fall
By half her body behind the curtain. That's Nature now! That's the subject of a piece
I saw in Vallombrosa Convict, made Expressly to teach men what marriage was!
But say "just so did I misapprehend,
"Imagine she deceived me to my face," And that's pretence too easily seen through!
All these eyes of all husbands in all plays, At stare like one expanded peacock-tail,
Were listened to and laughed at in my time
To whom it is a flattering novelty
And wanting to trap fieldfares: first a spark
Put me back to the cross-road, start afresh!
Had warned me from such wayfare: let me prove!
It leads to the red thing, we all see now,
O' the child to keep her from the toys, let fall
By half her body behind the curtain. That's Nature now! That's the subject of a piece
I saw in Vallombrosa Convict, made Expressly to teach men what marriage was!
But say "just so did I misapprehend,
"Imagine she deceived me to my face," And that's pretence too easily seen through!
All these eyes of all husbands in all plays, At stare like one expanded peacock-tail,
Were listened to and laughed at in my time
To whom it is a flattering novelty
And wanting to trap fieldfares: first a spark
Put me back to the cross-road, start afresh!
Had warned me from such wayfare: let me prove!
It leads to the red thing, we all see now,
O' the child to keep her from the toys, let fall
By half her body behind the curtain. That's Nature now! That's the subject of a piece
I saw in Vallombrosa Convict, made Expressly to teach men what marriage was!
But say "just so did I misapprehend,
"Imagine she deceived me to my face," And that's pretence too easily seen through!
All these eyes of all husbands in all plays, At stare like one expanded peacock-tail,
Were listened to and laughed at in my time
To whom it is a flattering novelty
And wanting to trap fieldfares: first a spark
Put me back to the cross-road, start afresh!
Had warned me from such wayfare: let me prove!
It leads to the red thing, we all see now,
O' the child to keep her from the toys, let fall
By half her body behind the curtain. That's Nature now! That's the subject of a piece
I saw in Vallombrosa Convict, made Expressly to teach men what marriage was!
But say "just so did I misapprehend,
"Imagine she deceived me to my face," And that's pretence too easily seen through!
All these eyes of all husbands in all plays, At stare like one expanded peacock-tail,
Were listened to and laughed at in my time
To whom it is a flattering novelty
And wanting to trap fieldfares: first a spark
Put me back to the cross-road, start afresh!
Had warned me from such wayfare: let me prove!
It leads to the red thing, we all see now,
O' the child to keep her from the toys, let fall
By half her body behind the curtain. That's Nature now! That's the subject of a piece
I saw in Vallombrosa Convict, made Expressly to teach men what marriage was!
But say "just so did I misapprehend,
"Imagine she deceived me to my face," And that's pretence too easily seen through!
All these eyes of all husbands in all plays, At stare like one expanded peacock-tail,
Were listened to and laughed at in my time
To whom it is a flattering novelty
And wanting to trap fieldfares: first a spark
Put me back to the cross-road, start afresh!
Had warned me from such wayfare: let me prove!
It leads to the red thing, we all see now,
O' the child to keep her from the toys, let fall
By half her body behind the curtain. That's Nature now! That's the subject of a piece
I saw in Vallombrosa Convict, made Expressly to teach men what marriage was!
But say "just so did I misapprehend,
"Imagine she deceived me to my face," And that's pretence too easily seen through!
All these eyes of all husbands in all plays, At stare like one expanded peacock-tail,
Were listened to and laughed at in my time
To whom it is a flattering novelty
And wanting to trap fieldfares: first a spark
Put me back to the cross-road, start afresh!
Had warned me from such wayfare: let me prove!
It leads to the red thing, we all see now,
O' the child to keep her from the toys, let fall
By half her body behind the curtain. That's Nature now! That's the subject of a piece
I saw in Vallombrosa Convict, made Expressly to teach men what marriage was!
But say "just so did I misapprehend,
"Imagine she deceived me to my face," And that's pretence too easily seen through!
All these eyes of all husbands in all plays, At stare like one expanded peacock-tail,
Were listened to and laughed at in my time
To whom it is a flattering novelty
And wanting to trap fieldfares: first a spark
Put me back to the cross-road, start afresh!
Had warned me from such wayfare: let me prove!
It leads to the red thing, we all see now,
O' the child to keep her from the toys, let fall
By half her body behind the curtain. That's Nature now! That's the subject of a piece
I saw in Vallombrosa Convict, made Expressly to teach men what marriage was!
But say "just so did I misapprehend,
"Imagine she deceived me to my face," And that's pretence too easily seen through!
All these eyes of all husbands in all plays, At stare like one expanded peacock-tail,
Were listened to and laughed at in my time
To whom it is a flattering novelty
And wanting to trap fieldfares: first a spark
Put me back to the cross-road, start afresh!
Had warned me from such wayfare: let me prove!
It leads to the red thing, we all see now,
O' the child to keep her from the toys, let fall
By half her body behind the curtain. That's Nature now! That's the subject of a piece
I saw in Vallombrosa Convict, made Expressly to teach men what marriage was!
But say "just so did I misapprehend,
"Imagine she deceived me to my face," And that's pretence too easily seen through!
All these eyes of all husbands in all plays, At stare like one expanded peacock-tail,
Were listened to and laughed at in my time
To whom it is a flattering novelty
And wanting to trap fieldfares: first a spark
Put me back to the cross-road, start afresh!
Had warned me from such wayfare: let me prove!
It leads to the red thing, we all see now,
Though 'twere French Louis,—soul I under
262
saying, by gesture of repugnance, just

In vain the mother nods, winks, bustles up,

"Sire, you are regal, puissant and so forth,

"As for Pompilia, what's flesh, fish, or fowl

"As you are . . . youngish by her father's

"Trim but your beard a little, thin your

"Of eyebrow; and for presence, portliness,

"As good as love, better a thousand times,—

"So have I brought my horse, byword and blow,

"Good folk begin at me with open mouth

"She obeys it—even to enduring me!

"I am the wrought man worth ten times the

"That makes the thing, pricks on the soul to

"Who cannot but begin with hating her.

Thanks,

Considerate advisers,—but, fair play!

This blessed goal, whenever fate so please:

"Of eyebrow; and for presence, portliness,

"Not a spontaneous outburst in pure boon,

"Of the mother?—"Go!" thought I, "we

"Heaven !" thought I, "we meet again!"

"Pass the next weeks of dumb contented death,

"As you are . . . youngish by her father's

"Who grin and bear with imbecility:

"Thither go you and wait their coming!

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"Flame out i' the midst, the serpent writhe

"And the wasp inside its bosom,—call you

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"You counsel I go plant in garden-plot,

"Water with tears, manure with sweat and

"The prize though poor would pay the care

"Respect we Nature that makes least as most,

"The kind of idiot!—such are rife in Rome,

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"Flame out i' the midst, the serpent writhe

"And the wasp inside its bosom,—call you

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"You counsel I go plant in garden-plot,

"Water with tears, manure with sweat and

"The prize though poor would pay the care

"Respect we Nature that makes least as most,

"The kind of idiot!—such are rife in Rome,

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"Flame out i' the midst, the serpent writhe

"And the wasp inside its bosom,—call you

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"You counsel I go plant in garden-plot,

"Water with tears, manure with sweat and

"The prize though poor would pay the care

"Respect we Nature that makes least as most,

"The kind of idiot!—such are rife in Rome,

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"Flame out i' the midst, the serpent writhe

"And the wasp inside its bosom,—call you

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"You counsel I go plant in garden-plot,

"Water with tears, manure with sweat and

"The prize though poor would pay the care

"Respect we Nature that makes least as most,

"The kind of idiot!—such are rife in Rome,

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"Flame out i' the midst, the serpent writhe

"And the wasp inside its bosom,—call you

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"You counsel I go plant in garden-plot,

"Water with tears, manure with sweat and

"The prize though poor would pay the care

"Respect we Nature that makes least as most,

"The kind of idiot!—such are rife in Rome,

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"The best's to come, no rapture but con

"You counsel I go plant in garden-plot,

"Water with tears, manure with sweat and

"The prize though poor would pay the care

"Respect we Nature that makes least as most,
But what sae we to the same solemn beast
Wagging his ears and wishful of our pat,
When turned, with holes in hide and bones
Laid bare,
To forage for himself the waste of the world,
Sir Giraldi! the dumps? Pat him! We
Self-knowledge, rather, into frowzy pate,
To teach Pietro to get trappings or go hang!
Fancy this quandom oracle in vogue
At Via Vittoria, this personified
Authority when time was—Pantaloon
Flaming his tom-fool tawdry just the same
As if Ash-Wednesday were mid-Carnival!
That's the extreme and unforgivable
Of sins, as I account such. Have you stopped
For your own ends to bestialize yourself
By flattery of a fellow of this stamp?
The ends obtained or else shown out of reach,
He goes on, takes the flattery for pure truth,—
"You love, and honour me, of course: what
next?"
What, but the trifle of the stabling, friend?
Which taught you how you worshiped with the shrine
Has lost the relic that we bent before.
Angry! And how could I be otherwise?
And meaning to get wool, dislodges fleece
With its discoverer, like a royal ram?
And shall share board and bed, if so it deign,
And finds the veritable wolf beneath,
'Tis plain: this pair of old pretentious fools
Has lost the relic that we bent before.
Which taught you how one worships when
For your own ends to bestialize yourself
That's the extreme and unforgivable
As if Ash-Wednesday were mid-Carnival!
Be chattel and not chapman any more?
Beats the old other curly-coated kind,
Protest this sort-of-what-one-might-name
Or rather grow in a trice all gratitude,
Does he, by way of being politic, liso
Miscalculation has its consequence; 1175
Make up their mind to the proved rule of right,
And pronounced this wrong to the wide
worlds
Rounded myself in the ears with my own
wrong,—
Why, these were (note hell's lucky malice,
now!) These were just they who, they alone, could
act
And publish and proclaim their infancy.
Sure that men would in a breath believe
Compassionate and pardon them,—for why?
They plainly were too stupid to invent,
Too simple to distinguish wrong from right,—
Inconscionable agents they, the silly-sooth,
Of heaven's retentive justice on the strong
Prostern taming violent oppressor—me!
Fellow them to their fate and help your best,
Yes Rome, Arezzo, foes called friends of me,
Taste the sweet sudden silence all about,
Sweep out the couple to go whine elsewhere,
Because I do not gild the geese their oats,—
Now hue and cry, now whimpering and wail—
A perfect goose-yard cackle of complaint
Because I do not gild the geese their oats—
I have enough of noise, ope wicket wide,
Sweep out the couple to go whine elsewhere,
Frightened a little, hurt in no respect,
And am just thinking, O God, to breathe again,
Taste the sweet sudden silence all about,
When there they raise it, the old noise I know,
At Rome: 'What, begun once more?'
"White on, wait ever, 'tis the loser's right!"
But oh, what sort of voice grows on the wind?
Triumph it sounds and no complaint at all!
And triumph it is. My boast was premature: The creatures, I turned forth, clapped wing
Fighting-cock-fashion,—they had flitched a
pearl
From dung-heap, and might boast with cause enough on:
I was defrauded of all bargained for:
You know, the Pope knows, not a soul but knows
My dwarf was derision, my gain—snick,
My wife, (the Church declared my flesh and
blood)
The nameless bastard of a common whore:
My old name turned henceforth to shall I
say
"He that received the ordure in his face?"
And they who planned this wrong, performed
this wrong.

And then revealed this wrong to the wide
worlds
Rounded myself in the ears with my own
wrong,—
Why, these were (note hell's lucky malice,
now!) These were just they who, they alone, could
act
And publish and proclaim their infancy.
Sure that men would in a breath believe
Compassionate and pardon them,—for why?
They plainly were too stupid to invent,
Too simple to distinguish wrong from right,—
Inconscionable agents they, the silly-sooth.
Of heaven's retentive justice on the strong
Prostern taming violent oppressor—me!
Fellow them to their fate and help your best,
Yes Rome, Arezzo, foes called friends of me,
Taste the sweet sudden silence all about,
Sweep out the couple to go whine elsewhere,
Because I do not gild the geese their oats,—
Now hue and cry, now whimpering and wail—
A perfect goose-yard cackle of complaint
Because I do not gild the geese their oats—
I have enough of noise, ope wicket wide,
Sweep out the couple to go whine elsewhere,
Frightened a little, hurt in no respect,
And am just thinking, O God, to breathe again,
Taste the sweet sudden silence all about,
When there they raise it, the old noise I know,
At Rome: 'What, begun once more?'
"White on, wait ever, 'tis the loser's right!"
But oh, what sort of voice grows on the wind?
Triumph it sounds and no complaint at all!
And triumph it is. My boast was premature: The creatures, I turned forth, clapped wing
Fighting-cock-fashion,—they had flitched a
pearl
From dung-heap, and might boast with cause enough on:
I was defrauded of all bargained for:
You know, the Pope knows, not a soul but knows
My dwarf was derision, my gain—snick,
My wife, (the Church declared my flesh and
blood)
The nameless bastard of a common whore:
My old name turned henceforth to shall I
say
"He that received the ordure in his face?"
And they who planned this wrong, performed
this wrong.
I ought to step back, lead you by degrees, Recounting at each step some fresh offence, Up to the red bed,—never fear, I will! 1326 Gaze at her, where I place her, to begin, Confound me with her gentleness and worth! The horrible pair have fled and left her now, Confound me with her gentleness and worth! To groom as is the Church and Spouse to She has her husband for her sole concern: Up to the red bed,—never fear, I will! 1298 Recounting at each step some fresh offence, Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone, the bride "Shall be to the husband, o'er thee shall he Kneels at the couch-side, overleans the sill She sits up, she lies down, she comes and goes, "Speak a word, drop a tear, detach a glance, Knocks at the couch-side, overleans the sill O' the window, cold and pale and mute as stone, Strong as stone also. "Well, are they not fied? "Am I not left, am I not one for all? "Speak a word, drop a tear, detach a glance, "Bless me or curse me of your own accord! "Is it the ceiling only wants your soul, "Is your worth your eyes? And then the eyes descend, And do look at me. Is it at the meal? 1338 "Speak!" she says, "Be silent!" she says, Counting the minutes till I cry! 'Depart!' As brood-hind when you saunter past her eggs. Departs she? just the same through door and wall I see the same stone strength of white despair. And all this will be never otherwise! Before, the parents' presence lent her life: She could play off her sex's armoury, Entreat, reproach, be female to my male, Try all the shrilling doubles of the hare, Go clamour to the Commissary, bid The Archbishop hold my hands and stop my tongue, And yield fair sport so: but the tactics change, The hare stands stock-still to enrage the hound! Since that day when she learned she was no child Of those she thought her parents,—that their trick Had tricked me whom she thought sole trickster late,— Why, I suppose she said within herself "Then, no more struggle for my parents' sake! "And, for my own sake, why needs struggle be?" But is there no third party to the pact? What of her husband's relish or dislike For this new game of giving up the game, This worst offence of not offending more? I'll not believe but instinct wrought in this. Set her on to conceive and execute. The preferable puzzle: how sure they probe— These jades, the sensitivest soft of man! The long black hair was wound now in a wisp, Crowned sorrow better than the wild web. The scissors, and at once a yard or so

Had fluttered in black serpents to the floor: But till! I did enjoin it, how she comb'd, Uncurled and drew out to the complete length, Plaits, places the insulting rope on head To be an eyre-sore past dishevelment! Is all done? Then sit still again and stare! I advise—no one think to bear that look Of steady wrong, endured as steadily Through what sustenance of detaining hope? Who is the friend? the background that notes all? Who may come presently and close accounts? This self-possession to the uttermost, How does it differ in sight, save degree, From the terrible patience of God? 1381 "All which just means, "She did not love you!" Again the word is launched And the fact fronts me! What, you try the wards With the tree key and the dead lock flies ope? No, it sticks fast and leaves you fumbling still! You have some fifty servants, Cardinal,— Of how we love each other? All the same, Which of them loves you? Which subordinate Do twice the service done by love, the true? No, nor all pullets lay the henwife eggs—

Since it is he can strike, let her obey! Can she feel no love? Let her show the more, Sham the worse, damn herself praiseworthy! Who's that soprano, Rome went mad about Last week while I lay rotting in my straw? The very jaller gosseped in his praise— All,—dressed up like Armida, though aman; And painted to look pretty, though a fright,— He still made love so that the ladies swooned, Being an eunuch. "Ah, Rinaldo mine! 1416 "But to breathe by thee while Jove slays us both!" All the poor bloodless creature never felt, St, do, re, mi, fa, squeak and squall—for what? Two gold zecchines1 the evening. Here's my slave, Whose body and soul depend upon my nod, Can't fatten out the first note in the scale. For her life! Why blame me if I take the life? All women cannot give men love, forsooth! No, nor all pullets lay the henwife eggs— Whereas she laid them remedy the fault, 1388 Brood on a chalk-ball: soon the nest is stocked— Otherwise, to the plucking and the spit! This wife of mine was of another mood— Would not begin the lie that ends with truth, Nor feign the love that brings real love about: Wherefore I judged, sentenced and punished her. But why particularize, defend the deed? Say that I hated her for no one cause 1424 Beyond my pleasure so to do,—what then? Just on as much incitement acts the world, All of you ! Look and like ! ' You favour one, Browbeat another, leave alone a third.— Why should you master natural caprice? Pure nature! Try : plant elm by ash in file; Both unexceptionable trees enough, 1428 They ought to overlean each other, pair At top, and arch across the avenue The whole path to the pleasance: do they 1

---

1 Zecchino: a gold coin worth about ten shillings.
Or loathe, lie off abhorrent each from each?  
Lay the fault elsewhere: since we must have faults,  
Mine shall have been,—seeing there's ill in the end  
Come of my course,—that I fare somehow worse  
For the way I took: my fault... as God's my judge,  
I see not where my fault lies, that's the truth!  
I ought... oh, ought in my own interest  
Widened itself an outlet over-wide.  
By way of answer, sought its own relief  
With more of fire and brimstone than you wished.

All your own doing: preachers, blame yourselves!  
Tell you while the hour-glass runs and runs!  
God keep me patient! All I say just means—  
My wife proved, whether by her fault or mine,—  
That's immaterial,—a true stumbling-block  
To hole in net that held and slipped the fish.  
Bowed down to kiss divinity's buckled shoe  
And making mouths laugh on the other side.  
Do, for the poor obstructed artist's sake,  
And making mouths laugh on the other side.

As to the taste of green grass in the field!  
What do you know of the world that's trodden flat  
And salted sterile with your daily dung,  
Leavened into a lump of loathsomeness?  
Take your opinion of the modes of life,  
The aims of life, life's triumph or defeat,  
How to feel, how to scheme, and how to do  
Or else leave undone? You preached long and loud  
On high-days, "Take our doctrine upon trust!"  
"Into the mill-house with you! Grind our corn,"  
"Relish our chaff, and let the green grass grow!"  
I tried chaff, found I furnished on such fare,  
Buried my head up to the ears in dew,  
"The red thing!" Doubt I any more than you.  
"Easy to say, easy to do: step right... of the hundred otherwises? Ay, my friend,  
Be it so. I conceived of life that way,  
Buried my head up to the ears in dew,  
"Give me,—pay down,—not promise, which  
Entice me, scare me,—I'll forgo this life;  
Something that's out of life and better still,  
"Would cheat me of some minutes while they  
Wishes.  
"May be of service when our vines grow tall!"  
"Here's wrath in you, a serviceable sword,—  
"Beat it into a ploughshare! What's this  
"To trip the all-but-at perfection,—slur...  
The line of the painter just where paint leaves off  
And life begins,—put ice into the ode  
O' the poet while he cries "Next stanza—fire!"  
Inscribe all human effort with one word,  
Artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete!  
"But—sword use swordwise, spear thrust out as spear!"  
"Anaconda! Suppression is the word!"  
My nature, when the outrage was too gross,  
"Nor stray beyond your proper precinct, priests!"  
If you had, then your house against itself  
Divides, nor stands your kingdom any more.  
"Need you a solace for the troubled nose?  
Let everybody wipe his own himself!"  
"Take only its first flower, the ended act  
I had to wink at or help gratify,—  
"Ask money of me,"—quoth the clownish raw,  
"And take my purse! But,—speaking with respect,—  
"Need you a solace for the troubled nose?  
"Or stay, we'll pick and choose before destroy.  
"The letter kills, the spirit keeps alive  
I'm practised, grown fit guide for Guido's  
That practice makes man perfect? Give again  
With more of fire and brimstone than you wished.

As to the taste of green grass in the field!  
What was there wanting to a masterpiece  
Of artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete!  
The line of the painter just where paint leaves off  
And life begins,—put ice into the ode  
O' the poet while he cries "Next stanza—fire!"  
Inscribe all human effort with one word,  
Artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete!  
Except the luck that lies beyond a man?  
My way with the woman, now proved grossly wrong,  
Just missed of being gravely grandly right  
Do, for the poor obstructed artist's sake,  
And making mouths laugh on the other side.

"But—sword use swordwise, spear thrust out as spear!"  
"Anaconda! Suppression is the word!"  
My nature, when the outrage was too gross,  
Widened itself an outlet over-wide.  
By way of answer, sought its own relief  
With more of fire and brimstone than you wished.

As to the taste of green grass in the field!  
What was there wanting to a masterpiece  
Of artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete!  
The line of the painter just where paint leaves off  
And life begins,—put ice into the ode  
O' the poet while he cries "Next stanza—fire!"  
Inscribe all human effort with one word,  
Artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete!  
"Nor stray beyond your proper precinct, priests!"  
If you had, then your house against itself  
Divides, nor stands your kingdom any more.  
"Need you a solace for the troubled nose?  
Let everybody wipe his own himself!"  
"Take only its first flower, the ended act  
I had to wink at or help gratify,—  
"Ask money of me,"—quoth the clownish raw,  
"And take my purse! But,—speaking with respect,—  
"Need you a solace for the troubled nose?  
"Or stay, we'll pick and choose before destroy.  
"The letter kills, the spirit keeps alive  
I'm practised, grown fit guide for Guido's  
That practice makes man perfect? Give again  
With more of fire and brimstone than you wished.

As to the taste of green grass in the field!  
What was there wanting to a masterpiece  
Of artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete!  
The line of the painter just where paint leaves off  
And life begins,—put ice into the ode  
O' the poet while he cries "Next stanza—fire!"  
Inscribe all human effort with one word,  
Artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete!  
Except the luck that lies beyond a man?  
My way with the woman, now proved grossly wrong,  
Just missed of being gravely grandly right  
Do, for the poor obstructed artist's sake,  
And making mouths laugh on the other side.

"But—sword use swordwise, spear thrust out as spear!"  
"Anaconda! Suppression is the word!"  
My nature, when the outrage was too gross,  
Widened itself an outlet over-wide.  
By way of answer, sought its own relief  
With more of fire and brimstone than you wished.

As to the taste of green grass in the field!  
What was there wanting to a masterpiece  
Of artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete!  
The line of the painter just where paint leaves off  
And life begins,—put ice into the ode  
O' the poet while he cries "Next stanza—fire!"  
Inscribe all human effort with one word,  
Artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete!  
Except the luck that lies beyond a man?  
My way with the woman, now proved grossly wrong,  
Just missed of being gravely grandly right  
Do, for the poor obstructed artist's sake,  
And making mouths laugh on the other side.

"But—sword use swordwise, spear thrust out as spear!"  
"Anaconda! Suppression is the word!"  
My nature, when the outrage was too gross,  
Widened itself an outlet over-wide.  
By way of answer, sought its own relief  
With more of fire and brimstone than you wished.

As to the taste of green grass in the field!  
What was there wanting to a masterpiece  
Of artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete!  
The line of the painter just where paint leaves off  
And life begins,—put ice into the ode  
O' the poet while he cries "Next stanza—fire!"  
Inscribe all human effort with one word,  
Artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete!  
Except the luck that lies beyond a man?  
My way with the woman, now proved grossly wrong,  
Just missed of being gravely grandly right  
Do, for the poor obstructed artist's sake,  
And making mouths laugh on the other side.

"But—sword use swordwise, spear thrust out as spear!"  
"Anaconda! Suppression is the word!"  
My nature, when the outrage was too gross,  
Widened itself an outlet over-wide.  
By way of answer, sought its own relief  
With more of fire and brimstone than you wished.

As to the taste of green grass in the field!  
What was there wanting to a masterpiece  
Of artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete!  
The line of the painter just where paint leaves off  
And life begins,—put ice into the ode  
O' the poet while he cries "Next stanza—fire!"  
Inscribe all human effort with one word,  
Artistry's haunting curse, the Incomplete!  
Except the luck that lies beyond a man?  
My way with the woman, now proved grossly wrong,  
Just missed of being gravely grandly right  
Do, for the poor obstructed artist's sake,  
And making mouths laugh on the other side.

"But—sword use swordwise, spear thrust out as spear!"  
"Anaconda! Suppression is the word!"  
My nature, when the outrage was too gross,  
Widened itself an outlet over-wide.  
By way of answer, sought its own relief  
With more of fire and brimstone than you wished.
"Which thread will have to break and leave a loop?"

"If the meshy combination, my brain's loom, has the meshes gone, my brain must come on these tests?"

"Of three that are to catch, two should go free, One: at all three surprised, impossible!"

"Beside, I seek three and may chance on six,"

"This neighbour, o' other gossip, the babe's birth brings such to fresise, and folks give them wine,"

"'Tis late: but when I break in presently One will be found outriving the rest"

"For promise of a posset,—one whose shotWould raise the dead down in the catacombs,"

"Much more the city-watch that goes its round,"

"When did I ever turn adroitly up To sun some brick embedded in the soil, And with one blow crush all three scorpions?"

"Would have just been mauling who was malapert, And my wife your saint, Rome's gallicy, And my wife your saint, Rome's saint,—"

"Let me see the Count and certain four your week, Seclusion at the Stinche for her life.

"That all but was, might all have been, Yet was not bullied by just a scrapulous knife,"

"And I had a taste of Roman law."

"And having had my taste of Roman law."
While she leant back and looked her last at me,
Forgiving me (here monks begin to weep)
Oh, from her very soul, commending mine
To heavenly mercies which are infinite,
While fixing fast my head beneath your knife!
’Tis fate not fortune. All is of a piece
When was it chance informed me of your youths?
My rustic four o’ the family, soft swains,
What sweet surprise had they in store for me,
Those of my very household,—what did Law
Twist with her rack and cord-contrivance late
From out their bones and narrow? What
but this—
Had no one of these several stumbling-blocks
Stopped me, they yet were cherishings a scheme,
All of their honest country homespun wit,
To quiedy next day at crow of cock
Cut my own throat too, for their own behalf,
Seeing I had forgot to clear accounts
O’ the instant, nowise slackened speed for that,
And somehow never might find memory
Once safe back in Arezzo, where thingschange,
And a court- lord needs mind no country lout
Well, being the arch-offender, I die last,—
And a court-lord needs mind no country lout
May, ere my head falls, have my eyesight free,
Once safe back in Arezzo, where things change,
O’ the instant, nowise slackened speed for
I had forgot to clear accounts
Of affront and failure, failure and affront,—
Or management of things called
And eyes, on warrant of the story, wax
To quietly next day at crow of cock
Cut my own throat too, for their own behalf,
Seeing I had forgot to clear accounts
O’ the instant, nowise slackened speed for
And somehow never might find memory
Once safe back in Arezzo, where things change,
And a court- lord needs mind no country lout
Well, being the arch-offender, I die last,—
And a court-lord needs mind no country lout
May, ere my head falls, have my eyesight free,
Once safe back in Arezzo, where things change,
O’ the instant, nowise slackened speed for
Of affront and failure, failure and affront,—
Or management of things called
I boast myself, Etruscan, Aretine,
One sprung,—your frigid Virgil's fieriest
Word!—From fauns and nymphs, trunks and the heart
Of oak,
With,—for a visible divinity,—
The portent of a Jove, Ageclus
Described 'mid clouds, lightning and thunder,
Conceded on topmost crag of your Capitoline:
'Tis in the Seventh TeNeid,—what, the
Eighth?
Right,—thanks, Abate,—though the Chris-

tian's dumb,
The Latinist's vivacious in you yet! I
know my grandaunce had our tapis-
ret
Marked with the motto, 'heath a certain shield,
Whereof his grandson presently will give go-

tes
To vary aware. First we fight for faiths,
But get to shoke hands at the last of all: 1940
Mine your faith too,—in Jove /Egiochus!
But get to shake hands at the last of all: 1935
For a visible divinity,—
'st in the Seventh TeNeid,—what, the
Eighth?
Right,—thanks, Abate,—though the Chris-
tian's dumb,
The Latinist's vivacious in you yet! I
know my grandaunce had our tapis-
ret
Marked with the motto, 'heath a certain shield,
Whereof his grandson presently will give go-

tes
To vary aware. First we fight for faiths,
But get to shoke hands at the last of all: 1940
Mine your faith too,—in Jove /Egiochus!
But get to shake hands at the last of all: 1935
For a visible divinity,—
\[\text{\textcopyright 2023}\]
"He can't have people play such pranks as yours.
"Beneath his nose at noonday: you disdained
"To give him an excuse before the world
"Of some such folly; when the Pontifex pronounce
"To save our camp! To give him an excuse before the world
"And you had heard the Pontifex pronounce
"'Slaying turns murder, which were sacrifice
"But raised an altar to the Unknown God
"Doing his duty, cried ' A foreigner,
"Why then this pother?—all because the
"'Or else the Genius of the Vatican.'
"'Romano vivitur more:
"'You scandalize the natives: here at Rome
"'Put the Church forward and efface them-
"'Were fain extirpate, then, the heretic,
"'The fit defence had been,—you stamped
"'Meant to breed up your babe a Molinist!
"So ends mistake, so end mistakers!—end
"Only, be sure, no punishment, no pain
"Intending all the time to trample tares,—
"Let surge by death into a visible flow
"Of rapture: as the strangled thread of flame
"That's half of me as well! Grow out of man,
"Glut the wolf-nature,—what remains but
"Fit defence had been,—you stamped
"Intending all the time to trample tares,—
"Let surge by death into a visible flow
"Of rapture: as the strangled thread of flame
"That takes your taste, you other kind of
"How you had loved her! Guido wanted
"How had you loved her? Guido wanted
"To value such a woman at her worth!
"The length of that hour's run: I give it
"The whole to be thy children's heritage,—
"The space circumjacent, for fit demesne,
"And says 'Take this, and if thou get safe
"To plant the same in thy garden-ground to grow:
"To show more, and the greyhound tied thereto,
"Rims the whole round with that same heritage,
"How you had loved her! Guido wanted
"Guido wanted
"To know I suffered, would still sadden her,
"If you follow the daisies on its bank!
"Let me turn wolf, be whole, and sate, for
"I who, with outlet for escape to heaven
"No, though they follow but to pray me pause
"There's God, go tell Him, testify your worst!
"None of your abnegation of revenge!
"were a Tithonus, who have brought me to this pass!
"Pompiuia, who have brought me to this pass!
"Pompiuia, who have brought me to this pass!
"For I who, with outlet for escape to heaven
"And it would prove her hell, if I reached
"On the incline, earth's edge that's next to
"And St Peter, nor Violante, nor your wife
"To value such a woman at her worth!
"The length of that hour's run: I give it
"The whole to be thy children's heritage,—
"The space circumjacent, for fit demesne,
"And says 'Take this, and if thou get safe
"To show more, and the greyhound tied thereto,
"Rims the whole round with that same heritage,
"How you had loved her! Guido wanted
"To know I suffered, would still sadden her,
"The length of that hour's run: I give it
"If you follow the daisies on its bank!
"Let me turn wolf, be whole, and sate, for
"I who, with outlet for escape to heaven
"No, though they follow but to pray me pause
"There's God, go tell Him, testify your worst!
"None of your abnegation of revenge!
"were a Tithonus, who have brought me to this pass!
"Pompiuia, who have brought me to this pass!
"Pompiuia, who have brought me to this pass!
"For I who, with outlet for escape to heaven
"And it would prove her hell, if I reached
"On the incline, earth's edge that's next to
"And St Peter, nor Violante, nor your wife
"To value such a woman at her worth!
"The length of that hour's run: I give it
"The whole to be thy children's heritage,—
"The space circumjacent, for fit demesne,
"And says 'Take this, and if thou get safe
"To show more, and the greyhound tied thereto,
"Rims the whole round with that same heritage,
"How you had loved her! Guido wanted
"To know I suffered, would still sadden her,
"The length of that hour's run: I give it
"If you follow the daisies on its bank!
"Let me turn wolf, be whole, and sate, for
"I who, with outlet for escape to heaven
"No, though they follow but to pray me pause
"There's God, go tell Him, testify your worst!
"None of your abnegation of revenge!
"were a Tithonus, who have brought me to this pass!
"Pompiuia, who have brought me to this pass!
"Pompiuia, who have brought me to this pass!
"For I who, with outlet for escape to heaven
"And it would prove her hell, if I reached
"On the incline, earth's edge that's next to
"And St Peter, nor Violante, nor your wife
"To value such a woman at her worth!
"The length of that hour's run: I give it
"The whole to be thy children's heritage,—
"The space circumjacent, for fit demesne,
"And says 'Take this, and if thou get safe
"To show more, and the greyhound tied thereto,
"Rims the whole round with that same heritage,
"How you had loved her! Guido wanted
"To know I suffered, would still sadden her,
"The length of that hour's run: I give it
"If you follow the daisies on its bank!
"Let me turn wolf, be whole, and sate, for
"I who, with outlet for escape to heaven
"No, though they follow but to pray me pause
"There's God, go tell Him, testify your worst!
"None of your abnegation of revenge!
"were a Tithonus, who have brought me to this pass!
"Pompiuia, who have brought me to this pass!
"Pompiuia, who have brought me to this pass!
"For I who, with outlet for escape to heaven
"And it would prove her hell, if I reached
"On the incline, earth's edge that's next to
"And St Peter, nor Violante, nor your wife
"To value such a woman at her worth!
"The length of that hour's run: I give it
"The whole to be thy children's heritage,—
"The space circumjacent, for fit demesne,
"And says 'Take this, and if thou get safe
"To show more, and the greyhound tied thereto,
"Rims the whole round with that same heritage,
And trying to arrive at empty air!  
Aha! the fancy never crossed my mind!

Straining to start, means swift and greedy
My father used to tell me, and subjoin
He stands upon a triple mount of gold—

"As for the castle, that took wings and flew:
I doubt not I could stand and spit so far:
' ' Scarce tasks my gouty feet, and in my prime
Because of what he calls a wicked wife,—
Abate, leave my lips alone,—they bite!
I thought you would not slay impenitence,
But teased, from men you slew, contrition
For his successor: first the Chamberlain,
You steep the substance, you would lubricate,
Abased, leave my lips alone,—they bite!
Vainly you try to change what should not change,
You have prayed: I have gone inside my
The Pope who dooms me needs must die
A universe of happy innocent things:
Surely a fly, you were a man, and more,
With thy suspected presence?—virgin yet,
But teased, from men you slew, contrition
It was a fly, you were a man, and more,
It grows the stonier for your saving dew!
It was a fly, you were a man, and more,
That brought a husband power worth Ormuz' wealth!
You have prayed: I have gone inside my
With thy suspected presence?—virgin yet,
With thy suspected presence?—virgin yet,
You steep the substance, you would lubricate,
It grows the stonier for your saving dew!
I thought you would not slay impenitence,
But teased, from men you slew, contrition
For his successor: first the Chamberlain,
You steep the substance, you would lubricate,
Abased, leave my lips alone,—they bite!
Vainly you try to change what should not change,
You have prayed: I have gone inside my
The Pope who dooms me needs must die
A universe of happy innocent things:
Surely a fly, you were a man, and more,
It grows the stonier for your saving dew!
I thought you would not slay impenitence,
But teased, from men you slew, contrition
For his successor: first the Chamberlain,
You steep the substance, you would lubricate,
Abased, leave my lips alone,—they bite!
Vainly you try to change what should not change,
You have prayed: I have gone inside my
The Pope who dooms me needs must die
A universe of happy innocent things:
Surely a fly, you were a man, and more,
It grows the stonier for your saving dew!
I thought you would not slay impenitence,
But teased, from men you slew, contrition
For his successor: first the Chamberlain,
You steep the substance, you would lubricate,
Abased, leave my lips alone,—they bite!
Vainly you try to change what should not change,
You have prayed: I have gone inside my
The Pope who dooms me needs must die
A universe of happy innocent things:
Surely a fly, you were a man, and more,
It grows the stonier for your saving dew!
I thought you would not slay impenitence,
But teased, from men you slew, contrition
For his successor: first the Chamberlain,
You steep the substance, you would lubricate,
Abased, leave my lips alone,—they bite!
Vainly you try to change what should not change,
You have prayed: I have gone inside my
The Pope who dooms me needs must die
A universe of happy innocent things:
Surely a fly, you were a man, and more,
It grows the stonier for your saving dew!
I thought you would not slay impenitence,
But teased, from men you slew, contrition
For his successor: first the Chamberlain,
You steep the substance, you would lubricate,
Abased, leave my lips alone,—they bite!
Vainly you try to change what should not change,
You have prayed: I have gone inside my
The Pope who dooms me needs must die
A universe of happy innocent things:
Surely a fly, you were a man, and more,
It grows the stonier for your saving dew!
I thought you would not slay impenitence,
Shall he try bleating?—or take turn or two,
Since the wolf owns some kinship with the fox,
And, failing to escape the foe by craft,
Gave up attempt, die fighting quietly?
One re-embrace in mid back-bone they break,
After their weary work thro' the foe's flesh?
That's the wolf-nature. Don't mistake my trope!
A Cardinal so qualmish? Emancipate,
My fight is figurative, blows i' the air,
Brain-war with powers and principalities,
For Tozzi told me so: and you, forsooth—
I know not,—I begin to taste my strength,
Whether it be, the old contagious fit
Tozzi has got you also down in book!
Is not one called Albano in the lot?
A Pucci, for promotion in the church?
Go eat your heart, you'll never be a Pope!
Inform me, is it true you left your love,
She's more than in the church,—in the churchyard?
One called Albano; the next pope was
Giovanni Francesco Albani.
After that February Twenty-Two,
Since our salvation, Sixteen-Ninety-Eight,
Of all reports that were, or may have been,
Concerning those the day killed or left live,
Pour I count only. Take the first that comes.
A letter from a stranger, man of rank,
Venetian visitor at Rome,—who knows,
On what pretence of busy idleness?
Thus he begins on evening of that day. 30

A letter from a stranger, man of rank,
Of all reports that were, or may have been,
Since our salvation, Sixteen-Ninety-Eight,
On what pretence of busy idleness?

"With influx, from each quarter of the globe,
And constant shift of entertaining show:
Here are we at our end of Carnival;
I' the struggle for a good place presently
Of strangers nowise wishful to be last 35
You see, Malpichi understood far more
The old Pope totters on the verge of
No question, renders these inveterate. 41
Which set all Rome a-stare: Pope pro-
Cardinal Spada, actual Minister,
"And San Cesario makes one doubt at times:
Along the river-side; he loves to see
And the old man took daily exercise.
A week ago the sun was warm like May,
On such days the good soul has fainting-fits,
But yesterday he had to keep in-doors
For, Naples born, his tastes are maritime:
That Custom-house he built upon the bank,
Of justice, prudence, and
esprit de corps,
Hired one; our Envoy Contarmi too.

"Now, from such matters to divert awhile,
For the execution of the Count, by Jove!
Who could suspect its one deaf ear—the
Passion for France and France's pageant-
And that old enmity to Austria, that
But prejudices grow insuperable, so
That make with him foul weather or fine
His intrepidity, nay, nonchalance, ws
Struck admiration into those who saw.
As up he stood and down he sat himself,
And so all ended ere you well could wink!
—Not an abrupt out-bolting, as of yore,
From the New Prisons by the Pilgrim's
Then the procession started, took the way
(Where was stuck up, 'mid other epigrams,
Place of the Column, last the Corso's length,
The Place Navona, the Pantheon's Place,
"He begged forgiveness on the part of God,
And strongly pleaded for the life ' of one,
—Who used his best endeavours to spare
Wounded;—for, of course, he expected
To intimate the sentence yesternight,
In the Place 0' the People. As is evident,
To that Dogana-by-the-Bank he built,
To the mob; it gave one holiday the more.
We say, at sunset, after dinner-time,—
At twenty-hours,—the way they reckon
For the execution of the Count, by Jove!
Who could suspect its one deaf ear—the
Passion for France and France's pageant-
And that old enmity to Austria, that
But prejudices grow insuperable, so
That make with him foul weather or fine
His intrepidity, nay, nonchalance, ws
Struck admiration into those who saw.
As up he stood and down he sat himself,
And so all ended ere you well could wink!
—Not an abrupt out-bolting, as of yore,
From the New Prisons by the Pilgrim's
Then the procession started, took the way
(Where was stuck up, 'mid other epigrams,
Place of the Column, last the Corso's length,
The Place Navona, the Pantheon's Place,
"He begged forgiveness on the part of God,
And strongly pleaded for the life ' of one,
—Who used his best endeavours to spare
Wounded;—for, of course, he expected
To intimate the sentence yesternight,
In the Place 0' the People. As is evident,
To that Dogana-by-the-Bank he built,
To the mob; it gave one holiday the more.
We say, at sunset, after dinner-time,—
At twenty-hours,—the way they reckon
For the execution of the Count, by Jove!
Who could suspect its one deaf ear—the
Passion for France and France's pageant-
And that old enmity to Austria, that
But prejudices grow insuperable, so
That make with him foul weather or fine
His intrepidity, nay, nonchalance, ws
Struck admiration into those who saw.
As up he stood and down he sat himself,
And so all ended ere you well could wink!
—Not an abrupt out-bolting, as of yore,
From the New Prisons by the Pilgrim's
Then the procession started, took the way
(Where was stuck up, 'mid other epigrams,
Place of the Column, last the Corso's length,
The Place Navona, the Pantheon's Place,
"He begged forgiveness on the part of God,
And strongly pleaded for the life ' of one,
—Who used his best endeavours to spare
Wounded;—for, of course, he expected
To intimate the sentence yesternight,
In the Place 0' the People. As is evident,
To that Dogana-by-the-Bank he built,
To the mob; it gave one holiday the more.
We say, at sunset, after dinner-time,—
At twenty-hours,—the way they reckon
For the execution of the Count, by Jove!
Who could suspect its one deaf ear—the
Passion for France and France's pageant-
And that old enmity to Austria, that
But prejudices grow insuperable, so
That make with him foul weather or fine
His intrepidity, nay, nonchalance, ws
Struck admiration into those who saw.
As up he stood and down he sat himself,
And so all ended ere you well could wink!
—Not an abrupt out-bolting, as of yore,
From the New Prisons by the Pilgrim's
Then the procession started, took the way
(Where was stuck up, 'mid other epigrams,
Place of the Column, last the Corso's length,
The Place Navona, the Pantheon's Place,
"He begged forgiveness on the part of God,
And strongly pleaded for the life ' of one,
—Who used his best endeavours to spare
Wounded;—for, of course, he expected
To intimate the sentence yesternight,
In the Place 0' the People. As is evident,
To that Dogana-by-the-Bank he built,
To the mob; it gave one holiday the more.
We say, at sunset, after dinner-time,—
At twenty-hours,—the way they reckon
For the execution of the Count, by Jove!
Who could suspect its one deaf ear—the
Passion for France and France's pageant-
And that old enmity to Austria, that
But prejudices grow insuperable, so
That make with him foul weather or fine
His intrepidity, nay, nonchalance, ws
Struck admiration into those who saw.
As up he stood and down he sat himself,
And so all ended ere you well could wink!
—Not an abrupt out-bolting, as of yore,
From the New Prisons by the Pilgrim's
Then the procession started, took the way
(Where was stuck up, 'mid other epigrams,
Place of the Column, last the Corso's length,
The Place Navona, the Pantheon's Place,
"He begged forgiveness on the part of God,
And strongly pleaded for the life ' of one,
—Who used his best endeavours to spare
Wounded;—for, of course, he expected
To intimate the sentence yesternight,
In the Place 0' the People. As is evident,
To that Dogana-by-the-Bank he built,
To the mob; it gave one holiday the more.
We say, at sunset, after dinner-time,—
At twenty-hours,—the way they reckon
For the execution of the Count, by Jove!
Who could suspect its one deaf ear—the
Passion for France and France's pageant-
And that old enmity to Austria, that
But prejudices grow insuperable, so
That make with him foul weather or fine
His intrepidity, nay, nonchalance, ws
Struck admiration into those who saw.
As up he stood and down he sat himself,
And so all ended ere you well could wink!
—Not an abrupt out-bolting, as of yore,
From the New Prisons by the Pilgrim's
Then the procession started, took the way
(Where was stuck up, 'mid other epigrams,
Place of the Column, last the Corso's length,
The Place Navona, the Pantheon's Place,
"He begged forgiveness on the part of God,
And strongly pleaded for the life ' of one,
—Who used his best endeavours to spare
Wounded;—for, of course, he expected
To intimate the sentence yesternight,
In the Place 0' the People. As is evident,
To that Dogana-by-the-Bank he built,
To the mob; it gave one holiday the more.
We say, at sunset, after dinner-time,—
At twenty-hours,—the way they reckon
For the execution of the Count, by Jove!
Who could suspect its one deaf ear—the
Passion for France and France's pageant-
And that old enmity to Austria, that
But prejudices grow insuperable, so
That make with him foul weather or fine
His intrepidity, nay, nonchalance, ws
Struck admiration into those who saw.
As up he stood and down he sat himself,
And so all ended ere you well could wink!
—Not an abrupt out-bolting, as of yore,
From the New Prisons by the Pilgrim's
Then the procession started, took the way
(Where was stuck up, 'mid other epigrams,
Place of the Column, last the Corso's length,
The Place Navona, the Pantheon's Place,
"Whose suffrage he entreated for his soul," 196

"Suggesting that we should forthwith repeat
A Peter and an Ave, with the hymn
Salve Regina Celi," for his salvo.

"Which, said, he turned to the confessor, crossed
And recommenced himself, with decency,
Often glancing at Saint Mary's opposite,
Where they possessed, and showed in shrine to-day.

"The blessed Umbilicus of our Lord,
(Alas, 'tis believed no other church
In Rome can boast of)—then rose up, as
Whose couch in Tuscany by Themis'

"Where they possess, and showed in shrine
Indeed, it was no face to please a wife!
And, if not handsome, dignified at least.
Youngish, considering his fifty years,
Report pronounced him fully six feet high,
He wore the dress he did the murder in,
Costume:

"Whence came the other stuff, went, you know
How, how,
Whereof I lowly beg the next commands;
"To the People's Playground,—stigmatize the spite
Which in a trice precipitated things
Part—extant just as plainly, you know where,
Whence came the other stuff, went, you know how,
To make the Ring that's all but round and done.

"Late they arrived, too late, egregious Sir,
Those same justificative points you urge
Might benefit His Blessed Memory
Count Guido Franceschini now with God:
Since the Count,—to state things succinctly,—styled
The Congregation of the Governor,
Having resolved on Tuesday last our cause
I, the guilty sense, with death for punishment.

"Spada—you may bet Dandolo,—is Pope!
Now for the quartain!"

No, friend, this will do!
You've spattered into sparks. What streak comes next?
A letter: Don Giacinto Arrangeli,
Doctor and Proctor, him I made you mark
Buckle to business in his study late,
The virtuous Sri, the valiant for the truth,
Acquaints his correspondent,—Florentine,
By name Concini, advocate as well,
Sects and brother-in-the-devil to match,—
A friend of Franceschini, anyhow,
And knit up with the bowels of the ease,—
Acquaints him, (in this paper that I touch)
How their joint effort to obtain reprieve
For Guido had so nearly raised the nice
And ninety and one over,—folk would say
At Taroccs,—or succeeded,—in our phrase.
To this Cencini's care I owe the Book,
The yellow thing: I take and turn once more
How will it be, my four-years-intimate,
When thou and I part company anon?
Twas he, the "whole position of the case,"
Fleeting and summary, were put before;
Discretely in my Book he bound them all,
Adding some three epistles to the point.
Here is the first of these, part fresh as penned,
But—extend just as plainly, you know where,
Whence the other stuff, went, you know how,
To make the Ring that's all but round and done.

"Late they arrived, too late, egregious Sir,
Those same justificative points you urge
Might benefit His Blessed Memory
Count Guido Franceschini now with God:
Since the Count,—to state things succinctly,—styled
The Congregation of the Governor,
Having resolved on Tuesday last our cause
I, the guilty sense, with death for punishment.

"Spada—you may bet Dandolo,—is Pope!
Now for the quartain!"

No, friend, this will do!
You've spattered into sparks. What streak comes next?
A letter: Don Giacinto Arrangeli,
Doctor and Proctor, him I made you mark
Buckle to business in his study late,
"Still, though the earth should swallow him who swears, and me who make the mischief, in must be—"
"My boy, your godson, fat-chaps Haymuth, enjoyed the sight while Papa plodded here.
I promised him, the rogue, a month ago, the day his birthday was, of all the days, that if I failed to save Count Guido's head—"
"That I prefer, becalmed, raps me out!"
"That barefoot Augustinian whose report might move a stone? That monk, you are well, what?"
"His nose,—the rogue!—well parried of the boy!"
"He's long since out of Caesar (eight years old) well, as for tripping in Eutropius... well, reason the more that we strain every nerve.
To do him justice, mould a model-mouth, A Bartholomew Baldo for next age:"
"For that I purse the pieces, work the brain, and want both Gomez and the marriage-case, success with which shall plaster aught of hate.
That's broken in me by Bottini's flail, and bruise his own, belike, that wags and lugs."
"Adverti multis ludentibus."
"Don't the fungus see, the fop divine!
Follows, a letter, takes the other side.
Weber, me in his own prowess! Eh! What ails the man?
I looked that Rome should have the natural gird.
"At advocate with case that proves itself; I knew Arangaeli would grin and brag:
But what say you to one impertinence."
"But that the Pope must gratify his whim, now shall this refresh. The thirsty donor with a drop or two!"
"Grace be not, thick and threefold, conscious."
"The gods still give to my antagonist: who at first twist, preamble of the cord, might prong the clumsy monster: with no mud to challenge till bystanders shouted 'ware!
And set the fashionable cause at Rome, furnished, as you expect, a penitent, who at first twist, preamble of the cord.
It was not led by the nose in least of quadribules strong to look like law!
You'll soon see,—when I go to pay devout, and compliment him on confuting me,—
Quick then with Gomez, hot and hot next day."
"To pick up, steady her on legs again, my office turns a pleasantry indeed!"
"What with the plain truth given me to uphold, and, should I let truth slip, the Pope at hand?"
"Poured forth in fancied floods for virtue's sake, (The print is sorrowfully dyed and dammed, but shows where faint the unbridled force would flow, finding a channel)—now shall this fresh! The thirsty donor with a drop or two! Here has been truth at issue with a lie:
Let who gained truth the day have handsome pride in his own prowess! Eh! What ails the man?
"This Guido,—(much sport he contrived to make, who at first twist, preamble of the cord."
"Turned white, told all, like the poitrine he was!)—
Finished, as you expect, a penitent, fully confessed his crime, and made amends, and, edifying Rome last Saturday, died like a saint, poor devil! That's the man:"
"The gods still give to my antagonist: imagine how Arangaeli caps wing and crow! Such formidable facts to face, so nakhed to attack, my client here, and yet I kept a month the face at bay, and in the end had foiled him of the prize prize."
"By this arch-stroke, this plea of privilege, but that the Pope must gratify his whim, who had, as usual, the plain truth to tell."
"Here has been truth at issue with a lie: who at first twist, preamble of the cord."
"To pick up, steady her on legs again, my office turns a pleasantry indeed!"
"What with the plain truth given me to uphold, and, should I let truth slip, the Pope at hand?
"This Guido,—(much sport he contrived to make, who at first twist, preamble of the cord.
"Turned white, told all, like the poitrine he was!)—
Finished, as you expect, a penitent, fully confessed his crime, and made amends, and, edifying Rome last Saturday, died like a saint, poor devil! That's the man:"
"The gods still give to my antagonist: imagine how Arangaeli caps wing and crow! Such formidable facts to face, so nakhed to attack, my client here, and yet I kept a month the face at bay, and in the end had foiled him of the prize prize."
"By this arch-stroke, this plea of privilege, but that the Pope must gratify his whim, who had, as usual, the plain truth to tell."
"Here has been truth at issue with a lie: who at first twist, preamble of the cord."
"To pick up, steady her on legs again, my office turns a pleasantry indeed!"
"What with the plain truth given me to uphold, and, should I let truth slip, the Pope at hand?
"This Guido,—(much sport he contrived to make, who at first twist, preamble of the cord.
"Turned white, told all, like the poitrine he was!)—
Finished, as you expect, a penitent, fully confessed his crime, and made amends, and, edifying Rome last Saturday, died like a saint, poor devil! That's the man:"
"The gods still give to my antagonist: imagine how Arangaeli caps wing and crow! Such formidable facts to face, so nakhed to attack, my client here, and yet I kept a month the face at bay, and in the end had foiled him of the prize prize."
"By this arch-stroke, this plea of privilege, but that the Pope must gratify his whim, who had, as usual, the plain truth to tell."
"Here has been truth at issue with a lie: who at first twist, preamble of the cord."
"To pick up, steady her on legs again, my office turns a pleasantry indeed!"
"Much will you have misread the signs, I say.
"
"God, who seems acquiescent in the main,
With those who add 'So will he ever sleep?'
"
"Flutters their foolishness from time to time,
"With those who add 'So will he ever'
"
"And said,—nor be a bad man, no, nor fool,
"Only a man born blind like all his mates,—
"
"Here skulk in safety, lurk, defying law,
"The devotees to execrable creed,
"
"Adoring—with what culture... Jove, avert,
"Thy vengeance from us worshippers of thee! ...
"
"What rites obscene—their idol-god, an Ass!'
"
"So went the word forth, so acceptance found,
"Cursed the accursed,—and so, from sire to son,
"
"You Romans cried 'The offuscourings of our race
"
"Corrupt within the depths there: filthy fiends
"
"Perform a temple-service o'er the dead :
"
"Caid, gather germin round thee, pass not pry!'
"
"Thus grounded your generations: till the time
"Grew ripe, and lightning had revealed, belike—
"
"Thereover peeped into by curious fear,—
"Some object even fear could recognize as
"
"I' the place of spectres; on the illumined wall,
"To-wit, some nook, tradition talks about,
"
"Mouth as it made, eye as it evidenced,
"To the world that hates white: as ye
"
"All this well pondered,—I demand assent
"Nowise abated,—both by miracle,—
"
"The natural force to do the thing he saw,
"In whom too was the eye that saw, not dim,
"
"Pro Christo. Then the mystery lay clear:
"The abhorred one was a martyr all the time,
"
"Which thenceforth makes the sinning soul
"Hold blood,—
"
"Approachable no more by earthly mist—
"From all foes save itself, souls' trueltest
"
"Doubtless some pagan of the twilight-day
"Has often pointed to a cavern-mouth
"
"Omnous to beholders, hard by Rome,
"And said,—nor be a bad man, no, nor fool,
"
"Here skulk in safety, lurk, defying law,
"The devotees to execrable creed,
"
"Adoring—with what culture... Jove, avert,
"Thy vengeance from us worshippers of thee! ...
"
"What rites obscene—their idol-god, an Ass!'
"
"So went the word forth, so acceptance found,
"Cursed the accursed,—and so, from sire to son,
"
"You Romans cried 'The offuscourings of our race
"
"Corrupt within the depths there: filthy fiends
"
"Perform a temple-service o'er the dead :
"
"Caid, gather germin round thee, pass not pry!'
"
"Thus grounded your generations: till the time
"Grew ripe, and lightning had revealed, belike—
"
"Thereover peeped into by curious fear,—
"Some object even fear could recognize as
"
"I' the place of spectres; on the illumined wall,
"To-wit, some nook, tradition talks about,
"
"Mouth as it made, eye as it evidenced,
"To the world that hates white: as ye
"
"All this well pondered,—I demand assent
"Nowise abated,—both by miracle,—
"
"The natural force to do the thing he saw,
"To the monastic of my text
In face of one proof more that 'God is true
And every man a liar'—that who trusts
To human testimony for a fact
Gets this sole fact—himself is proved a fool;
'B To human testimony for a fact
'And every man a liar'—that who trusts
To man's speech being false, if but by conse
quence
That only strength is true: while man is weak,
And, since truth seems reserved for heaven not earth,
Plagued here by earth's prerogative of lies,
Should learn to love and long for what, one day,
Approved by life's probation, he may speak.
For me, the weary and worn, who haply prompt!
To mirth or pity, as I move the mood,—
For me, the weary and worn, who haply prompt,
Many a dream of life spent otherwise—
Yet what forbids I weigh the prize forgone,
Rather than simply good, and bring
As glory, or as rapture, or as grace:
As this world seems, I dare not say I know
How conversancy with the books that
I answer, at the urgency of truth:
I have long since renounced your world,
With these bare feet, coarse robe and rope-girt waist.
I have long since renounced your world,
Now, this Pompeii seeing that, by death
One couple, all their wealth devolved on her,
That Monastery claims its due:
The justice of the Court would presently
Declines, though plain enough his privilege,
And clip away one joke that runs through
And punish of a sudden: that's the point:
That thrifty Sisterhood, for perquisite,
Claims every piece whereof may die possessed
Each sinner in the circuit of its walls.
This Pompeii convicts that, by death
'One more enlarged distorted false fool's face,
Until some glassy nothing grown as big
As the monk's own bubble, let alone its spite?
Didst ever touch such amplitudivity
As the monk's own bubble, let alone its spite?
What's his speech for, but just the fame he
I find that, for first pleasant consequence,
Gomez, who had intended to appeal
At having put each human pleasure by,
At having put each human pleasure by,
'No, my friends! Fame,—that bubble
No, in renouncing feme, my loss was light,
No, in renouncing feme, my loss was light,
Choose humility, my chance was well!
Died ever touch such amplitudivity
As the monk's own bubble, let alone its spite?
What's his speech for, but just the fame he
I find that, for first pleasant consequence,
Gomez, who had intended to appeal
At having put each human pleasure by,
At having put each human pleasure by,
'No, my friends! Fame,—that bubble
No, in renouncing feme, my loss was light,
No, in renouncing feme, my loss was light,
Choose humility, my chance was well!
Died ever touch such amplitudivity
As the monk's own bubble, let alone its spite?
What's his speech for, but just the fame he
I find that, for first pleasant consequence,
Gomez, who had intended to appeal
At having put each human pleasure by,
At having put each human pleasure by,
'No, my friends! Fame,—that bubble
No, in renouncing feme, my loss was light,
No, in renouncing feme, my loss was light,
Choose humility, my chance was well!
Died ever touch such amplitudivity
As the monk's own bubble, let alone its spite?
What's his speech for, but just the fame he
I find that, for first pleasant consequence,
Gomez, who had intended to appeal
At having put each human pleasure by,
At having put each human pleasure by,
'No, my friends! Fame,—that bubble
No, in renouncing feme, my loss was light,
No, in renouncing feme, my loss was light,
Choose humility, my chance was well!
Died ever touch such amplitudivity
As the monk's own bubble, let alone its spite?
What's his speech for, but just the fame he
I find that, for first pleasant consequence,
Gomez, who had intended to appeal
At having put each human pleasure by,
At having put each human pleasure by,
'No, my friends! Fame,—that bubble
No, in renouncing feme, my loss was light,
No, in renouncing feme, my loss was light,
Choose humility, my chance was well!
Died ever touch such amplitudivity
As the monk's own bubble, let alone its spite?
What's his speech for, but just the fame he
I find that, for first pleasant consequence,
Gomez, who had intended to appeal
At having put each human pleasure by,
At having put each human pleasure by,
'No, my friends! Fame,—that bubble
No, in renouncing feme, my loss was light,
No, in renouncing feme, my loss was light,
Choose humility, my chance was well!
Died ever touch such amplitudivity
As the monk's own bubble, let alone its spite?
What's his speech for, but just the fame he
I find that, for first pleasant consequence,
Gomez, who had intended to appeal
At having put each human pleasure by,
At having put each human pleasure by,
'No, my friends! Fame,—that bubble
No, in renouncing feme, my loss was light,
No, in renouncing feme, my loss was light,
Choose humility, my chance was well!
Died ever touch such amplitudivity
As the monk's own bubble, let alone its spite?
What's his speech for, but just the fame he
I find that, for first pleasant consequence,
Gomez, who had intended to appeal
At having put each human pleasure by,
At having put each human pleasure by,
'No, my friends! Fame,—that bubble
No, in renouncing feme, my loss was light,
No, in renouncing feme, my loss was light,
Choose humility, my chance was well!
Died ever touch such amplitudivity
As the monk's own bubble, let alone its spite?
What's his speech for, but just the fame he
I find that, for first pleasant consequence,
Gomez, who had intended to appeal
At having put each human pleasure by,
At having put each human pleasure by,
'No, my friends! Fame,—that bubble
No, in renouncing feme, my loss was light,
No, in renouncing feme, my loss was light,
Choose humility, my chance was well!
Died ever touch such amplitudivity
As the monk's own bubble, let alone its spite?
What's his speech for, but just the fame he
I find that, for first pleasant consequence,
"Why, that's just Martain's phrase for ' make an end'."

"Ad unículum sic perfustum est!"

The callous dog,—let who will cut off head, He cuts a joke and cares no more than so! I think my speech shall modify his mirth.

"How is the fine gold dim!"—but send the piece!

Alack, Bottini, what is my next word But death to all that hope? The Instrument Is plain before me, print that ends my Book With the definitive verdict of the Court.

Dated September, six months afterward, (Such trouble and so long the old Pope gave!) In resurrection of the perfect fame Of dead Pompilia, phœnomena Guido's wife, And warrant to her representative Domenico Tighetti, barred hereby, While doing duty in his guardianship, Or threatened to be brought against the heir Of Guido and Pompilia: only find, To do thee credit as Petrarch,—nay, Buonarroti at a pinch, I thought, Arezzo, thou hadst fitter souls, To do this old woe fade from memory: For scandal, love of lying vanity, And appetite to swallow crude reports That bring annoyance to their betters.—

Which, here, was promptly met by antitote. I like and shall translate the eloquence Of nearly the worst Latin ever writ: Since antique time whereof the memory Holds the beginning, to this present hour, The Franceschi! ever shone, and shine Still i' the primary rank, supreme amid The lustres of Arezzo, proud to own And human estimation words and wind. Why take the artistic way to prove so much? Because, it is the glory and good of Art, That Art remains the one way possible Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine at least. How look a brother in the face and say Thy right is wrong, eyes hast thou yet art blind, Thine ears are stuffed and stopped, despite thy length: And, breathing, blow the spark to flame.

"Saint Mary Magdalen o' the Convertites By the Most Venerable Convent called Or threatened to be brought against the heir Of nearly the worst Latin ever writ: Since antique time whereof the memory Holds the beginning, to this present hour, The Franceschi! ever shone, and shine Still i' the primary rank, supreme amid The lustres of Arezzo, proud to own And human estimation words and wind. Why take the artistic way to prove so much? Because, it is the glory and good of Art, That Art remains the one way possible Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine at least. How look a brother in the face and say Thy right is wrong, eyes hast thou yet art blind, Thine ears are stuffed and stopped, despite thy length: And, breathing, blow the spark to flame.

Justice done a second time!

Well judged, Marc Antony, Lænsus-tenens O' the Governor, a Venturini too! For which I save thy name,—last of the list!

Next year but one, completing his nine years Of co-regency, died innocent my Pope —By some account, on his accession-day. If he thought doubt would do the next age good, 'Tis pity he died unapprising what birth His reign may boast of, be remembered by— Terrible Pope, too, of a kind,—Voltairine.

And so an end of all i' the story. Strain Never so much my eyes, I miss the mark If lived or died that Gaetano, child Of Guido and Pompilia: only find, Immediately upon his father's death, A record, in the annals of the town— That Porzia, sister of our Guido, moved The Priori of Arezzo and their head Its Confessor to give loyally A public attostation of the right O' the Franceschini to all reverence— Apparently because of the incident O' the murder,—there's no mention made o' the crime, But what she could have caused such urgency To cure the mob, just then, of greediness For scandal, love of lying vanity, And appetite to swallow crude reports That bring annoyance to their betters.—

Which, here, was promptly met by antitote. I like and shall translate the eloquence Of nearly the worst Latin ever writ: Since antique time whereof the memory Holds the beginning, to this present hour, The Franceschi! ever shone, and shine Still i' the primary rank, supreme amid The lustres of Arezzo, proud to own And human estimation words and wind. Why take the artistic way to prove so much? Because, it is the glory and good of Art, That Art remains the one way possible Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine at least. How look a brother in the face and say Thy right is wrong, eyes hast thou yet art blind, Thine ears are stuffed and stopped, despite thy length: And, breathing, blow the spark to flame.
With friend Home's stilts and tongues and medium-ware,—
What if the once redoubted Sphinx, I say,
(Because night draws on, and the sands increase,
And desert-whispers grow a prophecy)
Tell all to Corinth of her own accord,
Bright Corinth, not dull Thebes, for Lais' sake,
Who finds me hardly grey, and likes my nose,
And thinks a man of sixty at the prime?
Good! It shall be! Revealment of myself!
Tell all to Corinth of her own accord,
Bright Corinth, not dull Thebes, for Lais' sake,
Who finds me hardly grey, and likes my nose,
And thinks a man of sixty at the prime?

First, how to make the matter plain, of course—
What was the law by which I lived. Let's see:
Aye, we must take one instant of my life
Spent sitting by your side in this neat room :
Study the point then ere you track the rays!
Rays from all round converge to any point:
Understand one, you comprehend the rest.

This way, not otherwise: I guarantee,
That 'tis my nature, when I am at ease,
To want to do a thing—to put a thought,
That 'tis my nature, when I am at ease,
To want to do a thing—to put a thought,
That 'tis my nature, when I am at ease,
To want to do a thing—to put a thought,
That 'tis my nature, when I am at ease,
To want to do a thing—to put a thought,
That 'tis my nature, when I am at ease,
To want to do a thing—to put a thought,
Weigh its worth, and then punish or reward advisers by the wayside, does his best measures and manages resource, trusts, sticks to the straight road, tries the crooked.

In quickness and the courier quality, I leave him to himself: but, journey done, at his discretion, at his peril too.

I bid him, since I have the right to bid, message for me, post-haste, a thousand miles. I could then, last July, bid courier take to-night yet in the Residenz, a personage: galvanically make dead muscle play, suppose I bid a courier take to-night, needs apprehend the matter. Am I clear?

After man’s earthly life, so far as man, in a certain sense, like time before and time, life being the minute of mankind, not God’s, but does not interpose. He did so once, in the process: ‘tis the way of Deity.

Do I appear subordinated less by the same. Intercommunication with Himself, Wreaking on finiteness infinitude; by such a series of effects, gives each last his own imprints, old yet ever new.

Choose the directer cut across the hedge, 'tis I who, with my stock of craft and strength, find the emancipation? No, I hope! To duly take the path appointed him, you've read a ton's weight, now, of news.

And stand you in good stead on quarter-day: pacify the grim guardian of this square, to break the question, what folk call being saved or cast away.

To other men, to each and everyone, another law! what likelier? God, perchance, praise me or haply blame as service proves.

Pacify the grim guardian of this Square, find the emancipation? No, I hope! To duly take the path appointed him, you've read a ton's weight, now, of news.

To the true ordinance of human life, it so exceeds familiar forms of proof. I know that He is there as I am here, to effect the same: God helps not else.

I know that He is there as I am here, so as to please myself on the great scale, having regard to immortality. Such was my rule of life: I worked my best.

You know my work i'the rough; I ask you, please to become determinedly blind. Such is the reason why I acquiesced in doing what seemed best for me to do.
Instinct for putting power to exercise
Upon some wish and want of the time, I prove
Possible to mankind as best I may.
This constitutes my mission,—grant the
phrase,—
Namely, to rule men—men within my reach,
To order, influence and dispose them so
As render solid and stability
Mankind in particles, the light and loose,
For their good and my pleasure in the act.
Such good accomplished proves twice good
to me—
Good for its own sake, as the just and right,
And, in the effecting also, good again
To me its agent, tasked as suits my taste.

Is this much easy to be understood
At first glance? Now begin the steady gaze!
My rank,—(if I must tell you simple truth—
Telling were else not worth the whiff o' the
weed
I love for the tale's sake)—dear, my rank i'
the world
Is glad to know and name precisely: err
I may, but scarcely over-estimate.
My style and title. Do I class with men
Most useful to their fellows? Possibly,—
Therefore, in some sort, best; but, greatest
mind
And rarest nature? Evidently no.
A conservator, call me, if you please,
Not a creator nor destroyer: one
Who keeps the world safe. I profess to trace
The broken circle of society.
Dim actual order, I can redescribe
Not only where some segment silver-true
Stays clear, but where the breaks of black
commerce
Baffling you all who want the eye to probe—
As I make out you problematic thin
White paring of your thumb-nail outside there,
Above the plaster-monarch on his steed—
See an inch, name an el, and prophec
Of the rest that ought to follow, the round
moon
Now hiding in the night of things; that round,
I labour to demonstrate moon enough
For the month's purpose,—that society,
Render efficient for the age's need.
Preserving you in either case the old,
Not aiming at a new and greater thing,
A sum for moon, a future to be made
By first abolishing the present law:
No such proud task for me by any means!
History shows you men whose master-touch
Not so much modifies as makes anew:
Minds that transmute not need restore at all.
A breath of God made manifest in flesh
Subjects the world to change, from time to
time
Alters the whole conditions of our race
Abruptly, not by unperceived degrees
Or play of elements already there,
But quite new heaven, levelling the lump,
And order, so, the natural process.
Where winter reigned for ages,—by a turn
I' the time, some star-change, (ask geologists)
Whereon, "No more than that?"—inquire
Of which I know the purpose and approve,
This diagram left ready to my hand,
Waiting my turn of trial. I see success,
See failure, see what makes or mars through­
out.
How shall I else but help complete this plan
Of which I know the purpose and approve,
By letting stay therein what seems to stand,
And adding good thereto of easier reach
To-day than yesterday?
So much, no more! Whereon,
"No more than that?"—inquire
Agreed.

Half of my critics: "nothing new at all?"
The old plan saved, instead of a sponged slate
And fresh-drawn figure?—while, "So much as
that?"
Object their fellows of the other faith:
"Leave uncleared the crazy labyrinth
Of alteration and amendment, lines
Which every dabster felt in duty bound
To signalize his power of pen and ink
By adding to a plan once plain enough?
"What means all of this?"—inquire
Of which I know the purpose and approve,
This diagram left ready to my hand,
Waiting my turn of trial. I see success,
See failure, see what makes or mars through­
out.
How shall I else but help complete this plan
Of which I know the purpose and approve,
By letting stay therein what seems to stand,
And adding good thereto of easier reach
To-day than yesterday?
So much, no more! Whereon,
"No more than that?"—inquire
Agreed.

Half of my critics: "nothing new at all?"
The old plan saved, instead of a sponged slate
And fresh-drawn figure?—while, "So much as
that?"
Object their fellows of the other faith:
"Leave uncleared the crazy labyrinth
Of alteration and amendment, lines
Which every dabster felt in duty bound
To signalize his power of pen and ink
By adding to a plan once plain enough?
"What means all of this?"—inquire
Of which I know the purpose and approve,
This diagram left ready to my hand,
Waiting my turn of trial. I see success,
See failure, see what makes or mars through­
out.
How shall I else but help complete this plan
Of which I know the purpose and approve,
By letting stay therein what seems to stand,
And adding good thereto of easier reach
To-day than yesterday?
So much, no more! Whereon,
"No more than that?"—inquire
Agreed.

Half of my critics: "nothing new at all?"
The old plan saved, instead of a sponged slate
And fresh-drawn figure?—while, "So much as
that?"
Object their fellows of the other faith:
"Leave uncleared the crazy labyrinth
Of alteration and amendment, lines
Which every dabster felt in duty bound
To signalize his power of pen and ink
By adding to a plan once plain enough?
"What means all of this?"—inquire
Of which I know the purpose and approve,
This diagram left ready to my hand,
Waiting my turn of trial. I see success,
See failure, see what makes or mars through­
out.
How shall I else but help complete this plan
Of which I know the purpose and approve,
By letting stay therein what seems to stand,
And adding good thereto of easier reach
To-day than yesterday?
So much, no more! Whereon,
"No more than that?"—inquire
Agreed.

Half of my critics: "nothing new at all?"
The old plan saved, instead of a sponged slate
And fresh-drawn figure?—while, "So much as
that?"
Object their fellows of the other faith:
"Leave uncleared the crazy labyrinth
Of alteration and amendment, lines
Which every dabster felt in duty bound
To signalize his power of pen and ink
By adding to a plan once plain enough?
"What means all of this?"—inquire
Of which I know the purpose and approve,
This diagram left ready to my hand,
Waiting my turn of trial. I see success,
See failure, see what makes or mars through­
out.
How shall I else but help complete this plan
Of which I know the purpose and approve,
By letting stay therein what seems to stand,
And adding good thereto of easier reach
To-day than yesterday?
So much, no more! Whereon,
"No more than that?"—inquire
Agreed.

Half of my critics: "nothing new at all?"
The old plan saved, instead of a sponged slate
And fresh-drawn figure?—while, "So much as
that?"
Object their fellows of the other faith:
"Leave uncleared the crazy labyrinth
Of alteration and amendment, lines
Which every dabster felt in duty bound
To signalize his power of pen and ink
By adding to a plan once plain enough?
"What means all of this?"—inquire
Of which I know the purpose and approve,
This diagram left ready to my hand,
Waiting my turn of trial. I see success,
See failure, see what makes or mars through­
out.
How shall I else but help complete this plan
Of which I know the purpose and approve,
By letting stay therein what seems to stand,
And adding good thereto of easier reach
To-day than yesterday?
So much, no more! Whereon,
"No more than that?"—inquire
Agreed.

Half of my critics: "nothing new at all?"
The old plan saved, instead of a sponged slate
And fresh-drawn figure?—while, "So much as
that?"
Object their fellows of the other faith:
"Leave uncleared the crazy labyrinth
Of alteration and amendment, lines
Which every dabster felt in duty bound
To signalize his power of pen and ink
By adding to a plan once plain enough?
"What means all of this?"—inquire
Of which I know the purpose and approve,
This diagram left ready to my hand,
Waiting my turn of trial. I see success,
See failure, see what makes or mars through­
out.
How shall I else but help complete this plan
Of which I know the purpose and approve,
By letting stay therein what seems to stand,
And adding good thereto of easier reach
To-day than yesterday?
So much, no more! Whereon,
"No more than that?"—inquire
Agreed.
I' the heart of things, and not their outside face.
Let us not risk the whiff of my cigar.
For Fourier, Comte, and all that ends in smoke!

This I see clearest probably of men:
With power to set and influence, now alive:
Juster than they to the true state of things;
In consequence, more tolerant that, side by side.
In the age, the various sorts of happiness:
The love of peace, care for the family,
And reasonable piety beside.
Represent this or the other interest,
This was good service to humanity,
And restrained: because the whole machine should
And leave its fellow not an inch of way.

And getting through just their hindrance and my help,
I think that to have held the balance straight.
For twenty years, say, weighing claim and claim,
And giving each its due, no less no more,
That, and the other,—what impertinence.
You did not feel what was not to be felt.
In the space between, to each adventurer
I' the distance! Neither friend would I thrust out his fellow and mend God's mistake.

So long as each too spares its neighbour's kibo,
And leave its fellow not an inch of way.
In momentary rapture, great with small,
Save for me, fain would spread itself through space.

And leave its fellow not an inch of way.
I rate and regulate the course, excite,
Restrain because the whole machine should march
Impelled by those diversely-moving parts,
Each blind to aught beside its little bent.
Out of the turnings round and round inside,
Comes that straightforward world-advance, I want,
And none of them supposes God wants too
And gets through just their hindrance and my help.
I think that to have held the balance straight.
For twenty years, say, weighing claim and claim,
And giving each its due, no less no more.
Omniscience with intelligency, God With man,—the thunder-glow from pole to pole, For all the earth, and all the seas,— Two abounding, a blissful moment-space, Great cloud alike and small cloud, in one fire As sure to ebb as sure again to flow When the new receptivity deserves The new completion. There's the Heaven for me, And I say, therefore, to live out one's life F'the world here, with the chance,—whether by pain Or pleasure be the process, long or short The time, august or mean the circumstance To human eye,—of learning how set foot Decide, on some one path to Heaven, The time, august or mean the circumstance Or pleasure be the process, long or short And, therefore, that to change the agency, That there's a further good conceivable The order whence comes all the good we know, I look to hear some day, nor friend nor foe— Mark of the master that renews the age? "O' the foe—"No novelty, creativeness, Therefore my end is—save society!"

Correct the evil, mitigate your best, Blend mild with harsh, and soften black to gray If gray may follow with no detriment To the eventual perfect purity! But as for hazarding the main result By hoping to anticipate one half In the intermediate process,—no, my friend! This bad world, I experience and approve: Your good world,—with no pity, courage, hope, Fear, sorrow, joy—devotedness, in short Which I account the ultimate of man, Of which there's not one day nor hour but brings, In flower or fruit, some sample of success, Out of this same society I save— None of it for me! That I might have none, I leaped your tempting muck two centuries. Such was the task imposed me, such my end, Now for the means thereto. Ah confidence— Keep we together or part company? This is the critical minute! "Such my end?", Certainly: how could it be otherwise? Can there be question which was the right task— To save or to destroy society?— To save or to destroy society? No novelty, creativeness, Mark of the master that renews the age? Nay, all that?" rather will damn my judge I look to hear some day, nor friend nor foe— Did you attain, then, to perceive that God Knew what He undertook when He made things? Ay, that my task was to co-operate Rather than play the rival, chop and change The order whence comes all the good we know. With this,—good's last expression to our sense That there's a farther good conceivable Beyond the utmost earth can realize: And, therefore, that to change the agency, The evil whereby good is brought about— Try to make good do good as evil does— Were just as if a chemist, wanting white, And knowing black ingredients bred the dye, Insisted these too should be white forsooth! Leer to the centre equally, red lines Or black lines, so they but produce them selves—

This, I do say,—and here my sermon ends,— This makes it worth our while to tenderly

Insist that these too should be white forsooth! Leer to the centre equally, red lines Or black lines, so they but produce them selves—

The meaning of the mind of Him!—nay, more, The ingenuities, each active force...
Comply with the Great Nation's impulse, print
By force of arms,—since reason pleads in vain,
And, mild the sweet compulsion, pry weeps,—
Hohenstiel-Schwangau first repeal the tax.
Snubb the Great Nation, cure the impulsive
itch
With smartest fillip on a restless nose.

Was ever launched by thumb and finger?—
Hohenstiel-Schwangau, sentry and safeguard
Of wild-wood, crevice-sown, that triumphs there

Imparting exultation to the hills!
Sweep of the swathe when only the winds
walk
And waft my words above the grassy sea
Under the blinding blue that basks o'er
Rome,—

Hearn ye not still,—"Be Italy again"?

Disease of the perception or the will,

Speak it out and condemn yourself thereby!
Thhat finn would hide in a fine name! Your
choice,

Well, Leicester-square is not the Residenz:
Instead of shrugging shoulder, turning friend
The deaf ear, with a wink to the police—
I'll answer—by a question, wisdom's mode.
How many years, of the average, do men
Live in this world? Some score, say com-
patients.

Quintupled me that term and give mankind
The likely hundred, and with all my heart
I'll take your task upon me, work your way,
Concentrate energy on some one cause:
I'll take your task upon me, work your way,
Concentrate energy on some one cause:

When, mid the furrows, up was pleased to
sprout
Enlightenment, or Patriotism, the power
Which one has gained and guaranteed your
realm?

Ay, all my fragments wander, music-fraught,

Sighs of the soul, mine once, mine now, and mine
Forever! Crushed arch, crushed aqueduct,
 Alive with tremors in the shaggy growth
Of wild-wood, crevice-sown, that triumphs there

Imparting exultation to the hills!

Wake in the words above the grassy sea
Under the blinding blue that basks o'er
Rome,—

Hear ye not still,—"Be Italy again"?

And ye, what strikes the panic to your heart?

Doves of the unbroken black three pieces off
From where the greybeards huddle in debate,

And no more,—when solid earth's your

Involved the ruin of you soon or late!

And what is the panic to your heart?

Doves of the unbroken black three pieces off
From where the greybeards huddle in debate,

And ye, what strikes the panic to your heart?

Doves of the unbroken black three pieces off
From where the greybeards huddle in debate,

And ye, what strikes the panic to your heart?

Doves of the unbroken black three pieces off
From where the greybeards huddle in debate,

And ye, what strikes the panic to your heart?

Doves of the unbroken black three pieces off
From where the greybeards huddle in debate,

And ye, what strikes the panic to your heart?

Doves of the unbroken black three pieces off
From where the greybeards huddle in debate,
As somebody says somewhere. Hence you stand

Proved and recorded either false or weak,

Faulty in promise or performance which?

Neither, I hope. Once pedestalled on earth,

To act not speak; I found earth was not air.

I saw that multitude of mine, and not

The nakedness and nullity of air

Fit only for a voice to float in free.

Such eyes I saw that craved the light alone,

Such mouths that wanted bread and nothing else,

Such hands that supplicated handiwork,

Men with the wives, and women with the babes,

Yet all these pleading just to live, not die!

Did I believe one whit less in belief,

Take truth for falsehood, wish the voice revoked

That told the truth to heaven for earth to hear?

No, this should be, and shall; but when and how?

At what expense to these who aver

Your twenty years of life, my computists?

"Not bread alone" but bread before all else,

Where is the good of body having been?

The soul of finer fare, such food's to find

Elsewhere and afterward—all indicates,

For these: the bodily want serve first, said I;

Whate'er one pleases and who pleases reads

And superstition's fettered, and one prints

The world knows something of my ups and downs:

"Not bread alone" but bread before all else,

O' the revel in the fancy that Rome's free,

"Will you have why and wherefore, and the print

asks.

Prompts Nature. 'Care thou for thyself alone

In the conduct of the mind God made thee with!

Powers of comprehension, critical intelligence

In its height and depth and length and breadth.

Believing that last link had last but one

For parent, and no link was, first of all,

And do his best at helping some large want,

May plausibly concentrate all he wields,

As he helps, I helped once, when like himself,

Exceptionally noble cause, that's seen

Unable to help better, work more wide;

Subordinate enough from where I stand.

Mankind I the main have little wants, not large:

I, being of will and power to help, i'th main,

Mankind, must help the least wants first.

My friend, that is, my foe, without such power and will,

May plausibly concentrate all he wields,

And do his best at helping some large want,

Exceptionally noble cause, that's seen

Subordinate enough from where I stand.

As he helps, I helped once, when like himself,

Unable to help better, work more wide;
And so would work with heart and hand to-day,
Dilute the consolists confus a fault,
And multiply the single score by five,
Five only, give man's life its hundred years,
Change life, in me shall follow change to match!

Time were then, to work here, there, every
where,
By turns and try experiment at ease!
Fall time to mend as well as mar: why wait
The slow and sober uprise all around
O' the building? Let us run up, right to roof,
Some sudden marvel, piece of perfection,
And testify what we intend the whole!
Is the world losing patience? "Wait!" say we:
"There's time: no generation needs to die
Unsolaced; you've a century in store!"

Is the world losing patience? "Wait!" say
And testify what we intend the whole!
The slow and sober uprise all around
"There's time: no generation needs to die
Unsolaced; you've a century in store!"

But,你说, what is there to be sad about?
Po bide ambition keep the whole from change,
Unsolaced; you've a century in store!

Am I discouraged who,—perceiving health,
Sound asleep, rather! "So must we compliment your passiveness?
If able to move briskly? 'All a-strain'—
Indeed, my task's the harder—equable
I prescribe rocking, deprecate rough hands,
Precisely through such hindrance everywhere,
Is put upon its mettle, plays its part
The efficacity, neat, were neutralized:
Of the idle drop and powder? "What's his
Word?
To tinker up into efficiency?
It took so many lives, so much of toil,
To stop and struggle with arrangements here
Answer me, is it manly, is it sage
But, justice seen to on this little point,
Success one day; and, in the mean time—

In virtue of my very confidence
Because Kant understands some books too
Because he cannot understand Kant's book:
And still less must Hans' pastor burn Kant's
self
Because Kant understands some books too

Just as, now, a doctor for a remedy:
There's his prescription. Bid him point you out
Which of the five or six ingredients saves
The sick man. "Such the efficacy?
Then why not dare and do things in one dose
Simple and pure, all virtue, no alloy
Of the idle drop and powder?" What's his
word?
The efficacy, neat, were neutralized:
It wants dispersing and retarding,—nay
The purpose of his gesture. Then a crowd
Move on, and leave you only Laocoon
In the group, and leave you only Laocoon

To quite another government, you know,
Be Kant crowned king o' the castle in the air!
Hans Slouch,—his own, and children's months to feed
I the hovel on the ground,—wants meat, nor
chews

"The Critique of Pure Reason" in exchange.
But, now,—suppose I could allow your claims
And quite change life to please you,—would it
please?
Would life comport with change and still be life?
Ask, now, a doctor for a remedy:
There's his prescription. Bid him point you out
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
Wrong to right, ugliness to beauty: find
That those o' the higher sort engaged i' the
world,
Should fancy they can change its ill to good,
That each scheme's parent were, beside him—Sworn to do service in the way she chose—Discussible, concede one circumstance—Transformed to Master whole and sole? each—And that to King, that other to his planned—Perfection of a Share-and-share-alike, Restoring souls and bodies, this to Pope, Of putting Hohenstielers-Schwangauese—That not one minute more did knave or fool—Or filtered slyly out by nod and wink—Were—mildly to make mention—knaves or—Mean to keep faith and serve as he had sworn—'

I' the better world where goes tobacco-smoke?

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU

Rather than his way: way superlative, Only,—by some illusion,—his And his and his and everyone's but hers Who stuck to just the Assembly and the Head. I make no doubt the Head, too, had his dream—Of doing sudden duty swift and sure—On all that heap of untrustworthiness—

Exemplify the situation thus! Hohenstiel-Schwangau, being, no dispute, Absolute mistress, chose the Assembly, first. To serve her: chose this man, its President. Afterward, to serve also,—specially To see that folk did service one and all. And now the proper term of years was out When the Head-servant must vacate his place, And nothing lay so patent to the world As that his fellow-servants one and all Were—nilly to make mention—knaves or fools. Each of them with his promise flourished full P the face of you by word and impudence, Or filtered slyly out by nod and wink. And nudge upon your sympathetic ribs—That not one minute more did knave or fool. Mean to keep faith and serve as he had sworn Hohenstiel-Schwangau, once his Head, Why should such swear except to get the chance? When time should ripen and confusion bloom, Of putting Hohenstielers-Schwangauese To the true use of human property—Restoring souls and bodies, this to Pope, And that to King, that other to his planned Perfection of a Share-and-share-alike, That other still, to Empire absolute In shape of the Head-servant's very self Transformed to Master whole and sole? each scheme Discussible, concede one circumstance— That each scheme's parent were, beside him self—Hohenstiel-Schwangau, not her serving-man Sworn to do service in the way she chose

Saviour of Society

P'the heap—sweep out each speck of them from space They anticize in with their days and nights And whirlings round and dancings off, for sooth, And all that fruitless individual life One cannot lend a beam to but they spoil— Sweep them into itself and so, one star Preponderate henceforth! t' the heritage Of heaven! No! in less sentimental phrase, The man endured to help, not save outright. The multitude by substituting him For them, his knowledge, will and way, for God's: Not change the world, such as it is, and was And will be, for some other, suitting all Except the purpose of the maker. No! He saw that weakness, wickedness will be, And therefore should be: that the perfect man As we account perfection—at most pure Of the special gold, while t' the form it take, Head-work or heart-work, fined and thrice-refined P't the crucible of life, whereeto the powers Of the refiner, one and all, are flung To feed the flame, he saw that e'en the block Such perfect man holds out triumphant, breaks Into some poisonous one, gold's opposite, At the very parent, so compensating Man's Adversary—what if we believe?— For earlier stem exclusion of his stuff. See the sage, with the hunger for the truth, See his system that's all true, except The one weak place that's stanchioned by a lie! The moralist who walks with head erect P t' the crystal clarity of air so long, Until a stumble, and the man's one snare! Philosophy undoes the social knot With axe-edge, makes love room 'twixt head and trunk: Religion—but, enough, the thing's too clear! Well, if these sparks break out! t' the greener tree, Our topmost of performance, yours and mine, What will be done! t' the dry ineptitude Of ordinary mankind, dark and bale, All seems ashamed of but their mother-earth?
There was uprising, masks dropped, flags unfurled.

Weapons outbursted in the wind, my faith!

Heavily did he let his fist fall plumb.

On each portrayer of the public peace,

No matter whose the wagging head it broke—

From bald-pate craft and greed and impu

dence

Of night-hawk at first chance to prow and prey.

For glory and a little gain beside,

Passing for eagle in the dand of the ages—

To florid head-top, foamy patriotism

And tribulational, breast laid bare

Thru' confidence in rectitude, with hand

On private pistol in the pocket: these

And all the dopes of these, who lent them-selves

As dust and feather do, to help offence

O' the wind that whirls them at you, then subsides

In safety somewhere, leaving filth afloat.

Annoyance you may brush from eyes and beard,—

These he stopped: bade the wind's spite

To the end and aim, since mine the loss, with yours,

If means be wanting; once their worth ap

To its natural playground so. What foolishness

Meant to be pulled together and become

Its worst outside the building, wind conceives

Its natural playground so. What foolishness

Of dust or feather proved importunate

And fell 'twixt thumb and finger, found them

How they other? He was in his place.

What followed? Just what he foresaw, what proved

The soundness of both judgments,—his, o' the knaves

And fools, each trickster with his dupe,—and theirs,

The people's, in what head and arm could help.

There was uprising, masks dropped, flags unfurled.

To its own small dimensions, private scale

Of right and wrong,—humanity's the large,

The right and wrong of the universe, forsooth!

This man addressed himself to guard and guide

Hohenstiel-Schwangau. When the case de-

mands

"People, and not the people's variety,

This is the task you set myself and these:

Thus I performed my part of it, and thus

They thwarted me throughout, here, here, and here:

Study each instance! yours the loss, not mine,

What they intend now is demonstrable

As plainly: here's such man, and here's such mode

Of making you some other than the thing

You, wisely or unwisely, choose to be,

And only set him up to keep you so.

Do you approve this? Yours the loss, not mine.

Do you condemn it? There's a remedy.

Take me—who know your mind, and mean

With clearer brain and stouter arm than they,

Or you, or imply anybody else—

And make me master for the moment! Choose

What time, what power you trust me with:

I too

Will choose as frankly ere I trust myself

With time and power: they must be adequate

To the end and aim, since mine the loss, with yours,

If means be wanting; once their worth appro

Grant them, and I shall forthwith operate—

To the extremest stretch

If means be wanting; once their worth ap-

To the end and aim, since mine the loss, with yours,

What they intend now is demonstrable

Study each instance! yours the loss, not mine.

Thus I performed my part of it, and thus

This is the task you set myself and these!

Of the first neighbour that claimed benefit

Hohenstiel-Schwangau fasten on the throat

To its own small dimensions, private scale

Of right and wrong,—humanity's the large,

The right and wrong of the universe, forsooth!

This man addressed himself to guard and guide

Hohenstiel-Schwangau. When the case de-

mands

He frustrate villany in the egg, unhatched,

With easy stamp and minimum of pang

E'en to the punished reptile, 'There's my oath

Restrains my foot,' objects our guide and guard.

'I must leave guardianship and guidance now:

Rather than stretch one handbreadth of the law,

I am bound to see it break from end to end.

First show me death? the body politic:

Then prescribe pill and potion, what may please

Hohenstiel-Schwangau! all is for her sake:

'Twas she ordained my service should be so.

What if the event demonstrate her unwise,

If means be wanting; once their worth ap-

To the extremest stretch

If means be wanting; once their worth ap-

To the extremest stretch

If means be wanting; once their worth ap-

To the extremest stretch

If means be wanting; once their worth ap-

To the extremest stretch

If means be wanting; once their worth ap-

To the extremest stretch

If means be wanting; once their worth ap-

To the extremest stretch

If means be wanting; once their worth ap-

To the extremest stretch

If means be wanting; once their worth ap-

To the extremest stretch

If means be wanting; once their worth ap-

To the extremest stretch

If means be wanting; once their worth ap-

To the extremest stretch
For Hohenstiel! Rome, by parity
Of reasoning, for Romans? That's a jest
Wants proper treatment,—insect puncture
suits
The proud flest: Rome ape Hohenstiel
forth
And so the siege and slaughter and success
Whereof we nothing doubt that Hohenstiel
Will have to pay the price, in God's good time
Which does not always fall on Saturday
When the world looks for wages. Anyhow.
He found this infancy triumphant. Well:
Sagacity suggested, make this speech!
"The work was none of mine: suppose wrong
Said, Stand over for redressing? Mine for me,
My predecessors' work on their own head!
Meantime there's plain advantage, should we
Things as we find them. Keep Rome
manacled.
"Hand and foot: no fear of manliness!
Her foes consent to even seem our friends
So long, no longer. Then, there's glory got
By boldness and bravado to the world:
The disconcerted world must grin and bear
The old saucy writing. 'Grunt threat who,
So shall things be, for such my pleasure is—
Hohenstiel-Schwangau's. How that reads
Rome!
I the Capitol where Brennus broke his pate,
And lends a flourish to our journalists!
"How, indeed?" he asked,
"When all to see, after some twenty years,
Were your own foot-face waiting for the sight,
Faced by as wide a grin from ear to ear
Of the knaves who, while the fools were
Faced by as wide a grin from ear to ear
Broke yet another generation's heart—
"Twenty years' respite helping! Teach your
nurse
'Compliance with, before you suck, the teat!'
Find what that means, and meanwhile hold
your tongue!"
Whereof the war came which he knew must
be.
Now, this had proved the dry-rot of the race
He ruled o'er, that, i' the old day, when was
need
They fought for their own liberty and life,
Well did they fight, none better: whence,
such love
Of fighting somehow still for fighting's sake
Against no matter whose the liberty
And life, so long as self-conceit should crow
And clap the wing, while justice sheathed her
claw.
But what had been the glory of the world
When whereby came the world's good, grew
its plague.
Now that the champion-armour, donned to
fear
The dragon once, was cluttered up and down
Highway and by-path of the world at peace;
Mere to mask marauding, or for sake
Of the shine andattle that apprized the fields
Hohenstiel-Schwangau was a fighter yet,
And would be, till the weary world suppressed
Her pensive humours out of fashion now.
Accordingly the world spoke plain at last,
Promised to punish who next played with fire.
So, at his advent, such discomfort
Taking its true shape of beneficence,
Hohenstiel-Schwangau, half-fail and parti-
wise,
Sure: if with wasteful eye reverting off
To each pet weapon, rusty on its peg,
Yet, with a sigh of satisfaction too
That, peacefulness became the law, herself
Got the sheen of godship in its train,
Cried shame and took advantage quietly.
Still, so the dry-rot had been nursed into
Blood, bones and marrow, that, from worst
to best,
All,—clearest brains and soundest hearts save
here,—
All had this lie acceptable for law
Plain as the sun at noonday—'War is best,
Peace is worst; peace we only tolerate
As needful preparation for new war:
War may be for whatever end we will—
Peace only as the proper help thereto.
Such is the law of right and wrong for us
Hohenstiel-Schwangau: for the other world,
Such devil's-doctrine so was judged God's law,
We say, when this man stepped upon the
stage,
That it had seemed a venial fault at most.
Had he once more obeyed Sagacity.
"You come I the happy interval of peace,
The favourable weariness from war:
Prolong it I artfully, as if intent
On ending peace as soon as possible.
Quietly so increase the sweets of ease
And safety, so employ the multitude,
Put hord and trowel so in idle hands,
So stuff and stop up wagging jaws with bread,
That selfishness shall surreptitiously
Do wisdom's office, whisper in the ear
Of Hohenstiel-Schwangau, there's a pleasant
fee.
In being gently forced down, pinned fast
To the easy arm-chair by the pleading arms
Of the world beseeching her to there abide
Content with all the harm done hitherto,
And let herself be petted in return,
Free to re-wage, in speech and prose and
verse,
The old unjust wars, nay—verse and prose
And speech,—to vaunt new victories shall
prove
A plague of the future,—so that words suffice
For present comfort, and no deeds denote
That—tired of illimitable line on line
Of boulevard-building, tired of the theatre
With the tuneless thousand in their thrones
above.
For glory of the male intelligence,
And Nakedness in her due niche below,
For illustration of the female use—
That she, 'twixt yaw and sign, prepares to
slip
Out of the arm-chair, wants fresh blood again
From over the boundary, to colour-up
The sheeny sameness, keep the world aware
Hohenstiel-Schwangau's arm needs exercise
Above,
For the other world,
And so, in this he knew must be.
Now, this had proved the dry-rot of the race
He ruled o'er, that, i' the old day, when was
need
They fought for their own liberty and life,
Well did they fight, none better: whence,
such love
Of fighting somehow still for fighting's sake
Against no matter whose the liberty
And life, so long as self-conceit should crow
And clap the wing, while justice sheathed her
claw.
But what had been the glory of the world
When whereby came the world's good, grew
its plague.
Now that the champion-armour, donned to
fear
The dragon once, was cluttered up and down
Highway and by-path of the world at peace;
Mere to mask marauding, or for sake
Of the shine andattle that apprized the fields
Hohenstiel-Schwangau was a fighter yet,
And would be, till the weary world suppressed
Her pensive humours out of fashion now.
Accordingly the world spoke plain at last,
Promised to punish who next played with fire.
So, at his advent, such discomfort
Taking its true shape of beneficence,
Hohenstiel-Schwangau, half-fail and parti-
wise,
Sure: if with wasteful eye reverting off
To each pet weapon, rusty on its peg,
Yet, with a sigh of satisfaction too
That, peacefulness became the law, herself
Got the sheen of godship in its train,
Cried shame and took advantage quietly.
Still, so the dry-rot had been nursed into
Blood, bones and marrow, that, from worst
to best,
All,—clearest brains and soundest hearts save
here,—
All had this lie acceptable for law
Plain as the sun at noonday—'War is best,
Peace is worst; peace we only tolerate
As needful preparation for new war:
War may be for whatever end we will—
Peace only as the proper help thereto.
Such is the law of right and wrong for us
Hohenstiel-Schwangau: for the other world,
Such devil's-doctrine so was judged God's law,
With fight now, down with fortress? Rather
Dare
On—
"Dare on, dear!—on, not a stone displace!"
Cries Wisdom: 'Candle of our ancestors,
Be halfwise, give our children safety still!
Who if our children please may stoop and taste
Of the valley-famine, ansaid—why?
Why?
At first alarm they have thy mother ribs
To run upon for refuge: foes forget
Scarify that terror on her vantage-coign,
Couchant supreme among the powers of air,
Watching—prepared toounce—the country wide!
Meanwhile the encouraged valley holds its own,
From the first hut's adventure in descent,
Half home, half hiding place—doe and spire
Betfitting the assured metropolis:
Nor means offence to the fort which caps the crag,
All undismantled of a turret-stone,
And bears the banners that creak at times,
Embrassed by the old emblazonment,
When festal days are to commemo tate:
Otherwise left untenanted, no doubt,
Since, never fear, our myriad from below
Wax thick, through were men the wall again,
Renew the exploits of the earlier time.
At moment's notice! But till notice sound,
Inhabit us in case and opulence!
And so, till one day thus a notice sounds,
Not trumpeted, but in a whisper-gust
Confidentially playing through mute city streets
At midnight weary of day's feast and game—
'Friends, your famed fort's a ruin past repair!
Its use is—to proclaim it had a use
Because the neighbour prosperous overmuch,
Because there has been silence half an hour,
Like Heaven on earth, without a cannon-shot
Announcing Hohenstielers-Schwangauese
Like Heaven on earth, without a cannon-shot
Announcing Hohenstiel-Schwangau's peace!
Moreover, while we let time sap the strength
Of the walls omnipotent in menace once,
O' the valley-fatness, unafraid,—for why?
Be bulwark, give our children safety still!
Cries Wisdom: 'Cradle of our ancestors,
On, dare ever, not a stone displace!'

Wish to paint barbican and battlement
Obsolete long since. Climb and study there
At midnight weary of day's feast and game—
Its use is—to proclaim it had a use
Because the loud tradition echoes faint,
When the neighbours rovers make their raids,
So as to have that littleness grow large
By all those somechings once, turned nothings
For all the world like what we boasted: brief—
Run up defences in a mushroom-growth,
Moreover, while we let time sap the strength
Of the walls omnipotent in menace once,
O' the valley-fatness, unafraid,—for why?
Be bulwark, give our children safety still!
Cries Wisdom: 'Cradle of our ancestors,
On, dare ever, not a stone displace!'

The dagger o' lath, while gay they sang and danced,
For that long dangerous sword they like to feel,
Even at feast-time, click and make friends start.
Not! he said! 'Hear the truth, and hear the truth,
And bring the truth to bear on all you are
And do, assured that only good comes thence
What is the shape good take! While I have rule,
Understand!—war for war's sake, war for sake
O' the good war gets you as war's soul excuse,
Is damnable and damned shall you be. You want Glory?
Why so do I, and so does God.
Where is it found,—in this paradox shame,—
One particle of glory? Once you warned
For liberty against the world, and won:
There was the glory. Now, you fain would rule:
Because the neighbour prosperous overmuch,
Because there has been silence half an hour,
Like Heaven on earth, without a cannon-shot
Announcing Hohenstielers-Schwangauese
Like Heaven on earth, without a cannon-shot
Announcing Hohenstiel-Schwangau's peace!
Moreover, while we let time sap the strength
Of the walls omnipotent in menace once,
O' the valley-fatness, unafraid,—for why?
Be bulwark, give our children safety still!
Cries Wisdom: 'Cradle of our ancestors,
On, dare ever, not a stone displace!'

For liberty against the world, and won:
There was the glory. Now, you fain would rule:
Because the neighbour prosperous overmuch,
Because there has been silence half an hour,
Like Heaven on earth, without a cannon-shot
Announcing Hohenstielers-Schwangauese
Like Heaven on earth, without a cannon-shot
Announcing Hohenstiel-Schwangau's peace!
Moreover, while we let time sap the strength
Of the walls omnipotent in menace once,
O' the valley-fatness, unafraid,—for why?
Be bulwark, give our children safety still!
Cries Wisdom: 'Cradle of our ancestors,
On, dare ever, not a stone displace!'

The dagger o' lath, while gay they sang and danced,
For that long dangerous sword they like to feel,
Even at feast-time, click and make friends start.
Not! he said! 'Hear the truth, and hear the truth,
And bring the truth to bear on all you are
And do, assured that only good comes thence
What is the shape good take! While I have rule,
Understand!—war for war's sake, war for sake
O' the good war gets you as war's soul excuse,
Is damnable and damned shall you be. You want Glory?
Why so do I, and so does God.
Where is it found,—in this paradox shame,—
One particle of glory? Once you warned
For liberty against the world, and won:
There was the glory. Now, you fain would rule:
Because the neighbour prosperous overmuch,
Because there has been silence half an hour,
Like Heaven on earth, without a cannon-shot
Announcing Hohenstielers-Schwangauese
Like Heaven on earth, without a cannon-shot
Announcing Hohenstiel-Schwangau's peace!
Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau

Precede the praying that you beat the sword
To ploughshare, and the spear to pruning-hook,
And sit down henceforth under your own vine
And fig-tree through the sleepy summer months,
Letting what hurly-burly please explode
On the other side the mountain-frontier? No,
Beloved! I foresee and I announce
Necessity of warfare in one case,
For one cause: one way, I bid break the blood
Of the world. For truth and right, and only right
And truth,—right, truth, on the absolute scale of God,
No petition of man's advancement,—
In such case only, and for such one case,
Fight your hearts out, whatever fate betide
Hands energetic to the uttermost!
No pettiness of man's admeasurement,—
In such case only, and for such one case,
Fight your hearts out, whatever fate betide
Hands energetic to the uttermost!
What else noteworthy and commendable
I' the man's career?—that he was resolute
No trepidation, much less treachery
On his part, should imperil from its pole
The ball of the world, heaved up at such expense
Of pains so far, and ready to rebound,
Let but a finger maladroitly fall,
Under pretence of making fast and sure
The inch gained by late volubility,
And run itself back to the ancient rest
Just where He wills on earth: sometimes
As that God drops his seed of heavenly flame
Burns, beaconing the nations through their
Faculties, fuel for the flame? All helps
Of faculties—one spark to fire the heap;
Which answers,—never was so plain a truth
Of folks at home, unwitting of that pitch
O' the world?—so plain I view
That is, Sagacity
Would prop up one more lie, the most of all
Pernicious fancy that the son and heir
Receives the genius from the sire, himself
Transmits as surely,—ask experience else!
Which answers,—never was so plain a truth
Of folks at home, unwitting of that pitch
That is, Sagacity
Would prop up one more lie, the most of all
Pernicious fancy that the son and heir
Receives the genius from the sire, himself
Transmits as surely,—ask experience else!
Which answers,—never was so plain a truth
Of folks at home, unwitting of that pitch
That is, Sagacity
Would prop up one more lie, the most of all
Pernicious fancy that the son and heir
Receives the genius from the sire, himself
Transmits as surely,—ask experience else!
Which answers,—never was so plain a truth
Of folks at home, unwitting of that pitch
That is, Sagacity
Would prop up one more lie, the most of all
Pernicious fancy that the son and heir
Receives the genius from the sire, himself
Transmits as surely,—ask experience else!
Which answers,—never was so plain a truth
Of folks at home, unwitting of that pitch
That is, Sagacity
Would prop up one more lie, the most of all
Pernicious fancy that the son and heir
Receives the genius from the sire, himself
Transmits as surely,—ask experience else!
Which answers,—never was so plain a truth
Of folks at home, unwitting of that pitch
That is, Sagacity
Would prop up one more lie, the most of all
Pernicious fancy that the son and heir
Receives the genius from the sire, himself
Transmits as surely,—ask experience else!
Which answers,—never was so plain a truth
Of folks at home, unwitting of that pitch
That is, Sagacity
Would prop up one more lie, the most of all
Pernicious fancy that the son and heir
Receives the genius from the sire, himself
Transmits as surely,—ask experience else!
Which answers,—never was so plain a truth
Of folks at home, unwitting of that pitch
That is, Sagacity
Would prop up one more lie, the most of all
Pernicious fancy that the son and heir
Receives the genius from the sire, himself
Transmits as surely,—ask experience else!
Which answers,—never was so plain a truth
Of folks at home, unwitting of that pitch
That is, Sagacity
Would prop up one more lie, the most of all
Pernicious fancy that the son and heir
Receives the genius from the sire, himself
Transmits as surely,—ask experience else!
Cries: "What a goodly personage lies here binding the water where the bulrush roots? May I conduct the service in his place, decently and in order, as did he? But, as he did not, keep a wary watch when meditating 'neath you willow shade!' Find out your best man, sure the son of him who planners best man again, nor, better still, someone than best, the grandson-prodigy! You think the world would last another day. Did we not make us masters of the trick whereby the works go, we could pre-arrange their play and reach perfection when we please? Depend on it; the change and the surprise are part of the plan 'tis we wish steadfastness: Nature proffers a motion by unrest; advancement through this force which jostles that, and so, since much remains to the world to see, Here's the world still, affording God the sight, Thus did the man refute Sagacity Ever at this old whisper in his ear: "Here are you picked out, by a miracle, and placed conspicuously enough, folks say, And therefore, by Providence outright, Taking a new way—nor without success—to put the world upon its mettle: good! But Fortune alternates with Providence: resource is soon exhausted. Never count on such a happy hit occurring twice! Try the old method next time!"

"Old enough," (At whisper in his ear, the laugh outbroke) "And made the most discredited of all, By just the men and women who make boast They are kings and queens thereby! Merely self-defense Should teach them, on one chapter of the law, Must be no sort of trifling—chastity: They stand or fall, as their progenitors Were chaste or unchaste. Now, run eye around My crowned acquaintance, give each life its look

And no more,—why, you'd think each life was led Purposely for example of what pains Who leads it too to cure the prejudice, And prove there's nothing so unproveable As who is who, what sort of a sire, And,—infiniterentially,—how faint the chance That the next generation needs to fear

Some fool of the selfsame type as he Happily reigns now by right divine And luck o' the pillow! No: select your lord By the direct employment of your brains As best you may.—bad as the blunder prove, A far worse evil stalks beneath the sun When some legitimate blockhead managed so Matters that high time was to interfere, Though interference came from hell itself And not the blind mad miserable mob Happily ruled so long by pillow-luck And divine right,—by lies in short, not truth. And meanwhile use the allotted minute..."

One— Two, three, four, five,—yes, five the penultimate warn us! Eh? Why, this wild work wanders past all bound And bearing! Exile, Leicester-square, the life! I the old gay miserable time, rehearsed, Trod on again like cast clothes, still to serve At a pinch, perhaps? "Who's who?" was aptly asked, Since certainly I am not I! since when? Where is the hand-mouched arbiter? A nod Out-Homering Homer! Stay!—there fits the clue I fain would find the end of:—Yes, "Meanwhile, Use the allotted minute!" Well, you see, (Veracious and imaginary Thiers, Who map out thus the life I might have led, But did not,—all the worse for earth and me—

PRINCE HOKENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU

SAVIOR OF SOCIETY

Doff spectacles, wipe pen, shut book, dream! You see it easy in heroes! Plain Pedestrian speech shall help me perorate. Ah, if one had no need to use the tongue! How obvious and how easy 'tis to talk. Inside the soul, a ghostly dialogue—"Instincts with guesses,—instinct, guess, again With all dubious knowledge, half-experience: each

And all the interlocutors alive. Subordinating,—as decorum bids, Oh, never fear! but still decisively,— Claims from without that take too high a tone, —("God wills this, man wants that, the dignity

Prescribed a prince would wish the other thing")— Putting them back to insignificance Beside one intimatest fact—myself Am first to be considered, since I live Twenty years longer and then end, perhaps! But, where one ceases to soliloquize, Somehow the motives, that did well enough I the darkness, when you bring them into light Are found, like those famed cave-fish, to lack eye And organs for the upper magnitudes. The other common creatures, of less fine Existence, that acknowledge earth and heaven, Have it their own way in the argument. Yes, forced to speak, one stoops to say— one's aim Was—what it pendenture should have been: To renovate a people, mend or end That base come of a blessing meant the world— Inordinate culture of the sense made quick By soul,—the lust of the flesh, lust of the eye, And pride of life,—and, consequent on these, The worship of that prince o' the power o' the air Who paints the cloud and fills the emptiness And beds his votaries, famishing for truth, Feet on a lie. And one, alone, one lives oneself

Even in the stating that one's end was truth, Truth only, if one states as much in words! Give me the inner chamber of the soul For obvious easy argument! 'tis there One pits the silent truth against a lie—

Truth which breaks shell a careless simple bird, Nor wants a gofer nor a heald finned steel, Steel spars, and the whole armory o' the tongue,

To equalize the odds. But, do your best, Words have to come: and somehow words deflect As the best cannon ever rifled will.

"Defect" indeed! nor merely words from thoughts But names from facts: "Clitumnus"! did I say? As if it had been his ox-whitening wave. Whereby folk practised that grim cult o' old— The murder of their temple's priest by who Would qualify for his succession. Sure— Nemis was the true lake's style. Dream had need Of the ox-whitening piece of prettiness And so confused names, well known once awake.

So, I the Residenz yet, not Leicester-square. Alone,—no such congenial intercourse!— My reverie concludes, as dreaming should:— With daybreaks: nothing done and over yet, Except cigars! The adventure thus may be, Or never needs to be at all: who knows? My Cousin-Duke, perhaps, at whose hard head —Is it, now—is this letter to be launched, The sight of whose grey oblong, whose grim seal, Set all these fancies floating for an hour?

Twenty years are good gain, come what come will! Double or quits!—The letter goes! Or stays?—

! An Italian river supposed to turn cattle white.
FIFINE AT THE FAIR.

1872

[For an analysis of this remarkable poem, see Dr. Berdoe's "Browning Cyclopaedia" (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) and Mr. Nettleship's "Essays on Browning's Poetry.

DON ELYVIRA.
Vou pleaste, don Juan, nous clarie ces beaux mystères?

DON JUAN.
Madame, à vous dire la vérité . . .

DON ELYVIRA.
Ah ! que vous savet mai vous defendre pour un homme de cour, et qui doit être accoutumé à ces sortes de choses ! J'ai pitié de vous voir la confusion que vous avez. Que ne vous armez-vous le front d'une noble effronterie ? Que ne la confusion que vous avez. Que ne vous armez-vous à ces sortes de choses ! J'ai pitié de vous voir un homme de cour, et qui doit être accoutumé

MÊMES SÈMENTS POUR MOI, QUE VOUS M'AIMEZ
ME JUREZ-VOUS QUE VOUS ÊTES TOUJOURS DANS LES
N'EST CAPABLE DE VOUS DÉTACHER DE MOI QUE LA
MORT ?—

To such a style of thing, how awkwardly my

Don Juan, might you please to help one give a

I love me now as erst, with passion that

Yes ! There came floating by

Such a strange butterfly !

Such a strange butterfly !

Because the membraned wings

So wonderful, so wide,

So en-suffused, were things

Like soul and nought beside.

And try a life exempt

For we tire or dread the surge :—

And try a life exempt

From worldly noise and dust,

To free oneself of tether,

To give the spirit-sort.

Can the insect feel the better

For watching the uncouth play

Of limbs that slip the fetter,

Pretend as they were not clay?

Undoubtedly I rejoice

That the air comports so well

With a creature which had the choice

Of the land once. Who can tell?

What if a certain soul

Which early slipped its sheath,

And has for its home the whole

Of heaven, thus look beneath,

Thus watch one who, in the world,

Both lives and likes life's way,

Nor wishes the wings unfurled

That sleep in the worm, they say?

But sometimes when the weather

Is blue, and warm waves tempt

To free oneself of tether,

That what was raw and brown, rough pole

And shaven plank ?

Which sea, to all intent,

Gives flesh such noon-disport

As a finer element

Affects the spirit-sort.

AND MEANWILE, YONDER STREAK
MEETS THE HORIZON'S VELO ;

THAT IS THE LAND, TO SEEK.

If we tire or dread the surge:

Land the solid and safe—

To welcome again (confess !)

When, high and dry, we chase

The body, and don the dress.

Does she look, pity, wonder

At one who mimics flight,

Swims—heaven above, sea under,

YET ALWAYS EARTH IN SIGHT ?

V.

The fancy I had to-day,

Fancy which turned a fear !

I swam far out in the bay,

Since waves laughed warm and clear.

I lay and looked at the sun,

The noon-sea looked at me :—

Between us two, no one

Live creature, that I could see.

Yes ! There came floating by

Me, who lay floating too.

A handbreadth over head !

All of the sea my own,

Like soul and nought beside.

Both of us were alone.

I never shall join its flight,

For, nought buoy's flesh in air.

If it touch the sea—good night !

Death sure and swift waits there.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR.

1.

Can the insect feel the better

For watching the uncouth play

Of limbs that slip the fetter,

Pretend as they were not clay?

VIII.

Undoubtedly I rejoice

That the air comports so well

With a creature which had the choice

Of the land once. Who can tell?

IX.

What if a certain soul

Which early slipped its sheath,

And has for its home the whole

Of heaven, thus look beneath,

X.

Thus watch one who, in the world,

Both lives and likes life's way,

Nor wishes the wings unfurled

That sleep in the worm, they say?

XI.

But sometimes when the weather

Is blue, and warm waves tempt

To free oneself of tether,

And try a life exempt

XII.

From worldly noise and dust,

In the sphere which overbrims

With passion and thought,—why, just

Unable to fly, one swins !

XIII.

By passion and thought upborne,

One smiles to oneself—"They fare

Scarce better, they need not scorn

Our sea, who live in the air !"

XIV.

Emancipate through passion

And thought, with sea for sky,

We substitute, in a fashion,

For heaven—poetry :

VOL. II.
Mere list of hoarding, half by trestle propped, half tub, Would flumm it forth as brisk as butterfly from grub! This comes of sand, of, of Autumn afternoon, And Pornic and Saint Gille, whose feast affords the boon— This scaffold turned parterre, this flower-bed in full blow, Butchers, butaldies! Wesbite shall not miss the show! They pace and promenade; they presently will dance: What good were else in the drum and fife? O

III.
Who saw them make their entry? At wink of eye, be sure! They love to steal a march, nor lightly risk the here. They keep their treasure hid, nor stale (improvident) Before the time is ripe, each wonder of their there—

IV.
No, no, thrice, Pornic, no! Perpend the authentic tale! Twas not for every Gawain to gaze upon the Grail! 1 Conjurers and dancers.

V.
Yet morning promised much: for, pitched and sung and reared On terrace 'neath the tower, 'twixt tree and tree appeared An airy structure; how the pennon from its dome, Frenzied 2 to be free, makes one red stretch for home! The house far and away, the distance where lives joy, The unaware, once and ever, of world and world's annoy. Since, what lolls fall in front, a furlong from the booth, But ocean-likeness, sky-bite and milkpond-smooth?

VI.
Frenzied to be free! And, do you know, there bear: Something within my breast, as sensitive—repeats The fever of the flag? My heart makes just the same

VII.
Why is it that when'er a faithful few combine To cast allegiance off, play traitor, nor repine, Agree to bear the worst, forget the best in store For us who, left behind, do duty as of yore,— Why is it that, disgraced, they seem to relish life the more?—

VIII.
Still, traitors as they are and purpose yet to be, That nowise needs forbid they venture—as you see—

* F前往下一页

1 Conjurors and dancers. 2 Frenzied.
FIFINE AT THE FAIR

X.
For, what they traffic in, consists of just the things
We,—proud ones who so scorn dwellers without the pale,
Bateleurs, baladines, white leviars of black mail,—
I say, they sell what we most pine us that we keep!
How comes it, all we hold so dear they count out the pale?

XI.
What price should you impose, for instance, on repute,
Good fame, your own good fame and family's to boot?
Stay start of quick moustache, arrest the angry rise of eyebrow! All I asked is answered by surprise.

XII.
But try another tack; say: "I indulge caprice,
Who am Don and Duke, and Knight, beside, o' the Golden Fleece,
And, never mind how rich. Abandon this career!
Have hearth and home, nor let your woman-kind appear Without as multiplied a coating as protects
God-fearing householder, existent by brain-skill,
Hand-labour; win your bread whatever way you will,
So be it honestly—and, while I have a purse,
No month or day shall not lack !"—His thanks will be the roundest curse
That ever rolled from lip.

XIII.
Now, what is it?—returns the question—heartens so this losel that he
where his fancy pleased, the bistre-length
Lo, she is launched, look—fie, the fairy!—
Till, plumb on the other side, she lights and laughs again;
That fairy-form, whereof each muscle, nay, each vein
The curious may inspect,—his daughter that he sells
Each rustic for five sous. Desiderataughtelse
O' the vendor? As you leave his show, why, take the man!

"You cheat: your six-legged sheep, I recollect, began
Both life and trade, last year, trimmed properly and clipped,
As the Twin-headed Babe, and Human Nondescript!"
What does he care? You paid his price, may pass your jest.
So values he reputation, good fame, and all the rest.

XIV.
Ah, the slow shake of head, the melancholy smile,
The sigh almost a sob! What's wrong, was right erewhile?

XV.
Why are we two at once such ocean-width apart?
Pale fingers press my arm, and sad eyes probe my heart.
Why is the wife in trouble?

XVI.
Words urged in vain, Elvire! You waste your quart and force,
Lounge at a phantom here, try fence in fairy-land.
For me, I own defeat, ask but to understand
The acknowledged victory of whom I call my queen,
Sexless and bloodless sprite: thought mischievous and mean.
Yet free and flower-like too, with loveliness for law,
And self-sustainment made morality.

XVII.
A flaw in the wife's smock, a flaw in the wife's tights, a flaw in the wife's life.
So carelessly, so carelessly she acts;
"Why is the wife in trouble?"
"Pale fingers press my arm, and sad eyes probe my heart."
"Why is the wife in trouble?"
"Words urged in vain, Elvire! You waste your quart and force, lounge at a phantom here, try fence in fairy-land."
For me, I own defeat, ask but to understand
The acknowledged victory of whom I call my queen, sexless and bloodless sprite: thought mischievous and mean.
Yet free and flower-like too, with loveliness for law, and self-sustainment made morality.

XVIII.
Bat, wiser, we keep off, not tempt the acrid juice:
Discreet we peer and praise, put rich things to right use.
No favoursome venomous bell,—the rose it is, I wot, only the rose, we pluck and place, unwronged a jot.
FIFINE AT THE FAIR

No worse for homage done by every devotee,
I' the proper royal throne, on breast where rose should be.
Or if the simpler sweets we have to choose among,
Would taste between our teeth, and give its
O gorgeous poison-plague, on thee no hearts
Judge and be just! Suppose, an age and
We gather daisy meek, or maiden violet:
Or if the simpler sweets we have to choose
I' the proper loyal throne, on breast where
I think it is Elvire we love, and not Fifine.

"How does she make my thoughts be sure
Of what they mean?"
Judge and be just! Suppose, an age and
time long past.
Renew for our behoof one pageant more, the
last
O' the kind, sist Louis liked to see defile
between
Him and the yawning grave, its passage
served to screen.
With eye as grey as lead, with cheek as brown

Here where we stand, shall sit and suffer
Louis Onze:
The while from yonder tent parade forth, not
a-row
—oh, no—
Bateleurs, baladines! but range themselves
around her feet,—and one, pressed hushingly
her brow.

See, Helen! pushed in front o' the world's
worst night and storm,
By Lady Venus' hand on shoulder: the
sweet form
Shrinkingly prominent, though mighty, like a moon
Outbreaking from a cloud, to put harsh things
in tune,
And magically bring mankind to acquiesce
In its own rage,—call no curse upon, but bless
(Beldame, a moment since) the outbreaking
beauty, now,
That casts o'er all the blood a candour from
her brow.
See, Cleopatra! bared, the entire and sinuous
wealth
O' the shining shape; each orb of indolent
ripe health,
Captured, just where it finds a follow-orb as
fine
I' the body: traced about by jewels which outline,
Fire-frame, and keep distinct, perfections—
est they melt
To soft smooth unity ere half their hold be felt.
Yet, o'er that white and wonder, a soul's
predominance
I' the head so high and haught—except one
thievish glance,
From back of oblong eye, intent to count the
sain.

Hush,—O I know, Elvire! Be patient,
more remain!
When you say to Saint . . . fish! Whatever
Saint you please,
Cold-pinnacled aloft o' the spire, prays calm
the seas
From Parnie Church, and off at midnight
(pecans say)
Goes walking out to save from shipwreck:

For think how many a year has she been
conversant
With noth but winds and rains, sharp
courtesy and some
O' the wintry snow that coasts the pent-house of
her shrine,
Covers each knee, climbs near, but spares the
smile benigne
Which seems to say "I looked for scarce so
much from earth!"
She follows, one long thin pure finger in the
girth
O' the girdle—whence the folds of garment,
and eye and eye,
Beauteous with fleurs-de-lys, flow down and
multiply

Around her feet,—and one, pressed hushingly
to lip:
As if, while thus we made her march, some
foundering ship
Might raise her from her post, nearer to God
halfway
In heaven, and she inquired "Who that
trends earth can pray?
I doubt if even she, the unashamed! though,
sure
She must have stripped herself only to clothe
the poor."

This time, enough's a feast, not one more
form, Elvire!
Provided you allow that, bringing up the rear
O' the bevy I am loth to—by one bird—curt,
first note may lead to last, an octave crown
the scale,
And this feminity be followed—do not flout—
By—who concludes the masque with curtsey,
smile and post,

"Well, what's the meaning here, what
does the masque intend?
Which, unabridged, we saw file past us,
with no end
Of fair ones, till Fifine came, closed the
catalogue?"

"Why, what's the meaning here, what
does the masque intend?
Which, unabridged, we saw file past us,
with no end
Of fair ones, till Fifine came, closed the
catalogue?"

"Tis fancy yet again! Suppose you cast
this clog
Of flesh away (that weeps, upbraids, with-
stands my arm)
And pass to join your peers, paragon charm
with charm,
As I shall show you may,—prove best of
beauty there!
Yourself confront yourself! This, help me
to declare
That yeader-you, who stand beside these,
haveing each
And blinking none, beat her who lur'd to
Troy-town beach

The purple prow of Greece,—nay, beat
Fifine; whose face,
Mark how I will inflame, when sealige-
like I place
I' the tambourine, to spot the strained and
pithecus blank
Of pleading parchment, see, no less than a
whole franc!

Ah, do you mark the brown o' the cloud,
made bright with fire
Through and through? as, old wiles suc-
cessing to desire,
Quality (you and I) once more compassionate
A hapless infant, doomed (for on such partial fate!)
To sink the inborn shame, waive privilege of
sex,
And posture as you see, support the nads
and books
Of clowns that have their stare, nor always
pay its price;
An infant born perance as sensitive and
nice
As any soul of you, proud dames, whom
destiny
Keeps uncontaminated from stigma of the
sye
She walks in! You draw back skirts from
flth like her
Who, possibly, brave scorn, if, scorned, she
minister

to age, want, and disease of parents one or
both;
Nay, peradventure, stoops to degradation,
loth
That some just-budding sister, the dew yet
on the rose,
Should have to share in turn the ignoble
trade,—who knows?

Or if the simpler sweets we have to choose on
the rear
Braving each, but dare guess
the scale,
And posture as you see, support the nads
and books
Of clowns that have their stare, nor always
pay its price;
An infant born perance as sensitive and
nice
As any soul of you, proud dames, whom
destiny
Keeps uncontaminated from stigma of the
sye
She walks in! You draw back skirts from
flth like her
Who, possibly, brave scorn, if, scorned, she
minister

to age, want, and disease of parents one or
both;
Nay, peradventure, stoops to degradation,
loth
That some just-budding sister, the dew yet
on the rose,
Should have to share in turn the ignoble
trade,—who knows?

Or if the simpler sweets we have to choose on
the rear
Braving each, but dare guess
the scale,
And posture as you see, support the nads
and books
Of clowns that have their stare, nor always
pay its price;
An infant born perance as sensitive and
nice
As any soul of you, proud dames, whom
destiny
Keeps uncontaminated from stigma of the
sye
She walks in! You draw back skirts from
flth like her
Who, possibly, brave scorn, if, scorned, she
minister

to age, want, and disease of parents one or
both;
Nay, peradventure, stoops to degradation,
loth
That some just-budding sister, the dew yet
on the rose,
Should have to share in turn the ignoble
trade,—who knows?"
"Twixt fold and fold of tent, there looms he,—Brute-beast-face,—ravage, scar, scowl and malignancy,—O’ the Strong Man, whom (no doubt, her husband) by-and-by You shall behold do feats: lift up nor quail beneath.

A quintal! In each hand, a cart-wheel ‘twixt his teeth.

Oh she prefers sheer strength to ineffective grace,

Breeding and culture! seeks the essential in the case!

To him has flown my franc; and welcome, opposite, where you stand: as steady ‘neath our gaze—

Yet still her phantom stays

Opposite, where you stand: as steady ‘neath our gaze—

The life Elvire’s and mine—though fancy-stuff and mere illusion; to be judged—dream-figures—without fear.

Or favour, those the false, by you and me the true.

"What puts it in my head to make yourself judge you?"

Well, it may be, the name of Helen brought to mind

A certain myth I missed in years long left behind:

How she that fled from Greece with Paris whom she loved,

And came to Troy, and there found shelter, and so proved

1 A weight of 100 lbs.  2 A jersey.

Such cause of the world’s woe,—how she, old stories call

This creature, Helen’s self, never saw Troy at all.

Jove had him fancy-free, must needs take empty air,

Fashion her likeness forth, and set the phantom there

If the midst for sport, to try conclusions with the blind.

And blundering race, the game create for God, mankind:

Experiment on these,—establish who would yearn

To give up life for her, who, other-minded, aspires

The best her eyes could smile,—make half the world sublime,

And half absurd, for just a phantom all the time!

Meanwhile true Helen’s self sat, safe and far away,

By a great river-side, beneath a purer day,

With solitude around, tranquillity within; Was able to lean forth, look, listen, through the din

And stir: could estimate the worthlessness or worth

Of Helen who inspired such passion to tie the earth, A phantom all the time! That put it in my head,

To make yourself judge you—the phantom-wife instead

O’ the tearful true Elvire! A phantom all the time! That put it in my head,

To make yourself judge you—the phantom-wife instead

O’ the tearful true Elvire!

XXVII.

"I thank the smile at last Which thins away the tear! Our sky was overcast,

And something fell; but day clears up: if there chanced rain, The landscape glists more. I have not vexed in vain

Elvire: because she knows, now she has debouched, How, this and this being good, hence may still be best

But the beauty in review; because the flesh that claimed

Unduly my regard, she thought, the taste, she blamed

In sea, for things extern, was all mistake, she finds,—

Or will find, when I prove that bodies show me minds,

That, through the outward sign, the inward grace allure,

And sparks from heaven transpierce earth’s coarsest covertures,—

All by demonstrating the value of Fifine!

XXIX.

XX.

Partake my confidence! No creature’s made so mean

But that, some way, it boasts, could we investigate,

Its supreme worth: fulfills, by ordinance of fate, Its momentary task, gets glory all its own, Tastes triumph in the world, pre-eminent, alone.

Where is the single grain of sand, mid millions heaped Confusedly on the beach, but, did we know, if that squint the case!

Or will leap, would we wait, i’ the century, To the very throne of things? — earth’s grain’s facette

Which frosts him fullest, first, returns his ray with jet

Of promptest praise, thanks God best in creation’s name!

As firm is my belief, quick sense perceives the same

Self-vindicating flash illustrate every man And woman of our mass, and prove, through-out the plan, No detail but, in place allotted it, was prime And perfect.

XXX.

Witness her, kept waiting all this time! What happy angle makes Fifine reverberate

Sunshine, least sand-grain, she, of shadiest social state?

No adamantine shield, polished like Helen there,

Fit to absorb the sun, regorge him till the glare,

Dazing the universe, draw Troy-ward those blind beaks Of equal-sailed ships rowed by the well-greaved Greeks!

No Asian mirror, like you Ptolemic witch Able to fix sun fast and tame sun down, en-rich,

Not burn the world with beams thus flatteringly rolled.

About her, head to foot, turned slavish snakes of gold!

And oh, no tinted pane of oriel sanctity,

Does our Fifine afford, such as permits supply

Of histrionic heaven, revealed, far more than mandane sight

Could master, to thy cell, pure Saint! where, else too bright,

So subtle thy sense the orb, that, what outside was noon, Pales, through thy lozenge blue, to meek benefic moon!

What then? does that prevent each dunghill, Some one, to the very throne of things?

Daily, from boasting too its bit of looking-glass, Its sherd which, sun-smit, shines, shoots arrowy fire beyond

That satin-muffled mope, your sulky diamond?

XXXI.

And now, the mingled ray she shoots, I decompose.

Her antecedents, take for execrable! Glove No whit on your promise: let be, there was no worst

Of degradation spared Fifine: ordained from first

To last, in body and soul, for one life-long race.

The Pariah of the North, the European Naacht!
XXXI.

Well then, thus much confessed, what wonder if there steel

Unchallenged to my heart the force of one appeal
She makes, and justice stamp the sole claim she asserts?

So absolutely good is truth, truth never hurts

The teller, whose worst crime gets somehow grace, aroused.

To me, that silent pose and prayer proclaimed aloud

"Know all of me outside, the rest be emptiness.

For such as you! I call attention to my dress.

Coffin, outlandish features, lithe memorable limbs,

Piquant entreaty, all that eye-gaze overskims.

Does this give pleasure? Then, repay the pleasure, put

Its price i' the tambourine! Do you seek further? Tut!

I'm just my instrument,—sound hollow : mere smooth skin.

Stretched over gift framework, I : rub-dub, nought else within—

Always, for such as you!—if I have use elsewhere,—

If certain bells, now mute, can jingle, need you care?

Be it enough, there's truth i' the pleading, which compels

With no word spoken out in cottages or courts, since all I plead is "Pay for just the sight you see,"

And give no credit to another charm in me!"

Do I say, like your Love? "To praise my face is well,

But, who would know my worth, must search my heart to tell?"

Do I say, like your Wife? "Hath I passed in review

'The produce of the globe, my man of men were—you!"

Do I say, like your Helen? "Yield yourself to me,

Implicitly, nor pause to question, to survey

Even the worshipful! pronounce to you at my shrine:

'Shall you dare controvert what the world counts divine?"

Arrest your private taste, own liking of the sense,

Of history, the blare and bullying of

'Sup of my sorcery, old pleasures please no more!"

Of the story, the blare and bullying of

'Be great, be good, love, learn, have potency

Or heart or head,—what boots? You die,

And dregs, vapidity, thought essence

Never the taste of wine, such vintage as I brew.

Do I say, like your Saint? "An exquisite touch

Bides in the birth of things: no after-time can reach

Enhance that fine, that faint, fugitive first of all!

What colour paints the cup o' the May-rose, like the small

'Suspicion of a blush which doubtfully begins?"

What sound outwaxeth brook, while, at the

'Sure that, along with love's main-purchase, he will buy

Make, and justice stamp the sole claim

Unchallenged to my heart the force of one

'To me, that silent pose and prayer proclaimed aloud

Coiffure, outlandish features, lithe memorable limbs,

For such as you! I call attention to my dress,

"Know all of me outside, the rest be

such a blush which doubtfully begins?"

What sound outwaxeth brook, while, at the

The face, a stab into the side of somebody—

Sure that, along with love's main-purchase, he will buy

Up the whole stock of earth's uncharitable-

ness,

"Fancy us which comports

With no word spoken out in cottages or courts, since all I plead is "Pay for just the sight you see,"

And give no credit to another charm in me!"

Do I say, like your Love? "To praise my face is well,

But, who would know my worth, must search my heart to tell?"

Do I say, like your Wife? "Hath I passed in review

'The produce of the globe, my man of men were—you!"

Do I say, like your Helen? "Yield yourself to me,

Implicitly, nor pause to question, to survey

Even the worshipful! pronounce to you at my shrine:

'Shall you dare controvert what the world counts divine?"

Arrest your private taste, own liking of the sense,

Of history, the blare and bullying of

'Sup of my sorcery, old pleasures please no more!"

Of the story, the blare and bullying of

'Be great, be good, love, learn, have potency

Or heart or head,—what boots? You die,

And dregs, vapidity, thought essence

Never the taste of wine, such vintage as I brew.

Do I say, like your Saint? "An exquisite touch

Bides in the birth of things: no after-time can reach

Enhance that fine, that faint, fugitive first of all!

What colour paints the cup o' the May-rose, like the small

'Suspicion of a blush which doubtfully begins?"

What sound outwaxeth brook, while, at the

'Sure that, along with love's main-purchase, he will buy

Make, and justice stamp the sole claim

Unchallenged to my heart the force of one

'To me, that silent pose and prayer proclaimed aloud

Coiffure, outlandish features, lithe memorable limbs,

For such as you! I call attention to my dress,

"Know all of me outside, the rest be

such a blush which doubtfully begins?"

What sound outwaxeth brook, while, at the

The face, a stab into the side of somebody—

Sure that, along with love's main-purchase, he will buy

Up the whole stock of earth's uncharitable-

ness,
The fears we keep in mind!—when ours to arbitrate,
Your part was to bow neck, bid fall decree of fate.
Then, O the knotty point—white-night's work to revolve—
What meant that smile, that sigh? Not Solon's self could solve!

Then, O the deep surmise what one word might express,
And if what seemed her "No!" may not have meant her "Yes!"
Then, such annoy, for cause—calm welcome,
Of rapture if, refused her arm, hand touched her wrist!

Now, what's a smile to you? Poor candle soul, body got and gained, inalienably a tear! worse! warns that health requires the decent household gloom which sends from nuptial chamber, since rain penetrates to covet all you see, hear, dream of, till fate preposterous thought 1 to find no value fixed

Novelty, property, and larceny beside!—
Or stray from neighbour's pale: pouch that, and capture, as she frisks, the fen-fire—
Give you the sun to keep, forthwith must about that, what you want, you gain; then your own, become despised; more worth what do I say? at least a meteor's half in after putridity that's phosphorescent, crits

"Then, O the deep surmise what one word might express,
And if what seemed her "No!" may not have meant her "Yes!"
Then, such annoy, for cause—calm welcome,
Of rapture if, refused her arm, hand touched her wrist!

Now, what's a smile to you? Poor candle soul, body got and gained, inalienably a tear! worse! warns that health requires the decent household gloom which sends from nuptial chamber, since rain penetrates to covet all you see, hear, dream of, till fate preposterous thought 1 to find no value fixed

Novelty, property, and larceny beside!—
Or stray from neighbour's pale: pouch that, and capture, as she frisks, the fen-fire—
Give you the sun to keep, forthwith must about that, what you want, you gain; then your own, become despised; more worth what do I say? at least a meteor's half in after putridity that's phosphorescent, crits
And what shall now divert me, once the flower-cup-crown starts free, the face is laid on shelf, the vesture’s snow were moulding sleep from feet, which just are found embedded. As if the vesture’s snow were moulding sleep from feet, which just are found embedded.

Must melt and so release; whereat, from the fine sheath, the flower-cup-crown starts free, the face is uncencloced, and what shall now divert me, once the sweet face revealed, from all I loved so long, so lingeringly left?

XXXIX.

Because indeed your face fits into just the cleft
Of the heart of me, Elvire, makes right and whole once more.

All that was half itself without you! Asbefore, My truant finds its place! Doubtlessly sea-sells yarn, If plundered by soul chance: would pry their pearls return, Let negligently slip away into the wave! Never may eyes destit, these eyes so grey and grave,

From their slow sure supply of the effluent soul within! And, would you humour me? I dare to ask, unpin

The web of that brown hair! O’erwash o’ the sudden, but As promptly, too, disclose, on either side, the jet Of alabaster brow! So part rich rillets dyed Deep by the woodland leaf, when down they pour, each side

O’ the rock-top, pushed by Spring!

XL.

"And where is the world is all This wonder, you detail so trippingly, espied? My mirror would reflect a tall, thin, pale, deep-eyed, personage, pretty once, it may be, doubtless still Loving—a certain grace yet lingers, if you will—

But all this wonder, where?"

XLI.

Why, where but in the sense And soul of me, Art’s judge? Art is my evidence That something was is, might be; but no more thing itself, Than flame is fuel. Once the verse-book lid on shelf, The picture turned to wall, the music fled from ear—

Each beauty, born of each, grows clearer and more clear, Mine henceforth, ever mine!

XLII.

But if I would re-trace
Effect, in Art, to cause—corroborate, erase
What’s right or wrong, ’tis the lines, test fancy in my brain

By fact which gave it birth? I re-peruse in vain
The verse, I fail to find that vision of delight
I’ the Bazzi’s lost-profile, eye-edge so exquisite.

And, music: what? that burst of pillared cloud by day
And pillared fire by night, was product, must we say,

Of modulating just, by enharmonic change,—The augmented sixth resolved,—from one the straighter range
Of D sharp minor,—leap of disimprisoned thrall,—

Into thy light and life, D major natural?

XLIII.

Elvire, will you partake in what I shall impart?
I seem to understand the way heart chooses
By help of the outside form,—a reason for our wild
Diversity in choice,—why each grows reconciled
To what is absent, what superfluous in the mask
Of flesh that’s meant to yield,—did nature

Let negligently slip away into the wave! Never may eyes destit, these eyes so grey and grave,

From their slow sure supply of the effluent soul within! And, would you humour me? I dare to ask, unpin

The web of that brown hair! O’erwash o’ the sudden, but As promptly, too, disclose, on either side, the jet Of alabaster brow! So part rich rillets dyed Deep by the woodland leaf, when down they pour, each side

O’ the rock-top, pushed by Spring!

XLIV.

Needs must it be that show on the outside correspond
With inward substance,—flesh, the dress which soul has donned,

Exactly reproduce,—were only justice done
Inside and outside too,—types perfect everyone.

But if I would re-trace
Effect, in Art, to cause—corroborate, erase
What’s right or wrong, ’tis the lines, test fancy in my brain

By fact which gave it birth? I re-peruse in vain
The verse, I fail to find that vision of delight
I’ the Bazzi’s lost-profile, eye-edge so exquisite.

And, music: what? that burst of pillared cloud by day
And pillared fire by night, was product, must we say,

Of modulating just, by enharmonic change,—The augmented sixth resolved,—from one the straighter range
Of D sharp minor,—leap of disimprisoned thrall,—

Into thy light and life, D major natural?

XLIV.

But if I would re-trace
Effect, in Art, to cause—corroborate, erase
What’s right or wrong, ’tis the lines, test fancy in my brain

By fact which gave it birth? I re-peruse in vain
The verse, I fail to find that vision of delight
I’ the Bazzi’s lost-profile, eye-edge so exquisite.

And, music: what? that burst of pillared cloud by day
And pillared fire by night, was product, must we say,

Of modulating just, by enharmonic change,—The augmented sixth resolved,—from one the straighter range
Of D sharp minor,—leap of disimprisoned thrall,—

Into thy light and life, D major natural?

XLIV.

But if I would re-trace
Effect, in Art, to cause—corroborate, erase
What’s right or wrong, ’tis the lines, test fancy in my brain

By fact which gave it birth? I re-peruse in vain
The verse, I fail to find that vision of delight
I’ the Bazzi’s lost-profile, eye-edge so exquisite.

And, music: what? that burst of pillared cloud by day
And pillared fire by night, was product, must we say,

Of modulating just, by enharmonic change,—The augmented sixth resolved,—from one the straighter range
Of D sharp minor,—leap of disimprisoned thrall,—

Into thy light and life, D major natural?
Of knowing, seeing, feeling the absolute truth of things
For truth's sake, whole and sole, not any good, truth brings
The knower, seer, feeler, beside,—instinctive Art
Must fumble for the whole, once fixing on a part
However poor, surpass the fragment, and aspire
To reconstruct thereby the ultimate entire.
Art, working with a will, discards the superfluous,
Contributes to defect, toils on till,—fiat lux,—
There's the restored, the prime, the individual
Art, working with a will, discards the superfluous,
Contributes to defect, toils on till,—fiat lux,—
There's the restored, the prime, the individual

XLV.
Look, for example now! This piece of broken pipe
(Some shipman's solace erst) shall act as crayon; and
What talent better serves my purpose than the sand?
—Smooth slab wherein I draw, no matter with what skill,
A face, and yet another, and yet another still.
There lie my three prime types of beauty! With Gerôme! well at work,—observe how brow reedes,
Head shoulders back on spine, as if one hailed the hair,
Would have the full-face front what pin-point eye's sharp stare
Announces; mouth agape to drink the flowing fate,
While chin protrudes to meet the burst of the wave: elate
Almost, spurred on to brave necessity, expend All life left, in one flash, as fire does at its end.
Retrenchment and addition effect a masterpiece,
Not change I the motive: here diminish, there increase—
And who wants Horror, has it.

Who wants some other show
Of soul, may seek elsewhere,—this second of the row?
What does it give for germ, monadic mere intent
Of mind in face, faint first of meanings ever meant?
Why, possibly, a grin, that, strengthened, grows a laugh;
That, softened, leaves a smile; that, tempered, bids you quaff
At such a magic cup as English Reynolds once compounded: for the witch pulls out of you
Like Garrick's to Thalia, however due may be
A hell for all beside. You can but crown the sparrows
Of Nature?—wont to deal with erg or cloud, as stuff
To fashion novel forms, like forms we know, enough
For recognition, but enough unlike the same,
Leaves no hopes ourselves may profit by her game;
Death therefore to the world. Step back a pace or two!
And see, who dare dispute the gradual birth its due
Of breathing life, or breathless immortality,
Where out she stands, and yet stops short, half bold, half shy.
Hesitates on the threshold of things, since partly bland
With stuff she needs must quit, her native element
I' the mind o' the Master,—what's the creature, dear-divine
Yet earthy-awful too, so manly-feminine,
Prezents this white advance? What startling brain-escape
Of Michelagnolo takes elemental shape?
I think he meant the daughter of the old man o' the sea,
Emerging from her wave, goddess Eidothee—
I' the palace-gallery, the corridor beyond,
Fifine at the fair.
When he has told their tale, amid his web-foot flock
Of sea-beasts, "fine fat seals with bitter breath!" laughs she
At whom she likes to save, no less: Eidothée,
Whom you shall never face evolved, in earth, in air,
In wave; but, manifest in the soul's domain,
She ravishingly moves to meet you, all through
What should not be,—and there triumphs the
O' the soul! Bid shine what should, dismiss
Emprise o' the Master! But, attempt to
Of what the sense, without soul's help, perceives? I bought
That work,—despite plain proof, whose hand
I' the rough: I think we trace the tool of triple
Here, there and everywhere,—bought dearly
Unwieldy bulk, for just ten dollars—"Bulk,
Who, bound on business, paused to hear the
Shaming all other forms, seen as I see her here
I' the soul,—this other-you perversely look
Any amount of love, and some remains of
Grace?"
See yourself in my soul!

And what a world for each
Most somehow be I' the soul,—accept that
mode of speech,—
Whether an aura gird the soul, wherein it
seems
To float and move, a belt of all the glints and
glimpses
It draws from out that world, its weaker fellows found
So dead and cold; or whether these not so
much around,
As pass into the soul itself, add worth to worth,
As wine enriches blood, and straightway send
it forth,
Conquering and to conquer, through all eternity,
That's battle without end.

I search but cannot see
What purpose serves the soul that strives, or
Stay, one and all, stored up and guaranteed
For ever, by some mode whereby shall be
The gain of every life. Death reads the title
What each soul for itself conquered from out
Since, in the seeing soul, all worth lies, I
assert—
And sought I' the world, which, save for soul that sees, inert
Was, and would be ever,—stuff for transmuting,—null
And void until man's breath evoke the beautiful
But, touched aright, prompt yields each particle its
tongue
Of elemental flame,—no matter whence flame sprang
From gums and spice, or else from straw and rottenness,
So long as soul has power to make them
burn, express

What rights and warns henceforth, leaves
only ash behind,
However the chance: if soul be privileged to
find
Food so soon that, by first snatch of eye, suck
of breath,
It can absolve pure life: or, rather, meeting
death
I' the shape of ugliness, by fortunate recall
So put on its resource, it find therein a foil
For a new birth of life, the challenged soul's
response
To ugliness and death,—creation for the

I gather heart through just such conquests of the soul,
Through evocation out of that which, on the
whole,
Was rough, unkind, partial accomplishment, at best,
And,—what, at worst, save failure to spit at
and detest?—
—Through transference of all, achieved in
visible things,
To where, secured from wrong, rest soul's
imaginings—
Through ardor to bring help just where completion
halts,
Do justice to the purpose, ignore the slips and
faults—
And, last, through waging with deformity a
fight
Which wrings thence, at the end, precise its
opposite.
I praise the loyalty o' the scholar,—stung by
taunt
Of fools "Does this evince thy Master men
so want?"
Did he then perpetrate the plain abortion
here?"
Who cries "His work am I! foul fraught by
him, I clear
His fame from each result of accident and
time,
Myself restore his work to its fresh morning-
prime,
Not daring touch the mass of marble, fools
deride,
But putting my idea in plaster by its side,
His, since mine; I, he made, vindicate who
made me!"

For, you must know, I too achieved
Eidothée,
In silence and by night—dared justify the lines
Plain to my soul, although, to sense, that
triple-tine's
Achievement halt halfway, break down, or
leave a blank.
If she stood forth at last, the Master was to
thank!
Yet may there not have smiled approval in
his eyes—
That one at least was left who, born to
recognise
Perfection in the piece imperfect, worked, that night,
In silence, such his faith, until the apposite
Design was out of him, truth palpable once
more?
And then,—for at one blow, its fragments
strewed the floor,—
Recalled the same to live within his soul as
heretofore.

And, even as I bold and have Eidothée,
I say, I cannot think that gain,—which would
not be
Except a special soul had gained it,—that such
gain
Can ever be estranged, do ought but appertain
Immortally, by right firm, indefeasible,
To who performed the feat, through God's
grace and man's will!
Gain, never shared by those who practised
with earth's stuff,
And spoiled whate'er they touched, leaving
its blankness bare, and, when the ugliness
opposed,
Either struck work or laughed "He doted
or be dazed!"
LIX.

While, oh, how all the more will love become intense !
Hereafter, when "to love" means yearning
Each soul, its own amount of gain through its own mode
Of practising with life, upon some soul which owed
Its treasure, all diverse and yet in worth the same,
To new work and changed way ! Things
The chemic secret, learn,—where I lit force,
When each one may impart, and each receive,
For me, I nowise doubt; why doubt a time
Which burn up red, green, blue, nay, yellow
Each soul, its own amount of gain through
Hereafter, when "to love" means yearning
For self-indulgence, you still blew a spark at
You drew forth lambent pity,—where I found
FIFINE AT THE FAIR

LXI.

"And then "—(pray you, permit remain
This hand upon my arm !—your cheek dried,
If you deign,
Choosing my shoulder)—" then "—(Stand up
for, boldly state
The objection in its length and breadth !)
"you abdicate,
"with heat yet on your lip, soul's empire, and accept
The rule of sense ; the Man, from monarch's
"You talk of soul,—how soul, in search of soul
to suit,
Mush needs review the sex, the army, rank and file
Of womankind, repart no face nor form so vile
But that a certain worth, by certain signs, may thence
Evolveth itself and stand confessed—to soul—by sense.
Senses? Oh, the loyal bee endeavours for the hive !
Disinterested hunts the flower-field through,
Not one mean moment, no,—suppose on flower be light,
"with peculiar drop, petal-dew perquisite,
"Ah, Music, wouldst thou help! Words

LXII.

And frank I will respond as you interrogate.
Ah, Music, wouldst thou help! Words
struggle with the weight
So feebly of the False, thick element between
Our soul, the True, and Truth ! which, but that intervenes
False shows of things, were reached as easily
By help whereof, I would our souls were
For self-indulgence, you still blew a spark at
You drew forth lambent pity,—where I found
FIFINE AT THE FAIR

LXX.

And thus would formulate : each soul lives,
In the eternal progress,—love's law, which I aver
And this would formulate : each soul lives,
For itself, by itself,—because a lodestar
Blinks, an other than itself,—in whatever the niche
Of mistiest heaven it hide, whose'er the Glumdalch
May grasp the Gilliver : or it, or he, or she—
"Triumphs & tribulations after troub'rance,"—

See "Prometheus Bound" of Eschylus.
Be fresh! with stiff rope-wreath of yellow crisp head-blooms
Which tempt down birds to pay their supper, mud the tombs,
With prattle good as song, amuse the dead awhile,
If couched they hear beneath the matted camomile!

LXIII.

Bid them good-bye before last friend has sung and supped!
Because we pick our path and need our eyes,—abrupt,
Descent enough,—but here's the beach, and there's the bay,
And, opposite, the streak of lie Noirmoutier.

If couched they hear beneath the matted
Thither the waters tend; they freshen as they
descent enough,—but here's the beach, and
Because we pick our path and need our eyes,—

FIFINE AT THE FAIR

Try to ascend breast-high? wave arms wide
free of tether?
Be in the air and leave the water altogether?
Under went all again, till I resigned myself
To only breathe the air, that's footed by an
drift, and onlywise the water, that's native to a fish.
But there is no denying that, ere I carped
my wish,

LXIV.

"That rise into the true out of the false
—explain?"

Mayan example serve? Inyerdwy I bathed,
This sunny morning; I swam my best, then
hung, half swathed
With chill, and half with warmth, i' the
channel's midmost deep:
You know how one—not treats, but stands
in water? Keep
Body and limbs below, hold head back, uplift
chin,
And, for the rest, leave care! If brow, eyes,
month, should win
Their freedom,—excellent! If they must
break the dusty.
No matter though they sink, let but the nose
emerge.
So, all of me in brine lay soaking: did I care
One jot? I kept alive by man's due breath
No matter though they sink, let but the nose
emerge.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR

Try to ascend breast-high? wave arms wide
free of tether?
Be in the air and leave the water altogether?
Under went all again, till I resigned myself
To only breathe the air, that's footed by an
drift, and onlywise the water, that's native to a fish.
But there is no denying that, ere I carped
my wish,

LXV.

We must endure the false, no particle of which
The false below: so much while here we
Do we acquaint us with, but up we mount a
Is not with air, but just o' the water, watery:
And schooled my restive arms, salt entered
Under went all again, till I resigned myself
To last drop, saturate with noonday—no need

LXV.

"That rise into the true out of the false
—explain?"

Mayan example serve? Inyerdwy I bathed,
This sunny morning; I swam my best, then
hung, half swathed
With chill, and half with warmth, i' the
channel's midmost deep:
You know how one—not treats, but stands
in water? Keep
Body and limbs below, hold head back, uplift
chin,
And, for the rest, leave care! If brow, eyes,
month, should win
Their freedom,—excellent! If they must
break the dusty.
No matter though they sink, let but the nose
emerge.
So, all of me in brine lay soaking: did I care
One jot? I kept alive by man's due breath
No matter though they sink, let but the nose
emerge.
FIFINE AT THE FAIR

LXVII.
So with this wash of the world, wherein life-long we drift;
We push and paddle through the foam by making shift.
To breathe above at whistles, after deepest deck.
Down underneath the show, we put forth hand and pluck.
At what seems somehow like reality—a soul.
I catch at this and that, to capture and control,
And rolling much more, and yet the soul have too.
Its touch of God’s own flame, which He may so expand.
Who measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?
That ocean’s self shall dry, turn dew-drop in respect
Of all-triumphant fire, matter with intellect.
Once fairly matched; bade him who egged on hands to bay.
Go curse, in the poultry yard, his kind: “there let him lay!”
The swan’s one addled egg: which yet shall come to the rescue, bade prompt thwack of the kernel; taught that ocean might
Its touch of God’s own flame, which He may so expand.
Who measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?
That ocean’s self shall dry, turn dew-drop in respect
Of all-triumphant fire, matter with intellect.
Once fairly matched; bade him who egged on hands to bay.
Go curse, in the poultry yard, his kind: “there let him lay!”
The swan’s one addled egg: which yet shall come to the rescue, bade prompt thwack of the kernel; taught that ocean might
Its touch of God’s own flame, which He may so expand.
Who measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?
That ocean’s self shall dry, turn dew-drop in respect
Of all-triumphant fire, matter with intellect.
Once fairly matched; bade him who egged on hands to bay.
Go curse, in the poultry yard, his kind: “there let him lay!”
The swan’s one addled egg: which yet shall come to the rescue, bade prompt thwack of the kernel; taught that ocean might
Its touch of God’s own flame, which He may so expand.
Who measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?
That ocean’s self shall dry, turn dew-drop in respect
Of all-triumphant fire, matter with intellect.
Once fairly matched; bade him who egged on hands to bay.
Go curse, in the poultry yard, his kind: “there let him lay!”
The swan’s one addled egg: which yet shall come to the rescue, bade prompt thwack of the kernel; taught that ocean might
Its touch of God’s own flame, which He may so expand.
Who measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?
That ocean’s self shall dry, turn dew-drop in respect
Of all-triumphant fire, matter with intellect.
Once fairly matched; bade him who egged on hands to bay.
Go curse, in the poultry yard, his kind: “there let him lay!”
The swan’s one addled egg: which yet shall come to the rescue, bade prompt thwack of the kernel; taught that ocean might
Its touch of God’s own flame, which He may so expand.
Who measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?
That ocean’s self shall dry, turn dew-drop in respect
Of all-triumphant fire, matter with intellect.
Once fairly matched; bade him who egged on hands to bay.
Go curse, in the poultry yard, his kind: “there let him lay!”
The swan’s one addled egg: which yet shall come to the rescue, bade prompt thwack of the kernel; taught that ocean might
Its touch of God’s own flame, which He may so expand.
Who measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?
That ocean’s self shall dry, turn dew-drop in respect
Of all-triumphant fire, matter with intellect.
Once fairly matched; bade him who egged on hands to bay.
Go curse, in the poultry yard, his kind: “there let him lay!”
The swan’s one addled egg: which yet shall come to the rescue, bade prompt thwack of the kernel; taught that ocean might
Its touch of God’s own flame, which He may so expand.
Who measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?
That ocean’s self shall dry, turn dew-drop in respect
Of all-triumphant fire, matter with intellect.
Once fairly matched; bade him who egged on hands to bay.
Go curse, in the poultry yard, his kind: “there let him lay!”
The swan’s one addled egg: which yet shall come to the rescue, bade prompt thwack of the kernel; taught that ocean might
Its touch of God’s own flame, which He may so expand.
Who measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?
That ocean’s self shall dry, turn dew-drop in respect
Of all-triumphant fire, matter with intellect.
Once fairly matched; bade him who egged on hands to bay.
Go curse, in the poultry yard, his kind: “there let him lay!”
The swan’s one addled egg: which yet shall come to the rescue, bade prompt thwack of the kernel; taught that ocean might
Its touch of God’s own flame, which He may so expand.
Who measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?
That ocean’s self shall dry, turn dew-drop in respect
Of all-triumphant fire, matter with intellect.
Once fairly matched; bade him who egged on hands to bay.
Go curse, in the poultry yard, his kind: “there let him lay!”
The swan’s one addled egg: which yet shall come to the rescue, bade prompt thwack of the kernel; taught that ocean might
Its touch of God’s own flame, which He may so expand.
Who measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?
That ocean’s self shall dry, turn dew-drop in respect
Of all-triumphant fire, matter with intellect.
Once fairly matched; bade him who egged on hands to bay.
Go curse, in the poultry yard, his kind: “there let him lay!”
The swan’s one addled egg: which yet shall come to the rescue, bade prompt thwack of the kernel; taught that ocean might
Its touch of God’s own flame, which He may so expand.
Who measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?
That ocean’s self shall dry, turn dew-drop in respect
Of all-triumphant fire, matter with intellect.
Once fairly matched; bade him who egged on hands to bay.
Go curse, in the poultry yard, his kind: “there let him lay!”
The swan’s one addled egg: which yet shall come to the rescue, bade prompt thwack of the kernel; taught that ocean might
Its touch of God’s own flame, which He may so expand.
Who measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?
That ocean’s self shall dry, turn dew-drop in respect
Of all-triumphant fire, matter with intellect.
Once fairly matched; bade him who egged on hands to bay.
Go curse, in the poultry yard, his kind: “there let him lay!”
The swan’s one addled egg: which yet shall come to the rescue, bade prompt thwack of the kernel; taught that ocean might
Its touch of God’s own flame, which He may so expand.
Who measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?
That ocean’s self shall dry, turn dew-drop in respect
Of all-triumphant fire, matter with intellect.
Once fairly matched; bade him who egged on hands to bay.
Go curse, in the poultry yard, his kind: “there let him lay!”
The swan’s one addled egg: which yet shall come to the rescue, bade prompt thwack of the kernel; taught that ocean might
Its touch of God’s own flame, which He may so expand.
Who measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?
That ocean’s self shall dry, turn dew-drop in respect
Of all-triumphant fire, matter with intellect.
Once fairly matched; bade him who egged on hands to bay.
Go curse, in the poultry yard, his kind: “there let him lay!”
The swan’s one addled egg: which yet shall come to the rescue, bade prompt thwack of the kernel; taught that ocean might
Its touch of God’s own flame, which He may so expand.
Who measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?
That ocean’s self shall dry, turn dew-drop in respect
Of all-triumphant fire, matter with intellect.
Once fairly matched; bade him who egged on hands to bay.
Go curse, in the poultry yard, his kind: “there let him lay!”
The swan’s one addled egg: which yet shall come to the rescue, bade prompt thwack of the kernel; taught that ocean might
Its touch of God’s own flame, which He may so expand.
Who measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?
That ocean’s self shall dry, turn dew-drop in respect
Of all-triumphant fire, matter with intellect.
Once fairly matched; bade him who egged on hands to bay.
Go curse, in the poultry yard, his kind: “there let him lay!”
The swan’s one addled egg: which yet shall come to the rescue, bade prompt thwack of the kernel; taught that ocean might
Its touch of God’s own flame, which He may so expand.
Who measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?
That ocean’s self shall dry, turn dew-drop in respect
Of all-triumphant fire, matter with intellect.
Once fairly matched; bade him who egged on hands to bay.
Go curse, in the poultry yard, his kind: “there let him lay!”
The swan’s one addled egg: which yet shall come to the rescue, bade prompt thwack of the kernel; taught that ocean might
Its touch of God’s own flame, which He may so expand.
Who measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?
That ocean’s self shall dry, turn dew-drop in respect
Of all-triumphant fire, matter with intellect.
Once fairly matched; bade him who egged on hands to bay.
Go curse, in the poultry yard, his kind: “there let him lay!”
The swan’s one addled egg: which yet shall come to the rescue, bade prompt thwack of the kernel; taught that ocean might
Its touch of God’s own flame, which He may so expand.
Who measured the waters in the hollow of His hand?
That ocean’s self shall dry, turn dew-drop in respect
Of all-triumphant fire, matter with intellect.
Once fairly matched; bade him who egged on hands to bay.
Go curse, in the poultry yard, his kind: “there let him lay!”
The swan’s one addled egg: which yet shall come to the rescue, bade prompt thwack of the kernel; taught that ocean might
Its touch of God’s own flame, which He may so expand.
FIFINE AT THE FAIR

Complacency you will, I judge, at what’s divulged!
Some flabbiness you fixed, some vacancy nutrallized,
Some—much—say, all, perhaps, the outward man’s your work?
But, inside man?—find him, wherever he may lurk,
And where’s a touch of you in his true self?

It led, that long lone way, through pasture,
Disengage that, and ask—what news of life,
O’ the fissured cliff, to find its fate in smoke
Than sea’s akin to sun who yonder dips his
Poor rudimental head and stomach, you agree,
That was the creature’s self: no more akin
Withers away nine-tenths. Ah, but a tenth
Then comes the emptiness which out the
So big and belly-like, but, dry of water
A head lurks—of a kind—that acts as stomach
Earth’s violet never knew ! Well, ’neath that
to blue their best, rim-round the sea-flower
AU over, save where just the amethysts com­
From wave ... or no, the event is better
O’ the kind the sea inflates, and show you,
Some wind would waft this way a glassy
And where’s a touch of you in his true self?

But take the rill which ends a race o’er
You must be marred,—
To raise your race, must stoop,—to teach
Nine-tenths of what you are! To make,
That takes all and gives nought, is Man ; the
His chance of capture’s gone. Success
That’s the wise way o’ the strong ! And
Instruct and benefit. Small prospect you
For the old inland life, snow-soft and silver-
Rilletthat, taking all and givingnought in turn,
Infant of mist and dew; only these atoms
His chance of capture’s gone. Success
Many the loaded ship self-sunk through treasure-freight,
Many the pregnant brain brought never child
to birth,
Many the great heart broke beneath its
girls-girl’s!
Be mine the privilege to supplement defect,
Of fitting thoughts to words, you penal­venture lack,
Eivy me not the chance, yourselves more
Adorned the shield self-sunk through treasure-freight,
Many the pregnant brain brought never child
to birth,
Many the great heart broke beneath its
girls-girl’s!
Be mine the privilege to supplement defect,
Eivy me not the chance, yourselves more
Adorned the shield self-sunk through treasure-freight,
Many the pregnant brain brought never child
to birth,
Many the great heart broke beneath its
girls-girl’s!
Be mine the privilege to supplement defect,
Eivy me not the chance, yourselves more
Adorned the shield self-sunk through treasure-freight,
Many the pregnant brain brought never child
to birth,
Many the great heart broke beneath its
girls-girl’s!
Be mine the privilege to supplement defect,
Eivy me not the chance, yourselves more
Adorned the shield self-sunk through treasure-freight,
Many the pregnant brain brought never child
to birth,
Many the great heart broke beneath its
girls-girl’s!
Be mine the privilege to supplement defect,
Eivy me not the chance, yourselves more
Adorned the shield self-sunk through treasure-freight,
Many the pregnant brain brought never child
to birth,
Many the great heart broke beneath its
girls-girl’s!
Be mine the privilege to supplement defect,
Eivy me not the chance, yourselves more
Adorned the shield self-sunk through treasure-freight,
Many the pregnant brain brought never child
to birth,
Many the great heart broke beneath its
girls-girl’s!
Be mine the privilege to supplement defect,
Eivy me not the chance, yourselves more
Adorned the shield self-sunk through treasure-freight,
Many the pregnant brain brought never child
to birth,
Many the great heart broke beneath its
girls-girl’s!
Be mine the privilege to supplement defect,
Eivy me not the chance, yourselves more
Adorned the shield self-sunk through treasure-freight,
Many the pregnant brain brought never child
to birth,
Many the great heart broke beneath its
girls-girl’s!
Be mine the privilege to supplement defect,
Eivy me not the chance, yourselves more
Adorned the shield self-sunk through treasure-freight,
Many the pregnant brain brought never child
to birth,
Many the great heart broke beneath its
girls-girl’s!
Be mine the privilege to supplement defect,
Eivy me not the chance, yourselves more
Adorned the shield self-sunk through treasure-freight,
Many the pregnant brain brought never child
to birth,
Many the great heart broke beneath its
girls-girl’s!
Be mine the privilege to supplement defect,
Eivy me not the chance, yourselves more
Adorned the shield self-sunk through treasure-freight,
Many the pregnant brain brought never child
to birth,
Many the great heart broke beneath its
girls-girl’s!
Be mine the privilege to supplement defect,
Eivy me not the chance, yourselves more
Adorned the shield self-sunk through treasure-freight,
Who condescends be snared, with toss of
A-throb for song and thee; nay. Teriander
Throughout its hundred leaves at that ap­
Gather thy greatness round, Arion! Stand
Cut through the freshening clear—dolphins,
In shoal the—porpoises? Dolphins, they
The foe through letting him imagine he
The captor. Here you start after no pompous
The Methymnaean hand, and felt a king
Of music in the bird—while Corinth grew
As beasts require. Art fain the fish to
Such a magnificence of song! The pillar
How Phoebus' self might give that great
Needes never practise trick of going hands
'tis fable, therefore truth: who has to do
That I am, anyhow, a truth, though all else
And be not: if I dream, at least I know I
dream. The falsity, beside, is fleeting: I can stand
Still, and let truth come back,—your steady­
ning touch of hand
Assista me to remain self-centred, fixed amid
All on the move. Believe in me, at once
you bid
Myself believe that, since one soul has dis­
engaged
Mine from the shows of things, so much is
fact: I waged
No foolish warfare, then, with shades, myself
a shade.
Here in the world—may hope my pains will
be repaid!
How false things are, I judge: how change­
able, I learn
Where, when and how it is I shall see truth
return,
That I expect to know, because Fifine knows
me—
How much more, if Elvire!

Set him to hate a little? Leave cherishing
his root,
And rather prune his branch, nip off the
petitish shoot
Superficial on his bough! I promise, you
shall learn
By what grace came the grace, of all beasts
also, to earn
Such favour with the god of the grape: 'twas
only he
Who, browsing on its tops, first stung fertility
Into the stock's heart, stayed much growth
of tendril swine.
Some faintish flower, perhaps, but gained the
indicant wine,
Wrath of the red press! Catch the puniest
of the kind—
Man-animalcalde, starved body, stunted mind,
And, as you nip the blotch 'twixt thumb and
finger—nail,
Admire how heaven above and earth below
available
No jot to soothe the nite, sore at God's prime
offence.
In making nites at all,—coax from its im­
potence
One virile drop of thought, or word, or deed,
By strain
Topopagationforce, which nature rendered
vain.
Wholts first failure stay, yet cares not record
Mistake that seems to cast opprobrium on
the Lord!
Such were the gain from love's best pains!
But let the elf
Be touched with hate, because some real man
bears himself
Manlike in body and soul, and, since he lives,
most hard
And fairly and set a-fizz this counterpart
Of the pismire that's surprised toeffervescence,
if,
By chance, black bottle come in contact with
chill'cliff,
Acid with allail! Then thrice the bulls,
out blows
Our insect, does its kind, and cuckoo-spits
some rose!

After a world of pains—my word provoked
With oar and pole, across the creek, and
The boatman made, 'twixt shoal and sand—
The yards of her, no lift of ripple to o'erlap
No: he scorns commonplace, affects the un-
As, at dead slack of tide, he chose to push
Yourself are, after all, as false as what sur-
Fifine, that's taut and crank, and carries just
Keel, much less, prow. What care? since
'Tis mind that navigates,—skips over, twists
To-day, one step from stern to bow keeps
To-morrow, all the change, new stowage fore
O' the cargo; then, to cross requires new
'sailor-craft!—
And everywhere we strain that things should
Share in the memories! Embark I trust we
Much re-assured by this so comfortable ode,

LXXIII.

Then, never grudge my poor Fifine her
compliment!
The rackish craft could slip her nothings in
And the mere part, things play, that con-
All false, all fleeting too ! And nowhere
Assume significance; while ocean dwindles,
And try if, trusting to sea-tracklessness, I class
Down side, transfer myself to cockle-shell
Share in the memories! Embark I trust we

LXXXIV.

A word, and I have done.
Is it not just our hate of falsehood, fleeting-
And the mere part, things play, that con-
The immost charm of this Fifine and all her tribe?

A word, and I have done.
Is it not just our hate of falsehood, fleeting-
And the mere part, things play, that con-
Constitutes express
Of Pornic town, and lo, ere eye can wink,

LXXXV.
Their style and title so, and preface, only they.
Performance with "A lie is all we do or say." Wherein but there can be the attraction, Falsehood's bribe.
That wins so surely o'er to Fifine and her tribe.
The liking, may the love of who hate Falsehood most,
Except that these alone of mankind make their boast.
"Frankly, we simulate!" To feign, means
to have grace
And so get gratitude! This ruler of the race,
Crowned, sceptred, staled to suit,—'tis not that you detect.
The cobbler in the king, but that he makes effect.
By seeming the reverse of what you know to be.
The man, the mind, whole form, fashion and quality.
Mistake his false for true, one minute,—
By the excepted eye, at the rare season, for the happy moment.
Life means—learning to abhor.
The false, and love the true, truth treasured snatch by snatch,
Wails counted at their worth. And when with strays they match
I' the parti-coloured world,—when, under foul, shines fair.
And truth, displayed i' the point, flashes forth everywhere,
I' the circle, manifest to soul, though hid by sense.
O' the brain, bring poetry to birth, such act performed,
What daemons fear? what man or thing misapprehend?
Each has a false outside, whereby a truth is forced.
For outbreak and escape by quite another course years and ten!

Therefore I prize stage-play, the honest cheating: hence
The impude pricked, when fife and drum
Bade Fair commence,
To bid you trip and skip, link arm in arm with me.
Like husband and like wife, and so together go.
The tumbling-troop arrayed, the strollers on their stage:
Drawn up and under arms, and ready to engage.

And if I started thence upon abstruse themes...
Well, 'twas a dream, pricked too!

A poet never dreams:
We prose-folk always do: we miss the proper tact.
For thoughts on things unseen, which stagnate and obstruct.
The system, therefore; mind, sound in a body sane,
Keeps thoughts apart from facts, and to one flowing vein.
Its sense of that which is not, but might be,
And leaves the rest alone. What ghosts do poets see?
What demons fear? what man or thing misapprehend?
Unchoked, the channel's flush, the fancy's free to spend.
Its special self a light in manner, time and place.
Never believe that who create the busy race
The brain, bring poetry to birth, such act performed,
Feel trouble them, the same, such residue as warmed.
My proy blood, this morn,—intrusive fancies, meant.
Mid-finger-deep,—must run by prying in the room.
Of one who loves and grasps and spoils and speculates.
All so for plain enough to sight and sense: but, weights,
Measures and numbers,—ah, could one apply such test.
To other visitants that came at no request.
O' who kept open house,—to fancies manifold
Prow this four-cornered world, the memories new and old.
The antenatal prime experience—what know I?—
The initiatory love preparing us to die— Such were a crowd to examin, a sight to see, a prize.
To turn to profit, were but fleshly ears and eyes.
Able to cope with those of the spirit!
Of words, sought sounds, and saved for ever, in the same
Thru' the master's work first came responsive to Thy record—serve as well to register—I felt Assist who struggles yet, thy strength become and not in vain I urge: "O dead and gone The instrument—thanks greet the veritable I read the note, I strike the key, I bid Truth that escapes prose,—nay, puts poetry
And where, my heart surmised, at that same
O' the spice-nut, which peeled off this morning, Creak a slow caravan, and saw arrive the husk Where both roads join the bridge, I heard Thy music reassure—I gave no idle guess,
Find my eye, fixed my choice? Mad'st moonbeams marble, didst you
What care? since round is piled a monument's heap Of music that conserves the assurance, thou as well
Wast certain of the same! thou, master of the record
Not simply you and me and our Fifine, but all Of high with low is found uniting the whole circle, lengthens out the chain, till one
To furnish man with thought and feeling, is
To give me once again the electric snap and spark Which proves, when finger finds out finger in the dark, O' the world, there's fire and life and truth there, link but hands And pass the secret on. Lo, link by link, expands The circle, lengthens out the chain, till one embrace Of high with low is found uniting the whole race, Not simply you and me and our Fifine, but all
The world; the Fair expands into the Carnival, And Carnival again to... ah, but that's my dream!
I somehow played the piece: remarked on each old theme P' the new dress; saw how food o' the soul, the stuff that's made To furnish man with thought and feeling, is purveyed Substantially the same from age to age, with change Of the outside only for successive feasters. Range The banquet-room o' the world, from the dim farthest head O' the table, to its foot, for you and me be-spread, This merry morn, we find sufficient fare, I trow. But, novel? Scrape away the sauce; and taste, below,  
The verity o' the viand,—you shall perceive there went
To board-head just the dish which other condition
Makes palatable now: guests came, sat down, fell so,
Rose up, wiped mouth, went way,—lived, died,—and never knew
That generations yet should, seeking sus­
sance, Still find the selfsame fare, with somewhat to enhance
Its flavour, in the kind of cooking. As with hates
And loves and fears and hopes, so with what emulates
The same, expresses hates, loves, fears and hopes in Art:
The farms, the themes—no one without its counterpoint
Ages ago: no one but, mumbled the due time If the mouth of the eater, needs be cooled again in rhyme,
Dished up new in paint, sauce-smothered fresh in sound,
To suit the wisdom-tooth, just cut, of the age, that's found
With guns obtrude to gust and smack which relished so
The most o' the meal folk made some fifty years ago.
But don't suppose the new was able to efface The old without a struggle, a pang! The commonplace Still clings about his heart, long after all the rest
O' the natural man, at eye and ear, was caught, was confounded
The charm of change, although wry lip and wrinkled nose Owned ancient virtue more conducive to repose Than modern nothings tossed to somethings by some shred
Of vagueness, perchance guiltific by the reader,
And so on, till one day, another age, by due Rotation, prises, sniffs, smacks, discovers old is new,
And sauce, our sires pronounced insipid, proves again

Solo piquant, may reume its titillating reign—
With music, most of all the arts, since change is there
The law, and not the lapse; the precious means the rare,
And not the absolute in all good serve surprise.
So I remarked upon our Schumann's victories Over the commonplace, how faded phase grew fine, And pulled perfection—piqued, upsquirted by that blin', His plot—hit the mouth and burnt the tongue aright,
Beyond the merely good no longer exquisite: Then took things as I found, and thanked without demur
The pretty piece—played through that movement, you prefer,
Where dance and shuffle past, he scolding while she pouts,
She casting while he calms, —in those eternal boats
Of age, the dog—with youth, the cat—by
Tied teasingly enough—Columbine, Panta-
And shambles in pursuit, the senior.
Fi la fia!
Lie to him! get his gold and pay its price! begin Your trade betimes, nor wait till you've wed
And need, at the week's end, to play the duteous wife,
And swear you still love slaps and leapings more than life!
Pretty! I say.

And so, I somehow—nohow played
The whole o' the pretty piece; and then
And so on, whatever weighed
My eyes down, stirred the films about my

The morning-bath,—the sweet monotony of those
Three keys, flat, flat and flat, never a sharp 
at all,—
Or else the brain's fatigue, forced even here 
to fall
Into the same old track, and recognize the shift.
From old to new, and back to old again, and—swit.
Or slow, no matter,—still the certainty of 
change,
Conviction we shall find the false, where'er we
In art no less than nature: or what if wrist 
were numb,
And over-tense the muscle, abductor of the 
thumb,
Taxed by those tenths' and twelfths' unconceivable stretch?
How'er it came to pass, I soon was far to

XCVI.
Whither bound
Except for Venice? She it was, by instinct
found
Carnival-country proper, who far below the

XCVII.
Bias: all men, all women,
Procuratie-sides, 
And, underneath, Mark's Square, with those
Since from above I gazed, however I got there.
Where I was pinnacled, showed, opposite,
Carnival-country proper, who far below the

XCVIII.
Where I was pinnacled, showed, opposite,
Mark's Church,
Mark's Church,
Which covers nothing.
Effaced the sculpture, left the stone you saw
On that frank fool-face, gay beneath its head
With privilege to use, see and know better still
Which covers nothing.

XX.
The gesture that enforced, the eye that strove
The gesture that enforced, the eye that strove
And plumb I pitched into the square—
And plumb I pitched into the square—
A groundling like the rest. What think you
A groundling like the rest. What think you
They please to speak, must fare at will of who
They please to speak, must fare at will of who
That, just as ugliness had withered, so un-
That, just as ugliness had withered, so un-

XXI.
A little from the type, but somehow rather 
urged
To pity than disgust: the prominent, before,
Now dwindled into mere distinctness, nothing
more.
While, at first sight, stood forth undoubtedly 
the fact
Some deviation was: in no one case there
locked
The certain sign and mark,—say hint, say, 

XXII.
Twist of nose,—that proved a fault in work-

XXIII.
Or twist of nose,—that proved a fault in work-

XXIV.
But that was all.

XXV.
The nearlier on these faces that seemed but

XXVI.
For,—whereas so much more monstrosities

XXVII.
Might be dispensed with. "He who cannot
Might be dispensed with. "He who cannot
They to speak, must fare at will of who

XXVIII.
So much the more grotesque.

XXIX.
For,—whereas so much more monstrosities

XXX.
The nearlier on these faces that seemed but

XXXI.
The nearlier on these faces that seemed but

XXXII.
"Why should each soul be tasked
"Why should each soul be tasked

XXXIII.
Who sees not, hears and so
Who sees not, hears and so

XXXIV.
The nearlier on these faces that seemed but

XXXV.
Who sees not, hears and so

XXXVI.
"Why should each soul be tasked
"Why should each soul be tasked

XXXVII.
Some one way, by one love or else one hate?"
Some one way, by one love or else one hate?"
I asked.
I asked.
When it occurred to me, from all these sights
When it occurred to me, from all these sights
There rose not any sound: a crowd, yet dumb
There rose not any sound: a crowd, yet dumb
To truth by what men seemed, not said: to

XXXVIII.
The nearlier on these faces that seemed but

XXXIX.
The nearlier on these faces that seemed but

XL.
The nearlier on these faces that seemed but

XLI.
The nearlier on these faces that seemed but

XLII.
The nearlier on these faces that seemed but

XLIII.
The nearlier on these faces that seemed but

XLIV.
The nearlier on these faces that seemed but

XLV.
The nearlier on these faces that seemed but
I sought to seem the thing it cannot be, the pride
Which is the centre-drop; whereas the pride for praise, and all the rest seen outside,—
Wear it in time of war, its clink and clatter
One's scorn of the soul's casing, distinct from
Superfluous, and cry out against, at festival:
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge
Are we not here to learn the good of peace
With spikes at the due place, that neither
May suffer in that squeeze with nature, we
But plated for defence, nay, furnished for
Case-hardened at all points, not bare and
My praise, not blame at all: for we must
Each variant quality, and brute-beast touch
By shift of point of sight in me the observer:
Or make divergency assume another shape
Determine to observe, or manage to escape,
(remember how we saw the boatman trim his freight!)
Corrected, added to, subtracted from,—dis­
cuss
Each variant quality, and brute-beast touch
Was turned
Into mankind's safeguard! Force, guilt,
Were arms which earned
My praise, not blame at all: for we must
Learn to live,
Case-hardened at all points, not bare and
Sensitive, But plated for defence, may, furnished for
Attack,
With spikes at the due place, that neither
Front nor back
May suffer in that squeeze with nature, we
Find—life.
Are we not here to learn the good of peace through strife,
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
And nicknamed unaware! Just so, a sword
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Of love through hate, and reach knowledge by ignorance?
Why, those are helps thereto, which late we
Eyed askance,
When, from such pinnacled pre-eminence, I
found

Somehow the proper goal for wisdom was the
ground
And not the sky,—so, slid agaciously be-
times

Down heaven's baluster-rope, to reach the
mob of minions
And mummers; whereby came discovery

There was just

Enough and not too much of hate, love,
greed and lust,
Could one discerningly but hold the balance, shift

The weight from scale to scale, do justice to the drift.

Of nature, and explain the glories by the shames

Mixed up in man, one stuff miscalled by
different names

According to what stage I' the process turned

Even as I gazed, to smooth—only get close enough !

—What was all this except the lesson of a life?

And—consequent upon the learning how

Strife grew peace—from evil, good,—came know-

For those were temples, rare, which trem-

blingly grew blank

From bright, then broke afresh in triumph,—

Ah, but sunk

As soon, for liquid change through artery and

Vein

O' the very marble wound its way! And first

Would startle and offend amid the glory; next,

Spot swift succeeded spot, but found me less

Perplexed

By portents; then as 'twere a sleepiness soft

Over the stately fane, and shadow sucked the whole

Epipede into itself, made uniformly earth

What was a piece of heavens till, lo, a second

Birth,

And the veil broke away because of something new

Inside, that pushed to gain an outlet, paused

At last, and proved a growth of stone or brick or wood

Which, alien to the aim o' the Builder, some-

how stood

The test, could satisfy, if not the early one

For whom he built, at least our present populace

Who must not bear the blame for what,

Blamed, proves mishap

Of the Artist: his work gone, another fills the gap,

Serves the prime purpose so. Undoubtedly there spreads

Building around, above, which makes men lift their heads

To look at, or look through, or look—for aught I care—

Over : if only up, it is, not down, they stare,

"Commercing with the sides," and not the pavement in the Square.

But are they only temples that subdivide, collapse,

And tower again, transformed? Academies, perhaps!
Yet of importance, yet essential to the Fair
The explanation came: for, understand, I sought
To simply say—"I saw," each thing I say
I thought.
Since ever as, unrolled, the strange scenario grew
Before me, sight flashed first, though mental comment too
Would follow in a trice, coming hopefully to halt.

So, what did I see next but,—much as when the vault
I the west,—wherein we watch the vapory manifold
Transfiguration,—tired turns blaze to black,—
—behold,
Peak recoiled to base, dark ending lucent with bright,
The multiformal becomes the definite,
Contrasting life and strife, where battle they
I the blank
Severity of peace in death, for which we thank
One wind that comes to quell the concourse,
Drives it with flames
Palpably o'er vexed earth heaven's mantle of dust,
Receives its emblems of repose.

Just so, in Venice' Square, that things were at the close
Was signalled to my sense; for I perceived arrest
O' the change all round about. As if some impulse pressed
Each gently into each, what was distinctness, late,
Grew vague, and, line from line no longer separate,
No matter what its style, edifice ... shall I say,
Died into edifice? I find no simpler way
To simply say—"I saw," each thing I say
I thought.
Since ever as, unrolled, the strange scenario grew
Before me, sight flashed first, though mental comment too
Would follow in a trice, coming hopefully to halt.

CXIX.

So, what did I see next but,—much as when the vault
I the west,—wherein we watch the vapory manifold
Transfiguration,—tired turns blaze to black,—
—behold,
Peak recoiled to base, dark ending lucent with bright,
The multiformal becomes the definite,
Contrasting life and strife, where battle they
I the blank
Severity of peace in death, for which we thank
One wind that comes to quell the concourse,
Drives it with flames
Palpably o'er vexed earth heaven's mantle of dust,
Receives its emblems of repose.

Just so, in Venice' Square, that things were at the close
Was signalled to my sense; for I perceived arrest
O' the change all round about. As if some impulse pressed
Each gently into each, what was distinctness, late,
Grew vague, and, line from line no longer separate,
No matter what its style, edifice ... shall I say,
Died into edifice? I find no simpler way
To simply say—"I saw," each thing I say
I thought.
Since ever as, unrolled, the strange scenario grew
Before me, sight flashed first, though mental comment too
Would follow in a trice, coming hopefully to halt.

CXIX.

So, what did I see next but,—much as when the vault
I the west,—wherein we watch the vapory manifold
Transfiguration,—tired turns blaze to black,—
—behold,
Peak recoiled to base, dark ending lucent with bright,
The multiformal becomes the definite,
Contrasting life and strife, where battle they
I the blank
Severity of peace in death, for which we thank
One wind that comes to quell the concourse,
Drives it with flames
Palpably o'er vexed earth heaven's mantle of dust,
Receives its emblems of repose.

Just so, in Venice' Square, that things were at the close
Was signalled to my sense; for I perceived arrest
O' the change all round about. As if some impulse pressed
Each gently into each, what was distinctness, late,
Grew vague, and, line from line no longer separate,
No matter what its style, edifice ... shall I say,
Died into edifice? I find no simpler way
To simply say—"I saw," each thing I say
I thought.
Since ever as, unrolled, the strange scenario grew
Before me, sight flashed first, though mental comment too
Would follow in a trice, coming hopefully to halt.
A circumstance which ought to make us mind
We come and go, outside there's Somebody
To make one fear and hope: remind us, all
Ask, if that's true, what use in setting up the
Attention: we must wait and die to know the

They laboured that their work might last, and
Almost, because they might forget (they were
Perhaps, but not while earth and all things
Earth did not make itself, but came of Some­
A building, people built as soon as earth was
Surmising, in the mouth of peasant-lad or lass,
You get a prosy wherefore, shall help you to
"I heard my father say he understood it
In knowledge just as much as helps you Igno­
Just as unknown, how such enormity could be
Sheds shell—to last an hour: this building
As you and I would build a grotto where the
And laid in order, so, precisely each on each,
Conveyed by land, or else transported over
Unquarried anywhere i' the region round?

Far better the arch-word, whereon their fate
And so distrust report, it seems as they could
Folk somehow to the prime authoritative
Through rude charactery, than all the grace
Meant and had right to mean, it still must
The more persuaded people but that, what
The wealth bestowed so well! "—wherewith
That lettering of your scribes! who flourish
pen apace
And ornament the text, they say—we say, efface.
Hence, when the earth began its life afresh
In May,
And fruit-trees bloomed, and waves would
wanton, and the bay
Ruffle its wealth of weed, and stranger-birds
arrive,
And bears take each a mate,—folk, too, found sensitive,
Surmised the old grey stone upright there,
through such tracts
Of solitariness and silence, kept the facts
Enraptured, it could deal out doctrine, did it
please:
No fresh and frothy draught, but liquor on the
lees,
Strong, savage and sincere: first bleedings
from a vine
Whereof the product now do Carus so refine
To insipidity, that, when heart sinks, we
strive
And strike from the old stone the old restora­

Which is? —why, go and ask our grandames
how they used
To dance around it, till the Cure disabused
Their ignorance, and bade the parish in a
band
Lay flat the obtrusive thing that cumbered so
the land!
And there, accordingly, in bush and brier it—
'tides
'time to rise again!' (so somebody derides,
That's pert from Paris) 'since, yon spire, you
once a thing
There, and pray beneath, is nothing, I
Yonder, and pray beneath, is nothing, I
suspect,
But just the symbol's self, expressed in slate
for rock,
Art's smooth for Nature's rough, new chip
from the old block!'
There, sir, my say is said! Thanks, and Saint
Gille increase
The wealth bestowed so well!"—wherewith
he pockets piece,
To this it was, this same primal monument.
That, in my dream, I saw building with building bent
Fall; each on each they fast and founderingly went
Confusion-ward; but thence again emboldened fact,
Became the mound you see. Magnificently missed
Indeed, those mammoth-stones, piled by the Protoplast
Temple-wise in my dream! Beyond compare with fanes
Which, solid-looking late, had left no least remains
I' the bald and blank, now sole usurper of the plains
Of heaven, diversised and beautiful before.
And yet simplicity appeared to speak no more
Of music springing thence, that run their steady underlies the accidental mists
Disposure. For as some imperial chord
Whispered, which, audible through the transi-
One and no other word, as in the crust of late,
Which, solid-looking late, had left no least
Indeed, those mammoth-stones, piled by the Protoplast
Temple-wise in my dream! Beyond compare with fanes
Which, solid-looking late, had left no least remains
I' the bald and blank, now sole usurper of the plains
Of heaven, diversised and beautiful before.
And yet simplicity appeared to speak no more
Of music springing thence, that run their steady underlies the accidental mists
Disposure. For as some imperial chord
Whispered, which, audible through the transi-
One and no other word, as in the crust of late,
Which, solid-looking late, had left no least remains
I' the bald and blank, now sole usurper of the plains
Of heaven, diversised and beautiful before.
And yet simplicity appeared to speak no more
Of music springing thence, that run their steady underlies the accidental mists
Disposure. For as some imperial chord
Whispered, which, audible through the transi-
One and no other word, as in the crust of late,
Which, solid-looking late, had left no least remains
I' the bald and blank, now sole usurper of the plains
Of heaven, diversised and beautiful before.
And yet simplicity appeared to speak no more
Of music springing thence, that run their steady underlies the accidental mists
Disposure. For as some imperial chord
Whispered, which, audible through the transi-
One and no other word, as in the crust of late,
Which, solid-looking late, had left no least remains
I' the bald and blank, now sole usurper of the plains
Of heaven, diversised and beautiful before.
And yet simplicity appeared to speak no more
Of music springing thence, that run their steady underlies the accidental mists
Disposure. For as some imperial chord
Whispered, which, audible through the transi-
One and no other word, as in the crust of late,
Which, solid-looking late, had left no least remains
I' the bald and blank, now sole usurper of the plains
Of heaven, diversised and beautiful before.
And yet simplicity appeared to speak no more
Of music springing thence, that run their steady underlies the accidental mists
Disposure. For as some imperial chord
Whispered, which, audible through the transi-
One and no other word, as in the crust of late,
Which, solid-looking late, had left no least remains
I' the bald and blank, now sole usurper of the plains
Of heaven, diversised and beautiful before.
And yet simplicity appeared to speak no more
Of music springing thence, that run their steady underlies the accidental mists
Disposure. For as some imperial chord
Whispered, which, audible through the transi-
One and no other word, as in the crust of late,
Which, solid-looking late, had left no least remains
I' the bald and blank, now sole usurper of the plains
Of heaven, diversised and beautiful before.
And yet simplicity appeared to speak no more
Of music springing thence, that run their steady underlies the accidental mists
Disposure. For as some imperial chord
Whispered, which, audible through the transi-
One and no other word, as in the crust of late,
Which, solid-looking late, had left no least remains
I' the bald and blank, now sole usurper of the plains
Of heaven, diversised and beautiful before.
And yet simplicity appeared to speak no more
Of music springing thence, that run their steady underlies the accidental mists
Disposure. For as some imperial chord
Whispered, which, audible through the transi-
I fancy, there must lurk some cogency if the claim, 
Man, such abatement made, submits to, all the same. 
Soul finds no triumph, here, to register like Sense 
With whom 'tis ask and have,—the want, the evidence
That the thing wanted, soon or late, will be supplied.
This indeed proves up will; this, sure, puffs out with pride,
When, reading records right, man's instincts still attest 
Promotion comes to Sense because Sense likes it best; 
For bodies sprouted legs, through a desire to run:
While hands, when fain to filch, got fingers one by one,
And nature, that's ourself, accommodative 
To hear that, tired of legs which walk, we now bud wings
Since of a mind to fly. Such savour in the nose
Of Sense, would stimulate Soul sweetly, I suppose,
Soul with its proper itch of instinct, prompting clear
To recognize soul's self Soul's only master here
Alone from first to last. But, if time's pressure, light's
Or rather, dark's approach, press thoroughly the rights
Of rule away, and bid the soul submissive hear
Another soul than it play master everywhere
In great and small,—this time, I fancy, none disputes
There's something in the fact that such conclusion suits
Nowise the pride of man, nor yet chimes in with attributes
Conspicuous in the lord of nature. He receives
And not demands—not first likes faith and then believes.
Savage I was sitting in my house, late, lone: 
Dreary, weary with the long day's work:
Head of me, heart of me, stupid as a stone:
Tongue-tied now, now blasphemies like a Turk.
When, in a moment, just a knock, call, cry,
Half a pang and all a rapture, there again were we!—

"What, and is it really you again?" quoth I:
"I again, what else did you expect?" quoth She.

Help and get it over! Re-united to his wife
(How draw up the paper lets the parish-people know?)

Making and mend, or rap and rend, for me!
Good-bye! 

And so, here happily we meet, fair friend!
Again once more, as if the years rolled back
And this our meeting-place were just that
Rome
Out in the champaign, say, o'er-rioted
By verdure, ravage, and gay winds that war
Against strong sunshine settled to his sleep;
Or on the Paris Boulevard, might it prove,
You and I came together saunteringly,
Bound for some shop-front in the Place Vendôme—
Gold-smithy and Golconda mine, that makes
"The Firm-Miranda" blazed about the world—
Or, what if it were London, where my toe
Trespassed upon your flounce? "Small blame," you smile,
Seeing the Staircase Party in the Square
Was Small and Early, and you broke no rib.

Meek, latherto un-Murrayed bathing-place,
Best loved of sea-coast-nook-fat Normandy!
That, just behind you, is mine own hired house:
With right of pathway through the field in front,
No prejudice to all its growth unsheaved
Of emerald luzern bursting into blue.
Be sure I keep the path that hugs the wall,
Of mornings, as I pad from door to gate,
Yon yellow—what if not wild-mustard flower?

Such is Saint-Rambert, wilder very much
Than Joyeux, that famed Joyeux-Gard of yours.
Some five miles farther down; much homelier
too—
Right for me,—right for you the fine and fair !

For weights they fetched and carried in old
Right for me,—right for you the fine and fair !

When nothing like the need was—transfer,

Of Joyeux church, exchanged for yonder prig,

Well—and you know, and not since this one
Our brand-new stone cream-coloured master­

To vulgar eye without a soul behind,

Nothing is prominently likeable
Who like it, in a manner, just because

To lend an eye to ? and what eye like yours—

To those dark-featured comely women-folk,

Or jaunt it by the highway, braving bruise
Did you walk hither, jog it by the plain,

Did you walk hither, jog it by the plain,
Or juin it by the highway, leaving bruise
From springless and uncushioned vehicle ?

To lend an eye to ? and what eye like yours—

To lend an eye to ? and what eye like yours—

That 'tis the whole world which obtains
In one of those small books, the truly great,

To those dark-featured comely women-folk,

It is a safeguard, circumvents intelligence
Nor its fine thimble fits the acorn-top,

Of brain, and that faint golden fluff it bears,

By twinklings sobered from the sun outside.

Of sight, a beauty buried everywhere.

By the waggon-side, Brightening the acre with his purple house,

Of what cool comfort, what close coverture
Farther than ever from the imminence
And, woe's me, still placards the Emperor
Of its placid feature, more than muffler makes
And filmily o'er grain-crop, meadow-ground,

In infancy, the rosy naked ball
And its placid feature, more than muffler makes

As, touch the page and up the glamour goes,
And firmly o'er grain-crop, meadow-ground,
O'er orchard in the pasture, farm a-field
And in one disturbance to the peace of things,

Some five miles farther down; much homelier
Right for me,—right for you the fine and fair !

For weights they fetched and carried in old
Right for me,—right for you the fine and fair !

When nothing like the need was—transfer,

Of Joyeux church, exchanged for yonder prig,

Well—and you know, and not since this one
Our brand-new stone cream-coloured master­

To vulgar eye without a soul behind,

Nothing is prominently likeable
Who like it, in a manner, just because

To lend an eye to ? and what eye like yours—

To those dark-featured comely women-folk,

Or jaunt it by the highway, braving bruise
Did you walk hither, jog it by the plain,

Did you walk hither, jog it by the plain,
Or juin it by the highway, leaving bruise
From springless and uncushioned vehicle ?

To lend an eye to ? and what eye like yours—

To lend an eye to ? and what eye like yours—

That 'tis the whole world which obtains
In one of those small books, the truly great,

To those dark-featured comely women-folk,

It is a safeguard, circumvents intelligence
Nor its fine thimble fits the acorn-top,

Of brain, and that faint golden fluff it bears,

By twinklings sobered from the sun outside.

Of sight, a beauty buried everywhere.

By the waggon-side, Brightening the acre with his purple house,

Of what cool comfort, what close coverture
Farther than ever from the imminence
And, woe's me, still placards the Emperor
Of its placid feature, more than muffler makes

In one disturbance to the peace of things,

Where nobody esteems it worth his while,
If time upon the clock-face goes asleep,
To give the rusted hands a helpful push.

Nobody lifts an energetic thumb
And index to remove some dead and gone
Notice which, posted on the barn, repeats
For truth what two years' passage made a lie.

Still is for sale, next June, that same château
With all its immobilities,—were sold
Duly next June—behind the last but last ;
And, woe's me, still placards the Emperor
Confidence in war he means to wage,

Nothing seen, very best of all the news—

That, thirty paces off, this natural blue
Only conduces to enforce the truth
Even advantaged by their news from Vire,

Since first the Post Director sealed them safe;

Not mice, and mice not Mayors presumably,

From London, Paris, Rome, where men are

From stalwart strider by the waggon-side,

Brightening the acre with his purple house,

To those dark-featured comely women-folk,

Healthy and tall, at work, and work indeed,

On every cottage door-step, plying brisk
Bobbins that bob you ladies one such lace !

"White Cotton Night-cap Country."—Ex­}

In one disturbance to the peace of things,

Where nobody esteems it worth his while,
If time upon the clock-face goes asleep,
To give the rusted hands a helpful push.

Nobody lifts an energetic thumb
And index to remove some dead and gone
Notice which, posted on the barn, repeats
For truth what two years' passage made a lie.

Still is for sale, next June, that same château
With all its immobilities,—were sold
Duly next June—behind the last but last ;
And, woe's me, still placards the Emperor
Confidence in war he means to wage,

Nothing seen, very best of all the news—

That, thirty paces off, this natural blue
Only conduces to enforce the truth
Even advantaged by their news from Vire,

Since first the Post Director sealed them safe;

Not mice, and mice not Mayors presumably,

From London, Paris, Rome, where men are

From stalwart strider by the waggon-side,

Brightening the acre with his purple blouse,

To lend an eye to ? and what eye like yours—

To those dark-featured comely women-folk,

Or jaunt it by the highway, braving bruise
Did you walk hither, jog it by the plain,

Did you walk hither, jog it by the plain,
Or juin it by the highway, leaving bruise
From springless and uncushioned vehicle ?

To lend an eye to ? and what eye like yours—

To lend an eye to ? and what eye like yours—

That 'tis the whole world which obtains
In one of those small books, the truly great,

To those dark-featured comely women-folk,

It is a safeguard, circumvents intelligence
Nor its fine thimble fits the acorn-top,

Of brain, and that faint golden fluff it bears,

By twinklings sobered from the sun outside.

Of sight, a beauty buried everywhere.

By the waggon-side, Brightening the acre with his purple house,

Of what cool comfort, what close coverture
Farther than ever from the imminence
And, woe's me, still placards the Emperor
Of its placid feature, more than muffler makes

In one disturbance to the peace of things,

Where nobody esteems it worth his while,
If time upon the clock-face goes asleep,
To give the rusted hands a helpful push.

Nobody lifts an energetic thumb
And index to remove some dead and gone
Notice which, posted on the barn, repeats
For truth what two years' passage made a lie.

Still is for sale, next June, that same château
With all its immobilities,—were sold
Duly next June—behind the last but last ;
And, woe's me, still placards the Emperor
Confidence in war he means to wage,

Nothing seen, very best of all the news—

That, thirty paces off, this natural blue
Only conduces to enforce the truth
Even advantaged by their news from Vire,

Since first the Post Director sealed them safe;

Not mice, and mice not Mayors presumably,

From London, Paris, Rome, where men are

From stalwart strider by the waggon-side,

Brightening the acre with his purple blouse,

To lend an eye to ? and what eye like yours—

To those dark-featured comely women-folk,

Or jaunt it by the highway, braving bruise
Did you walk hither, jog it by the plain,

Did you walk hither, jog it by the plain,
Or juin it by the highway, leaving bruise
From springless and uncushioned vehicle ?

To lend an eye to ? and what eye like yours—

To lend an eye to ? and what eye like yours—

That 'tis the whole world which obtains
In one of those small books, the truly great,
By what foam-fabric; but when youth succeeds,
The sterling value of the article
Discards adornment, cap is cap henceforth
Unfeathered by the fulle row on row.
Manhood strains hard a sturdy stocking-stuff
O'er well-deserving head and ears: the cone
Is tassel-tipped, commendably takes pride,
Announcing, workday done and wages pocketed,
And liberty obtained to sleep, nay, snore.
Unwise, he penadventure shall essay
The sweets of independence for once—
Save Night-cap pure and simple? Sorts of Their usage may be growing obsolete,
Finally, when the last sleep finds the eye
The supper-summons, gruel grown a feast.
Of morning, and, as prompt to serve, pre\-Fool, only to resume it, night the next,
Waive its advantage on his wedding-night:
Announcing workday done and wages
O'er well-deserving head and ears: the cone
Manhood strains hard a sturdy stocking-stuff
Discards adornment, cap is cap henceforth
The sterling value of the article
Friend to friend, lid from lid to part no more,
Does not a kind domestic hand unite
So tired it cannot even shut itself,
Half-sleep; and so, encroaching more and
Persuades it to appear the thing it is,
Intrudes upon the daybreak dubious life
No cat-gut could swoon out so much of soul!

"Night-caps, night's comfort of the human race:
Their usage may be growing obsolete,
Still, in the main, the institution stays,
And though yourself may possibly have lived,
And probably will die, undisguised—
The Never-night-capped—more experienced fall,
Laugh you back answer—What should Night-cap be
Save Night-cap pure and simple? Sorts of each?
Take cotton for the medium, cast an eye
This side to comfort, lambswool or the like,
That side to frilly cambric costliness,
And all between proves Night-cap proper."
Add "Fiddle!" and I confess the argument.
Only, your ignoramus here again
Proceeds as tardily to recognize
Distinctions: ask him what a fiddle means,
And "Just a fiddle" seems the apt reply.
Yet, in that there, while we two pace the bench,
This blessed moment, at your Kensington,
A special Fiddle-Show and rare array
Of all the sorts were ever set to sheek,
Established on clavicle, sawn bow-hand-wise,
Or touched into-fashion and forefinger-plucked?
I doubt not there be duly catalogued
Achievements all and some of Italy,
Guarnieri, Straduaries,—old and new,
Angustly rude, refined to finishing,
This mammoth with his belly full of blare,
That moans of music—inch-long silvery wheeze.
And here a specimen has efforesced
Into the scroll-head, there subsides supreme,
How soon should volleys to the due amount
Shall pain us both, a minute and no more!
Till we decline into . . . but no! shut eyes
And try to learn by reading story-books.

"Pope's sickly head-sustainment, damped
With the sharp-featured liver-worried stare
As the lean pale proud insignificance
At odds with that half-purpose to be strong
The Cap of Freedom? See the feeble mirth
The Phrygian symbol, thenew crown of thorns,
A spectacle above the howling mob
Do not you see poor Louis pushed to front
Shall pain us both, a minute and no more!
Hoping, by minors, like the cushat-dove,
Grieving, by minors, like the cushat-dove,
From this did Paganini comb the fierce
Over this sample would Corelli2 croon,
Therefore resolve that, after all the Whites
A special Fiddle-Show and rare array
Of all the sorts were ever set to sheek,
Established on clavicle, sawn bow-hand-wise,
Or touched into-fashion and forefinger-plucked?
I doubt not there be duly catalogued
Achievements all and some of Italy,
Guarnieri, Straduaries,—old and new,
Angustly rude, refined to finishing,
This mammoth with his belly full of blare,
That moans of music—inch-long silvery wheeze.
And here a specimen has efforesced
Into the scroll-head, there subsides supreme,
How soon should volleys to the due amount
Shall pain us both, a minute and no more!
Till we decline into . . . but no! shut eyes
And try to learn by reading story-books.

"Electric sparks, or to tenuity
Proceeds as tardily to recognize
Only, your ignoramus here again
Therefore resolve that, after all the Whites
A special Fiddle-Show and rare array
Of all the sorts were ever set to sheek,
Established on clavicle, sawn bow-hand-wise,
Or touched into-fashion and forefinger-plucked?
I doubt not there be duly catalogued
Achievements all and some of Italy,
Guarnieri, Straduaries,—old and new,
Angustly rude, refined to finishing,
This mammoth with his belly full of blare,
That moans of music—inch-long silvery wheeze.
And here a specimen has efforesced
Into the scroll-head, there subsides supreme,
How soon should volleys to the due amount
Shall pain us both, a minute and no more!
Till we decline into . . . but no! shut eyes
And try to learn by reading story-books.

"Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
Not merely criticized the cap, forsooth;
And picturesque, that varies by a splotch
Quick to the quest, then—forward, the firm
The righteous flat of insipidity.
Faintest pretension to be wrong and red
Victory, any the least flush of pink
You must be generous, strain point, and
Made prize of, labelled scarlet for the nonce—
Acceptance of as good as victory
In whatsoever just escapes defeat.
Claims, counts upon a large and liberal
Which "pink" reminds me that the arduous—
Go home together, friends the more confirmed
Looks puffy about eye, and pink at nose?
That one of us—assuredly myself—
You put me on my mettle. British maid
By all above, one snowy innocence 1
And British man, suppose we have it out
Starchedly warrants all beneath is matched
Perks as it were the night-cap of the town,
A texture, can the red dye prime the white?
I take the first chance, rub to threads what
Shall flutter snowily in sight. For see!
Already those few yards upon the rise,
Our back to brave Saint-Rambert, how we
Reach the open, at a dozen steps or strides!
Turn round and look about, a breathing—
The hope of getting a companion-tinge,
In old supremacy for evermore?
Did not the faithless flock in pilgrimage
By railway, diligence and steamer—say
On foot with staff and scrip, to see the sights
Assured them? And I say best sight was here:
And nothing justified the rival Two
In their pretension so equality;
Our folk laid out their ticket-money best,
And wiseliest, if they walked, wore shoe away;
Not who went farther only to fare worse.
For, what was seen at Lourdes and La Salette
Except a sample of the common cares
Such as all three can boast of, any day?
While here it was, here and by no means there,
That the Pope's self sent two great real gold
crowns
As thick with jewelry as thick could stick,
His present to the Virgin and her Babe—
Provided for—who knows not?—by that fund,
Count Alessandro Sforza's legacy,
On foot with staff and scrip, to see the sights
As thick, with jewelry as thick could stick,
His present to the Virgin and her Babe—
Provided for—who knows not?—by that fund,
Count Alessandro Sforza's legacy,
This famous Twenty-second, seven days since.
So said, so done, so followed in due course
To much entreaty on our Bishop's part,
RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY

His shop it was turned out the masterpiece,
Probably at his own expenditure;
Anyhow, he was the munificence
Contributed the central and supreme
Splendour that crowns the crown itself, The
Stone.
Not even Paris, ransacked, could supply
That gem ; he had to forge In-New-York,
This jeweller, and country-gentleman,
And most undoubted devotee beside !
Worshipfully wived, too : since his wife it was
Bestowed "with friendly hand,"—befitting
Phrases.
The face which tries the coronation-robe—
Stiff wear—a mint of wealth on the brocade.
Do go and see what I saw yesterday !
And, for that matter, see in fancy still,
Since . . .

There now! Even for unthankful me,
Who stuck to my devotion at high-tide
That festal morning, never had a mind
To trudge the little league and join the crowd—
Even for me is miracle vanishing.
How pointless proves the sneer at miracles!
Who stuck to my devotions at high-tide
Since . . .

| Heaven | sith the sage | 1 with us, here
| Each man | 2 Hell also, | simplicity subs
| By White and Red describing human flesh.

And yet as we continue, quicker pace,
Approach the object which determines me
Victorious or defeated, more forlorn
My chance seems,—that is certainty at least.
Halt midway, reconnoitre! Either side
The path we traverse (turn and see) stretch
Fields.
Without a hedge: one level, scallop-striped 3
With hands of beet and turnip and luzern,
Limited only by each colour's end,
Shelved down,—we stand upon an eminence,
To where the earth-shell scallops out the sea,
A sweep of semicircle; and at edge—
Just as the milk-white incrustations stud
At intervals some shell-extremity,
So do the little growths attract us here,
Towns with each name I told you: say, they touch
The sea, and the sea, them, and all is said,
So deep or so shallow it matters not.
So deep or so shallow it matters but:
The people are as peaceful as the place.
This, that I call "the path," is road, highway;
But has there passed us by a market-cart,
Man, woman, child, or dog to wag a tail?
True, I saw weeders stooping in a field;
But—formidably white the Cap's extent!
Round again! Come, appearance promises
To Son and Heir Miranda—Clairvaux here,
And where his body sought the sepulture
It was not to retain: you know the tale.
And young Léonce Miranda got it all.

Besides—what style of edifice begins
To grow in sight at last and top the scene?
That grey roof, with the range of lucarnes, 4
four
I count, and that erection in the midst—
Clock-house, or chapel-spire, or what, above?
Centennial, that, beyond immortal, sure!
And reason good; for Clairvaux, such its name,
Was built of old to be a Priory,
Dependence on that Abbey—for-the-Males
Our Conqueror founded in world-famous
Casca,
And where his body sought the sepulture
It was not to retain: you know the tale.
Such Priory was Clairvaux, prosperous
Hundreds of years; but nothing lasts below,
And when the Red Cap pushed the Crown aside,
The Priory became, like all its peers,
Of coloured brick and carved stone! Stucco?
Round again! Come, appearance promises:
The boundary, the park-wall, ancient brick,
Upholds a second wall of tree-heads high
Which overtops its top, a solid green.
That surely ought to shut in mysteries!
A Jeweller—no unaggressive craft!
Trade that admits of much romance, indeed.
For, whom but goldsmiths used old monarchs pledge
Regalia to, or seek a ransom from,
Or pray to furnish dowry, at a pinch,
According to antique story-books.

Why, such have revolutionized this land
With diamond necklace-dealing! not to speak
Of families turned upside-down, because
The gay wives went and pawned clandestinely
Jewels, and figured, till found out, with paste,
Or else redeemed them—how, is horrible!
Then there are those enormous criminals
That love their ware and cannot lose their love,
And murder you to get your purchase back.
Others go courting after such a stone,
Or else redeemed them—how, is horrible!

As ever wife or mistress, man too fond
Has named his Pilgrim, Hermit, Ace of Hearts.

By birth a Madrilène, 5 by domicile
And sojourning accepted French at last.
Her energy it was, which, trade transferred
To Paris, throw as with a golden thumb,
Established in the Place Vendôme. She bought
Not building only, but belongings for
And wide, at Gonthier there, Monlens, Ville-neuve,
A plentiful estate; which, twelve years since,
Passed, at the good man's natural demise,
To Son and Heir Miranda—Clairvaux here,
The Paris shop, the mansion—not so
Palatial residence on Quai Rousseau,
With money, moveables, a mine of wealth—
And young Léonce Miranda got it all.

Ah, but,—whose might the transformation be?
Were you prepared for this, now? As we talked,
We walked, we entered the half-privacy,
The partly-guarded precinct: passed beside
The little paled-off inlet, trees and turf,
Then found us in the main ash-avenue
Under the blessing of its branchage-roof.
Till, on emergence, what affronts our gaze?
Priory—Conqueror—Abbey-for-the-Males—
Hey, presto, pass, who conjured all away?
Look through the rail-work of the gate; a park
—Yes, but à l'Anglaise, as they compliment!
Grass like green velvet, gravel-walks like gold,
Bossets of shrubs, embosomings of flowers,
Lead you—through sprinkled trees of tiny
broad
Disporting, within reach of coverture,
By some habitual aquatic oak
Or elm, that thinks, and lets the youngsters laugh—
Lead, lift at last your soul that walks the air,
Up to the house-front, or its back perhaps—
Whether façade or no, one coherence
Of coloured brick and carved stone! Stucco?

Well,
The dintiness is cheery, that I know,
And all the sportive floral framework fits
The lightsome purpose of the architect.

1 A priest of Apollo who cured diseases.
2 Striped like a scallop-shell.
3 Roof windows.
4 Of Madrid.
RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY

These lumières which I called conventional, late,
Those are the outlets in the mansard-roof;
And, underneath, what long light elegance
Of windows here suggests how brave inside
Lark-bellied gems they play the eyelids to!
For festive arrangements look through such, be
And now the tower a-top, I took for clock's
Or bell's above, turns out a quaint device,
Pillared and temple-treated Belvedere—
Pavilion safe within its railed-about
Sublimity of scene—whence what stretch
Of sea and land, throughout the seasons' change,
Must greet the solitary! Or suppose
—If what the husband likes, the wife likes too!
The happy pair of students clustered high,
Alone in April kis when Spring arrives!
Or no, he mounts there by himself to meet
Winds, welcome walk of sea-smell, first
White bird
That flies thus far to taste the land again,
And all the promise of the youthful year;
Then he descends, unbooms straight his store
Of blessings in the bad, and both embrace,
Husband and wife, since earth is Paradise,
And man at peace with God. You see it all?

Let us complete our survey, go right round
The place: for here, it may be, we perceive
The Priory,—these solid walls, big barns,
Grey orchard-grounds, huge four-square stores
For stock,
Betoken where the Church was busy once.
Soon must we come upon the Chapel's self.
Those RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY

Wherefrom, the latest of his gifts, the Stone
Gratefully bore me as on an arrow-flash
To Clairvaux, as I told you.

Outside—since Paris holds the pick of earth—
He turned his back, shut eyes, stopped cars to all.
Delicious Paris tempts her children with,
And fed away to this far solitude—
She peeping solitude sufficiently:
She, partner in each heavenward flight sublime,
Was, with each consecration to the ground,
Duly associate also: hand in hand,
... Or side by side, I say by preference—
On every good work sideflyingly they went.
Here was the indignation—more but she
Willed that, if death should summon first her lord,
Though she, said relict, must drag residue
Of days encumbered by this load of wealth—
(Submitted to with something of a grace
So long as her surviving vigilance
Might worthily administer, convert
Wealth to God's glory and the good of man,
Give, as in life, so now in death, effect
To cherished purpose)—yet she begged and prayed
That, when no longer she could supervise
The House, it should become a Hospital:
For the support whereof, lands, goods and cash
Alike will go, in happy guardianship,
To yonder church, La Ravissante: who debt
To God and man undoubtedly will pay.

Not of the world, your heroine?

Do you know
I saw her yesterday—set eyes upon
The veritable personage, no dream?
I in the morning strolled this way, as oft,
And stood at entry of the avenue.
When, out from that first garden-gate, we gazed
Upon and through, a small procession swept—
Madame Miranda with attendants five.
First, of herself: she wore a soft and white
Engaging dress, with velvet stripes and squares
Severely blazed, yet scarce discouraging:
Fresh Paris-manufaciture! (Vire's would do?
I doubt it, but confess my ignorance.)
Her figure? somewhat small and darlinglike.
Her face? well, singularly colourless,
What beauty was her portion at eighteen,  
And somewhat more, suppose enough of soul.  
Attaining to the ends of prettiness  
The eyes, for instance, unforgettable  
The whole effect amounts with me to—blank!  
Then she is forty full: you cannot judge  
Your notion grows completer: for, although  
(“You” means not you, nor me, nor anyone  
Nor needed exercise of handicraft,  
Which, as you bendingly grow warm above,  
A set of wax-like features, blank at first,  
I never saw’ what I could less describe.  
I noticed that her nose was aquiline,  
Yet is there not conceivably a face,  
The slavish still aspires to dominate!)
To rather want a master than a slave:  
Your breath’s impressment, nor, in stranger’s  
Than should some, absolute and final face,  
Grows a new revelation of yourself,  
With all you think and feel and are—in fine  
As who must grub and grab, play pioneer.  
The fortune-founding father, rightly rough,  
Then, with a light and airy step, succeeds  
The son, surveys the fabric of his sire  
To intercede and bring benefic truce  
Rashly objected! Is there not the Church  
And so the paired Mirandas built their house,  
And come, at need, from Paris—anyhow,  
And prefer country, oh so much to town!  
And enters home, unsmirched from top to toe.  
And supervises should not sit too close.  
And enters home, unsmirched from top to toe.
Next, rooms built, there’s the furniture to buy,  
And what adornment like a worthy wife?  
In comes she like some foreign cabinet,  
Purchased indeed, but purifying quick  
What space receives it from all traffic-taint.  
She tells of other habits, palace-life:  
Royalty may have pried into those depths  
Of sandal-wooded drawer, and set a-creak  
That pygmy portal pranked with lilies.  
More fit by far the ignoble we replace  
Than that we desecrate her dignity  
By neighbourhood of vulgar table, chair,  
Which half helped old age to smoke and doze.  
The end is, an exchange of city-stir  
And too intrusive burgess-fellowship,  
For rural elegance,  
Careless simplicity, how preferable!  
There one may fairly throw behind one’s back  
The used-up worn-out Past, we want away,  
And make a fresh beginning of stale life.  
In just the place”—does anyone object—  
(Where aboriginal gentility  
Will scoot the upstart, twit him with each trial.)  
Of twainish trade-mark: that stamps word and deed,  
And most of all resent that here town-dross  
He danbs with money-colour to deceive!  
Rashly objected! Is there not the Church  
And comment coarse to match, (should one  
One’s robe a trifle o’er the bourgeoisie,)  
‘Well may she line her slippers with the like,  
If minded so! their shop it was produced  
That wonderful paree, the other day,  
Whereof the Baron said it beggar’d him.”  
And so the paired Mirandas built their house,  
And prefer country, oh so much to town!  
And supervises should not sit too close.

To who had seen his soul reflected there  
By that symmetric silvery phantom-like  
The first, a black-dressed matron—maybe,  
Mature, and digniorish of aspect,—marched;  
Then four came tripping in a joyous flock,  
Two giant goats and two prodigious sheep  
Pure as the arctic fox that suits the snow  
Who was the stranger, snuffed Inquisitive  
Nay, one great naked sheep-face stopped to  
And silky subject leave meandering.  
And ever and anon would sceptre wave,  
A rod of guidance marked the  
That pygmy portal pranked with lilies.  
More fit by far the ignoble we replace  
Than that we desecrate her dignity  
By neighbourhood of vulgar table, chair,  
Which half helped old age to smoke and doze.  
The end is, an exchange of city-stir  
And too intrusive burgess-fellowship,  
For rural elegance,  
Careless simplicity, how preferable!  
There one may fairly throw behind one’s back  
The used-up worn-out Past, we want away,  
And make a fresh beginning of stale life.  
In just the place”—does anyone object—  
(Where aboriginal gentility  
Will scoot the upstart, twit him with each trial.)  
Of twainish trade-mark: that stamps word and deed,  
And most of all resent that here town-dross  
He danbs with money-colour to deceive!  
Rashly objected! Is there not the Church  
And comment coarse to match, (should one  
One’s robe a trifle o’er the bourgeoisie,)  
‘Well may she line her slippers with the like,  
If minded so! their shop it was produced  
That wonderful paree, the other day,  
Whereof the Baron said it beggar’d him.”  
And so the paired Mirandas built their house,  
And prefer country, oh so much to town!  
And supervises should not sit too close.

To who had seen his soul reflected there  
By that symmetric silvery phantom-like  
The first, a black-dressed matron—maybe,  
Mature, and digniorish of aspect,—marched;  
Then four came tripping in a joyous flock,  
Two giant goats and two prodigious sheep  
Pure as the arctic fox that suits the snow  
Who was the stranger, snuffed Inquisitive  
Nay, one great naked sheep-face stopped to  
And silky subject leave meandering.  
And ever and anon would sceptre wave,  
A rod of guidance marked the  
That pygmy portal pranked with lilies.  
More fit by far the ignoble we replace  
Than that we desecrate her dignity  
By neighbourhood of vulgar table, chair,  
Which half helped old age to smoke and doze.  
The end is, an exchange of city-stir  
And too intrusive burgess-fellowship,  
For rural elegance,  
Careless simplicity, how preferable!  
There one may fairly throw behind one’s back  
The used-up worn-out Past, we want away,  
And make a fresh beginning of stale life.  
In just the place”—does anyone object—  
(Where aboriginal gentility  
Will scoot the upstart, twit him with each trial.)  
Of twainish trade-mark: that stamps word and deed,  
And most of all resent that here town-dross  
He danbs with money-colour to deceive!  
Rashly objected! Is there not the Church  
And comment coarse to match, (should one  
One’s robe a trifle o’er the bourgeoisie,)  
‘Well may she line her slippers with the like,  
If minded so! their shop it was produced  
That wonderful paree, the other day,  
Whereof the Baron said it beggar’d him.”  
And so the paired Mirandas built their house,  
And prefer country, oh so much to town!  
And supervises should not sit too close.

To who had seen his soul reflected there  
By that symmetric silvery phantom-like  
The first, a black-dressed matron—maybe,  
Mature, and digniorish of aspect,—marched;  
Then four came tripping in a joyous flock,  
Two giant goats and two prodigious sheep  
Pure as the arctic fox that suits the snow  
Who was the stranger, snuffed Inquisitive  
Nay, one great naked sheep-face stopped to  
And silky subject leave meandering.  
And ever and anon would sceptre wave,  
A rod of guidance marked the  
That pygmy portal pranked with lilies.  
More fit by far the ignoble we replace  
Than that we desecrate her dignity  
By neighbourhood of vulgar table, chair,  
Which half helped old age to smoke and doze.  
The end is, an exchange of city-stir  
And too intrusive burgess-fellowship,  
For rural elegance,  
Careless simplicity, how preferable!  
There one may fairly throw behind one’s back  
The used-up worn-out Past, we want away,  
And make a fresh beginning of stale life.  
In just the place”—does anyone object—  
(Where aboriginal gentility  
Will scoot the upstart, twit him with each trial.)  
Of twainish trade-mark: that stamps word and deed,  
And most of all resent that here town-dross  
He danbs with money-colour to deceive!  
Rashly objected! Is there not the Church  
And comment coarse to match, (should one  
One’s robe a trifle o’er the bourgeoisie,)  
‘Well may she line her slippers with the like,  
If minded so! their shop it was produced  
That wonderful paree, the other day,  
Whereof the Baron said it beggar’d him.”  
And so the paired Mirandas built their house,  
And prefer country, oh so much to town!  
And supervises should not sit too close.
Inside a ruin, fane or bath or cirque,
A month ago: at Vire they tried the case.
Or half-round, for the end's consistent still,
Have you, the travelled lady, found yourself
(With my concurrence, if it matter here)
Sworn to be truth, allowed by Law as such
Were occupied in winding smooth again.
Now comes my moment, with the thrilling
We have gone round its cotton vastitude,
I shall acknowledge, on the snowy hem
Of ordinary Night-cap! Come, enough!
Or forward, half the number, and confront
Some work of art drawn hollow by Time's
to the standing-

Permit me a preliminary word,
Monsieur Leonce Miranda, then, ... but stay!
Meantime, let poets, painters keep a prize!
Restored, I was warned against,

"These steps ascend the labyrinthine stair
For so instructs 'Advice to who would climb':"
And all at once the climbing landed him

"When new vibrations bury both in brick!"

"To the poor head, with more or less of brains
To spill, should breakage follow your advice!
Head-break to him will be heart-break to you
For having preached "Disturb no ruins here!
Begin a muddle, and make a muddle too!
Let the strolling inquisitive thrust
His foot warily, accept a staff,
And come to grief, a weak and foolish child?"

As he then and there the climbing landed him
At Vicc they tried the case.

Renowned in story, dear through youthful
Affection by the scarpa for his nest,
A Certain statue, I was warned against,
Now, by good fortune, lies well under foot,
And cannot tempt to folly any more:"
Some Father Secchi2 to tick Venus off
Some fig-tree-stump, play traitor underneath.

And, task done, quarrel with the parts intact
To spill, should breakage follow your advice!
To the poor head, with more or less of brains

"What if there trip, in merry carelessness,
To spill, should breakage follow your advice!
To the poor head, with more or less of brains

"Go back a thousand years,
If not,—imagination serves as well.
To spill, should breakage follow your advice!
To the poor head, with more or less of brains

"And prove—what seems to you so picturesque
No, sit and stay!
Now comes my moment, with the thrilling...
A pious rendering of Rare Vissante,
The appellation was a pleasantry,
As if there wanted records to attest
With chance of finding an impediment!
This Ravissante, now: when he saw the
With faith it was friends bulwarked hint
Athwart faith's stronghold, fronts the as-
And equalize the odds: for blood comes first,
The tactics of the two are different
That victory entails reverse next time.
The proper name which erst our province
He would have told you that Saint Aldobert
Founded the church, (Heaven early favoured
France),
About the second century from Christ;
Though the true man was Bishop of Rain-
hen's
Eleventh in succession, Eldobert,
Who flourished after some six hundred years.
He it was brought the image "from afar",
(Made out of stone the place produces still)
"Infantine Art divinely artless," (Art
In the deprecation of Decadence,
And set it up a-working miracles
Until the Northmen's fury laid it low,
Not long, however: an egregious sheep,
Zealous with scratching hoof and roaring horn,
Unearthed the image in good Mailleville's
time,
Count of the country. 
"If the tale be false,
Why stands it carved above the portal plain?"
Monsieur Léonce Miranda used to ask.
To Londres went the prize in solemn pomp,
But, liking old abode and loathing new,
And, reinaugurated, miracle
Succeeded miracle, a lengthy list,
That victory entails reverse next time.
No pebble-pavement roughed for champion's
tread
Who scars discomfort, pacing at his post.
Tall, long-limbed, shoulder right and shoulder
left,
And "twixt acrème 1 such a latitude,
Black heaps of hair on head, and blacker bash
Of rioting chin, cheek and throat and chest,—
His brown meridional temperament
Told him—or rather pricked into his sense
Prefer the furniture of language—Thus—"Pleasant station
here!"
Youth, strength, and lustihood can sleep on
Yet pace the stony platform afterward:
First signal of a foe and up they start!
Saint Eldobert, at all such vanity,
Nay—sinfulness, had shaken head mistero.
Had he? But did Prince Vertgalant? And yet,
After how long a slumber, of what sort,
Was it, he stretched octogenary joints
And, nigh on Day-of-Judgment trumpet-blast,
Jumped up and manned wall, brick as any bee? 2

1 Shoulder-blades. 2 See Molière.

Coldness grows warmth, the critical becomes
A vow — gained prayer and paid vow
properly—
For the conversion of Prince Vertgaliant.
These facts, nailed in along with mother's-
milk,
Monsieur Léonce Miranda would dispute
Aason as that his hands were flesh and bone.
Mill-courshinced two-and-twenty years before.
So fortified by blind Castilian blood,
What say you to the chances of French cold
Critical spirit, should Voltaire besiege
"Alp, Apennine, and fortified redoubt"?
Ay, would such spirit please to play faith's
game
Faith's way, attack where faith defends so
well!
But then it shifts, tries other strategy.

Who comprehended, was pushing through the
chink?

1 Shoulder-blades. 2 See Molière.

CASTILIAN PASSIONATE BLIND BLOOD

But presently, a new antagonist,
Surrounding life with undisputed faith.
Ending as faith or doubt gets uppermost;
Such mixture makes a battle in the brain,
Of spirit, French and critical and cold.

So nicely-balanced are the adverse strengths,
Then will has way a moment, but no more:
With answerable gush, his mother's gift,
This son and heir then of the jeweller,
His firm belief was that the name fell fit
Framed to transpierce the flint-stone—fumbles
Of thoughtlessness, no operating tool—
Through what, I wonder! A thick feather-
Acumen metaphysic?—drills its way
From infancy to boyhood; so, by youth,
"Alp, Apennine, and fortified redoubt"?
Nor Rabelais nor Voltaire, but Sganarelle, 3
You comprehend, was pushing through the

386
RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY

Who ever has his speech in readiness
For thickhead juvenility at fault?
"Go pace you platform and play sentinel!
You won't? The worse! but still a worse
might hap.
Stay then, provided that you keep in sight
The battlement, one boil! leap lands you by!
Resolve not desperately! "Wall or turf,
Choose this, choose that, but no alternative!"
No! Earth left once were left for good and
all:
"With Heaven you may accommodate your-
self!" 4

Saint Eldobert—I much approve his mode;
With sinner Vertgaliant I sympathize;
But historic Sganarelle, who prompts
While pulling back, refuses yet concedes,—
Whether he preach in chair, or print in book,
Or whisper due sustainment to weak flesh,
Counting his shame beads threaded on a tie—
Surely, one should bid pack that mountebank!
Surely, he must have momentary fits
Of self-sufficient stage-forgetfulness,
Escapings of the actor-lassitude
When he allows the grace to show the grin,
Which ought to let even thickheads recognize
Through all the busy and beneficent part,—
Bridge-building, or rock-riving, or good clean
Transport of church and congregation both
From this to that place with no harm at all,) The Devil, that old stager, at his trick
Of general utility, who leaves
Downward, perhaps, but fiddles all the way!

Therefore, no sooner does our candidate
For saintshipスポーツly emerge soul-clad
From First Communion to mount guard at
post,
Paris-proof, top to toe, than upon this
Starts to thrive the Slim of the Boulevard—
You know Who—
With keenest "So, a structure fixed as fate,
Father's tower joins on to tower, no ring more
round,
Full fifty years at distance, too, from youth!
Once reach that precipice and there fight your
best,
As looking back you wonder what has come
Of daisy-dappled turf you danced across:
Few flowers that played with youth shall Lester age,
However age esteem the courtesy:
And Eldobert was something past his prime,
To attest his handiwork commenced betimes.
Of daisy-dappled turf you danced across!
Saint-Sauveur, Notre-Dame, Saint-Pierre,
Voltaire? Who ought to know so much of
They washed the fleece well and forgot the rest.
All that parade about Prince Vertgalant
He probably would preach that turf is mud.
And when, clay-clogged, the straggler steps
Suppose it mud, through mud one picks a way,
His mouth flung wide, and then he stops,
He некрасенько arrives in gentleman guise
Suppose it mud, through mud one picks a way,
And when, clay-clogged, the straggler steps
Suppose it mud, through mud one picks a way,
He некрасенько arrives in gentleman guise
And when, clay-clogged, the straggler steps
Suppose it mud, through mud one picks a way,
And when, clay-clogged, the straggler steps
Suppose it mud, through mud one picks a way,
And when, clay-clogged, the straggler steps
Suppose it mud, through mud one picks a way,
And when, clay-clogged, the straggler steps
Suppose it mud, through mud one picks a way,
And when, clay-clogged, the straggler steps
Suppose it mud, through mud one picks a way,
And when, clay-clogged, the straggler steps
Suppose it mud, through mud one picks a way,
And when, clay-clogged, the straggler steps
Suppose it mud, through mud one picks a way,
And when, clay-clogged, the straggler steps
Suppose it mud, through mud one picks a way,
And when, clay-clogged, the straggler steps
Suppose it mud, through mud one picks a way,
And when, clay-clogged, the straggler steps
Suppose it mud, through mud one picks a way,
Of labour, wealth, repute, and (—well, the time
For choosing between heaven on earth, and heaven
In heaven, was not at hand immediately—)
Made all endeavour, without loss incurred
Of one least minute, to obtain her love.

"Sport transitive?" "Variety required?"
"In loving were a lifetime thrown away?"
How singularly may young men mistake?
The fault must be repaired with energy.

Monsieur Léonce Miranda ate her up
With eye-devouring; when the unconscious
Passed from the close-packed hall, he pressed behind;
She mounted vehicle, he did the same,
Coach stopped, and cab fast followed, at one door—

Good house in unexceptionable street.
Out stepped the lady,—never think, alone!
A mother was not wanting to the maid,
Or, may be, wife, or widow, might one say?
What quality, what style and title, eh?
Testifies wealth, my dear, sufficiently!

Noble she was, the name denotes: and rich?
As illustration, from the fancy-fact
To primrose, polyanthus I prefer
And what a flower of flowers he chanced on
Blazed in the full-blown glory of her Spring.
Peerlessly perfect, form and face: for both—
"Imagine what, at seventeen, may have proved
Miss Pages, the actress: Pages herself, my dear!"

Noble she was, the name denotes: and rich?
"The apartment in this Coliseum Street,
Furnished, my dear, with such an elegance,
Testifies wealth, my dear, sufficiently!
What quality, what style and title, eh?
Well now, waive nonsense, you and I are boys
No longer: somewhere must a screw be slack!
Don't fancy, Duchesses descend at door
From carriage-step to stranger prostrate stretched,
And bid him take heart, and deliver mind,
March-in and make himself at ease forthwith,—

However bred his chest and black his beard,
And comely his belongings,—all through love
Protested in a world of ways save one
Hindering at marriage!—"marriage which yet means
Only the obvious method, easiest help
To satisfaction of love's first demand,
That love endure eternally: "my dear,
Sometime or other must a screw be slack!"

Truth is the proper policy; from truth—
What else the force whereby you ting your speech,—
Red earth or chalk.

Be sure that speech, will lift you, by rebound,
Somewhere above the lowness of a lie
Monseur Léonce Miranda heard too true
A tale—perhaps I may subjoin, too trite!" As the meek martyr takes her statued stand
Above our pity, chimes our worship just
Because of what she puts in evidence,
Signal of suffering, badge of torture borne
In days gone by, shame then but glory now,
Barb, in the breast, turned arrow for the front!
So, half timidity, compose half,
Clara de Millefleurs told her martyrdom.

Of poor though noble parentage, deprived
Too early of a father's guardianship,
Want wonder if the prodigality
Of nature in the girl, whose mental gifts
Mitchel her external dowry, form and face—
If these suggested a too prompt resource
To the resourceless mother?
"Try the Stage and so escape starvation! Prejudice
Defame Aesthetic Art: be yours to prove
That gold and dross may meet and never mix,
Purity plunge in pitch yet soil no plume!"

All was prepared in London,—(you conceive
The natural shrinking from publicity
In Paris, where the name excites remark)
London was ready for the grand début;
When some perverse ill-fortune, incident
To art nineties, some malicious threat
Of jealousy who sidles 'twixt the scenes
Or pops up sudden from the prompter's hole,—

Somehow the brilliant bubble bursts in suds.
Want followed: in a foreign land, the pair!
O hurry over the catastrophe—
Mother too sorely tempted, daughter tried
Of poor though noble parentage, deprived
To puzzle Court Guide students, much more
Of a father's guardianship, thereby
Of her, the placable, the Ravissante.

Of Jealousy who sidles 'twixt the scenes
Or pops up sudden from the prompter's hole,—

Somehow the brilliant bubble bursts in suds.
Want followed: in a foreign land, the pair!
O hurry over the catastrophe—
Mother too sorely tempted, daughter tried
Of poor though noble parentage, deprived
Of her, the placable, the Ravissante.

Of Jealousy who sidles 'twixt the scenes
Or pops up sudden from the prompter's hole,—

Somehow the brilliant bubble bursts in suds.
Want followed: in a foreign land, the pair!
O hurry over the catastrophe—
Mother too sorely tempted, daughter tried
Of poor though noble parentage, deprived
Of her, the placable, the Ravissante.

Of Jealousy who sidles 'twixt the scenes
Or pops up sudden from the prompter's hole,—

Somehow the brilliant bubble bursts in suds.
Want followed: in a foreign land, the pair!
O hurry over the catastrophe—
Mother too sorely tempted, daughter tried
Of poor though noble parentage, deprived
Of her, the placable, the Ravissante.
And soon a fellow-lodger in the house,
Were milliners, we English roughlier say;
To Paris, and professed mode-merchandize,
The mother and the daughter found their way
The father having come and gone again,
About the bottom of the Social Couch.

Was Lucie Steiner, child to Dominique
Clara de Millefleurs, of the noble race,
Just thus the lady, when her brewage—love—
Of dreamer, does he judge no need is now
Then shows him how to smoke himself about
Of carpet ere he seats his customer:
—Nor so unwisely! As the haschisch-man
The revelation, after certain days
Head-staggers and a tumble from its perch.
To save a chicken threatened with the pip,
Of truth remedial in sufficiency
Then, fact on fact forthcoming, dose were dealt
The pride of knowledge in too frank a flow,—
Relaxed,—lip pressing lip, lest out should
Beneath, and when the sudden shut of mouth
There had been shaggy eyebrows elevate
Nor Ravissante, but prompt to the Police,
Had he proposed this question to, nor " dear"
Still warrants you from rain, though Auster's

392

RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY

462

OR TURF AND TOWERS

393

Hoisted on pole, to dogs' and cats' despair!
But I have spilled a veriest trap of twigs
On tree-top, every straw a thiev ery,
Where the wild dove—despite the fowler's
snare,
The sportsman's shot, the archer's stone,—
crossed a way
And solely gave her heart to what she hatched,
Nor minded a malignant world below.
I throw first stone forsooth? Tis mere assault
Of playful sugarplum against your cheek,
Which, if it makes cheek tingle, wipes off
rouge!
For, your worst woman? Ah, that touches
pride,
Puts on his mettle the exhibitor
Of Night-caps, if you taunt him "This, no
deal s,—
Now we have got to Female-garniture,—
Crowns your collection, Reddest of the row!"
O unimaginative ignorance
Of what dye's depth keeps best apart from
worst
In womankind!—how heaven's own pure
may seem
To blush aurorially beside such blanched
Drunkenness as the women-wreaths named
White;
While hell, eruptive and fuliginous,
Sickens to very pullor as I point
Her place to a Red clout called woman too!
Hall, heads that ever had such glory once
 Teach you a woman, like God's clown
tongues
Of fire! your lambent aureoles lost may leave
You marked yet, dear beyond true diadems:
And hold, each foot, nor spurn, to man's
disgrace,
What other twist of feitd rag may fall!
Let slink into the sewer the cupping-cloth!

Lucile, much solaced, I re-linger you,
The medium article; if tardy-marked
With iron-mould, your curricle—clean at
least
From poison-speak of rot and purulence.
Lucile Muhlhausen said,—" Such thing an 1:
Love me, or love me not!" Miranda said
"I do love, more than ever, most for this."

The revelation of the very truth
Proved the concluding necessary shake
Which bids the tardy mixture crystallize
Or else stay ever liquid: shoot up shaft,
Dumbly diamond, or evaporate—
Sugglish solution through a minute's slip,
Monstre Léonce Miranda took his soul
In both his hands, as if it were a vase,
To see what came of the convulsion there,
And found, amid subsidence, love new-born
So sparklingly replacient, old was new,
"Whatever be my lady's present, past,
Or future, this is certain of my soul,
I love her in despite of all I know,
Defiance of the match I have to fear,
I venture happiness on what I hope,
Defiance of the much I have to fear,
I love her: in despite of all I know,
And found, amid subsidence, love new-born
So sparklingly resplendent, old was new.

Whatever be my lady's present, past,
Or future, this is certain of my soul,
I love her in despite of all I know,
Defiance of the match I have to fear,
I venture happiness on what I hope,
Defiance of the much I have to fear,
I love her: in despite of all I know,
And found, amid subsidence, love new-born
So sparklingly resplendent, old was new.

'But ugly name, and wind is sure to wait
The husband news of the wife's whereabouts:
From where he lies perched in London town,
Forsee steps the needy tailor on the stage,
Deity-like from dusky machine of fog,
And claims his consort, or his consort's worth
In rubies which her price is far above.
Hard to propitiate, harder to oppose,—
Who but the man's self came to banish fear,
A pleasant apparition, such as shocks
To his love's bosom from his brother's neck,
By nature, needs must shift the leaning-place
Of chests chokeful with gold and silver
Next died the lord of the Aladdin's cave,
Monsieur Léonce Miranda's diamond-cave
Nor more than "Gustave," lodging opposite
Save that its gnome would keep the captive
That little of inconstancy in his path,
Which money kicks aside, would lie there long.
And finally, a rough but wholesome shock,
An accident which comes to kill or cure,
A jerk which mends a dislocated joint!
Such happy chance, at cost of twinge, no doubt,
Into the socket back again put truth,
And stopped the limb from longer dragging lie,
For love suggested "Better shamble on,
And bear your lameness with what grace you may."
And but for this rude wholesome accident,
That tiding at the back of head, he took
For motion of an inmate, stopped at once,
Proved nothing but the pavement's rattle left
Behind at Paris: here was holiday.
Welcome the quaint succeeding to the sparse,
The large and tumorous and—might he breathe
In whisper to his own ear—dignified
And gently-freshed old-style haunts of sleep!
Palatial gloomy chambers for parade,
And passage-lengths of lost significance,
Never constructed as receptacle,
At his odd hours, for him their actual lord
By dint of diamond-dealing, goldsmithry.
Therefore Miranda's father chopped and changed
Nor mould-creep nor yet floor-brick, disembayed
By rains a-top or rats at bottom there.
Such contrast is so piquant for a month!
But now arrived quite other occupants
Whose cry was, "Permanency,—life and death
Here, here, not elsewhere, change is all we dared!
"Their dwelling-place must be adapted, then,
To inmates, no mere truants from the town,
No temporary sojourners, forsooth,
At Clairvaux: change it into Paradise!
Fair friend,—who listen and let talk, alas!
You would, in even such a state of things,
Precede,—or am I wrong?—for bidding stay
The old-world inconvenience, fresh as found.
"The old-world inconvenience, fresh as found.
All folk of individuality
Prefer to be reminded now and then,
Though at the cost of vulgar cozeness,
That the shell-outside only harbours man
The vital and progressive, meant to build,
When build he may, with quite a difference,
Some time, in that far land we dream about,
Where every man is his own architect.
But then the couple here in question, each
At one in project for a happy life,
Were by no acception of the word
So individual that they must aspire
To architecture all-appropriate
And, therefore, in this world impossible:
They needed house to suit the circumstances,
Proprietors, not tenants for a term.
Despite a certain marking, here and there,
Of flashy black or white distinction,
These vulgar sheep wore the flocks' uniform.
They love the country, they renounce the town?
They gave a kick, as our Italians say,
To Paris ere it turned and kicked themselves!
Acquaintances might prove too hard to seek;
Or the reverse of hard to find, perchance,
Since Monsieur Gustave's appearance there.
And let me call remark upon the list
Of notabilities involved, in Court
At Vires, to witness, by their phrases culled
From correspondence, what was the esteem
Of those we pay respect to, for "the pair
Whereof they knew the inner life," it's said.
Three, and three only, answered the appeal.
First, Monsieur Vaillant, music-publisher,
"Begs Madame will accept civilities."
Next, Alexandre Dumas,—sire, not son,—
"Send compliments to Madame and to you!"
And last—but now prepare for England's voice!
I will not mar nor make—here's word for word—
"A rich proprietor of Paris, he
To whom belonged that beautaeus Bagatelle
Close to the wood of Boulogne, Hertford hight,
Assures of homages and compliments
Affectionate"—not now Miranda but
"Madame Muhlhausen." (Was this friend,
Redoubtable in rivalry before?)
Such was the evidence when evidence Was wanted, then if ever, to the worth
Whereat acquaintances in Paris prided
Monsieur Léonce Miranda's household charm.
No wonder, then, his impulse was to live,
In Norman solitude, the Paris life:
Means not to have breath drive you bubble-wise,
To Paris ere it turned and kicked themselves!
By dint of diamond-dealing, goldsmithry.
"The erring one was most unfortunate,
And evidenced, I find, by advocate
She shrank not from advice. "Since safe
Safely abide! for winter, I know well,
Were Clara free, did only Law allow,
No question: but worse Magdalens repent.
"Never did she consider such a tie
Now, not too lavish of acknowledgment,
Nor purpose,—who can read the mystery?—■
And nature like those famed Elysian Fields:
Then, warm up the right colour out of both,
Whate'er the style and title and degree,
That is the quiet life and easy death
Monsieur Léonce Miranda practised Art.
Do let a man for once live as man likes!
Politics? Spend your life, to spare the world's:
Improve each unit by some particle
Of joy the more, determinate the orb
Ending, your own: poor profit, dismal loss!
Write books, paint pictures, or make music—
Since your nature leads to such life-exercise!
Aye, but such exercise begins too soon,
Concludes too late, demands life whole and sole
Artistry being battle with the age
It lives in! Half life,—silence, while you learn
What has been done; the other half,—
Attempt at speech, amid world's wall of wonderment—
"Here's something done was never done before!"
To be the very breath that moves the age
Mourns not to have breath drive you bubble-like
Before it—but yourself to blow: that's strain;
Stein's worry through the life-time, till
There's peace;
We know where peace expects the artist-soul.
Monsieur Léonce Miranda knew as much.
Therefore in Art he nowise cared to be
Creative; but creation, that had birth
In storminess long years before was born
Monsieur Léonce Miranda,—Art, enjoyed
Like fleshly objects of the chase that tempt
To cookery, not in capture—these might feast
The dilettante, furnish tavern-fare
Open to all with purses open too.
To sit free and take tribute ignominious—like
Now, not too lavish of acknowledgment,
Now, self-indulgence profuse of pay,
Always Art's egotists, not Art's serving-men
Whatever the style and title and degree,
That is the quiet life and easy death
Monsieur Léonce Miranda would approve
Wholly—provided (back I go again
To the first simile) that while glasses clink,
And viands steam, and banqueting laughs high,
All that's outside the temporary tent,
The dim grim outline of the circuit-wall,
Forget to menace. Soon or late will drop
Pavilion, soon or late you needs must march,
And laggards will be sorry they were slack!
Always—unless accouche sound plausible?

Monsieur Léonce Miranda knew as much:
Whence his determination just to paint
So creditably as might help the eye
To comprehend how painter's eye grew dim
Ere it produced L'Ingénieux's piece of work—
So to become musician that his ear
Should judge, by its own tickling and turmoil,
Who made the Solemn Mass might well die
So creditably as might help the eye

Behold the Park, the English preference! Thus made undoubtedly a desert smile
Monsieur Léonce Miranda.

Ay, but she?
One should not so merge soul in soul, you
And I think: only, let us wait, nor want
Two things at once—her turn will come in time.
A cork-shot danced upon the tide, we saw,
This morning, blinding-bright with briny dew;
There was no disengaging sourced from sound,
Earth-product from the sister-element.

Hence, while he prized at worth the Clair-
Pavilion, soon or late you needs must march,
Forgets to menace "Soon or late will drop
The dim grim outline of the circuit-wall,
Red Cotton Night-cap Country or Turf and Towers

But one October morning, at first drop
Of applied gold, first sunuous to be grave
Because rough Autumn's play turns earnest now,
Monsieur Léonce Miranda was required
In Paris to take counsel, face to face,
With Madame-mother: and be rated, too.
Roundly at certain items of expense
Whereat the government provisional,
The Paris substitute and shopkeeper,
Shook head, and talked of funds inadequate:
Oh, in the long run—not if remedy
Occurred betimes! Else, tap the generous hole
Too near the quick—it withers to the root—
Leafy, prolific, golden apple-tree,
"Mirande," sturdy in the Place Vendôme!

"What is this reckless life you lead?" began
Her greeting she whom most he feared and loved,
Madame Miranda. "Luxury, extravagance
And so drift pleasantly away five years
Of Paradisiac dream; till, as there fit
Premonitory symptoms, pride of pain,
Because the dreamer has to start awake
And find disease dwelt active all the while
In head or stomach through his night-long sleep,
And why such wastefulness outbreaking now,
Because rough Autumn's play turns earnest now,
While Monsieur Cure This, and Sister That—
Explain this pulling-down and building-up
Our modest well-conducted pious son
Not a gilt-gingerbread big baby-house!

Monsieur Léonce Miranda's last of cares,
Ere he composed himself, had been to make
Provision that, while sleeping safe he lay,
True, we could somehow shake head and shut eye
To what was past prevention on our part—
And so drift pleasantly away five years
Of Paradisiac dream: till, as there fit
Premonitory symptoms, pride of pain,
Because the dreamer has to start awake
And find disease dwelt active all the while
In head or stomach through his night-long sleep,
So happened here disturbance to content.

But why such wastefulness outbreaking now,
Because rough Autumn's play turns earnest now,
While Monsieur Cure This, and Sister That—
Superior of no matter what good House—
Superior of no matter what good House—

So down went Clairvaux—Priory to dust,
And up there rose, in lieu, you structure gay
Above the Norman ghosts: and where the stretch
Of barren country girdled house about,
Somehow, in fancy Quai Rousseau,
Saw, cornered in the cosiest nook of all
That range of rooms through number Thirty-
Three,
The lady-mother best o'er her billet;
While Monsieur Cure This, and Sister That—
Superior of no matter what good House—
Did duty for Duke Hertford and Dumas,
Nay—at his mother's age—for Clara's self.

Thus made undoubtedly a desert smile
Monsieur Léonce Miranda.

The question plainly at the outset "Choose!
Cut clean in half your all-the-world of love,
The mother and the mistress: then resolve,
Take me or take her, through away the one!"—
He might have made the choice and married
My tale.

But, much I apprehend, the problem put
Was "Keep both halves, yet do no detriment
To either!"—Prefer each opposite in turn!"—
Hence, while he prized at worth the Clair-
Vaux-life
With all its tolerated naughtiness,
He, visiting in fancy Quai Rousseau,
Saw, cornered in the cosiest nook of all
That range of rooms through number Thirty-
Three,
The lady-mother best o'er her billet;
While Monsieur Cure This, and Sister That—
Superior of no matter what good House—
Did duty for Duke Hertford and Dumas,
Nay—at his mother's age—for Clara's self.

The question plainly at the outset "Choose!
Cut clean in half your all-the-world of love,
The mother and the mistress: then resolve,
Take me or take her, through away the one!"—
He might have made the choice and married
My tale.

But, much I apprehend, the problem put
Was "Keep both halves, yet do no detriment
To either!"—Prefer each opposite in turn!"—
Hence, while he prized at worth the Clair-
Vaux-life
With all its tolerated naughtiness,
He, visiting in fancy Quai Rousseau,
Saw, cornered in the cosiest nook of all
That range of rooms through number Thirty-
Three,
The lady-mother best o'er her billet;
While Monsieur Cure This, and Sister That—
Superior of no matter what good House—
Did duty for Duke Hertford and Dumas,
Nay—at his mother's age—for Clara's self.

The question plainly at the outset "Choose!
Cut clean in half your all-the-world of love,
The mother and the mistress: then resolve,
Take me or take her, through away the one!"—
He might have made the choice and married
My tale.

But, much I apprehend, the problem put
Was "Keep both halves, yet do no detriment
To either!"—Prefer each opposite in turn!"—
Hence, while he prized at worth the Clair-
Vaux-life
With all its tolerated naughtiness,
Since cold Seine could not quench this flame,
Of fever does not redden it away,—
A certain woman-shape, one white appeal
You very properly would interpose,—•
' Will you leave me, then, me, me, me for
Me and my patient, and that crucifix
I say then, I see standing here,—between
Poor heathen, 'tis by pictures I am taught.
Dear Madame, you have read the Book of
How Antony was tempted ? As for me,
Cause that keeps adding other food to fire.
More than mere pungency of quarrel past,—
Craftily whispered Who besets the ear
' Go and be rid of memory in a bath ! 
Monsieur Leonce Miranda flung at last
And make mere misty petulance grow hard
Which crystallize what else evaporates,
And so the unseen words were interchanged
With her, with all the world and much beside:
In brief, the man was angry with himself,
Though fully minded that, when once he
No sportive fancy should distract him more.
In brief, the man was angry with himself,
With her, with all the world and much beside:
And so the unseen words were interchanged
Which crystalized what else evaporates,
And make more misty petulance grow hard
And sharp inside each softness, heart and
Monsieur Léonce Miranda flung at last
Out of doors, fever-dashed : and there the
Seine
Rolled at its feet, obsequious remedy
For fever, in a cold Autumnal flow.
'Go and be rid of memory in a bath !'
Craftily whispered Who besets the ear
On such occasions.

Done as soon as dreamed.
Back shivers poor Leonce to bed—where else?
And there he lies a month 'twixt life and
dead,
A friend stitched on, patched ever. All the
same,
Clairvaux looked greyer than a month ago.
Anguished was shrubbery, unglorified
Each cope, so wealthy once ; the garden-
plots,
The orchard-walks showed dearth and dreari-
ness.
The sea lay out at distance crammed by cloud
Into a leaden wedge ; and sorrowful
Suffocated field and pasture with persistent rain.
Nobody came so far from Paris now :
Friends did their duty by an invalid
Whom last year's Commune murdered, do you mind ?
Beaumont reports
'There is some active
cause,
More than mere pungency of quarrel past,—
Cause that keeps adding other food to fire.
I hear the words and know the signs, I say !
Dear Madame, you have read the Book of
Saints,
How Antony was tempted ? As for me,
Poor heathen, 'tis by pictures I am taught.
I say then, I see standing here,—between
Me and my patient, and that crucifix
You very properly would interpose,—•
A certain woman-shape, one white appeal
You very properly would interpose,—•
' Will you leave me, then, me, me, me for
Me and my patient, and that crucifix
I say then, I hear the words and know the signs, I say !
Dear Madame, you have read the Book of
Saints,
How Antony was tempted ? As for me,
Poor heathen, 'tis by pictures I am taught.
I say then, I see standing here,—between
Me and my patient, and that crucifix
You very properly would interpose,—•
A certain woman-shape, one white appeal
You very properly would interpose,—•
As, edifying kindred, makes them rich. Now, how would it enrich prospectively The Cousins, if he lavished such expense On Clairvaux?—pretty as a toy, but then As toy, so much productive and no more! If all the outcome of the goldsmith’s shop Went to gild Clairvaux, where remain the funds For Cousinry to spread out lap and take? This must be thought of and provided for. I give it you as mere conjecture, mind! To help explain the wholesome unannounced Intelligence, the shock that startled guilt, The scenic show, much yellow, black and white By taper-shine, the nuns—portentous pair, And, more than all, the priest’s admonish­ment—■

"No flattery of self! You murdered her!"
The grey lips, silent now, reprove by mine. "No flattery of self! You murdered her!"

"Better he shovelled them all in at once, Of wickedness, and there acquaint—oh, shame!"

"Contemplating—those love-letters, perhaps, of their gold; And there lay, till uprooted by main force Of sympathy, as each extended palm In reassurance of those timid tips,— Of their gold; And there lay, till uprooted by main force Of sympathy, as each extended palm In reassurance of those timid tips,—

"Warning the entry of protagonist Monsieur Léonce Miranda. "Just a week since the death-day,—was ever man trans­formed Like this man?" questioned cousin of his mate."

"Better he shovelled them all in at once, Of wickedness, and there acquaint—oh, shame!"

"We owe a duty to the living too!—■" Monsieur Léonce Miranda tried to smile."

"Monsieur Léonce Miranda tried to smile."

"No wonder at success commensurate."

"Already, regular and equable, a common impulse rushed thence, and the menace..."
The late death-chamber, tricked with trappings still,
Skulls, cross-bones, and such moral broidery.
Madame Muhlhausen might have played the witch,
Dropped down the chimney and appalled
404
RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY
And, that task finished, had required his
By some proposal "Parting touch of hand!"
To answer frankly what the prospect seemed
Had read the letters and the love they held,
Something had happened quite contrariwise.
Monsieur Léonce Miranda, one by one,
Madame Muhlhausen might have played the
Then, answer being unmistakable,
In vain they pulled him from the torture-
Letters and coffer and both hands to boot,
Broke from their clutch: and there again
"Burn, burn and purify my past!" said he,
Nor in the stage of agonies (which proved
Absence without leave,—science seemed to
Absolute satisfaction at the deed.
Posessed his soul and occupied his tongue—
"If ashes have not sunk reduced to dust,
Said Beaumont. And he fought them all the
"If sacrifice be incomplete!" cried he—
For, after some weeks more were gone to
"Why leave the sacrifice still incomplete?
The woman wound about my flesh and blood,
There, the arms open, the more wonderful,
The whiter for the burning . . . Vanish thou!
Avant, fiend's self found in the form I wore!"
"Whereas," said Beaumont, "since his hands were
to keep off some imagined visitant.
And fortune's favour, Street—you know the name.
A certain roughness seemed appropriate:
"Yes—
Adeut, fiend's self found in the form I wore!"
Monsieur Léonce Miranda was divorced
And for ever from his—ugly word.
Himself had gone for good to Portugal:
So much of present and prospective pay,
She is my body, she and I are one,
Till something grow, grow, get to be a shape
Than the corporeal transitory pang.
These kinsfolk with a right she recognized—
Rendered too hard to understand, perhaps.
Aforesaid,—she at watch for turn of wheel
She holds me, I must have more hands to
They were the stronger, though, and bound him fast.
Beaumont was in attendance presently.
"What did I tell you? Proclamation to the
deaf!
I wish he had been deader when they preached,
Those priests! But wait till next Republic comes!"
As for Léonce, a single sentiment
Possessed his soul and occupied his tongue—
Never he varied, "tis observable,
Nor in the stage of agonies (which proved
Absent without leave,—science seemed to
Think
Nor yet in those three months' ferocity
Which followed,—never did he vary tale—
Remaining happy beyond atttendance.
"If sacrifice be incomplete!" cries he—
The words, I cannot give the smile—"such bliss
Abolished pain! Pain might or might not be—
He felt in heaven, where flesh desists to fret.
Perfired now and henceforth, all the past
Reduced to ashes with the flesh defiled!
Why all those anxious faces round his bed?
What increase, joy or pain, its servant brings—
As if within soul's self grew joy and pain,
Or else shows good received and put to use,
As if its office were the only one,
Body or soul, either shows service paid
In joy and pain, that's blind and objectless—
It uses to ignore, as master may,
What increase, joy or pain, its servant brings—
"Burn, burn and purify my past!" said he,
Nor needed body for a ministrant.
"Burn, burn and purify my past!"
So will it prove as long as priests may preach
The management, bestir their cousinship,
And carry out that purpose of reform
To nullify! If atoms coalesce
Do not hallucinate.
Nor in the stage of agonies (which proved
Absolute satisfaction at the deed.
Possessed his soul and occupied his tongue—
"If ashes have not sunk reduced to dust,
Said Beaumont. And he fought them all the
"If sacrifice be incomplete!" cries he—
For, after some weeks more were gone to
"Why leave the sacrifice still incomplete?
The woman wound about my flesh and blood,
There, the arms open, the more wonderful,
The whiter for the burning . . . Vanish thou!
Avant, fiend's self found in the form I wore!"
"Whereas," said Beaumont, "since his hands were
to keep off some imagined visitant.
And fortune's favour, Street—you know the name.
A certain roughness seemed appropriate:
"Yes—
Adeut, fiend's self found in the form I wore!"
Monsieur Léonce Miranda was divorced
And for ever from his—ugly word.
Himself had gone for good to Portugal:
So much of present and prospective pay,
She is my body, she and I are one,
Till something grow, grow, get to be a shape
Than the corporeal transitory pang.
These kinsfolk with a right she recognized—
Rendered too hard to understand, perhaps.
Aforesaid,—she at watch for turn of wheel
She holds me, I must have more hands to
They were the stronger, though, and bound him fast.
Beaumont was in attendance presently.
"What did I tell you? Proclamation to the
deaf!
I wish he had been deader when they preached,
Those priests! But wait till next Republic comes!"
As for Léonce, a single sentiment
Possessed his soul and occupied his tongue—
Never he varied, "tis observable,
Nor in the stage of agonies (which proved
Absent without leave,—science seemed to
Think
Nor yet in those three months' ferocity
Which followed,—never did he vary tale—
Remaining happy beyond atttendance.
"If sacrifice be incomplete!" cries he—
The words, I cannot give the smile—"such bliss
Abolished pain! Pain might or might not be—
He felt in heaven, where flesh desists to fret.
Perfired now and henceforth, all the past
Reduced to ashes with the flesh defiled!
Why all those anxious faces round his bed?
What increase, joy or pain, its servant brings—
As if within soul's self grew joy and pain,
Or else shows good received and put to use,
As if its office were the only one,
Body or soul, either shows service paid
In joy and pain, that's blind and objectless—
It uses to ignore, as master may,
What increase, joy or pain, its servant brings—
"Burn, burn and purify my past!" said he,
Nor needed body for a ministrant.
"Burn, burn and purify my past!"
So will it prove as long as priests may preach
The management, bestir their cousinship,
And carry out that purpose of reform
To nullify! If atoms coalesce
Do not hallucinate. 
And out; and into carriage for fresh air,
And so drove straight to Coliseum Street,
And tottered upstairs, knocked, and in a trice
Was clasped in the embrace of whom you know—
With much asseveration, I omit,
Of constancy henceforth till life should end.
When all this happened,—"What reward," cried she,
"For judging her Miranda by herself?
For never having entertained a thought
Of breaking promise, leaving home forsooth,
To follow who was fled to Portugal?
As if she thought they spoke a word of truth?
She knew what love was, knew that he loved
"Had I but credited one syllable,
In all this revocation and resolve,
Either was solid, towers no more than
Plants on safe platform and secures man rest."
"I like their pretty trial, proof of paste
Of eye askance, fine feel of finger-tip,
And spinster Jeanne, with megrim troubled
And simply said "Leonce, look straight be­'
Neither to right hand nor to left: for why?
Being a stupid soul, you want a guide
To build up, independent of the towers,
A durable pavilion over the turf.
Had issued in disaster. "What remained
Except, by tunnel, or else gallery,
To keep communication 'twixt the two,
Unite the opposites, both near and far,
And not try complete abandonment
Of one or other?" so he thought, not said.
And to such engineering feat, I say,
Monseur Léonce Miranda saw the means
Frequently in this revocation prompt.
Of just those benefits of worldly wealth
Conferred on his Cousinry—all but!
This Clairvaux—you would know, were you
at top
Of yonder crowning grace, its Belvedere—
Is situate in one angle six of three
At equidistance from Saint-Rambert—there
Behind you, and The Ravissante, beside—
There: steeplo, steeplo, and this Clairvaux-
top,
(A sort of steeple) constitute a trine,
With not a tenement to break each side,
Two miles or so in length, if eye can judge.
Now, this native land of miracle.
O why, why, why, from all recorded time,
Was miracle not wrought once, only once,
To help whoever wanted help indeed?
If on the day when Spring’s green girlliness
Grew mellow and she trembled into May,
And all that new sun, that fresh hope about
Double assertion, therefore twice as false.
"Like these amateurs"—our friend had
laughed,
Could he turn what he felt to what he thought,
And that again, to what he put in words:
"I like these amateurs"—our friend had
laughed,
Could he turn what he felt to what he thought,
And that again, to what he put in words:
"I like these amateurs"—our friend had
laughed.

Now Firm-Miranda." There, a colony,
They flourish underneath the name that still
Maintains the old repute, I understand.
They built their Clairvaux, dream-Chateau, in
Spain,
Perhaps—but Place Vendôme is winking worth:
Oh, they lost little!—only, man and man
Hardly conclude transactions of the kind
As cousin should with cousin—cousins think.
For the rest, all was honourably done,
So, ere buds break to blossom, let us breathe!
Never suppose there was one particle
Of recrudescence—wound, half-healed before,
Set freshly running—sin, repressed as such,
Now soaring as necessity of life!
In all this revocation and resolve,
Far be it's self-indulgence from your thought!
The man had simply made discovery,
By process I respect if not admire,
That what was, was—that turf, his foot had touched,
Felt solid just as much as yonder towers
He saw with eyes, but did not stand upon,
And could not, if he would, reach in a leap.
People had told him flowery turf was false
To footstep, tired the traveler soon, before:
That was untrue. They told him "One fair
Plants on safe platform and secures man rest."
That was untrue. Some varied the advice:
"Neither was solid, towers no more than
Turf.
Double assertion, therefore twice as false.
"Like these amateurs"—our friend had
laughed.
Could he turn what he felt to what he thought,
And that again, to what he put in words:
"I like these amateurs"—our friend had
laughed.

Now Firm-Miranda." There, a colony,
They flourish underneath the name that still
Maintains the old repute, I understand.
They built their Clairvaux, dream-Chateau, in
Spain,
Perhaps—but Place Vendôme is winking worth:
Oh, they lost little!—only, man and man
Hardly conclude transactions of the kind
As cousin should with cousin—cousins think.
For the rest, all was honourably done,
So, ere buds break to blossom, let us breathe!
Never suppose there was one particle
Of recrudescence—wound, half-healed before,
Set freshly running—sin, repressed as such,
Now soaring as necessity of life!
In all this revocation and resolve,
Far be it’s self-indulgence from your thought!
The man had simply made discovery,
By process I respect if not admire,
That what was, was—that turf, his foot had touched,
Felt solid just as much as yonder towers
He saw with eyes, but did not stand upon,
And could not, if he would, reach in a leap.
People had told him flowery turf was false
To footstep, tired the traveler soon, before:
That was untrue. They told him "One fair
Plants on safe platform and secures man rest."
That was untrue. Some varied the advice:
"Neither was solid, towers no more than
Turf.
Double assertion, therefore twice as false.
"Like these amateurs"—our friend had
laughed.
To turn the goodness in you to account
And make stupidity submit itself.
Go to Saint Lambert! Straightway get such
guides!
There stands a man of men. You, Jeweler,
Must needs have heard how once the biggest
block
Of the world now in Europe lay exposed
Mid specimens of stone and earth and ore.
On huckster’s stall,—Navona names the
Square,
And Rome the city for the incident,—
Labeled “quartz-crystal, price one halfpenny.”
Haste and secure that hat’p’worth, on your
life!
That man will read you righteously head to foot,
Mark the brown face of you, the bushy beard,
The breadth ’twixt shoulderblades, and through
each black
Castilian orbit, see into your soul.
Talk to him for five minutes—nonsense, sense,
No matter what—describe your horse, your
hounds,—
Give your opinion of the policy
Of Monsieur Routher,—will he uncover Rome?
Your estimate of what may outcome be
From Ecumenical Assemblage there!
After which samples of intelligence,
Rapidly run through those events you call
Your past life, tell what once you tried to do,
What you intend on doing this next May?
There he stands, reads an English newspaper,
Stock-still, and now, again upon the move,
Faces the beach to taste the Spring, like you.
Since both are human beings in God’s eye
He will have understood you, I engage.
Endeavour, for your part, to understand
He knows more, and loves better, than the
world
That never heard his name, and never may.
He will have recognized, ere breath be spent
And speech at end, how much that’s good in
man,
And generous, and self-devoting, makes
Monsieur Léonce Miranda worth his help;
While sounding to the bottom ignorance
Historical and philosophical
And moral and religious, all one couch
Of crassitude, a portent of its kind.
Then, just as he would playfully teach
Your body to repair maltreatment, give
Advice that you should make those stumps to
stir
With artificial hands of cœcktehose,
So would he soon supply your crippled soul
With curses, from his own intelligence,
Able to help you onward in the path
Of restitude whereto your face is set,
And counsel justice—to yourself, the first,
To your associate, very like a wife
Or something better,—to the world at large,
Friends, strangers, horses, hounds and
Conuntry—
All which amount of justice will include
Justice to God. Go and consult his voice!
Since angels would not say this simple truth,
What hindrance that my heart relieve itself,
Miltand, who makest warm my wintry world,
And wise my heaven, if we consent too?
Monsieur Léonce Miranda turned, alas,
Or was turned, by no angel, other way,
And got him guidance of The Ravissante.
Now, into the originals of faith,
Yours, mine, Miranda’s, no inquiry here!
Of faith, as apprehended by mankind,
The causes, were they caught and catalogued,
Would too distract, too desperately foil
Inquirer. How may analyst reduce
The causes, were they caught and catalogued,
Or substitute thing meant for thing ex­
pressed?
How substitute thing meant for thing ex­
pressed?
Detect the wire-thread through that fluffy silk
Man call their rope, their real compulsive
power?
Suppose effected such anatomy,
And demonstration made of what belief
Has moved believer—were the consequence
Reward at all? would each man straight
deduce,
From proved reality of cause, effect
Conformable—believe and unbeliev
According to your True thus dispens’d
From all his heap of False called reason first?
No: hand once used to hold a soft thick twist,
Cannot so groove its way by wise alone:
Childhood may catch the knack, scarce
Youth, not Age!
That’s the reply rewards you. Just as well
Remonstrate to you peistan in the blone
The man who lighted the true intent
Of Nature who composed him thus and thus,
Weakly or strongly, here he would not stand
Struggling with uncongenial earth and sky,
But elsewhere treat the surface of the globe,
Since one meridian suits the shaky lungs,
Another bids the sluggish liver work.
“Here I was born, for better or for worse:
I did not choose a climate for myself;
Admit, my life were healthy, led elsewhere!”,
(He answers) “How am I to migrate, pray?”
The course to take is—spare your
pains,
And trouble useless with discontent
Nor soul nor body, by paradox proof?
That neither happily had known ailment, placed
Precisely where the circumstance forbade:
Their lot should fall to either of the pair.
But try and, what you find wrong, remedy,
Accepting the conditions: never ask
“How came you to be born here with those
lungs,
That liver?” But bid asthma smoke a pipe,
Stramonium, just as if no Tropics were,
And ply with calomel the sluggish duct,
Nor taint “The born Norwegian breeds no
ible!”
And as with body, so proceed with soul:
Nor less discerningly, where faith you found,
Physicians, what do you propose for cure?
To your associate, very like a wife
May point the sluggish liver:
To value of supreme preponderance?
Quantities to exact their opposites,
The causes, were they caught and catalogued,
Nor taunt “The born Norwegian breeds no
ible!”
And as with body, so proceed with soul:
Nor less discerningly, where faith you found,
But elsewhere tread the surface of the globe,
Since one meridian suits the shaky lungs,
Another bids the sluggish liver work.
“Here I was born, for better or for worse:
I did not choose a climate for myself;
Admit, my life were healthy, led elsewhere!”,
(He answers) “How am I to migrate, pray?”
The course to take is—spare your
pains,
And trouble useless with discontent
Nor soul nor body, by paradox proof?
That neither happily had known ailment, placed
Precisely where the circumstance forbade:
Their lot should fall to either of the pair.
But try and, what you find wrong, remedy,
Accepting the conditions: never ask
“How came you to be born here with those
lungs,
That liver?” But bid asthma smoke a pipe,
Stramonium, just as if no Tropics were,
And ply with calomel the sluggish duct,
Nor taint “The born Norwegian breeds no
ible!”
And as with body, so proceed with soul:
Nor less discerningly, where faith you found,
Physicians, what do you propose for cure?
To your associate, very like a wife
May point the sluggish liver:
To value of supreme preponderance?
Quantities to exact their opposites,
The causes, were they caught and catalogued,
Nor taunt “The born Norwegian breeds no
ible!”
And as with body, so proceed with soul:
Nor less discerningly, where faith you found,
But elsewhere tread the surface of the globe,
Since one meridian suits the shaky lungs,
Another bids the sluggish liver work.
“Here I was born, for better or for worse:
I did not choose a climate for myself;
Admit, my life were healthy, led elsewhere!”,
(He answers) “How am I to migrate, pray?”
The course to take is—spare your
pains,
And trouble useless with discontent
Nor soul nor body, by paradox proof?
That neither happily had known ailment, placed
Precisely where the circumstance forbade:
Their lot should fall to either of the pair.
But try and, what you find wrong, remedy,
Accepting the conditions: never ask
“How came you to be born here with those
lungs,
That liver?” But bid asthma smoke a pipe,
Stramonium, just as if no Tropics were,
And ply with calomel the sluggish duct,
Nor taint “The born Norwegian breeds no
ible!”
And as with body, so proceed with soul:
Nor less discerningly, where faith you found,
Physicians, what do you propose for cure?
To your associate, very like a wife
May point the sluggish liver:
To value of supreme preponderance?
Quantities to exact their opposites,
The causes, were they caught and catalogued,
Nor taunt “The born Norwegian breeds no
ible!”
And as with body, so proceed with soul:
Nor less discerningly, where faith you found,
But elsewhere tread the surface of the globe,
Since one meridian suits the shaky lungs,
Another bids the sluggish liver work.
“Here I was born, for better or for worse:
I did not choose a climate for myself;
Admit, my life were healthy, led elsewhere!”,
(He answers) “How am I to migrate, pray?”
The course to take is—spare your
pains,
And trouble useless with discontent
Nor soul nor body, by paradox proof?
That neither happily had known ailment, placed
Precisely where the circumstance forbade:
Their lot should fall to either of the pair.
But try and, what you find wrong, remedy,
Accepting the conditions: never ask
“How came you to be born here with those
lungs,
That liver?” But bid asthma smoke a pipe,
Stramonium, just as if no Tropics were,
And ply with calomel the sluggish duct,
Nor taint “The born Norwegian breeds no
ible!”
And as with body, so proceed with soul:
Nor less discerningly, where faith you found,
Physicians, what do you propose for cure?
To your associate, very like a wife
May point the sluggish liver:
To value of supreme preponderance?
Quantities to exact their opposites,
The causes, were they caught and catalogued,
Nor taunt “The born Norwegian breeds no
ible!”
And as with body, so proceed with soul:
Nor less discerningly, where faith you found,
But elsewhere tread the surface of the globe,
Since one meridian suits the shaky lungs,
Another bids the sluggish liver work.
“Here I was born, for better or for worse:
I did not choose a climate for myself;
Admit, my life were healthy, led elsewhere!”,
(He answers) “How am I to migrate, pray?”
The course to take is—spare your
pains,
And trouble useless with discontent
Nor soul nor body, by paradox proof?
That neither happily had known ailment, placed
Precisely where the circumstance forbade:
Their lot should fall to either of the pair.
But try and, what you find wrong, remedy,
Accepting the conditions: never ask
“How came you to be born here with those
lungs,
That liver?” But bid asthma smoke a pipe,
Stramonium, just as if no Tropics were,
And ply with calomel the sluggish duct,
Nor taint “The born Norwegian breeds no
ible!”
And as with body, so proceed with soul:
Nor less discerningly, where faith you found,
Physicians, what do you propose for cure?
Of God,—since holy Paul says such you are,—
Their life was like to pass,—you oracles
Because a couple, blameless in the world,
And that decree of Christ "What God hath
Had the conceit that, still more blamelessly,
And, Mother of the Convent, here's its cure!
Now, Father of the Mission, here's your case!
One note or comment. What was done was
And so do I—not end nor yet commence
According to the rules of Benedict,
Sister Scolastica: so ended they,
She, to become first postulant, then nun
As Brother Dionysius, Capucin;
Homeward rejoicing—he, to take the rules,
Left money for more Masses, and returned
Had been divorce from marriage, manifest
And consolation granted: in the night,
Again heard Masses manifold, but now'
By signs and tokens. So, they made great
Spent in God's honour and man's service too,
And, just as noblewoman, Maude his wife,
Preliminary to your least approach
Such signs of grace, outward and visible,
Who thought their wedded hands not clean enough
To touch and leave unsullied their souls' grace.
Are not your hands found filthy by the world,
Step till hands be washed and purified?
What they did say is immaterial, since
Certainly it was nothing of the kind.
There was no washing of hands of him (alack,
You take me?—in the figurative sense?),
But, somehow, gloves were drawn o'er dirt and all.
And practice with the Church procured thereby.
Seeing that,—all remonstrance proved in vain,
Persuasives tried and terrors pet to use,
I nowise question,—still the guilty pair
Only embraced the closelier, obstinate,—
Father and Mother went from Clairvaux back
Their weary way, with heaviness of heart,
I grant you, but each palm well crossed with
And nothing like a snatch perceptible.
Monseur Léonce Miranda might compound
For sin?—no, surely! but by gifts—prepare
His soul the better for contrition, say!
For sin?—no, surely! but by gifts—prepare
Your hands for the next occasion.
Two years did this experiment engage
Monseur Léonce Miranda: bow, by gifts
To God and to God's poor, a man might stay
In sin and yet stave off sin's punishment.
No salve could be conceived more nicely mixed
For this man's natures: generosity,
Susceptibility to human ills,
Corporeal, mental,—self-devotion
Made up Miranda—whether strong or weak
Elsewhere, may be inquired another time.

In mercy he was strong, at all events.
Enough I he could not see a beast in pain,
Much less a man, without the will to aid;
And where the will was, oft the means were too.
Since that good bargain with the Convent,
The news flew fast about the countryside
That, with the kind man, it was ask and have;
And ask and have they did. To instance you:
A mob of beggars at The Ravissante
Clung to his skirts one day, and cried "We thirst!"
Forthwith he bade a cask of wine be broached
To satisfy all comers, till, dead-drunk
So satisfied, they strewed the holy place.

For this was grown religious and a rite:
Such slips of judgment, gifts irregular,
Showed but as spillings of the golden grist
On either side the hopper, through blind zeal;
So satisfied, they strewed the holy place.

By Father of the Mission, Parish-priest,
And Mother of the Convent, Nun I know,
With such effect that, in the sequel, proof
Was tendered to the Court at Vire, last month,
Since that good bargain with the Cousinry.
Of Forty Thousand English Pounds: whereof
Was a gift to the Church afterwards,
And Mother of the Convent, Nun I know,
"The man paid mere devotion as he passed,
Not the least step of grace, and no atonement
But, somehow, gloves were drawn o'er dirt and all.
With this, let us now proceed to the close.
One or two more words upon the man.
 hacia el otro lado.
So the two years passed somehow—who shall say
Foolishly,—as one estimates mankind, The work they do, the play they leave undone?

Two whole years spent in that experiment I told you of, at Chativaux all the time, From April on to April! why that month More than another, notable in life?

Does the awakening of the year arouse Man to new projects, nerve him for fresh feats Of what proves, for the most part of mankind Playing or working, novel folly too?

At any rate, I see no slightest sign Of folly (let me tell you in advance), Nothing but wisdom meets me manifest In the procedure of the Twentieth Day Of April, Seventy—folly's year in France.

It was delightful Spring, and out of doors Temptation to adventure. Walk or ride? There was a wild young horse to exercise, And teach the way to go and pace to keep: Monsieur Léonce Miranda chose to ride.

So, while they clapped soft saddle straight on As chamber-door considerately closed And "farewell" given and received again,— To throat or shoulder,—visit duly paid The staircase-steps and coming out aloft Behind him, still five minutes were to spend. The feature of the front, the Belvedere? Spring's bright advance upon the tower a-top, Upon the platform yonder (raise your eyes!) How better, than by clearing, two and two, Look at it for a moment while I breathe.

All in a tale,—sun, wind, sky, earth and sea,—

To bid man "Up, be doing!" Mount the stair.

Monsieur Léonce Miranda mounts so brisk, And look—are his elastic foot arrive Your longest, far and wide, o'er fronting space.

On white streak—Havre lighthouse! Name and name,

How the mind runs from each to each relay, Town after town, till Paris' self be touched, Supremely big with life and death To all the world, that very day perhaps!

He who stepped out upon the platform here, Financed over the expanse, gave thought Neither to Rouher nor Ollivier, Roon Nor Bismarck, Emperor nor King, but just To stoop, church, and shrine, The Ravissante!

He saw Her, whom myself saw, but when Spring Was passing into Fall: not robed and crowned As, thanks to him, and her you know about, She stands at present; but She smiled the same

Thither he turned—to never turn away.

He thought . . .

(Suppose I should prefer "He said?"

Along with every act—and speech is act— There go, a multitude impalpable To ordinary human faculty, The thoughts which give the act significance. Who is a poet needs must approach Alike both speech and thought which prompt to speak.

Part these, and thought withdraws to poetry: Speech is reported in the newspaper.)

He said, then, probably no word at all, But thought as follows—"in a minute's space— One particle of ore beats out such leaf!"

"This Spring-morn I am forty-three years old:"

In prime of life, perfection of estate Bodily, mental, nay, material too,— My whole of worldly fortunes reach their height.

Body and soul alike on eminence: It is not probable I ever raise Soul above standard by increase of worth, Nor reasonably may expect to lift Body beyond the present altitude,

"Behold me, Lady called The Ravissante!" Such as I am, I—gave myself to you So long since, that I cannot say 'I give.' All my belongings, what is summed in life, I have submitted wholly—as man might, At least, as I might, who am weak, not strong— Wholly, then, to your rule and governance, So far as I had strength. My weakness was—

I felt a fascination, at each point And pore of me, a Power as absolute Claiming that soul should recognize her sway. O you were no whit clearer Queen, I see, Throughout the life that rolls out ribbon-like Its shot-silk length behind me, than the strange Mystery—how shall I denominate The unrobed One? Robed you go and crowned as well, Named by the nations: she is hard to name, Though you have spelt out certain characters Obscure upon what fillet binds her brow, Lust of the flesh, lust of the eye, life's pride. 'So call her, and contemn the enchantress!' — Crush The despot, and recover liberty!"— Cried despot and enchantress at each ear. You were conspicuous and pre-eminent, Authoritative and imperial,—you Spoke first, claimed homage: did I hesitate? Born for no mastery, but servitude, Mea cannot serve two masters, says the Book; Master should measure strength with master, then, Before on servant is imposed a task. You spoke first, promised best, and threatened most; The other never threatened, promised, spoke A single word, but, when your part was done, Lifted a finger, and I, prostrate, knew Films were about me, though you stood aloof

Smiling or frowning "Where is power like mine To punish or reward thee? Riso, thou fool! Will to be free, and, lo, I lift thee loose!" Did I not will, and could I rise a whit? Lay I, at any time, content to lie? "To lie, at all events, brings pleasure: make Amends by undamaged pain!" I said. Did not you prompt me? "Purchase now by pain Pleasure hereafter in the world to come!" I could not pinch my heart out, as you bade Unbitten, I turned off my hands at least. My soul retained its treasure; but my purse Lightened itself with much alacrity. Well, where is the reward? what promised fruit Of sacrifice in peace, content? what sense Of added strength to bear or to forbear? What influx of new light assists me now Even to guess you recognize a gain In what was less enough to mortal me? But she, the less authoritative voice, Oh, how distinct enunciating, how Pain dealing! Gain she gave was gain indeed!

That, you deny: that, youcontemptuously call Accuses, swain's food not man's meat! 'Spurn the draft!' Ay, but those life-tree apples I prefer, Am I to die of hunger till they drop? Husks keep flesh from starvation, anyhow. Give those life-apples!—one, worth woods of oak, Worthacorns by the waggon-load,—one shoot Through heart and brain, assurance bright and brief That you, my Lady, my own Ravissante, Feel, through my famine, served and satisfied, Own me, your starveling, soldier of a sort! Through heart and brain, assurance bright and brief That you, my Lady, my own Ravissante, Feel, through my famine, served and satisfied, Own me, your starveling, soldier of a sort! Your soldier I do read my title clear Even to call myself your friend, not foe? What is the pact between us but a truce? At best I shall have staved off ennui. Okain, obtained a respite, ransomed me from wrath. I pay, instalment by instalment, life, Earth's tribute-money, pleasures great and small,
Whereof should at the last one penny piece
Fall short, the whole heap becomes forfeit.
You find in me deficient soldiership:
Want the whole life or none. I grudge that
Because I am not sure of recompense:
Benevolence beyond my human grace.
Grant, you, the grace, I give the gratitude!
Contributed thus much of sacrifice,
Want the whole life or none. I grudge that
You find in me deficient soldiership:
I have refused to treat for any fee,
Send her that case of cancer to be cured
A bouquet made of artificial flowers?
And was he King of France, and is not he
Still Count of Chambord?
I solve the riddle, I persuade mankind.
Behind you, votive cripple-carpentry.
By such a simplest of procedures, too!
Benevolence, your will to save the world—
Faith without flaw! I trust your potency,
From Clairvaux through the air, an easy trip!
Those angels that acknowledge you their
Kingdom, and are they not many?
To thank you that a Dauphin dignified
Here sent poor joyous Marie-Antoinette
Here, following example, fifty years
No dream warned, and no need of convoy was;
And Martyr of the Temple, much the same
You liked the old place better than the new.
And people carry you about at times.
He did not; someone might have spoke a
Word:—
"Impiety? Not if I know myself!
Not if you know the heart and soul I bare,
"My title—let me hear who controverts!
"My life—let me hear who controverts!
Count Mailleville built yon church. Why
He disinterested the image he conveyed
In pomp to Londres yonder, his domain.
And the old place liker better than the new.
The Count might surely have divided as much:
He did not; someone might have spoke a
Word:
No one did. A mere dream had warn enough
That hack again in pomp you best were borne;
No dream warned, and no need of convoy was;
An angel caught you up and cupped you
down—
No mighty task, you stand one
Fell the torch, the lamp went away:
He found your image. How came
How does the madman dare expect?
Mock worship, mock superiority
"Therefore, to prove indubitable faith,
Those angels that acknowledge you their
Queen,
I summon them to bear me to your feet
From Clairvaux through the air, an easy trip!
"My title—let me hear who controverts!
Count Mailleville built you church. Why
"Impiety? Not if I know myself!
Not if you know the heart and soul I bare,
"My life—let me hear who controverts!
"My title—let me hear who controverts!
Count Mailleville built yon church. Why
He disinterested the image he conveyed
In pomp to Londres yonder, his domain.
And the old place liker better than the new.
The Count might surely have divided as much:
He did not; someone might have spoke a
Word:
No one did. A mere dream had warn enough
That hack again in pomp you best were borne;
No dream warned, and no need of convoy was;
An angel caught you up and cupped you
down—
No mighty task, you stand one
Fell the torch, the lamp went away:
He found your image. How came
How does the madman dare expect?
Mock worship, mock superiority
"Therefore, to prove indubitable faith,
Those angels that acknowledge you their
Queen,
I summon them to bear me to your feet
From Clairvaux through the air, an easy trip!
"My title—let me hear who controverts!
Count Mailleville built you church. Why
"Impiety? Not if I know myself!
Not if you know the heart and soul I bare,
"My life—let me hear who controverts!
"My title—let me hear who controverts!
Count Mailleville built yon church. Why
He disinterested the image he conveyed
In pomp to Londres yonder, his domain.
And the old place liker better than the new.
The Count might surely have divided as much:
He did not; someone might have spoke a
Word:
No one did. A mere dream had warn enough
That hack again in pomp you best were borne;
No dream warned, and no need of convoy was;
An angel caught you up and cupped you
down—
No mighty task, you stand one
Fell the torch, the lamp went away:
He found your image. How came
How does the madman dare expect?
Mock worship, mock superiority
"Therefore, to prove indubitable faith,
Those angels that acknowledge you their
Queen,
I summon them to bear me to your feet
From Clairvaux through the air, an easy trip!
"My title—let me hear who controverts!
Count Mailleville built you church. Why
"Impiety? Not if I know myself!
Not if you know the heart and soul I bare,
"My life—let me hear who controverts!
"My title—let me hear who controverts!
Count Mailleville built yon church. Why
He disinterested the image he conveyed
In pomp to Londres yonder, his domain.
And the old place liker better than the new.
The Count might surely have divided as much:
He did not; someone might have spoke a
Word:
No one did. A mere dream had warn enough
That hack again in pomp you best were borne;
No dream warned, and no need of convoy was;
An angel caught you up and cupped you
down—
No mighty task, you stand one
Fell the torch, the lamp went away:
He found your image. How came
How does the madman dare expect?
Mock worship, mock superiority
"Therefore, to prove indubitable faith,
Those angels that acknowledge you their
Queen,
I summon them to bear me to your feet
From Clairvaux through the air, an easy trip!
"My title—let me hear who controverts!
Count Mailleville built you church. Why
"Impiety? Not if I know myself!
Not if you know the heart and soul I bare,
"My life—let me hear who controverts!
"My title—let me hear who controverts!
Count Mailleville built yon church. Why
He disinterested the image he conveyed
In pomp to Londres yonder, his domain.
And the old place liker better than the new.
The Count might surely have divided as much:
He did not; someone might have spoke a
Word:
No one did. A mere dream had warn enough
That hack again in pomp you best were borne;
No dream warned, and no need of convoy was;
An angel caught you up and cupped you
down—
No mighty task, you stand one
Fell the torch, the lamp went away:
He found your image. How came
How does the madman dare expect?
Mock worship, mock superiority
"Therefore, to prove indubitable faith,
Those angels that acknowledge you their
Queen,
And, while at bank, permitted to propel.
The air helps onward, let the air in front
Cease to oppose my passage through the midst!

"Thus I besride the ralling, leg o'er leg,
Thyes, so, I stand, a single inch away.
At dizzy edge of death,—no touch of fear,
as safe on tower above as turf below !
Your smile enswallows me in beatitude,
you lift along the voytery—who waits,
Who, in the twinkling of an eye, revives,
Dropt safely in the space before the church—
How crowded, since this morn is market-day!
They themselves set a good example first,
Which done,—why, grace goes back to
All the way to The Ravissante and back,
And, while at back, permitted to propel,
To labour on, ply oar—beside his chain,
Encumbered with a corpse-companion now.
To his requirement; most of joy I mixed
In gratitude to her who held me out
The fruit of his good fortune 1

As safe on tower above as turf below !

'Tis telegraphed to Paris in a trice.
The Boulevard is one buzz ' Do you believe?
'Tis telegraphed to Paris in a trice.

"Angels would take him ! " Mad ! ?
"Why, sir, the world off from their barricade.
Memory, gratitude was poignant, sure,

No ! sane, I say.

Such being the conditions of his life,
Such end of life was not irrational.
Such being the conditions of his life,

Such end of life was not irrational.
Such being the conditions of his life,

Such end of life was not irrational.
Such being the conditions of his life,

Such end of life was not irrational.
Such being the conditions of his life,

Such end of life was not irrational.
Such being the conditions of his life,

Such end of life was not irrational.
Was turned a minute, and he finds a prize,
Who sipped and held it for restorative—
'Twas wild-flower-wine that neither helped
Till beverage obtained the fancied smack.

The body two feet broad and six feet long,
Distilment rare, the rose of Jericho,

Straying in search of simples, while my back
What weariness to me will work become
And send it for a present to the Pope

Another jewel from our store of stones
Why not have taken into confidence
And what the calendar counts middle age—
My truant little boy, despite the beard,
Monkshood and belladonna—O my child,

In air from tower-top, singing "Off we go
Now, no more Clairvaux—which I made you
Rolling and crowing, not a whit the worse
Of Paris-drainage and distilment, you

So, dropit indeed you were, but on my knees,
Rolling and crowing, not a whit the worse
For journey to your Kavassatie and back.
Now, no more Clairvaux—which I made you build,

And think an inspiration of your own—
No more fine house, trim garden, pretty park,
Nothing I used to busy you about,
And make believe you worked for my sur­prise!

What weariness to me will work become
Now that I need not seem surprised again!

The Church. The Church is sole adminis­ter,
To who in mastery is ultimate,

In thus addressing me—of all the world!—
With something of a smile.

"Gentlemen, kindfolk of my friend defunct,
In thus addressing me—of all the world!—

We are his heirs and claim his heritage.
Madame Muhlhausen, whom good taste forbids
We qualify as do these documents,—
Fear not lest justice stifle mercy's prayer!
True, had you lent a willing ear at first,
Restraint a certain insinuation of eye,
A vohability of tongue, that time,
Your prospects had been none the worse,
Perhaps.

Still, no fear but a decent competence
Shall smooth the way for your declining age!
What we propose, then . . . ?"

Clam dried her eyes,
Sat up, surveyed the consistory, spoke
After due pause, with something of a smile.

"Gentlemen, kindfolk of my friend defunct,
In thus addressing me—of all the world!—

We are his heirs and claim his heritage.

Monsieur Leonce Miranda late possessed.

His business is to see the sward kept trim,
In thus addressing me—of all the world!—

We are his heirs and claim his heritage.

I claim no property you speak about.

For cockney treatment: either, tree springs back
To pristine shape, or else degraded droops,
And turns to touchwood at the heart. So here—

Body and mind, at last the man gave way.
His body—there it lies, what part was left
Unmutilated! for, the strife commenced
Two days before the event befell.

As for his mind—behold our register

Gentlemen, kindfolk of my friend defunct,
In thus addressing me—of all the world!—

We are his heirs and claim his heritage.

Body and mind, at last the man gave way.
His body—there it lies, what part was left
Unmutilated! for, the strife commenced
Two days before the event befell.

As for his mind—behold our register

Gentlemen, kindfolk of my friend defunct,
In thus addressing me—of all the world!—

We are his heirs and claim his heritage.

Body and mind, at last the man gave way.
His body—there it lies, what part was left
Unmutilated! for, the strife commenced
Two days before the event befell.

As for his mind—behold our register

Gentlemen, kindfolk of my friend defunct,
In thus addressing me—of all the world!—

We are his heirs and claim his heritage.

Body and mind, at last the man gave way.
His body—there it lies, what part was left
Unmutilated! for, the strife commenced
Two days before the event befell.

As for his mind—behold our register

Gentlemen, kindfolk of my friend defunct,
In thus addressing me—of all the world!—

We are his heirs and claim his heritage.

Body and mind, at last the man gave way.
His body—there it lies, what part was left
Unmutilated! for, the strife commenced
Two days before the event befell.

As for his mind—behold our register

Gentlemen, kindfolk of my friend defunct,
In thus addressing me—of all the world!—

We are his heirs and claim his heritage.
Each one the other. I am intimate

—As how can be mere fools and knaves—

That I survive you (which is little like,

Appoint, and make me certain of the same,

Even your Cousins?—with your love to me,

Each one the other. I am intimate

Devotion to the Church. Would Providence

Your bounty: better I than alien hearts

In such case, certainly I would accept

When I shall die, or while I am alive,

But though I be survivor,—weakly frame,

With horror and damnation o'er a grave:

Cold-blooded scenical buffoons at sport

That were too shocking—I absolve them

To rifle pocket, wring a paper thence,

Nor did they seize the moment of your swoon

To whom accordingly, he then and there

—To whose moment of your swoon

To rifle pocket, wring a paper thence,

To try conclusions with my helplessness,—

As now one, now the other, here you cringed,

Were feasted, took our presents, you—those

Just for your wife's adornment! you—that

Somewhat more satisfying than my glance
And there's the triumph!—there the incom­

The verge of vastness to inform our soul

For, break through Art and rise to poetry,

Presents a Blake; be Clara—Meissonier!

Would do and will do, only give the means.

Miranda, in my picture-gallery,

Tries the low thing, and leaves it done, at

But intellect adjusts the means to ends,

Endeavour to be good, and better still,

Morally, no! Aspire, break bounds! I say,

To incompletion, though it aim aright.

For work complete, inferiorly proposed,

It may be, through that artist-preference

And limits; but the head refused more sun,

Clara, I hold the happier specimen,—

The heart was wise according to its lights

Than would establish Him participant

Of how God operates in heaven and earth,

For building up some better theory

Of man with woman—love, one likes to say;

Attained conception as to right and law

In certain points respecting intercourse

Miranda hardly did his best with life :

She only has a claim to my respect,

That figure in this little history,

Because one must be courteous. Of the

So furtive, so near futile, yesterday,

According to capacity, she fed

climbed!"

That April morning. Even then, I praise

On and on till the leaf was eaten up

Upon unlimited Miranda-leaf;

Upon the venerated image. What

Smiling and sighing had the same effect

A lyre, those ancients played to ravishment,—

Plenty of people must ply brush with toes.

That shall repay me and with interest!

That superstition is extinct, you hope?

On turf and towers

When others groaned "None ever grovelled

so!"

"Rise, you have gained experience!" was her word :

"Lie satisfied, the ground is just your place!"

They thought appropriate counsel. "Live, not die,

And take my full life to eke out your own,

That shall repay me and with interest !

Write!—is your mouth not clever as my

Paint!—the last Exposition warrants me,

Plenty of people must ply brush with toes. And

so for music—look, what folk nickname

"Lie satisfied, the ground is just your place!

A lyre, those ancients played to ravishment,—

Over the *pensula*, sec. Apollo groups

A three-stringed ginseng which no List could

Such music from as jew's-harp makes to-day!

Do your endeavour like a man, and leave

The rest to ' fortune who assists the bold'—

Learn, you, the Latin which you taught me

First, you clever creature—clever, yes, I say !

If she smiled "Let us love, love's wrong comes

right,"

Shows reason last of all! Necessarily

Must meanwhile serve for plea—so, mind not much

Old Prœschou's menace!"—back she smiled

"Who minds?"

If he sighed "Ah, but She is strict, they say,

For all Her mercy at the Ravissante,

She scarce will be put off so!"—straight a sigh

Returned "My lace must go to trim Her

gown,"

I never doubt she inwardly believed

Smiling and sighing had the same effect

Upon the venered image. What

She did believe in, I as little doubt,

Was—Clara's self's own birthright to sustain

Existence, grow from grub to butterfly,

Mineral Bismuth leaf:

In which prime article of faith confirmed,

According to capacity, she fed

On and on till the leaf was eaten up

That April morning. Even then, I praise

Her forethought which prevented leafless stalks

Bestowing any hoarded succulence

On earwig and black-beetle squat beneath

Clairvaux, that stalk whereo her hermione

She tugged by golden throw of silk; so fine,

So anything but sofe, that her sleep

Inside it, through last winter, two years long,

Rocked little of the storm and strife without.

"And—loved him?" Friend, I do not praise

Her love!

True love works never for the loved one so,

Nor spares skin-surface, smoothing truth away,

Love bids touch truth, endure truth, and embrace

Truth, though, embracing truth, love crush itself.

"Worship not me but God!" the angels urge:

That is love's grandeur: still, in petter love

The nice eye can distinguish grade and grade.

Shall mine degrade the velvet green and puce

Of caterpillar, Palmer-worm—or what—

To Paris: let the stalks start up again,

From London, "where she gave the tone

Husband Muhlhausen served for stuff not

Persistently a-trundling dung on earth ?

Egypt may venerate such hierophants,

Nor showed that, who would fly, must let fall
Whereto a Night-cap is convertible,
And draw your very thickest, thread and thrum,
O'er such a decomposing face of things,
Once so alive, it seemed immortal too!

This happened two years since. The Cousinry
Returned to Paris, called in help from Law,
And in due form proceeded to dispute
Monsieur Léonce Miranda's competence,
Being insane, to make a valid Will.

Much testimony volunteered itself;
The issue hardly could be doubtful—but
For that sad 'Seventy which must intervene,
Provide poor France with other work to mind
Than settling lawsuits, even for the sake
Of such a party as the Ravissante.

It only was this Summer that the case
Could come and be disposed of, two weeks since,
At Vire—Tribunal Civil—Chamber First.

Here, issued with all regularity,
I hold the judgment—just, inevitable,
Nowise to be contested by what few
Can judge the judges; sum and substance,
Thus—•

"Inasmuch as we find, the Cousinry,
During that very period when they take
Monsieur Léonce Miranda for stark mad,
Considered him to be quite sane enough
For doing much important business with—
Nor showed suspicion of his competence
Until, by turning of the tables, loss
Instead of gain accrued to them thereby,—
Plea of incompetence we set aside.

"The rather, that the dispositions, sought
To be impugned, are natural and right,
Nor jar with any reasonable claim
Of kindred, friendship or acquaintance here.
Nobody is despised, none overboiled;
Since the testator leaves his property
To just that person whom, of all the world,
He counted he was most indebted to.
In mere discharge, then, of conspicuous debt,
Madame Muhlhausen has priority,
Enjoys the usufruct of Clairvaux,
"Next,
Such debt discharged, such life determining,
Such earthly interest provided for,
Monsieur Léonce Miranda may bequeath,
In absence of more fit recipient, fund
And usufruct together to the Church
Whereof he was a special devotee.

"—Which disposition, being consonant
With a long series of such acts and deeds
Notorious in his life-time, needs must stand,
Unprejudiced by eccentricity
Nowise amounting to distemper: since,
In every instance signalized as such,
We recognize no overleaping bounds,
No straying out of the permissible:
Duty to the Religion of the Land,—
Neither excessive nor inordinate.

"The minor accusations are dismissed;
They prove mere freak and fancy, boyish mood
In age mature of simple kindly man.
Exuberant in generosities
To all the world: no fact confirms the fear
He meditated mischief to himself
That morning when he met the accident
Which ended fatally. The case is closed."

How otherwise? So, when I grazed the skirts,
And had the glimpse of who made, yesterday,—
Woman and retinue of goats and sheep,—
The sombre path one whiteness, vision-like,
As out of gate, and in at gate again,
They wavered,—she was lady there for life:
And, after life—I hope, a white success
Of some sort, wheresoever life resume
School interrupted by vacation—death;
Seeing that home she goes with prize in hand,
Confirmed the Chatelaine of Clairvaux.

True,
Such prize fades soon to insignificance.
Though she have eaten her Miranda up,
And spun a cradle-cone through which she pricks
Her passage, and proves Peacock-butterfly
This Autumn—wait a little week of cold!
Peacock and death's-head-moth end much the same.
And could she still continue spinning,—sure,
Cradle would soon crave shroud for substitute,
And o'er this life of hers distaste would drop
Red-cotton-Night-cap-wise.

How say you, friend?
Have I redeemed my promise? Smile absent
Through the dark Winter-gloom between us both!
Already, months ago and miles away,
I just as good as told you, in a flash,
The while we paced the sands before my house,
All this poor story—truth and nothing else.
Accept that moment's flashing, amplified,
Impalpability reduced to speech,
Conception proved by birth,—no other change!
Can what Saint-Rambert flashed me in a thought,
Good gloomy London make a poem of?
Such ought to be whatever dares precede,
Play ruddy herald-star to your white blaze
About to bring us day. How fail imbibe
Some foretaste of effulgence? Sun shall wax,
And star shall wane: what matter, so star tell
The drowsy world to start awake, rub eyes,
And stand all ready for morn's joy a-blush?

January 23, 1873.
Two personages occupy this room: Cutting-the-Pack, five hundred pounds the Ecarté, three little columns hold the whole account: a minute’s fresh air, then to cipher-work! ’Tis easy reckoning: I have lost, I think.

I’ll quench the bits of candle yet unburnt.

Still, I prefer this classic. Ay, throw wide!

But ah, the sense, ye gods, the weighty sense!

‘Here!’

Or see—succincter beauty, brief and bold—

Open the window, we burn daylight, boy!

And straddling stops the path from left to right.

Since I want space to do my cipher-work, which poem spaces a corner? What comes first?

‘Hail, calm activity, salvific spot!’

(Open the window, we burn daylight, boy!) Or see—succincter beauty, brief and bold—

‘If a fellow can dine on rump steaks and port cut, wine, first?’

Ferns at the base and ivies up the bole, and where a village broods, an inn should boast—

Close and convenient: here you have them both.

This inn, the something-arms—the family’s—

(Don’t trouble Guillim: heralds leave out half!) is clear to lovers of the picturesque, and epic has been planned here: but who plan

Take holy orders and find work to do.

Painters are more productive, stop a week, declare the prospect quite a Corot—of course,

For tender sentiment,—themselves incline rather to handsweep large and liberal;

Then go, but not without success achieved.

—Happily some pencil-drawing, oak or beech, ferns at the base and ivies up the bole, on this a slug, on that a butterfly.

Nay, he who hooked the salmo pendent here,

Also exhibited, this same May-month,

‘Fisheater: a study’—so inspires the scene,

The air, which now the younger personage infatuates him with till lungs o’rer’spelt are:—

Sighs forth a satisfaction might bestir,

Even those tufts of tree-tops to the South I the distance where the green dies off to grey.

Which, easy of conjecture, front the Place: he eye them, elbows wide, each hand to check.

Famous author on heraldry.

His fellow, the much older—either say a youthful-old man or man oldish-young—sits at the table: wicks are nonexistent.

In wax, to detriment of plated ware;

Above—piled, strewn—is store of playing-cards,

Counters and all that’s proper for a game.

He sets down, rubs out figures in the book, adds and subtracts, puts back here, carries there.

Until the summed up satisfaction stands apparent, and he passes over the work:

Soothes what of brain was busy under brow,

By passage of the hard palm, curing so wrinkle and crowfoot for a second’s space:

Then lays down book and laughs out. No mistake.

Such the sum-total—ask Colenso else!

Roused by which laugh, the other turns, laughs too—

The youth, the good strong fellow, rough perhaps.

Well, what’s the damage—three, or four, or five?

How many figures in a row? Hand here! come now, there’s one expense all yours not mine—

Scribbling the people’s album over, leaf by leaf and foremost too! you think, perhaps,

They’ll only charge you for a brand-new book

Nor estimate the literary loss?

Wait till the small account comes! ‘to one night’s lodging’,—for ‘beds,’ they can’t say,—‘a pound or so;

Dinner, apollinaris,—what they please, attendance not included, last looks large—

Defamation of our album, late enriched!—’let’s see what! here, at the window, though!

Ay, breathe the morning and forgive your lack.

Fine enough country for a fool like me:

To own, as next month I suppose I shall!
Was that—your mere chance question at the
A very pretty piece of shuttle-work
'Do you go anywhere this Whitsuntide ?
There's no unwinding? You entoil my legs,
And twenty times my master, must perforce
I failed to penetrate your scheme last week,
Till death us twain do part ? The bargain's
You wrong your poor disciple. Oh, no airs 1
Old fellow, if you fancy—(to begin—)
Intimates I may boast we were ; henceforth,
That's apposite 1 Are you content as he—
' Ay, had you 1 And such things make
'Simpkin's no name I know. I had my
'Simpkin, the sonneteer?
Then follow the dread figures—five ! 1
And did my feelings find the natural vent
' The lesson shall be—only boys like you
Next day, I felt decidedly •- and still,
For—don't I know its object? All this chaff
This boy stands forth a hero.
To spout like Mister Aft/a?
"I say now—is it right to so mistake
A fellow, force him in mere self-defence
To spout like Mister Aft/a?
Chair, don't deny it! Thanks,
Good morning! Breakfast and forget our
While I'm gold-daubed so thickly, spangles
And show my father's work-shoe-opron—
Enough! We've had a pestilential night!
Good morning! Breakfast and forget our
Marries, renounces yielding friends such
And did I spoil sport, pull face grim,—nay,
Your pupil does you better credit 1 No 1
And did I spoil sport, pull face grim,—nay,
Would not you like your lot, that second taste
I, you, or Simpkin ? ">
"It shall be—only boys like you
Put such a question at the present stage.
Anyhow : point me to one soul beside
In the world I care one straw about!
I first set eyes on you a year ago ;
I've learnt to know a little—all through you!
When just the good you did was—teaching me
Until I met you, and you made me man
The snob J am, the Duke your brother is,
It's nature if I like you. Taunt away!
Since when you've done me good—I'll stick
to it—
More than I got in the whole twenty-five
That make my life up, Oxford years and all—
Throw in the three I fooled away abroad,
And all five minutes, never guessed the fact ;
Next day, I felt decidedly •- and still,
At twelve years' distance, when I lift my arm
A twinge reminds me of the surgeon's probe.
Ask me, this day month, how I feel my luck! 
And meantime please to stop impertinence,
For—don't I know its object? All this chaff
Covers the com, this preface leads to speech,
You lose ten thousand pounds: had I lost half
As for the present, I shall never reach your height.
Perhaps you fancy—(to begin—)
I failed to penetrate your scheme last week,
You wrong your poor disciple. Oh, no airs 1
Old fellow, if you fancy—(to begin—)
Intimates I may boast we were ; henceforth,
That's apposite 1 Are you content as he—
' Ay, had you 1 And such things make
'Simpkin, the sonneteer?
Then follow the dread figures—five ! 1
And did my feelings find the natural vent
' The lesson shall be—only boys like you
Next day, I felt decidedly •- and still,
For—don't I know its object? All this chaff
This boy stands forth a hero.
To spout like Mister Aft/a?
Chair, don't deny it! Thanks,
Good morning! Breakfast and forget our
While I'm gold-daubed so thickly, spangles
And show my father's work-shoe-opron—
Enough! We've had a pestilential night!
Good morning! Breakfast and forget our
Marries, renounces yielding friends such
And did I spoil sport, pull face grim,—nay,
Your pupil does you better credit 1 No 1
And did I spoil sport, pull face grim,—nay,
Would not you like your lot, that second taste
I, you, or Simpkin ? ">
"It shall be—only boys like you
Put such a question at the present stage.
Anyhow : point me to one soul beside
In the world I care one straw about!
I first set eyes on you a year ago ;
I've learnt to know a little—all through you!
When just the good you did was—teaching me
Until I met you, and you made me man
The snob J am, the Duke your brother is,
It's nature if I like you. Taunt away!
Since when you've done me good—I'll stick
to it—
More than I got in the whole twenty-five
That make my life up, Oxford years and all—
Throw in the three I fooled away abroad,
And all five minutes, never guessed the fact ;
Next day, I felt decidedly •- and still,
At twelve years' distance, when I lift my arm
A twinge reminds me of the surgeon's probe.
Ask me, this day month, how I feel my luck! 
And meantime please to stop impertinence,
For—don't I know its object? All this chaff
Covers the com, this preface leads to speech,
You lose ten thousand pounds: had I lost half
As for the present, I shall never reach your height.
Perhaps you fancy—(to begin—)
I failed to penetrate your scheme last week,
You wrong your poor disciple. Oh, no airs 1
Old fellow, if you fancy—(to begin—)
Intimates I may boast we were ; henceforth,
That's apposite 1 Are you content as he—
' Ay, had you 1 And such things make
'Simpkin, the sonneteer?
Then follow the dread figures—five ! 1
And did my feelings find the natural vent
' The lesson shall be—only boys like you
Next day, I felt decidedly •- and still,
For—don't I know its object? All this chaff
This boy stands forth a hero.
To spout like Mister Aft/a?
Chair, don't deny it! Thanks,
Good morning! Breakfast and forget our
While I'm gold-daubed so thickly, spangles
And show my father's work-shoe-opron—
Enough! We've had a pestilential night!
Good morning! Breakfast and forget our
Marries, renounces yielding friends such
And did I spoil sport, pull face grim,—nay,
Your pupil does you better credit 1 No 1
And did I spoil sport, pull face grim,—nay,
Would not you like your lot, that second taste
I, you, or Simpkin ? ">
My own trade, how a snob and millionaire
May lead his life and let the Duke's alone,
Clap wings, free jackdaw, on his steeple-porch,
Barnish his black to gold in sun and air,
Nor pick up stray plumes, strive to match in strut
Regular people who can't fly an inch
Over the courtyard paling. Head and heart
(That's album-style) are older than you know.
For all your knowledge: boy, perhaps—say, boy
Had his adventures, just as he were man—
His ball-experience in the shoulder-blade,
His bit of life-long ache to recognize,
Although he bears it cheerily about,
Because you came and clapped him on the back.
Advised him 'Walk and wear the aching off!'
Why, I was minded to sit down for life
Just in Dalmatia, build a sea-side tower
Why, I was minded to sit down for life
Back, back,
My cleverest of all companions—oh,
My one discovered phoenix proves a goose,
For teaching me Dalmatia was mistake—
Which at this instant I would give . . . let's
Whether I lost or won—ten thousand pounds,
By this time next month I shall quite forget
While hand, to pocket held, saves cash from
To lock a friend's in,—whose but yours, old
Along life's pleasant meadow,—arm left free
To this plump-bodied kite, this house and
My million will be tails and tassels smart
Does not his purchase look a pedigree?)
Whose place, whose oaks ancestral you behold.
And marry my young pretty cousin here
(Her father was in partnership with mine—
Her father was in partnership with mine—
Polo, Tent-pegging, Hurlingham, the Rink—
The end is, after one year's tutelage,
And giving science one more asteroid?
Sticks out from son's court-vesture; still silk
The polisher needs precious stone no less
Than precious stone needs polisher: believe
I struck no tint from out you but I found
Snug lying first 'neath surface hair-breadth-deep!
Beside, I liked the exercise: with skill
I go to show skill for skill's sake. You
I'm old and understand things: too absurd
Were you picked and tossed away your life,
As diamond were Scotch-pebble! all the
That I myself missed a stone of price.
Born and bred clever—people used to say
Clever as most men, if not something more—
Yet here I stand a failure, cut awry
And the thinned company consists of six
Rises to tongue's root, tingles on to tip,
Capital well-known fellows one may trust!
Or left opaque,—no brilliant named and
Yet here I stand a failure, cut awry
And the thinned company consists of six
Rises to tongue's root, tingles on to tip,
Capital well-known fellows one may trust!
Or left opaque,—no brilliant named and
Yet here I stand a failure, cut awry
And the thinned company consists of six
Rises to tongue's root, tingles on to tip,
Capital well-known fellows one may trust!
Or left opaque,—no brilliant named and
Yet here I stand a failure, cut awry
And the thinned company consists of six
Rises to tongue's root, tingles on to tip,
Capital well-known fellows one may trust!
Or left opaque,—no brilliant named and
Yet here I stand a failure, cut awry
And the thinned company consists of six
Rises to tongue's root, tingles on to tip,
But, as I hoped to pocket yours, pouch mine—When you are able! 17

"Which is—when to be? I've heard, great characters require a fall
Of fortune to show greatness by urine; They touch the ground to politely rebound.
Add to the Album! Let a fellow share
Your secret of superiority!
I know, my banker makes the money breed
Money; I eat and sleep, he simply takes
The dividends and cuts the coupons off,
Sells out, buys in, keeps doubling, tripling
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Money's worth, as the case may be, expect
As Interest to me from egg of gold.
I am grown curious: pay me by all means!
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Your secret of superiority!
Add to the Album! Let a fellow share
Money; I eat and sleep, he simply takes
The dividends and cuts the coupons off,
Sells out, buys in, keeps doubling, tripling
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Money's worth, as the case may be, expect
As Interest to me from egg of gold.
I am grown curious: pay me by all means!
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Your secret of superiority!
Add to the Album! Let a fellow share
Money; I eat and sleep, he simply takes
The dividends and cuts the coupons off,
Sells out, buys in, keeps doubling, tripling
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Money's worth, as the case may be, expect
As Interest to me from egg of gold.
I am grown curious: pay me by all means!
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Your secret of superiority!
Add to the Album! Let a fellow share
Money; I eat and sleep, he simply takes
The dividends and cuts the coupons off,
Sells out, buys in, keeps doubling, tripling
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Money's worth, as the case may be, expect
As Interest to me from egg of gold.
I am grown curious: pay me by all means!
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Your secret of superiority!
Add to the Album! Let a fellow share
Money; I eat and sleep, he simply takes
The dividends and cuts the coupons off,
Sells out, buys in, keeps doubling, tripling
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Money's worth, as the case may be, expect
As Interest to me from egg of gold.
I am grown curious: pay me by all means!
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Your secret of superiority!
Add to the Album! Let a fellow share
Money; I eat and sleep, he simply takes
The dividends and cuts the coupons off,
Sells out, buys in, keeps doubling, tripling
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Money's worth, as the case may be, expect
As Interest to me from egg of gold.
I am grown curious: pay me by all means!
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Your secret of superiority!
Add to the Album! Let a fellow share
Money; I eat and sleep, he simply takes
The dividends and cuts the coupons off,
Sells out, buys in, keeps doubling, tripling
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Money's worth, as the case may be, expect
As Interest to me from egg of gold.
I am grown curious: pay me by all means!
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Your secret of superiority!
Add to the Album! Let a fellow share
Money; I eat and sleep, he simply takes
The dividends and cuts the coupons off,
Sells out, buys in, keeps doubling, tripling
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Money's worth, as the case may be, expect
As Interest to me from egg of gold.
I am grown curious: pay me by all means!
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Your secret of superiority!
Add to the Album! Let a fellow share
Money; I eat and sleep, he simply takes
The dividends and cuts the coupons off,
Sells out, buys in, keeps doubling, tripling
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Money's worth, as the case may be, expect
As Interest to me from egg of gold.
I am grown curious: pay me by all means!
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Your secret of superiority!
Add to the Album! Let a fellow share
Money; I eat and sleep, he simply takes
The dividends and cuts the coupons off,
Sells out, buys in, keeps doubling, tripling
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Money's worth, as the case may be, expect
As Interest to me from egg of gold.
I am grown curious: pay me by all means!
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Your secret of superiority!
Add to the Album! Let a fellow share
Money; I eat and sleep, he simply takes
The dividends and cuts the coupons off,
Sells out, buys in, keeps doubling, tripling
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Money's worth, as the case may be, expect
As Interest to me from egg of gold.
I am grown curious: pay me by all means!
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Your secret of superiority!
Add to the Album! Let a fellow share
Money; I eat and sleep, he simply takes
The dividends and cuts the coupons off,
Sells out, buys in, keeps doubling, tripling
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
A wind-egg; cluck, and forth struts Capital
But you, spontaneous generator, hatch
While I do nothing but receive and spend.
Money's worth, as the case may be, expect
As Interest to me from egg of gold.
Neither, to never have surmised your wish! It's no use,—case of unextracted ball—Wince at finger-touching. Let things be! "Ah, if you love your love still! I hate mine!" "I can't hate." "I won't teach you; and won't tell You, therefore, what you please to ask of me: As if I, also, may not have my ache!"

My sort of ache? No, no! and yet—perhaps! All comes of thinking you superior still. But live and learn! I say! Time's up! Good jump! You old, indeed! I fancy there's a cut Across the wood, a grass path: shall we try? It's venturesome, however! ~

Stop, my boy! Don't think I'm stingy of experience! Life —It's like this wood we leave. Should you and I Go wandering about there, though the gaps We went in and came out by were opposed As the two poles, still, somehow, all the same, By nightfall we should probably have chanced Of observation, insight, what you please. So much for your mock-modesty! and yet

Some head with plenty of brown hair a-top After my young friend's fashion! What becomes Of that fine speech you made a minute since Of feminine desirability, might figure this, that, and the other name 

"Thanks, Mister Sufficiently-Instructed!" Such No doubt was bound to be the consequence To suit your self-complacency: she liked My head enough, but loved some heart beneath Some head with plenty of brown hair a-top After my young friend's fashion! What becomes Of that fine speech you made a minute since Of feminine desirability, might figure this, that, and the other name

That I stopped short there, struck on heap, Inside it, learned what soul inside was like. When years have told on face and figure..."

She was no costly creature, had not birth. Nor breeding—more fine-lady-breeding; but Oh, such a wonder of a woman! Grand As a Greek statue! Stick fine clothes on that, Style that a Darkness or a Queen,—you know, Artists would make an outcry: all the more, That she had just a statue's sleepy grace Which broods o'er its own beauty. Nay, her fault (Don't laugh) was just perfection: for suppose Only the little flaw, and I had peeped Inside it, learned what soul inside was like. At Rome some tourist raised the grit beneath A Venus' forehead with his whittling-knife—"I wish,—now—I had played that brute, brought blood To surface from the depths I fancied chalk! As it was, her mere face surprised so much That I stopped short there, struck on heap, as stars The coxcombs stranger at a certain bust With drooped eyes,—she's the thing I have in mind,— Down at my Brother's. All sufficient prize—Who cares? I'll make a clean breast once for all! Besides, you've heard the gossip. My life long I've been a woman-liker,—liking means Loving and so on. There's a lengthy list Of honeysuckle, heaped for who can reach. Of observation, insight, what you please. So much for your mock-modesty! and yet

Some head with plenty of brown hair a-top After my young friend's fashion! What becomes Of that fine speech you made a minute since Of feminine desirability, might figure this, that, and the other name

She was no costly creature, had not birth. Nor breeding—more fine-lady-breeding; but Oh, such a wonder of a woman! Grand As a Greek statue! Stick fine clothes on that, Style that a Darkness or a Queen,—you know, Artists would make an outcry: all the more, That she had just a statue's sleepy grace Which broods o'er its own beauty. Nay, her fault (Don't laugh) was just perfection: for suppose Only the little flaw, and I had peeped Inside it, learned what soul inside was like. At Rome some tourist raised the grit beneath A Venus' forehead with his whittling-knife—"I wish,—now—I had played that brute, brought blood To surface from the depths I fancied chalk! As it was, her mere face surprised so much That I stopped short there, struck on heap, as stars The coxcombs stranger at a certain bust With drooped eyes,—she's the thing I have in mind,— Down at my Brother's. All sufficient prize—Who cares? I'll make a clean breast once for all! Besides, you've heard the gossip. My life long I've been a woman-liker,—liking means Loving and so on. There's a lengthy list Of honeysuckle, heaped for who can reach. Of observation, insight, what you please. So much for your mock-modesty! and yet

Some head with plenty of brown hair a-top After my young friend's fashion! What becomes Of that fine speech you made a minute since Of feminine desirability, might figure this, that, and the other name

She was no costly creature, had not birth. Nor breeding—more fine-lady-breeding; but Oh, such a wonder of a woman! Grand As a Greek statue! Stick fine clothes on that, Style that a Darkness or a Queen,—you know, Artists would make an outcry: all the more, That she had just a statue's sleepy grace Which broods o'er its own beauty. Nay, her fault (Don't laugh) was just perfection: for suppose Only the little flaw, and I had peeped Inside it, learned what soul inside was like. At Rome some tourist raised the grit beneath A Venus' forehead with his whittling-knife—"I wish,—now—I had played that brute, brought blood To surface from the depths I fancied chalk! As it was, her mere face surprised so much That I stopped short there, struck on heap, as stars The coxcombs stranger at a certain bust With drooped eyes,—she's the thing I have in mind,— Down at my Brother's. All sufficient prize—Who cares? I'll make a clean breast once for all! Besides, you've heard the gossip. My life long I've been a woman-liker,—liking means Loving and so on. There's a lengthy list Of honeysuckle, heaped for who can reach. Of observation, insight, what you please. So much for your mock-modesty! and yet

Some head with plenty of brown hair a-top After my young friend's fashion! What becomes Of that fine speech you made a minute since Of feminine desirability, might figure this, that, and the other name

She was no costly creature, had not birth. Nor breeding—more fine-lady-breeding; but Oh, such a wonder of a woman! Grand As a Greek statue! Stick fine clothes on that, Style that a Darkness or a Queen,—you know, Artists would make an outcry: all the more, That she had just a statue's sleepy grace Which broods o'er its own beauty. Nay, her fault (Don't laugh) was just perfection: for suppose Only the little flaw, and I had peeped Inside it, learned what soul inside was like. At Rome some tourist raised the grit beneath A Venus' forehead with his whittling-knife—"I wish,—now—I had played that brute, brought blood To surface from the depths I fancied chalk! As it was, her mere face surprised so much That I stopped short there, struck on heap, as stars The coxcombs stranger at a certain bust With drooped eyes,—she's the thing I have in mind,— Down at my Brother's. All sufficient prize—Who cares? I'll make a clean breast once for all! Besides, you've heard the gossip. My life long I've been a woman-liker,—liking means Loving and so on. There's a lengthy list Of honeysuckle, heaped for who can reach. Of observation, insight, what you please. So much for your mock-modesty! and yet
"Oh, then—never mind! Go on!
I had a reason for the question."

"Come,—
You could not be the young man?"

"No, indeed!—Certainly—if you never married her!"

"That I did not: and there’s the curse, you’ll see.
Now, all of it’s one curse, my life’s mistake.
Which, nourished with malice that’s warranted
To make the plant bear wisdom, blew out full
In folly beyond field-flower-foolishness!
The lies I used to tell my wondrous kind,
Knowing they disbelieved me all the time
Though they required my lies, their decent due,
This woman—not so much believed, I’ll say,
As just anticipated from my mouth:
Since being true, devoted, constant—she
Found constancy, devotion, truth, the plain
And easy commonplace of character.
No mock-heroics but seemed natural
To her who underneath the face, I knew
Was fairness’ self, possessed a heart, I judged
To her who underneath the face, I knew
No mock-heroics but seemed natural
And easy commonplace of character.

"Well, what did disdain do next,
Think you?"

"That’s past me: did not marry you!—
That’s the main thing I care for, I suppose.
Turned man, or what?"

"Why, married in a month
Some parson, some snub-crop-haired smooth-chinned sort
Of curate-creature, I suspect,—dived down,
Down, deeper still, and came up somewhere else—
I don’t know where—I’ve not tried much to know,—
In short, she’s happy: what the clodpoles call
Respectable and all that drives you mad:
That interview, that laying bare my soul,
I took the anger easily, nor much
Which, once gone, goes for ever. Oh, at first
Collect the whole power for the final pounce.
Husband their strength, let slip the petty prey,
Perforce o’ the little to succeed I large.
Husband their strength, let slip the petty prey.

I tell you, such an outbreak, such new strange
All-unexpected revelation—soul
As supernaturally grand as face
Was fair beyond example—that at once
Either I lost—or, if it please you, found
My senses—stammered somehow—"Jest! and now,
Earned! Forget all else but—heart has loved,
Don’t love, shall love you ever! take the hand!"
Not she! no marriage for superb disdain,
Contempt incunabula!"

"Yes, it’s different,—
It’s only like in being four years since,
I see now!"

"Well, that she did not like you, I conceive.
My faults was the mistaking man’s main prize
For intermediate boy’s diversion: clap
Of boyish hands here frightened game away
Which, once gone, goes for ever. Oh, at first
I took the anger easily, nor much
Minded the anguish—having learned that storms
Subside, and teapot-tempests are akin.
Time would arrange things, mend whate’er might be
Somewhat amiss; precipitation, eh?
Reason and rhyme prompt—reparation!

Tiffs
End properly in marriage and a dance!
I said ‘We’ll marry, make the past a blank’—
And never was such damnable mistake!
That interview, that laying bare my soul,
As it was first, so was it last chance—one
And only. Did I write? Back letter came
Unknown as it went. Inexorable
She red, I don’t know where, consol’d her self
With the snug curate-creature: shop and change!
Sure am I, when she told her shaveling all
His Magdalen’s adventure, tears were shed,
Forgiveness evangelically shown,
‘Loose hair and lifted eye,’—as someone says
And now, he’s worshipp’d for his pains, the week!"

"Well, but your turning-point of life,—
What’s here—
To hinder you contesting Finsbury
With Orton, next election? I don’t see . . ."

"Not you! But I see. Slowly, surely, creeps
Day by day o’er me the conviction—here
Was life’s prize grasped at, gained, and then
let go!
That with her—may be, for her—I had felt
Lee in me melt, grow steam, drive to effect
Any or all the faculties sluggish here
I’ the head that needs the hand she would not take.
And I shall never lift now. Lo, your wood—
Its turning which I likened life to! Well,
There she stands, ending every avenue,
Her visionary presence on each goal
I might have gained had we kept side by side!
Still string nerve and strike foot! Her sworn forbid’s!

The steam congeals once more: I’m old again!
Therefore I hate myself—but how much worse
Do not I hate who would not understand,
Let me repair things—no, but sent a-slide
My folly falteringly, stumblingly
Down, down and deeper down until I drop
Upon—the need of your ten thousand pounds
And consequently loss of mine! I lose
Character, cash, nay, common-sense itself
Reconquering such a lengthy cock-and-bull
Adventure—lose my temper in the act . . ."

"And lose beside,—if I may supplement
The list of losses—train and ten-o’clock!
Hark, pant and puff, there travels the swart sign!
So much the better! You’re my captive now!
I’m glad you trust a fellow: friends grow thick.
This way—that’s twice said; we were thickish, though,
Even last night, and, ere night comes again,
1 Arthur Orton, the Tichborne shaman.
I prophesy good luck to both of us!
For see now!—back to 'Ballyhoo Antwells' Or 'calm activity'! or what's the word?
Bestow you there an hour, condescend at ease
A sonnet for the Album, while I put
Bold face on, best foot forward, make for house,
March in to aunt and niece, and tell the truth—
(I even white-lying goes against my taste
After your little story). Oh, the niece
Is rationality itself!—The aunt—
If she's amenable to reason too—
Why, you stopped short to pay her due respect,
And let the Duke wait (I'll work well the
Dine on rump-steaks and port, and shake
If thunder's in the air, why—bear your doom,
If she grows gracious, I return for you;
If she's amenable to reason too—
Is rationality itself! The aunt—
Because the woman did not marry you
You half surmised the sweet original
Of somebody—her father or the like—
Of undertakings, as next step, had first
Continuing descent from bad to worse,
The help of this one lie which she believes—
Or 'what's the word!'
A pupil for your purpose, were it—ease
Fool's poke of tutor's hominem lanx—
And yet, how'er it came about, I felt
At once my master: you as prompt descried
Your man, I warrant, so was bargain struck.
Now, these same lines of liking, loving, run
Sometimes so close together they converge—
Life's great adventures—you know what I mean—
In people. Do you know, as you advanced,
It got to be uncommonly like fact
We two had fallen in with—liked and loved
Just the same woman in our different ways?
I began life—poor groundling as I prove—
Old fellow! Off with you, face left about!
By evening-train, nor give the thing a thought
She was another's. Love went—mine to her,
And step, whereof the first should be to find
Winged and ambitious to fly high: why not?
If she grows gracious, I return for you;
Or 'what's the word!'
Bestow you there an hour, concoct at ease
Or 'what's the word!'
A by-word for "successes with the sex"
Except hypocrisy: he's thrice her age,
As the French say—and, as one ought to say,
Consistently a liar and a rogue,
Since—show me who the woman won without
The help of this one lie which she believes—
That—never mind how things have come to
And let who loves have loved a thousand times—
All the same he now loves her only, loves
Her ever! If by 'won' you just mean 'sold,'
That's quite another compact. Well, this
Swamp, Continuing descent from bad to worse,
Must leave his fum and fashionable prey
(Who—fathered, brothered, husbanded,—are hedged
About with thorny danger) and apply
His arts to this poor country ignorance
Of such a woman treasures of a heart
Would yet find solace,—yes, my f-f-friend—
In some congenial 'fiddle-diddle-dee'?

THE INN ALBUM

Would she but take, but try them—say test
Of will, and some poor test of power beside:
So did the strings within my brain grow tense
And capable of... hang simulacres! She
Answered kindly but beyond appeal.
'No sort of hope for me, who came too late.'
She answered kindly but beyond appeal.
'She was another's. Love went—mine to her,
Here just as loyalty to someone else.'
Of course! I might expect it: Nature's law—
Given the peerless woman, certainly
Somewhere shall be the peerless man to match!
I acquiesced at once, submitted me
In something of a stupor, went my way.
I began life—poor groundling as I prove—
Old fellow! Off with you, face left about!
By evening-train, nor give the thing a thought
She was another's. Love went—mine to her,
And step, whereof the first should be to find
Winged and ambitious to fly high: why not?
If she grows gracious, I return for you;
Or 'what's the word!'
Bestow you there an hour, concoct at ease
Or 'what's the word!'
A by-word for "successes with the sex"
Except hypocrisy: he's thrice her age,
As the French say—and, as one ought to say,
Consistently a liar and a rogue,
Since—show me who the woman won without
The help of this one lie which she believes—
That—never mind how things have come to
And let who loves have loved a thousand times—
All the same he now loves her only, loves
Her ever! If by 'won' you just mean 'sold,'
That's quite another compact. Well, this
Swamp, Continuing descent from bad to worse,
Must leave his fum and fashionable prey
(Who—fathered, brothered, husbanded,—are hedged
About with thorny danger) and apply
His arts to this poor country ignorance
Of such a woman treasures of a heart
Would yet find solace,—yes, my f-f-friend—
In some congenial 'fiddle-diddle-dee'?

'What, bless with rank and talent, has grown grey
In sadness and sin of every sort
Except hypocrisy: he's thrice her age,
A by-word for 'successes with the sex'
As the French say—and, as one ought to say,
Consistently a liar and a rogue,
Since—show me who the woman won without
The help of this one lie which she believes—
That—never mind how things have come to
And let who loves have loved a thousand times—
All the same he now loves her only, loves
Her ever! If by 'won' you just mean 'sold,'
That's quite another compact. Well, this
Swamp, Continuing descent from bad to worse,
Must leave his fum and fashionable prey
(Who—fathered, brothered, husbanded,—are hedged
About with thorny danger) and apply
His arts to this poor country ignorance
Of such a woman treasures of a heart
Would yet find solace,—yes, my f-f-friend—
In some congenial 'fiddle-diddle-dee'?

Pray, is the pleasant gentleman described
Exact the portrait which my f-f-friend
Recognize as so like? 'Tis evident
You half surmised the sweet original
Could be no other than myself, just now!
Your stop and start were flattering!'

Of course
Caricature's allowed for in a sketch:
The longish nose becomes a foot in length,
The swarthy cheek gets copper-coloured,—
With eyes, too, helped by your sagacious wink;
But one to match that marred—no least trace,
Least touch of kibosh and community!
The end was—I did somehow state the fact,
Did, with no matter what imperfect words,
One way or other give to understand
That woman, soul and body were her slave.
To fasten on, a moment! Marriage, though—
That made the difference, I hope?—

All right!
I never married; wish I had—and then
Unwish it; people kill their wives, sometimes
I hate my mistress, but I’m murder-free.
In your case, where’s the grievance? You came last.
The earlier bird picked up the worm. Suppose
You, in the glory of your twenty-one,
Had happened to precede myself! 'tis odds
But this gigantic juvenility,
This offering of a big arm’s bony hand—
I'll undertake are easy!'—
Do things, a many, there, you fancy hard,
Who is the fool that blames you for?
That's all to make! I was the earlier bird—
And what I found, I let fall; what you
By dint of usage, the made man—no boy
This twelvemonth to a master in the art?
Mine—had she been mine—just one moment
Or what's the good of my apprenticeship
For women, at this nick of time, one young,
Of Barry's building that's the Place,—a pair
Into the same Inn-parlour—
Cried, rather: and my old heart answered you.
All I now live for, should my marriage be?

Bychick! that wanted prompting 'Ost the purr'!
While I was elsewhere putting mine to use,
As well might I blame you who kept aloof,
Seeing you could not guess I was alive,
Never advised me 'Do as I have done
Renessence such a jewel as your lark
Has scratched up to enrich unworthiness?'
As your behaviour was should mine have been,
—Faults which we both, too late, are sorry for:
Opposite ages, each with its mistake!
'If punctilious but would—if age but could,' you know.
Don't let us quarrel. Come, we’re—young
And old—
Neither so badly off. Go you your way,
Cut to the Cousin! I'll to Inn, await
The issue of diplomacy with Aunt,
And wait my hour on 'calm activity'
In ramification—perhaps
About ten thousand pounds I have to pay!

Now, as the elder lights the fresh cigar
To fasten on, a moment! Marriage, though—
That made the difference, I hope?—

Myself—
For nothing, everything! For finding out
She, whom I worshipped, was a worshipper
For nothing, everything! For finding out
I'll undertake are easy!'—

I took it, had my twelvemonth’s fling with you—
(Little hand holding large hand pretty tight
For all its delicacy—eh, ray lord?);
Until when, the other day, I got a turn
Somehow and gave up tired: and 'Rest!
Shackle you,
'Marry your cousin, double your estate,
And take your ease by all means!'—So, I toll
On this the springy sofa, mine next month—
Or should toll, but that you must needs beat rough
The very down you spread me out so smooth.
I wish this confidence were still to make!
Ten thousand pounds? You owe me twice
For stirring up the black depths! There's no pose
Or, at least, silence when misfortune seems
To right and makes for—islanded in lawn
While, much sedate, the younger strides away
Betakes him to the left-hand backward path,—
Conducive to resource, and saunteringly
Of lily-coloured five with signet-ring,
Not to have faced him, tried (a useful hint)
Fool, to adore the adorer of a fool!
All that one has to bear; but folly—yes,
Or, at least, silence when misfortune seems
To right and makes for—islanded in lawn
Of Barry's building that's the Place,—a pair
Into the same Inn-parlour—
Cried, rather: and my old heart answered you.
All I now live for, should my marriage be?

I wonder how he failed your notice. Few
Stop at our station: fellow-passengers
Assuredly you were—I saw indeed
His servant, therefore he arrived all right.
I wanted, you know why, to have you safe
Inside here first of all, so dodged about
The dark end of the platform; that's his way—
To swing from station straight to avenue
And stride the half a mile for exercise.
I fancied you might notice the huge boy.
He soon gets o'er the distance; at the house
He'll hear I went to meet him and have
missed
He'll wait. No minute of the hour's too much
Meantime for our preliminary talk:
First word of which must be—O good beyond
Expression of all goodness—you to come!

The elder, the superb one, answers slow.
"There was no helping that. You called
For me, cried, rather; and my old heart answered you.
Still, thank me! since the effort breaks a vow—
At least, a promise to myself."

"I know! How selfish get you happy folk to be! If
I should love my husband, must I needs
Sacrifice straightway all the world to him,
As you do? Must I never dare leave house
On this dread Arctic expedition, out
And in again, six mortal hours, though you,
You even, my own friend for evermore,
Adjure me—fast your friend till rude love
Pushed
Poor friendship from her vantage—just to
Grant
The quarter of a whole day's company
And counsel? This makes counsel so much
More
Need and necessity. For here's my block
Of stumbling: in the face of happiness
So absolute, fear chills me. If such change
In heart be but love's easy consequence,
I must marry mean—let go
All I now live for, should my marriage be?

"Oh, I forewent him purposely! but you,
Who joined at—journeyed from the Junction
Begin their talk: the girl, with sparkling eyes—
"Hang you!"—
"Hang you for an ungrateful goose!
All this means—I who since I knew you first
Have helped you to conceal yourself this cock
O' the dunghill with all hers to pick and choose—
Ought to have helped you when shell first was chipped.
The other never once has ceased to gaze
On the great elm-tree in the open, posed
Placidly full in front, smooth bole, broad branch,
And leafage, one green plenitude of May.
The gathered thought runs into speech at last,
"O you exceeding beauty, bosomful of light and shade, murmurs and silences,
Sun-warmth, dew-coldness,—squirrel, bee and bird,
High, higher, highest, till the blue proclaims
'Leaves earth, there's nothing better till next step Heavenward!'
so, off flies what has wings to help!"

And henceforth they alternate. Says the girl—
"That's saved then: marriage spares the early taste."

"Four years since, now, since my eye took note of tree!"

"If I had seen no other tree but this
My life long, while yourself came straight, you said,
From tree which overstretchedyou and was just
One fairy tent with pitcher-leaves that held Wine, and a flowery wealth of suns and moons,
And magic fruits wherein the angels feed— I looking out of window on a tree
Like yonder—otherwise well-known, much liked,
Yet just an English ordinary elm—
What marvel if you cured me of conceit
My elm's birchbee-and-squirreled tenantry
Was quite the proud possession I supposed—
And there is evidence you tell me true.
The fairy marriage-tree reports itself
Good guardian of the perfect face and form,
Fruits of four years’ protection! Married friend,
You are more beautiful than ever!"

"Yes: I think that likely. I could well dispense
With all thought fair in feature, mine or no,
Leave but enough of face to know me by—
With all found fresh in youth except such strength
As lets a life-long labour earn repos;
Death tells at just that price, they say; and so
Possibly, what I care not for, I keep.
"How you must know he loves you! Chill, before
Fears sink to freezing. Could I sacrifice—
Assured my lover simply loves my soul—
One nose-breadth of fair feature? No, indeed!
Your own love . . ."

"The preliminary hour—
Don't waste it!"

"But I can't begin at once!
The angel's self that comes to bear me speak
Drives away all the care about the speech.
What an angelic mystery you are—
Now—that is certain! when I knew you first,
No break of halo and no bud of wing!
I thought I knew you, saw you, round and smooth enough.
Like a glass ball; suddenly, four years since,
You vanished, how and whither? Mystery!
Wherefore? No mystery at all: you loved,
Were loved again, and left the world of
Who would not? Lapped four years in fairy-land,
Out comes, by no less wonderful a chance,
The changeling, touched athwart her trellised miles
Of blue rose bordered by just the old friend's voice
That's now struck dumb at her own potency.
I talk of my small fortunes? Tell me yours!
Rather! The fool I ever was—I am,
You see that: the true friend you ever had,
You have, you also recognize. Perhaps,
Giving you all the love of all my heart,
Nature, that's niggard in me, has denied
The after-birth of love there's someone claims—
This huge boy, swinging up the avenue;
And I want counsel: is defect in me,
Or him who has no right to raise the love?
My cousin asks my hand: he's young enough,
Handsome,—my maid thinks,—manly's more the word
He asked me leave to 'dress' the elm-tree there,
Some morning before breakfast. Gentleness
Goes with the strength, of course. He's honestly,
Limpidly truthful. For ability—
All's in therough yet. His first taste of life
Seems to have somehow gone against the tongue:
He travelled, tried things—came back, tried still more—
He says he's sick of all. He's fond of me
After a certain careless-easiest way
I like: the iron's rude,—no polished steel
Somebody forged before me. I am rich—
That's not the reason, he's far richer: no,
Nor is it that he thinks me pretty,—frank
Undoubtedly on that point! He saw once
The pink of face-perfection—oh, not you—
Content yourself, my beauty!—for she proved
So thoroughly a cheat, his charmer . . .
He runs into extremes, I'll say at once,
Lest you say! Well, I understand he wants
To teach, and teach,
With all found fresh in youth except such strength
As lets a life-long labour earn repos; I—
Death tells at just that price, they say; and so
Possibly, what I care not for, I keep.
But I can't begin at once!
The angel's self that comes to bear me speak
Drives away all the care about the speech.
What an angelic mystery you are—
Now—that is certain! when I knew you first,
No break of halo and no bud of wing!
I thought I knew you, saw you, round and smooth enough.
Like a glass ball; suddenly, four years since,
You vanished, how and whither? Mystery!
Wherefore? No mystery at all: you loved,
Were loved again, and left the world of
Who would not? Lapped four years in fairy-land,
Out comes, by no less wonderful a chance,
The changeling, touched athwart her trellised miles
Of blue rose bordered by just the old friend's voice
That's now struck dumb at her own potency.
I talk of my small fortunes? Tell me yours!
Rather! The fool I ever was—I am,
You see that: the true friend you ever had,
You have, you also recognize. Perhaps,
Giving you all the love of all my heart,
Nature, that's niggard in me, has denied
The after-birth of love there's someone claims—
This huge boy, swinging up the avenue;
And I want counsel: is defect in me,
Or him who has no right to raise the love?
My cousin asks my hand: he's young enough,
Handsome,—my maid thinks,—manly's more the word
He asked me leave to 'dress' the elm-tree there,
Some morning before breakfast. Gentleness
Goes with the strength, of course. He's honestly,
Limpidly truthful. For ability—
All's in the rough yet. His first taste of life
Seems to have somehow gone against the tongue:
He travelled, tried things—came back, tried still more—
He says he's sick of all. He's fond of me
After a certain careless-easiest way
I like: the iron's rude,—no polished steel
Somebody forged before me. I am rich—
That's not the reason, he's far richer: no,
Nor is it that he thinks me pretty,—frank
Undoubtedly on that point! He saw once
The pink of face-perfection—oh, not you—
Content yourself, my beauty!—for she proved
So thoroughly a cheat, his charmer . . .
He runs into extremes, I'll say at once,
Lest you say! Well, I understand he wants
To teach, and teach,
"Who, judging for herself succeeded so?"
Do I love him, does he love me, do both
Mistake for knowledge—easy ignorance?
Appeal to its professed in each art!
I got rough-smooth through a piano-piece,
Rattled away last week till tutor came,
Heard me to end, then grunted
"Arh, mein Gold !"
Sagens Sei "easy"? Every note is wrong.
All broken mit wrist: we'll trouble fingers now.
The Franklin will please roll up Raff again
And exercise at Corry for one month!'
Am I to roll up cousin, exercise
At Trollope's novels for one month? Pronounce!"

"Now, place such in the right position first,
Advise and advised one! I perhaps
Am three—or, four years older; am, beside,
A wife: advantages—to balance which,
You have a full fresh joyous sense of life.
That finds you out life's fit food everywhere,
Detects enjoyment where I, slow and dull,
Fumble at first. Already, these four years,
Your merest glimpses at the world without
Have shown you more than ever met my gaze;" 

And now, by joyance you inspire joy,—learn
While you profess to teach, and teach, although
Avowedly a learner. I am dazed
Like any owl by sunshine which just sets
The sparrow pruning plumage! Here's to
your life,
Little or much: I never saw his face.
You have determined on a marriage—used
Deliberation therefore—I'll believe
No otherwise, with opportunity
For judgment so abounding! Here stand I
Summoned to give my sentence, for a whim,
(Well, at first cloud-fleck thrown athwart your blue)
Judge what is strangeness' self to me,—say
'Wed!' Or 'Wed not!' whom you promise I shall judge
Presently, at propitious lunch-time, just
While he carves chicken! Sends he leg for
That revelation into character
And conduct must suffice me! Quite as well
Consult with yonder solitary crow
That eyes us from your elm-top!"

"Still the same!"
We saw together somewhere, those two books
Somebody said were noteworthy? One
Lay wide on table, sprawled its painted
Leaves
For all the world's inspection; shut on shelf
Resilient the other volume, closed, clasped, locked—
Clear to be let alone. Which page had we
Preferred the turning over of? You were,
Are, ever will be the locked lady, hold
Inside you secrets written,—soul-absorbed,
My ink upon your blotting-paper. I—
What trace of you have I to show in turn?
Delicate secrets! No one juvenile
Ever essayed at croquet and performed
Superiorly but I confided you
The sort of hat he wore and hair it held.
While you? One day a calm note comes by
post:
'I am just married, you may like to hear,
Most men would hate you, or they ought: we
love
What we fear, —I do! 'Cold' I shall expect
My cousin calls you. I,—dislike not him,
But (if I comprehend what loving means)
Love you immeasurably more—more—more
But (if I comprehend what loving means)
My cousin calls you. I—dislike not him,
What we fear,—7 do!

At last?

"At first! 'Would, tree, a top of thee
I winged were, like crow perch'd unwares
there,
And so could straightway soon, escape this house,
Back to my nest where brows'd whom I love
best—
The person of his parish—garish—varish—"
Oh I could bring the rhyme in if I tried:
The Album here inspires me! Quite apart
From lyrical expression, have I read
The stare snifit, and sings not soul just so?
"Or rather so? 'Cool comfortable etna
That men make coffins out of,—ruin for me
At thy expense, so thou permit I glide
Under the ferny feet, and there sleep, sleep,
Nor dread awaking though in heaven itself!"

The younger looks with face struck sudden
Objections! What ghost
If cousin does not greet you with 'What ghost
Has crossed your path?' I set him down
abuse.

And after one more look, with face still white,
The younger does go, while the elder stands
Occupied by the elm at window there.

I cannot visit the old house and home,
Encounter the old society
Alarmed for ever. Peril quite enough
In even this first—last, I pray it prove—
Renunciation of my solitude!
Each, you, to house and cousin! Leave me
here,
Who want no entertainment, carry still
My occupation with me. While I watch
The shadow inching round those ferny feet,
Tell him 'A school-friend sends a word
with me
Up at the inn; time, tide and train won't wait:
I must go see her—and off again—
You'll keep me company? Ten minutes' talk,
With you in presence, ten more afterward
With who, alone, convays me station-bound,
And I see clearly—and say honestly
Tomorrow: pen shall play tongue's part,
Go—quick! for I have made our hand-in-hand
Return impossible. So scared you look,—
If cousin does not greet you with 'What ghost
Has crossed your path?' I set him down
abuse.

I have a keener sense: I'll task the same.
Friend, whom I love the best in the whole
world,
Of tempting me to break my vow. Stop here!
Volume, my soul, that you desire to see,
I'll so far open you the locked and shelved
You are a guesser, not a 'clairvoyante.'

Dear,
You are a guesser, not a 'clairvoyante.'
I'll so far open you the locked and shelved
Volume, my soul, that you desire to see,
As let you profit by the title-page—

Paradise Lost?"

"Inferno!—All which comes
Of tempting me to break my vow. Stop here!
Friend, whom I love the best in the whole
world,
Come at your call, be sure that I will do
All your requirement—see and say my mind.
It may be that by sed apprenticeship
I have a keener sense: I'll task the same.
Only indulge me—here let sight and speech
Happen—this Inn is neutral ground, you
know!

Then claps-to cover, sends book spinning off
To other side table, looks up, starts erect
Full-face with her who,—roused from that
abrase
Question, "Will next tick tip the fern or
not?"—
Fronts him as fully.

All her languor breaks,
Away withers at once the weariness
From the black-blooded brow, anger and hate
Convulse. Speech follows slower, but last—

"You here! I felt, I knew it would befall!
Knew, by some subtle undivinable
Trick of the trickster, I should, silly-sooth,
Late or soon, somehow be allured to leave
Safe hiding and come take of him arrear,
My tormented due on four years' respite! Time
To pluck the bird's healed breast of down
"o'er womant !
Hap your success! I be satisfied this side
Seeing you has undone all heaven could do
These four years, puts me back to you and
hall!
What will next trick be, next success? No
doubt
When I shall think to glide into the grave,
There will you wait disguised as becomimg
Death,
And catch and capture me for evermore!
But, God, though I am nothing, be thou all
Content him for me! Strive, for he is strong!"

Already his surprise dies palely out
In laugh of acquiescing impotence.
He neither gasps nor hisses: calm and plain—

"I also felt and knew—but otherwise!
You out of hand and sight and care of me
These four years, whom I felt, knew, all the
while...Oh,
It's no superstition! It's a gift
O' the gamester that he snuffs the unseen
powers
Which help or harm him. Well I knew
what lurked,
Scare-free, sense-frighting lips clench'd cold and bold.
Because of chin, that based resolve beneath! Then the columnar neck completes the whole Greek-sculpture-baffling body! Do I see? Can I observe? You wait next word to wait.

"Well, wait and want! since no one blight I bid Consume one least perfection. Each and all, As they are rightly shocking now to me, So may they still continue! Value them? Ay, as the vendor knows the money-worth Of his Grock status, fooled aspire to buy, And he to see the back of! Let us laugh! You have absolved me from my sin at least! You stand stout, strong, in the rude health of hate, No touch of the tame timid nullity My cowardice, forsooth, has practised on! Ay, while you seemed to hint some fine fat act Of tragedy should freeze blood, end the force, I never doubted all was joke. I kept, May be, an eye alert on paragraphs, Newspaper-notice,—let no impost shunt, Accident, disappearance: sound and safe Were you, my victim, not of mind to die! Or, fattened, fulsome, have you fed on me, Sucked out my substance? How much

"Knowing in favours, rather! What but sour Suspected makes the sweetness doubly sweet, And what stains love from faint to flaming, But the fear-sprinkle? Even horror helps—

"Surely she clows on me! Here you stand! "

And stand she does: while volubility, With him, keeps on the increase, for his tongue After long locking-up is loosed for once.

"Certain the taunt is happy!" he resumes: "So, it was altered you—only I—and none other—to this spectacle—Your triumph, my disgrace—woman-fend That from me! Well, I have my wish, then! The low wide brow oppressed by sweeps of hair Darker and darker as they coil and swathe The crowned corpse-wanness whence the eyes burn black Not asleep now! not pin-points dwarfed beneath Either great bridging eyebrow—poor blank scowl— Babies, I've pleased to play in my time: How they protrude and grow immense with hate! The long triumphant nose attains—retains Just the perfection; and there's scarlet-skein My ancient enemy, her lip and lip,

"Past passion, fiendulent on to the grotesque, And lost the heiress in a grin? At least, You made no such mistake! You tickled fish, Landed your prize the true artistic way! How did the smug young curate rise to tune Of 'Friend, a fatal fault divides us. Love Solts me no longer, I have suffered shame. Betrayal: past to past, the future—yours— Shall never be contaminate by mine, I might have spared me this confession, not—Oh, never by some hillockess of lies, Easy, surpassable? Not! but try, By just the quiet answer—"I am cold! Falsehood amount, each shadow of thee, hence! Had happier fortunes visited... but dreams are vain. Now, home me—yes, for pity's sake!" Aha, Who fails to see the curate as his face Reddened and whitened, wanted handkerchief At trembling brow and twinkling eye, until Out burst the proper 'Angel, whom the fiend Has thought to trash,—thy whiteness, at one

Of holy cantrips, shall disgrace the vowel! Mine be the tank!... and so forth! Fool? not he! Owing in favours, rather! What but sour Suspected makes the sweetness doubly sweet, And what stains love from faint to flaming, But the fear-sprinkle? Even horror helps—

"Love's flame in me by such recited wrong

"Into what dim hole can she have dived, Whereas, see, sorrow as if

"She replies—

"'Beat him! I do. To all that you confess Of albatross failure, I extend belief. Your very face confirms it: God is just! Let my face—fix your eyes—in turn confirm What I shall say. All-objection's but half-truth; Add to all-objection as perfect fool! Is it you profaned human nature, so Proggesticated of me? Lay these words To heart then, or where God meant heart should lurk! That moment when you first revealed your—

"Weakly, see, sorrow swells!

"Be merciful and let your subject slink Into dark safety! He's a beggar, see— Do not turn back his ship, Australia-bound, And bid her land him right amid some crowd Of creditors, assembled by your curse! Don't cause the very rope to crack (you can!) Whereon he spends his last (friend's) apogee, just

"The moment when he hoped to hang himself! Be satisfied you beat him!"

All that I heard was—waddled to a priest! Informants sunk youth, riches and the rest. And so my knell was love disparted loves, That loves might come together with a rush! Surely this last achievement sucked me dry: Indeed, that way my wits went. Mistress"
Propose me what should prompt annul the past.
Make me 'annul by marriage'—in your phrase.
Incorporate me henceforth, body and soul,
With soul and body which mere brushing past
Brought leprosy upon me,—'sorry' those.
Why, then despair broke, re-assurance—no!
Clear-sighted was I that who hurled contempt
Incorporate me henceforth, body and soul,
Where the black torrent sweeps the sewage—
A cleft had caught me: I might perish there,
For I was not destined to the shame below.
By treason from my rightful pride of place,
But thence to be dislodged and whirled at last
And, playful ever, would replant the spoil?
At passage of,—which stripped me bole and branch,
I have a story to relate.
There was a parish-priest, my father knew,
Elderly, poor: I used to pity him
Before I learned what woes are pity-worth.
Elderly was grown old now, scanty means
Which never dreamed a straw would settle
Rather I give such remnant to the rock
Shall henceforth help wind's sport to exercise!
Be satisfied, not one least leaf that's mine
Now that I know if God or Satan be
I lived, live. When the tempter shall persuade
Its safety my salvation. Safe and saved,
I heard it was his will to take a wife,
Her coarseness: zeal does only half the work.
But would have served her purpose equally
With God's own angel,—let but knowledge
Atone for ignorance.
Her coarseness: zeal does only half the work.
I saw this—knew the parson's honest drudgery
Was wearing out his simple blameless life,
And wanted help beneath a barthen—home!
To treasure-house or dust-heap, what cared I?
Partner he needed? I proposed myself,
Nor much surprised him—duty was so clear!
Gratitude? What for? Gain of Paradise—
Escape, perhaps, from the dire penalty
Of whom hides talent in a napkin? No:
His scruple was—should I be strong enough
—in body? since of weakness in the mind,
Weariness in the heart—no fear of these!
He took me as these Arctic voyagers
Take an alicant to their toil and pain:
Can he endure them?—that's the point, and not
—Will he? Who would not, rather! Whereupon,
I pleaded far more earnestly for leave
to give myself away, than you to gain
What you called priceless till you gained the heart
And soul and body! which, as beggars serve
Exorted alms, you straightway spat upon.
Not so my husband,—for I gained my suit,
Extorted alms, you straightway spat upon.
And, much more, thought, for beasts think.
In us met selfishness in them, deserved
The something sweeter ...
Bistre for background. Play the artist now,
And much, more, thought, for beasts think.
Selfishness
In us met selfishness in them, deserved
Such answer as it gained. My husband, bent
With beasts assumes beast-nature, look and voice,
His scruple was—should I be strong enough
—in body? since of weakness in the mind,
Weariness in the heart—no fear of these!
He took me as these Arctic voyagers
Take an alicant to their toil and pain:
Can he endure them?—that's the point, and not
—Will he? Who would not, rather! Whereupon,
I pleaded far more earnestly for leave
to give myself away, than you to gain
What you called priceless till you gained the heart
And soul and body! which, as beggars serve
Exorted alms, you straightway spat upon.
Not so my husband,—for I gained my suit,
Extorted alms, you straightway spat upon.
And, much more, thought, for beasts think.
Selfishness
In us met selfishness in them, deserved
Such answer as it gained. My husband, bent
With beasts assumes beast-nature, look and voice,
His scruple was—should I be strong enough
—in body? since of weakness in the mind,
Weariness in the heart—no fear of these!
He took me as these Arctic voyagers
Take an alicant to their toil and pain:
Can he endure them?—that's the point, and not
—Will he? Who would not, rather! Whereupon,
I pleaded far more earnestly for leave
to give myself away, than you to gain
What you called priceless till you gained the heart
And soul and body! which, as beggars serve
Exorted alms, you straightway spat upon.
Not so my husband,—for I gained my suit,
Extorted alms, you straightway spat upon.
And, much more, thought, for beasts think.
Selfishness
In us met selfishness in them, deserved
Such answer as it gained. My husband, bent
With beasts assumes beast-nature, look and voice,
His scruple was—should I be strong enough
—in body? since of weakness in the mind,
Weariness in the heart—no fear of these!
He took me as these Arctic voyagers
Take an alicant to their toil and pain:
Can he endure them?—that's the point, and not
—Will he? Who would not, rather! Whereupon,
I pleaded far more earnestly for leave
to give myself away, than you to gain
What you called priceless till you gained the heart
And soul and body! which, as beggars serve
Exorted alms, you straightway spat upon.
Not so my husband,—for I gained my suit,
Extorted alms, you straightway spat upon.
And, much more, thought, for beasts think.
Selfishness
In us met selfishness in them, deserved
Such answer as it gained. My husband, bent
With beasts assumes beast-nature, look and voice,
—What from? the staving danger off? You paint
The waterspout above, you set to words
Amusement? Talk at end of the tired day
The page on page of sermon-scrawlings—
Vainly: the sound and sense would penetrate
To brain and plague there in despite of me
Intellect's eye and ear to sense and sound—
Had we two simply sallied forth and preached
Maddened to know more moral good were
The peaceable come dance, the peace-breaker
Of long-disused guitar,—with cut and slash
Of much-misvalued horsewhip he,—to bid
Excite with that, restrain with this ! So dealt
Was just to dub the mortar, never fear
Pay in his person ! Whereas—Heaven and
But drugs, hand pestled at, have poisoned
Conceived of as the proper prize to tempt
I want, that knows no waking—as to what's
Heaven he let pass, left wisely undescribed :
Souls less world-weary: there, no fault to
Was proved a failure; intellect at length
That man, first fashioned in beneficence,
Made mindful of delinquent's bygone deeds
Replacing old obtuseness, memory
Each necessary consequence of act
In man for well or ill—things obsolete—
Just granted to supplant the idiozy
Man's only guide while act was yet to choose,
With ill or well momentarily its fruit;
A faculty of immense suffering
Conferred on mind and body,—mind, cre–
while
Unvisited by one compassionate dream
During sin's drunken slumber, startled up,
Stung through and through by sin's signifi–
cance
Now that the holy was abolished—just
As body which, alive, broke down beneath
Knowledge, lay helpless in the path to good,
Failed to accomplish aught legitimate,
Achieve aught worthy,—which grew old in
youth,
And at its longest fell a cut-down flower,—
Dying, this too revived by miracle
To bear no end of baithen now that buck
Supported torture to no use at all,
And live imperishably potent—since
Life's potency was impotent to ward
One plaque off which made earth a hell
before.
This doctrine, which one healthy view of
things,
One same sight of the general ordinance—
Nature,—and its particular object,—man,—
Which one mere eye-cast at the character
Of Who made these and gave man sense to
Annoy at once, to bounds at once.
I recognized the beech-tree, knew the thrush
Smaller contentments, much weeds, some few
flowers,—
Never suspicious of a thunderbolt
Avenging presently each daisy's death.
I recognized the bee-tree, knew the thrush
Supported torture to no use at all,
And live imperishably potent—since
Life's potency was impotent to ward
One plaque off which made earth a hell
before.
This doctrine, which one healthy view of
things,
One same sight of the general ordinance—
Nature,—and its particular object,—man,—
Which one mere eye-cast at the character
Of Who made these and gave man sense to
Annoy at once, to bounds at once.
I recognized the beech-tree, knew the thrush
Smaller contentments, much weeds, some few
flowers,—
Never suspicious of a thunderbolt
Avenging presently each daisy's death.
I recognized the bee-tree, knew the thrush
Supported torture to no use at all,
And live imperishably potent—since
Life's potency was impotent to ward
One plaque off which made earth a hell
before.
This doctrine, which one healthy view of
things,
One same sight of the general ordinance—
Nature,—and its particular object,—man,—
Which one mere eye-cast at the character
Of Who made these and gave man sense to
Annoy at once, to bounds at once.
I recognized the beech-tree, knew the thrush
Smaller contentments, much weeds, some few
flowers,—
Never suspicious of a thunderbolt
Avenging presently each daisy's death.
I recognized the bee-tree, knew the thrush
Supported torture to no use at all,
And live imperishably potent—since
Life's potency was impotent to ward
One plaque off which made earth a hell
before.
This doctrine, which one healthy view of
things,
One same sight of the general ordinance—
Nature,—and its particular object,—man,—
Which one mere eye-cast at the character
Of Who made these and gave man sense to
Annoy at once, to bounds at once.
I recognized the beech-tree, knew the thrush
Smaller contentments, much weeds, some few
flowers,—
Never suspicious of a thunderbolt
Avenging presently each daisy's death.
I recognized the bee-tree, knew the thrush
Supported torture to no use at all,
And live imperishably potent—since
Life's potency was impotent to ward
One plaque off which made earth a hell
before.
To show the murderer where thy heart
Am ruined,—and there was no love to
What had they been but just superfluous
Age and decline were man's maturity;
To burst from hiding, brighten earth one day!
No sufferer—which is grandest—for the truth!
No genius but you could have been, no sage,
On pasteboard and pretence ! Not love, my
Face, form were nature's type: more grace,
I changed for you the very laws of life :
Your fancied presence; in companionship,
I kept my finger constant to your glove
What idle trash I may, this final blow
The hand forget its cunning, or perhaps
Capture of other boys in foolishness
My life—your life !

He names her name again.

" You were just—merciful as just, you were
In giving me no respite : punishment
Followed offending. Sane and sound once
more,
The patient thanks decision, promptitude,
" Had you no fault ? Why must you change,
Farts, why reverse positions, spoil the play?
Why did your nobleness look up to me,
Not down on the ignoble thing confessed?
In all I did that moment; but as God
Know myself mad and monstrous utterly
Of fortune fells me."

" God forgives :
Forgive you, delegate of God, brought near
As never priests could bring him to this soul
That prays you both—forgive me ! I abuse—
Know myself mad and monstrous utterly
In all I did that moment; but as God
Gives me this knowledge—heart to feel and
tongue
To testify—so be you gracious too !
Judge no man by the solitary work.
Of—well, they do say and I can believe—
The devil in him : his, the moment,—mine
The life—your life !"

Accept, redeem me! Do your eyes ask
" They rear ? 
I stand here penniless, a beggar; tall
What idle trash I may, this final blow
Of fortune fells me. I discourse, indeed,
This boy's winnings when each bubble
scheme
That danced about my brain, a minute since,
The worse the better,—of repairing straight
My misadventure by fresh enterprise,
Capture of other boys in foolishness
His fellows,—when these fancies fade away
At first sight of the lost so long, the found
So late, the lady of my life, before
Whose presence I, the last, am also found
In all I did that moment; but as God
Know myself mad and monstrous utterly
Of fortune fells me."

Vainly for love, his soul's star ? But the orb
Breaks from eclipse: I breathe again: I love?
Tempted, I fell; but fallen—fallen lie
Here at your feet, see ! Leave this poor
pretense
Of union with a nature and its needs
Requiegent to your needs and nature ! Nay,
False, beyond falsity you reproach
In me, is such mock marriage with such mere
Mas—man as—whom you wills wrong, beside,
By that expenditure of heart and brain
He seeks no more of than would wonder
tree.
If watered with your life-blood: nuns and
dews
Answer its ends sufficiently, while me
One drop save—seeds to flower and fruit at
last
The laggard virtue in the soul which else
Cumbers the ground! Quicken me! Call
me yours—
Yours and the world's—yours and the world's
God's! ?
Yes, for you can, you only ! Think! Confirm
Your instinct! Say, a minute since, I seemed
The castaway you count me,—all the more
Apparent shall the angelic potency
Lift me from out perilous deep of drops
to light and life and love—that's love for
you
Love that already darts match with yours.
You loved one worthy,—in your estimate,—
When time was ; you descried the unworthy
taint,
And where was love then ? No such test
could e'er
Try my love : but you hate me and revile :—
Hated, revilment—had you these to bear
Would you, as I do, nor revile, nor hate,
But simply love on, love the more, perchance?
Abide by your own proof ! " Your love was
love
" In ghost knows me forgetting !" Heart of mine,
Would that I dared remember ! Too unwise
Were he who lost a treasure, did himself
Enliven upon the sparkling catalogue.
Of gems to her his queen who trusted late
The keeper of her caskets! Can it be
That I, custodian of such relic still
As your contempt permits me to retain,
All I dare hug to breast is—
454
THE INN ALBUM
These silks and worsteds round the hook
What may have followed—that is forfeit now!
I hope the proud man has grown humble.
True,
One grace of humbleness absents itself—
Silence! yet love lies deeper than all words,
And not the spoken but the speechless love
Waits answer ere I rise and go my way.'

Whereupon, yet one other time the name.

To end she looks the large deliberate look,
Even prolongs it somewhat; then the soul
Bursts forth in a clear laugh that lengthens on,
On, till—thinned, softened, silvered, one
might say
The bitter rumble hides itself in sand,
Moistens the hard grey grimly comic speech.

"Ay—give the baffled angler even yet
His supreme triumph as he hales to shore
A second time the fish once 'scaped from
hook:
So artfully has new bait hidden old
Blood-imbrued iron! Ay, no barb's beneath
The gilded minnow here! You bid break
My crowned contempt. You kneel? Prostrate yourself!
To earth, and would the whole world saw
you there!"

Whereupon—"All right!" carelessly begins
Somebody from outside, who mounts the
Stair,
And sends his voice for herald of approach:
Half in half out the doorway as the door
Gives way to push.

"Old fellow, all's no good!
The train's your portion! Lay the blame on
me!
I'm no diplomatist, and Bismarck's self
Of proposition—so has world-repute
I'm no diplomatist, and Bismarck's self
To earth, and would the whole world saw
you there!"

"Well, my lord—for indeed my lord you are,
I little guessed how rightly—this last proof
Of forsworn-paramount confounds too much
My simple head-piece! Let's see how we
stand
Each to the other! how we stood i' the game
To end she looks the large deliberate look,
Whereupon—yet one other time the name.

What does the game stand? Who is who and

Is what, o' the board now, since an hour
went by?

My lord's seduced, forsaken, sacrificed!
Shares up, my lord's familiar instrument,
Associate and accomplice, mistress-slay—
Shares his adventure, follows on the sly!

"Ay, and since 'bag and baggage' is a phrase—
Baggage lay hid in carpet-bag belie—
Wax but unpadlocked when occasion came
For holding council, since my back was turned,
On how invent ten thousand pounds which, paid,
Would lure the winner to lose twenty more,
Beside regarding these! Why else allow
The fool to gain them? So displays herself
The lady whom my heart believed—oh, laugh!
Noble and pure: whom my heart loved at
once,
And who at once did speak truth when she said
'I am not mine now but another's';—thus
Being that other's! Devil's-marriage, eh?

My lie weal thin on there as do part !
But play me the smoochish simpleson,
You two antiscopic tip-top swells

V.

At swindling! Quits, I cry! Decamp content
With skin I'm peeled of: do not strip bones bare!
As that you could, I have no doubt at all!
O you two rare ones! Male and female, Sir!
The male there smirked, this morning, 'Came,
my boy—
Out with it! You've been crooked in love, I
think—
I recognize the lover's bagging look;
Make a clean breast and watch my confidence,
For, I'll be frank, I do have my fling,
Am punished for my fault, and smart enough!
Where now the victim hides her head, God
knows?"

Here loomed her head life-large, the devil
knew!
Look out, Salvini! Here's your man, your
match!
He and I sat applauding, stall by stall,
Last Monday—'Lorett's Oedipe' was our word,
'But where's Iago? Where? Why, there! And
now
The fellow-artist, female specimen—
Oh, lady, you must needs describe yourself!
He's great in art, but you—how greater still
—If I can rightly, out of all I learned,
Apply one bit of Latin that assures
'Art means just art's concealment'—tower
yourself!

For he stands plainly visible henceforth—
Liar and scamp: while you, in artistry
Prove so consummate—or I prove perhaps
So absolute an ass—that—either way—
You still do seem to me who worshipped you
And see you take the homage of this man
Your master, who played slave and knave, no
doubt,
Before a mistress in his very craft . . .
Well, take the fact, I nor believe my eyes,
Nor trust my understanding! Still you seem
Noble and pure as when we had the talk
Under the tower, beneath the trees, that day.
And there's the key explains the secret: down
Here flows her head life-large, the devil
knew!
Look out, Salvini! Here's your man, your
match!
He and I sat applauding, stall by stall,
Last Monday—'Lorett's Oedipe' was our word,
'But where's Iago? Where? Why, there! And
now
The fellow-artist, female specimen—
Oh, lady, you must needs describe yourself!
He's great in art, but you—how greater still
—If I can rightly, out of all I learned,
Apply one bit of Latin that assures
'Art means just art's concealment'—tower
yourself!

For he stands plainly visible henceforth—
Liar and scamp: while you, in artistry
Prove so consummate—or I prove perhaps
So absolute an ass—that—either way—
You still do seem to me who worshipped you
And see you take the homage of this man
Your master, who played slave and knave, no
doubt,
Before a mistress in his very craft . . .
Well, take the fact, I nor believe my eyes,
Nor trust my understanding! Still you seem
Noble and pure as when we had the talk
Under the tower, beneath the trees, that day.
And there's the key explains the secret: down
Here flows her head life-large, the devil
knew!
Look out, Salvini! Here's your man, your
match!
He and I sat applauding, stall by stall,
Last Monday—'Lorett's Oedipe' was our word,
'But where's Iago? Where? Why, there! And
now
The fellow-artist, female specimen—
Oh, lady, you must needs describe yourself!
He's great in art, but you—how greater still
—If I can rightly, out of all I learned,
Apply one bit of Latin that assures
'Art means just art's concealment'—tower
yourself!

For he stands plainly visible henceforth—
Liar and scamp: while you, in artistry
Prove so consummate—or I prove perhaps
So absolute an ass—that—either way—
You still do seem to me who worshipped you
And see you take the homage of this man
Your master, who played slave and knave, no
doubt,
Before a mistress in his very craft . . .
Well, take the fact, I nor believe my eyes,
Nor trust my understanding! Still you seem
Noble and pure as when we had the talk
Under the tower, beneath the trees, that day.
And there's the key explains the secret: down
Here flows her head life-large, the devil
knew!
Look out, Salvini! Here's your man, your
match!
He and I sat applauding, stall by stall,
Last Monday—'Lorett's Oedipe' was our word,
'But where's Iago? Where? Why, there! And
now
The fellow-artist, female specimen—
Oh, lady, you must needs describe yourself!
He's great in art, but you—how greater still
—If I can rightly, out of all I learned,
Apply one bit of Latin that assures
'Art means just art's concealment'—tower
yourself!

For he stands plainly visible henceforth—
Liar and scamp: while you, in artistry
Prove so consummate—or I prove perhaps
So absolute an ass—that—either way—
You still do seem to me who worshipped you
And see you take the homage of this man
Your master, who played slave and knave, no

take you as frank an answer! Answers both
The worst, has questioned and is answered by.
World-wide—I own superiority
What's he to you in craft?
And now I hate him! Four years since, you
Who, this time, proud, report your crystal
Over you, over him. As him I searched,
Begin alike so far, divergent soon
Interrogate thus me whom one, of foes
My heart's one love: well, and you so remain!
I held your master for my best of friends;
Forgive me! Only by strange chance,—most
From struggle and escape! I fancied that!
At need some second scheme, and supplement
Nowise are you that thing my fancy feared
A spider in the hollow heart his house!
So do you stand seen through and thorough
When out you stepped on me, a minute

Ah—draws a long breath with a new
Strange look
The man she interpellates—soul a-stir
Under its covert, as, beneath the dust,
A coppery sparkle all at once denotes
The man she interpellates—soul a-stir

She turns the scale,—one touch of the pure
hand
Shall so press down, imprison past relapse
Farther vibration twist veracity—
That's honest solid earth—and falsehood,
That and air, that's one illusive emptiness!
That reptile capture you? I conquered him:
You saw him cower before me. Have no fear
He shall offend you further! Spare to spurn—
Safe let him slink hence till some sadder Eve
Than I, anticipate the snake—bruisa hood
Ere he bruise heel—or, warrier than the first,
Some Adam purge earth's garden of its pest
Before the slaver spoil the Tree of Life!

"Yes! Leave this youth, as he leaves you,
as I
Leave each! There's caution surely extant
Yet
Though conscience in you were too vain a
china,
Hence quickly! Keep the cash but leave unsoiled
The heart I rescue and would lay to heal
Divining, had assured you I no more
Stand his participant in infamy
Than you—I need no love to recognize
As simply duped and nowise fellow-breath!
Therefore accept one last friend-word,—
your friend's,
All men's friend, save a felon's. Ravel out
Divining, had assured you I no more
Stand his participant in infamy
Than you—I need no love to recognize
As simply duped and nowise fellow-breath!
Therefore accept one last friend-word,—
your friend's,
All men's friend, save a felon's. Ravel out
Divining, had assured you I no more
Stand his participant in infamy
Than you—I need no love to recognize
As simply duped and nowise fellow-breath!
Therefore accept one last friend-word,—
your friend's,
All men's friend, save a felon's. Ravel out
Divining, had assured you I no more
Stand his participant in infamy
Than you—I need no love to recognize
As simply duped and nowise fellow-breath!
Therefore accept one last friend-word,—
your friend's,
All men's friend, save a felon's. Ravel out
Divining, had assured you I no more
Stand his participant in infamy
Than you—I need no love to recognize
As simply duped and nowise fellow-breath!
Therefore accept one last friend-word,—
your friend's,
All men's friend, save a felon's. Ravel out
Divining, had assured you I no more
Stand his participant in infamy
Than you—I need no love to recognize
As simply duped and nowise fellow-breath!
Therefore accept one last friend-word,—
your friend's,
All men's friend, save a felon's. Ravel out
Divining, had assured you I no more
Stand his participant in infamy
Than you—I need no love to recognize
As simply duped and nowise fellow-breath!
Therefore accept one last friend-word,—
your friend's,
That thing had he become by learning—
The miserable, whom his ignorance
Would wrongly call the wicked: ignorance
Being, I hold, sin ever, small or great.
No, he knows nothing!

"He and I alike
Are bound to you for such discreetness, then.
What if our talk should terminate awhile?
Here is a gentleman to satisfy,
The room from which you made your entry first
Grant me a minute's parley with my friend
And you depart to fan away each fly
To my young friend first—then, a word to you,
What if you please return there? Just a word
So opportunely—still untenanted—
From who, grass-pillowed, sleeps so sound
At last the altered eye, the rightful tone!
And stands forth grinning malice which but now
But even to the truth that drops disguise
Just as to malice. I, once gone, come back?
"So the old truth comes back! A whole
Of being absolutely loosed from you
No, my lord! I enjoy the privilege
A wink of eye would have detained me once,
"He and I alike
Are bound to you for such discreetness, then.
What if our talk should terminate awhile?
Here is a gentleman to satisfy,
The room from which you made your entry first
Grant me a minute's parley with my friend
And you depart to fan away each fly
To my young friend first—then, a word to you,
What if you please return there? Just a word
So opportunely—still untenanted—
From who, grass-pillowed, sleeps so sound
At last the altered eye, the rightful tone!
And stands forth grinning malice which but now
But even to the truth that drops disguise
Just as to malice. I, once gone, come back?
"So the old truth comes back! A whole
Of being absolutely loosed from you
No, my lord! I enjoy the privilege
A wink of eye would have detained me once,
"He and I alike
Are bound to you for such discreetness, then.
What if our talk should terminate awhile?
Here is a gentleman to satisfy,
The room from which you made your entry first
Grant me a minute's parley with my friend
And you depart to fan away each fly
To my young friend first—then, a word to you,
What if you please return there? Just a word
So opportunely—still untenanted—
From who, grass-pillowed, sleeps so sound
At last the altered eye, the rightful tone!
And stands forth grinning malice which but now
But even to the truth that drops disguise
Just as to malice. I, once gone, come back?
"So the old truth comes back! A whole
Of being absolutely loosed from you
No, my lord! I enjoy the privilege
A wink of eye would have detained me once,
"He and I alike
Are bound to you for such discreetness, then.
What if our talk should terminate awhile?
Here is a gentleman to satisfy,
The room from which you made your entry first
Grant me a minute's parley with my friend
And you depart to fan away each fly
To my young friend first—then, a word to you,
What if you please return there? Just a word
So opportunely—still untenanted—
From who, grass-pillowed, sleeps so sound
At last the altered eye, the rightful tone!
And stands forth grinning malice which but now
But even to the truth that drops disguise
Just as to malice. I, once gone, come back?
"So the old truth comes back! A whole
Of being absolutely loosed from you
No, my lord! I enjoy the privilege
A wink of eye would have detained me once,
"He and I alike
Are bound to you for such discreetness, then.
What if our talk should terminate awhile?
Here is a gentleman to satisfy,
The room from which you made your entry first
Grant me a minute's parley with my friend
And you depart to fan away each fly
To my young friend first—then, a word to you,
What if you please return there? Just a word
So opportunely—still untenanted—
From who, grass-pillowed, sleeps so sound
At last the altered eye, the rightful tone!
And stands forth grinning malice which but now
But even to the truth that drops disguise
Just as to malice. I, once gone, come back?
"So the old truth comes back! A whole
Of being absolutely loosed from you
No, my lord! I enjoy the privilege
A wink of eye would have detained me once,
"He and I alike
Are bound to you for such discreetness, then.
What if our talk should terminate awhile?
Here is a gentleman to satisfy,
The room from which you made your entry first
Grant me a minute's parley with my friend
And you depart to fan away each fly
To my young friend first—then, a word to you,
What if you please return there? Just a word
So opportunely—still untenanted—
From who, grass-pillowed, sleeps so sound
At last the altered eye, the rightful tone!
And stands forth grinning malice which but now
But even to the truth that drops disguise
Just as to malice. I, once gone, come back?
"So the old truth comes back! A whole
Of being absolutely loosed from you
No, my lord! I enjoy the privilege
A wink of eye would have detained me once,
And set the heart a-pulsing!—heart, this

'Twas nothing but the head I doctorled late
For ignorance of Man; now heart's to dose,
Paused by over-palpitation dae
To Woman-worship—so, to work at once
On first arrival of the patient's ake!
This morning you described your malady.
How you dared love a piece of virtue—lost
To reason, as the upshot showed: for soon
Futile repaid your stupid arrogance;
And, pausing, you went two ways, she remarried
Her path—perfection, while forlorn you paced
The world that's made for beasts like you
And me.
My remedy was—tell the fool the truth!
Your paean of purity had plumbed
Into those arms at their first outspread—

'Fallen
My esteem,' she prefers to turn the phrase—
And, in exchange for that frank confidence,
Asked for my whole life present and to come—
Marriage: a thing unavowed for,
Never so much as put in question. Life—

'Marriage,'—why, that's for whist, a wiser game;
Whereat she raved at me, as losers will,
And went her way. So far the story's known,
And on to back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
The serviceable beast who heard, believed
The parson for her purpose! Him she stroked
Over the muzzle; into mouth with his,
And to on back with saddle,—there he stood,
At length the peeling is accomplished, plain
The casket opens out its core, and lo
—A brand-new British silver sixpence—bid
That's ample for the Bank,—thinks majesty!
You are the Captain! call my stepence
Cracked or copper;—'what I've said is calumny;
The lady's spoilt!' Then, I'll prove my words,
Or make you prove them true as truth—yourself;
Here, on the instant! I'll not mince my speech,
Things at this issue. When she enters, then,
Make love to her! No talk of marriage now—
The point-blank bare proposal! Pick no phrase—
Prevent all misconception! Soon you'll see
How different the tactics when she deals
With an instructed man, no longer boy
Who blushes like a booby. Woman's wit!
More I nor wish nor want: your act's your
And out he goes.

VII.

She, face, form, bearing, one
Superb compound—

"He has told you all,
Yes, he has told you all, your silence says—
What gives him, as he thinks the mastery
Over my body and my soul!—has told
That instance, even, of their servitude
For well or ill, consigned away—my face
Over my body and my soul!—has told
You my truth, a no less precious gift?
A brand-new British silver sixpence—bid
That drinks and then disperses. Both of us
Do not I recognize and honour truth
To hear, the mind to judge, since heart and
And out he goes.

Here's the lady back!
And nowhere can distinguish, in what gleams
Only pure marble through my dusky past,
A darkling cranny where such poison-seed
Might harbour, nourish what should yield
To-day
This dread ingredient for the cup I drink.
Do not I recognize and honour truth
In seeming?—take your truth and for return,
Give you my truth, a no less precious gift?
You loved me: I believed you. I replied
How could I other? 'I was not my own;
No longer had the eyes to see, the ears
To hear, the mind to judge, since heart and
Now were another's. My own right in me,
For well or ill, consigned away—my face
Foresaw, meant to be,—thought done—she
Had shamed me in the furtive backward
Look
At the late bargain—fit such chapman's phrase!
As though—less hasty and more provident—
Waiting had brought advantage. Not for me
The chapman's chance! Yet while thus
much was true,
I spared you—as I knew you then—one more
Concluding word which, truth so less, seemed
But no more for ever. Take it now!
Its power to pain is past! Four years—that
day—
Those lines that make the College avenue!
I would that—friend and foe—by miracle
I had, that moment, seen into the heart
Of either, as I now am taught to see !
I do believe I should have straight assumed
My proper function, and sustained a soul,
Nor aimed at being just sustained myself
Of either, as I now am taught to see!
Meanwhile I testify that, lying once,
I was not my own, to bear the light of day!
Yet, I believed I should have straight assumed
My proper function, and sustained a soul,
Nor aimed at being just sustained myself
Of either, as I now am taught to see!
Meanwhile I testify that, lying once,
I was not my own, to bear the light of day!
Yet, I believed I should have straight assumed
My proper function, and sustained a soul,
Nor aimed at being just sustained myself
Of either, as I now am taught to see!
Meanwhile I testify that, lying once,
I was not my own, to bear the light of day!
Yet, I believed I should have straight assumed
My proper function, and sustained a soul,
Nor aimed at being just sustained myself
Of either, as I now am taught to see!
Meanwhile I testify that, lying once,
I was not my own, to bear the light of day!
Yet, I believed I should have straight assumed
My proper function, and sustained a soul,
Nor aimed at being just sustained myself
Of either, as I now am taught to see!
Meanwhile I testify that, lying once,
I was not my own, to bear the light of day!
Yet, I believed I should have straight assumed
My proper function, and sustained a soul,
Nor aimed at being just sustained myself
Of either, as I now am taught to see!
Meanwhile I testify that, lying once,
I was not my own, to bear the light of day!
Yet, I believed I should have straight assumed
My proper function, and sustained a soul,
Nor aimed at being just sustained myself
Of either, as I now am taught to see!
Meanwhile I testify that, lying once,
I was not my own, to bear the light of day!
Yet, I believed I should have straight assumed
My proper function, and sustained a soul,
Nor aimed at being just sustained myself
Of either, as I now am taught to see!
Meanwhile I testify that, lying once,
I was not my own, to bear the light of day!
Yet, I believed I should have straight assumed
My proper function, and sustained a soul,
Nor aimed at being just sustained myself
Of either, as I now am taught to see!
Meanwhile I testify that, lying once,
I was not my own, to bear the light of day!
Yet, I believed I should have straight assumed
My proper function, and sustained a soul,
Nor aimed at being just sustained myself
Of either, as I now am taught to see!
To blushing—nay, it ends in smiles, not tears!  
Why tears now? I have justly judged, thank God!"

He does blush boy-like, but the man speaks out,  
—Makes the due effort to surmount himself.

"I don't know what he wrote—how should I? Nor how he could read my purpose which, it seems, he chose to somehow write—mistakenly, or else for mischief's sake. I scarce believe My purpose put before you fair and plain;  
Would need annoy so much; but there's my course!

My purpose, which, it was clear,  
—What I am, what I am not, in the eye Of the world, is what I never cared for much.  
Fool then or no fool, not one single word.  
In the whole string of lies did I believe. But this—this only—if I choose, who cares?—I believe somehow in your purity;  
Perfect as ever! Else what use is God? He is God, and work miracles He can!  

They've got a thing they call their Labyrinth  
I the garden yonder: and my cousin played Inside the briery maze of hedge round hedge;  
And there might I be staying now, stock-still, But that I laughing bade eyes follow nose
And so straight pushed my path through let and stop  
And soon was out in the open, face all scratched,  
But well behind my back the prison-bars. I won my way to truth through  
So here: I won my way to truth through that's all—and no great piece of news, I hope!"
Go, happy pair, paternally dismissed
To live and die together—for a month,
Discretion can award no more ! Depart
To that prelusive fragment,—help
Pray, now! And afterward, to make amends,
Next you, Sir! What, is it gripes?
That if I were to say, some fresh myself,
As I once figured? Each dog has his day,
And mine’s at sunset : what should old
dog do
But eye young litters’ flashy puppyhood?
Oh I shall watch this beauty and this youth
Frisk it in brilliance! But don’t fear!
Discreet,
I shall pretend to no more recognize
My quondam pupils than the doctor nods
When certain old acquaintances may cross
His path in Park, or sit down prim beside
His plate at dinner-table: tip nor wink
Scarcely patients he has put, for reason good,
Under restriction,—maybe, talked some-
times
Of douche or horsewhip to,—for why?
because
The gentleman would crazily declare
His best friend was—Lago ! Ay, and worse—
The lady, all at once grown lunatic,
In suicidal monomania vowed,
Therefore I
stood as nurse and matron to the crones
Installed as nurse and matron to the crones
Of his, the prig with all the preachments!
In that black boor-and-bumpkin-haunted hole
I save your life—save it, nor less nor more!

To purpose, did you not? I told you so!
Dumbfoundered at such unforeseen success ?
‘Here does my lord in full discharge his shot! ’
Now for the crowning flourish mine shall be . . .”

“Nothing to match your first effusion, mar
What was, is, shall remain your masterpiece!
Authorship has the alternation-itch!
No, I protest against encroach. Read,
My friend!” (she gasps out). “Read and
quickly read
Before ye death de part, what made you mine
And made me yours—the marriage-licence
here!
Decide if he is like to mend the same !”

And so the lady, white to ghastliness,
Manages somehow to display the page
With left-hand only, while the right retains
The other hand, the young man’s,—dreaming-
drunk
He, with this drench of stupeying stuff,
Eyes wide, mouth open,—half the idiot’s stare
And half the prophet’s insight,—holding tight,
All the same, by his one fact in the world—
The lady’s right-hand: he but seems to read—
Does not, for certain; yet, how understand
Unless he reads?

So, understand he does,
For certain. Slowly, word by word, she reads
About that licence—or that warrant, say.
“‘One against two—and two that urge their
olds
To uttermost—I needs must try resource!
Midnight, I laid me prostrate, bade you spurn
Body and soul: you spurned and safely
Spurned,
So you had spared me the superfluous taunt.
‘Prostration means no power to stand erect,
Stand, trampling on who trampled—prostrate
now!’

So, with my other foot-foo: I was fain
Let the boy touch me with the buttoned full,
And him the infection pains, he too must needs
Catch up the butcher’s closer. Do it so!
Some play turn us earnest, here’s my serious
fence.

A tiger-flash—yell, spring, and scream: hallo!
Death’s out and on him, has and holds him
—ugh !
But ne trucidet carmen populo
feminae sumps ! ’ Right the Horatian rule!

There, see how soon a quiet comes to pass !
VIII.

The youth is somehow by the lady's side. His right-hand grasps her right-hand once again. Both gaze on the dead body. Hers the word. 'And that was good but useless. Had I lived the danger was to dread: but, dying now—Himself would hardly become talkative, since talk no more means torture. Fools—what fools these wicked men are! Had I borne four years, four years of weeks and months and days and nights, inured me to the consciousness of life coiled round by his life, with the tongue to ply—But that I bore about me, for prompt use at urgent need, the thing that stops the mouth and stays the venom? Since such need was now or never,—how should use not follow need? Bear witness for me, I withdraw from life by virtue of the licence—warrant, say,—that blackens yet this Album—white again, thanks still to my one friend who tears the page!

Now, let me write the line of supplement, as counselled by my foe there: 'Each a line!' And she does falteringly write to end. 'I die now through the villain who lies dead. Righteously slain. He would have outraged me, so, my defender slew him. God protect the right! Where wrong goes, I bear witness now. Let man believe me, whose last breath is spent in blessing my defender from my soul!' And so ends the Inn Album.
As he made its straitness roomy
What the restive, what the dutiful,
When earth held one so ready
Things lay now at sixes and sevens,
What Nature had slurred—the slattern!
With Bazzi¹ and Beccafumi.²

At the summons of such evangel,
Would presently soar up angel
What the ugly, what the beautiful,
What the wrong is, what the right is,
And prove to demonstration
As he to step forth, stand steady
Things wanted reforming, therefore.
Thought the painter Pacchiarotto
Turning the small dark Oratory

47°
That his pipe should play a prelude
The wolf, fox, bear and monkey,
And it struck him as expedient—
Grew regular brute, once cub born;

Giovan Battista di Pietro da Bazzi, known as Bazzi, was an Italian painter active in the city of Bologna during the 16th century.

And his voice, that out-roared Boanerges,
By piping advice in one key—
Ere he tried to make obedient
And what not of vice while a stripling.
As fitted the censor of this age.

The Lawyer—his lies are conventional.
What dangers attend elevation!
The Soldier, grown deaf (by the mere din
Of battle) to mercy, learned tipping
Who simply stares and listens
Not merely King, Clown, Pope, Emperor—
Nor did he omit to handle
His folk of each name and nation.
He, one after one, with asperity
No longer an advocate tepid
Of battle to mercy, learned tipping
Of their charms—how are most frank, how
The crest of him, all one triumph,
How much may be said in excuse of
What's their frailty beside our own falsehood?

Shear sheep but nowise flay them!
By Poets that plague us with lewd ditties,
And Painters that pester with nudities!
And what not of vice while a stripling.
As fitted the censor of this age.

Ye take into con-si-de-ra-tion
What dangers attend elevation!
The Priest—who expects him to desist
On duty with more zeal and less cant?
He preaches but rubbish he's scared in.
The Soldier, grown deaf (by the mere din
Of battle) to mercy, learned tipping

The Lawyer—his lies are conventional.
And as for the Poor Sort—why mention all
Obstructions that leave barred and bolted
Access to the brains of each dot-head?

He ended, you wager? Not half! A bet?
Precedence to males in the alphabet!
Still, disposed of Man's A, B, C, there's X,
Y, Z, want assistance—the Fair Sex!
How much may be said in excuse of
Those vanities—males see no use of—
From silk shoe on heal to hocked poll's-hood!
What's their frailty beside our own falsehood?
The boldest, most brazen of . . . trumpets,
Of their charms—how are most frank, how
Few vellum!
While as for those charges of Juvenal—
One name divided in two
Nix (adepus) are illebus.
He dismissed every change with an "Apeger!"

Then, cocking (in Scotch phrase) his cap a-gae,
Right hand disengaged from the doubloot
—Like landlord, in house he had sub-le
Reuniting of guardianship, to
Call tenants' conduct in question—
Hopping, skipping, jumping, he's along with
Those weak ones he late proved so strong
Of chamber, he lords, ladies, louts eyed
Resuming of guardianship gestion,
What is baulked by a mere spectator
It is to call tenants' conduct in question—

Thus quivers with some convincing
As to step forth, stand steady
Things wanted reforming, therefore.
Thought the painter Pacchiarotto
Turning the small dark Oratory

47°
That his pipe should play a prelude
The wolf, fox, bear and monkey,
And it struck him as expedient—
Grew regular brute, once cub born;

Giovan Battista di Pietro da Bazzi, known as Bazzi, was an Italian painter active in the city of Bologna during the 16th century.

And his voice, that out-roared Boanerges,
By piping advice in one key—
Ere he tried to make obedient
And what not of vice while a stripling.
As fitted the censor of this age.

Shear sheep but nowise flay them!
By Poets that plague us with lewd ditties,
And Painters that pester with nudities!
And what not of vice while a stripling.
As fitted the censor of this age.

Ye take into con-si-de-ra-tion
What dangers attend elevation!
The Priest—who expects him to desist
On duty with more zeal and less cant?
He preaches but rubbish he's scared in.
The Soldier, grown deaf (by the mere din
Of battle) to mercy, learned tipping

The Lawyer—his lies are conventional.
And as for the Poor Sort—why mention all
Obstructions that leave barred and bolted
Access to the brains of each dot-head?

He ended, you wager? Not half! A bet?
Precedence to males in the alphabet!
Still, disposed of Man's A, B, C, there's X,
Y, Z, want assistance—the Fair Sex!
How much may be said in excuse of
Those vanities—males see no use of—
From silk shoe on heal to hocked poll's-hood!
What's their frailty beside our own falsehood?
The boldest, most brazen of . . . trumpets,
Of their charms—how are most frank, how
Few vellum!
While as for those charges of Juvenal—
One name divided in two
Nix (adepus) are illebus.
He dismissed every change with an "Apeger!"

Then, cocking (in Scotch phrase) his cap a-gae,
Right hand disengaged from the doubloot
—Like landlord, in house he had sub-le
Reuniting of guardianship, to
Call tenants' conduct in question—
Hopping, skipping, jumping, he's along with
Those weak ones he late proved so strong
Of chamber, he lords, ladies, louts eyed
Resuming of guardianship gestion,
What is baulked by a mere spectator
It is to call tenants' conduct in question—

Thus quivers with some convincing
As to step forth, stand steady
Things wanted reforming, therefore.
Thought the painter Pacchiarotto
Turning the small dark Oratory

47°
That his pipe should play a prelude
The wolf, fox, bear and monkey,
And it struck him as expedient—
Grew regular brute, once cub born;

Giovan Battista di Pietro da Bazzi, known as Bazzi, was an Italian painter active in the city of Bologna during the 16th century.

And his voice, that out-roared Boanerges,
By piping advice in one key—
Ere he tried to make obedient
And what not of vice while a stripling.
As fitted the censor of this age.

Shear sheep but nowise flay them!
By Poets that plague us with lewd ditties,
And Painters that pester with nudities!
And what not of vice while a stripling.
As fitted the censor of this age.

Ye take into con-si-de-ra-tion
What dangers attend elevation!
The Priest—who expects him to desist
On duty with more zeal and less cant?
He preaches but rubbish he's scared in.
The Soldier, grown deaf (by the mere din
Of battle) to mercy, learned tipping

The Lawyer—his lies are conventional.
And as for the Poor Sort—why mention all
Obstructions that leave barred and bolted
Access to the brains of each dot-head?

He ended, you wager? Not half! A bet?
Precedence to males in the alphabet!
Still, disposed of Man's A, B, C, there's X,
Y, Z, want assistance—the Fair Sex!
How much may be said in excuse of
Those vanities—males see no use of—
From silk shoe on heal to hocked poll's-hood!
What's their frailty beside our own falsehood?
The boldest, most brazen of . . . trumpets,
Of their charms—how are most frank, how
Few vellum!
While as for those charges of Juvenal—
One name divided in two
Nix (adepus) are illebus.
He dismissed every change with an "Apeger!"

Then, cocking (in Scotch phrase) his cap a-gae,
Right hand disengaged from the doubloot
—Like landlord, in house he had sub-le
Reuniting of guardianship, to
Call tenants' conduct in question—
Hopping, skipping, jumping, he's along with
Those weak ones he late proved so strong
Of chamber, he lords, ladies, louts eyed
Resuming of guardianship gestion,
What is baulked by a mere spectator
It is to call tenants' conduct in question—

Thus quivers with some convincing
As to step forth, stand steady
Things wanted reforming, therefore.
Thought the painter Pacchiarotto
Turning the small dark Oratory

47°
That his pipe should play a prelude
The wolf, fox, bear and monkey,
And it struck him as expedient—
Grew regular brute, once cub born;

Giovan Battista di Pietro da Bazzi, known as Bazzi, was an Italian painter active in the city of Bologna during the 16th century.

And his voice, that out-roared Boanerges,
By piping advice in one key—
Ere he tried to make obedient
And what not of vice while a stripling.
As fitted the censor of this age.

Shear sheep but nowise flay them!
By Poets that plague us with lewd ditties,
And Painters that pester with nudities!
And what not of vice while a stripling.
As fitted the censor of this age.

Ye take into con-si-de-ra-tion
What dangers attend elevation!
The Priest—who expects him to desist
On duty with more zeal and less cant?
He preaches but rubbish he's scared in.
The Soldier, grown deaf (by the mere din
Of battle) to mercy, learned tipping

The Lawyer—his lies are conventional.
And as for the Poor Sort—why mention all
Obstructions that leave barred and bolted
Access to the brains of each dot-head?
forced folly each shift to abandon,
And left vice with no leg to stand on.
So crushing the force he exorted,
That Man at his foot kay converted!

True—Man bred of paint-pot and mortar!
But why suppose folks of this sort are
More likely to hear and be tractable
Than folks all alive and, in fact, able
To testify promptly by action
Their ardour, and make satisfaction
To testify promptly by action
Than folks all alive and, in fact, able
To testify promptly by action

It did not— for, to the purpose
Through causes I need not examine,
There fell upon Siena a famine.

There fell upon Siena a famine.

There flew at his throat like a mastiff
The Bailliff with no quiet eye,
And pointed the advent especially
Of Pacchiarotto their fresh ally.

These Spare-Horses forthwith assembled:
Neglected words wherein citizens trembled
As oft as the chiefs, in the Square by
The Duomo, proposed a way whereby
The outrage thus done to society,

Of mind—'

Am I he paid in his person
His steps if he trudged and not scampered
Up here and down there in a city

He's spirits and see—nothing hampered
His steps if he trudged and not scampered
Up here and down there in a city

Nor knowledge we want of this quality,
But knowledge indeed—practicability
Through insight's fine universality!

If you shout 'Bailliff, out on ye all! Fie, Wicked Chief of our forces, Amalfi,'

If you shout 'Bailliff, out on ye all! Fie, Wicked Chief of our forces, Amalfi,'

No burial, no churchyard, no name!

No burial, no churchyard, no name!

For folks who would outrun the constable.
At last he stopped short at the one stable
And sure place of refuge that's offered

For folk who would outrun the constable.
At last he stopped short at the one stable
And sure place of refuge that's offered

For once the right man in the right place,
If you listened to me . . .

For once the right man in the right place,
If you listened to me . . .

To the strangest of bedfellows,
And, kicked by the live, kiss the dead
Fell voids up with just the superfluous;

To the strangest of bedfellows,
And, kicked by the live, kiss the dead
Fell voids up with just the superfluous;

And straight out of social confusion
The Duomo, proposed a way whereby
True Order would spring! "Brave illusion—
And straight out of social confusion
The Duomo, proposed a way whereby
True Order would spring! "Brave illusion—

Sheer earthy - spiritual—aim, heaven—
Aims heavenly attained by means earthy!
True—Man bred of paint-pot and mortar!

Of mind—'

Am I he paid in his person
His steps if he trudged and not scampered
Up here and down there in a city

He's spirits and see—nothing hampered
His steps if he trudged and not scampered
Up here and down there in a city

Nor knowledge we want of this quality,
But knowledge indeed—practicability
Through insight's fine universality!

If you shout 'Bailliff, out on ye all! Fie, Wicked Chief of our forces, Amalfi,'
OF PACCHIAROTTO

Who saw him emerge and (appalling To mention) his garments a-crawling With plagues far beyond the Egyptian. He gained, in a state past description, A convert of insanity, the Observancy.

X.

This far is a fact: I reserve fancy For Fancy's more proper employment: And now the waves wing with enjoyment, To tell ye how preached the Superior. When somewhat our painter's exterior Was sweetened. He needed (no mincing The matter) much soaking and rincing, Till, rid of his garments pestiferous And robed by the help of the Brotherhood Nay, rubbing with drugs odoriferous, When somewhat our painter's exterior Was sweetened. He needed (no mincing The matter) much soaking and rincing, Though round goes the mill, we must still post On and on as if moving the mill-post. So, grand away, mouth wise and pen wise, Do all that we can to make men wise! And if men prefer to be foolish, Ourselves have proved horse-like not mulish: Sent grist, a good sackful, to hopper, And worked as the Master thought proper. Tongue I wag, pen I ply, who am Abb'ot; Stike thou, Son, to daub-brush and dab-pot! But, soft! I scratch hard on the scab hot? Though carol of thy plague, there may linger A simple I pray with rough finger? So soon could my homely tranmute Thy brass into gold? Why, the man's mute! Thus far is a fact: I reserve fancy

XXI.

"Ah, Youth!" ran the Abbot's admonishment. "Thine error scarce moves my astonishment. For—why shall I shrink from asserting?— Myself have had hopes of converting The foolish to wisdom, till, sober, My life found its May grow October. I talked and I wrote, but, one morning, Life's Autumn bore fruit in this warning: "Let tongue rest, and quiet thy quizzill's bet.

"Ay, Father," ran the Abbot's admonishment. "Thine error scarce moves my astonishment. For—why shall I shrink from asserting?— Myself have had hopes of converting The foolish to wisdom, till, sober, My life found its May grow October. I talked and I wrote, but, one morning, Life's Autumn bore fruit in this warning: "Let tongue rest, and quiet thy quizzill's bet."

XXII.

"Ay, Father, I'm mute with admiring How Nature's indulgence uniting Still bids us turn deaf ear to Reason's Best rhetoric—clutch at all seasons And hold fast to what's proved untenable! Thy maxim is—Man's not amenable To argument; whereof by consequence—Thine arguments reach me: a non-sequence! Yet blush not discouraged, O Father! I stand unconverted, the rather That nowise I need a conversion. No live man (I cap thy assertion) By argument ever could take hold Of me. "Twas the dead thing, the clay-cold, Which grimmed "Art thou so in a hurry That out of warm light thou must shiver And join me down here in the dungeon. Because, above, one's Jack and one—John, One's toil in the race, one—a hobbler, One's a crowned king, and one—a cappaed cobler, Rich and poor, sage and fool, virgins, villains? Why complain? Art thou so unsusceptible That all's for an hour of exonerating Who's fit and who's unfit for playing

AND HOW HE WORKED IN DISTEMPER

His part in the after-construction —Heaven's Piece whereof Earth's the Instruction —Things rarely go smooth at Rehearsal. Wait patient the change universal, And act, and let act, in existence! For, though art clapped hence or kissed hence, Thou hast thy promotion or otherwise. And why must virtue then have thy brother wise Because in rehearsal thy can be To shine by the side of a booby? No poliching garnet to ruby! All's well that ends well—through Art's magic Some end, whether comic or tragic. The Artist has purposed, be certain! Explained at the fall of the curtain— In showing thy wisdom at odds with That folly: he cries men and gods with No problem for weak wits to solve mean, But one worth such Author's evolvement. So, back nor disturb play's production By giving thy brother instruction To throw up his fool's part alack! Let happy thyself prove benighted! Who's fit and who's unfit for playing

XXIII.

"So, Father, behold me in sanity! I'm back to the palette and mahlslick: And as for Man—let each and all stick To what was prescribed them at starting! One planted as fools—no departing From folly one inch, vacillation In sacula! Pass me the jorum, And push me the platter—my stomach Retains, through its fasting, still some ache— And then, with your kind neighbour's complaint, No polishing garnet to ruby! An old friend—put leg forward nimbly, By giving thy brother instruction To throw up his fool's part alack! Let happy thyself prove benighted!

XXIV.

"We critics as sweeps out your chimbly!"

"I knew you through all the disguising, And now I know you through all the Full names."

"So, Father, behold me in sanity! I'm back to the palette and mahlslick: And as for Man—let each and all stick To what was prescribed them at starting! One planted as fools—no departing From folly one inch, vacillation In sacula! Pass me the jorum, And push me the platter—my stomach Retains, through its fasting, still some ache— And then, with your kind neighbour's complaint, No polishing garnet to ruby! An old friend—put leg forward nimbly, By giving thy brother instruction To throw up his fool's part alack! Let happy thyself prove benighted!"

XXV.

"What sort of music sounds, thanks to the jangle Of regular drum and triangle? Whereby, tap-tap, chink-chink, 'tis proven I break rule as bad as Beethoven. "That chord now—how doth it sound?"

"You ought to consume your own smoke, sir!"

XXVI.

Ah, rogues, but my housemaids suspects you— Is confident eft she detects you In bringing more filth into my house Than ever you found there! I'm pleas— However: 'twas God made you dingy And me—with no need to be stingy Of soap, when 'tis sixpence the packet. So, dance away, boys, dust my jacket, Bang drum and blow fife—say, and rattle Your brushes, for that's half the battle! Don't trample the grass—hocus-pocus With grime my Spring snowdrop and crocus. And, what with your rattling and clinking, Who knows but you give me an inkling How music sounds, thanks to the jangle Of regular drum and triangle? Whereby, tap-tap, chink-chink, 'tis proven I break rule as bad as Beethoven.

"What sort of music sounds, thanks to the jangle Of regular drum and triangle? Whereby, tap-tap, chink-chink, 'tis proven I break rule as bad as Beethoven. "That chord now—how doth it sound?"

"You ought to consume your own smoke, sir!"

XXVII.

I have told with simplicity My tale, dropped those harsh analytics, And tried to content you, my critics, Who grumbled my early uprising! I knew you through all the disguising. Droll dogs, as I jumped up, cried "Heyday! This Monday is—what else but May-day? And these in the drabs, blues and yellows, Are surely the privileged fellows. So, saltbox and bones, songs for bellow's!" (I threw up the window) "I'll seek pleasure?"

XXVIII.

Then he who directed the measure— An old friend—put leg forward nimbly, "We critics as sweeps out your chimbly! Much soon to remove from your face, sir! Who spares coal in kitchen aren't, sir! And neighbours complain it's no joke, sir— "You ought to consume your own smoke, sir!"

XXIX.

Take my thanks, pick up largess, and scamper— Off free, ere your mirth gets a damper!— "That chord now—how doth it sound?"

Serenade.
Of Pacchiarotto, and how he worked in distemper

I've seen you, times—who knows how many?—
Dance in here, strike up, play the sway,
Male mouths at the tenant, boot warning
You'll find him decamped next May-morning;
Then scuttle away, glad to 'scape hence
Of Pacchiarotto, and how he worked in distemper.

You, Jack-in-the-Green, leaf-and-twiggish—
Nay, here shall my whistling and singing
Nor hence shall I budge, I've a notion,
To him I pay quit-rent—devotion;
Who lets out the ground here,—my landlord:
Make mouths at the tenant, hoot warning
Dance in here, strike up, play the zany,
I've seen you, times—who knows how
While as for Quilp-IIop-o'-my-thumb there,
Won't save a dry thread on your priggish-
First comes to her hand:—things were more
With what, pan or pot, bowl or skoramis
If once on your pates she a souse made
Troop, all of you—man or homunculus,
While, treading down rose and ranunculus,
Has ceased my front-court to encumber
Long after the last of your number
(Which Pindar declares the true metus)
I was forging and filling and finishing,
And no whit my labours diminishing
Because, though high up in a chamber
Where none of your kidney may clamber
Your hallabaloowould approach me?
Was it “grammar” wherein you would
“cooch” me—
You, pacing in even that paddock
Of language allotted you ad aov.
With a clog at your fetlocks,—you—scorners
Of me free of all its four corners?
Was it “cleanness of words which convey thought”?
Ay, if words never needed casuistic aught
But ignorance, impudence, envy
And malice—what word-swathe would then
Breed you insight—just a scantling—
Say have you grudged to amuse me
I, blown up by bard’s ambition,
Brings me truth out—just a scrap.
Here’s my life-long work: and where
Still about each mouth, mayhap,
I, a schism in verse provoke?
I, forsooth, sow song-sedition?
Here’s my work: does work discover—
Hope and fear, believe and doubt of,
Not one soul revolt to me!
I, a schism in verse provoke?
To make my way in the world—
But ignorance, impudence, envy
And malice—what word-swathe would then
Breed you insight—just a scantling—
I—“Next Poet?” No, my hearties,
But—say have you grudged to amuse me
I, blown up by bard’s ambition,
Brings me truth out—just a scrap.
Here’s my life-long work: and where
Still about each mouth, mayhap,
I, a schism in verse provoke?
I, forsooth, sow song-sedition?
Here’s my work: does work discover—
Hope and fear, believe and doubt of,
Not one soul revolt to me!
I, a schism in verse provoke?
To make my way in the world—
But ignorance, impudence, envy
And malice—what word-swathe would then
Breed you insight—just a scantling—
I—“Next Poet?” No, my hearties,
But—say have you grudged to amuse me
I, blown up by bard’s ambition,
Brings me truth out—just a scrap.
Here’s my life-long work: and where
Still about each mouth, mayhap,
I, a schism in verse provoke?
I, forsooth, sow song-sedition?
Here’s my work: does work discover—
Hope and fear, believe and doubt of,
Not one soul revolt to me!
I, a schism in verse provoke?
To make my way in the world—
But ignorance, impudence, envy
And malice—what word-swathe would then
Breed you insight—just a scantling—
I—“Next Poet?” No, my hearties,
But—say have you grudged to amuse me
I, blown up by bard’s ambition,
Brings me truth out—just a scrap.
Here’s my work: does work discover—
Hope and fear, believe and doubt of,
Not one soul revolt to me!
I, a schism in verse provoke?
To make my way in the world—
But ignorance, impudence, envy
And malice—what word-swathe would then
Breed you insight—just a scantling—
I—“Next Poet?” No, my hearties,
But—say have you grudged to amuse me
I, blown up by bard’s ambition,
Brings me truth out—just a scrap.
Here’s my work: does work discover—
Hope and fear, believe and doubt of,
Not one soul revolt to me!
I, a schism in verse provoke?
To make my way in the world—
But ignorance, impudence, envy
And malice—what word-swathe would then
Breed you insight—just a scantling—
I—“Next Poet?” No, my hearties,
But—say have you grudged to amuse me
I, blown up by bard’s ambition,
Brings me truth out—just a scrap.
Here’s my work: does work discover—
Hope and fear, believe and doubt of,
Not one soul revolt to me!
I, a schism in verse provoke?
To make my way in the world—
But ignorance, impudence, envy
And malice—what word-swathe would then
Breed you insight—just a scantling—
I—“Next Poet?” No, my hearties,
But—say have you grudged to amuse me
I, blown up by bard’s ambition,
Brings me truth out—just a scrap.
Here’s my work: does work discover—
Hope and fear, believe and doubt of,
Not one soul revolt to me!
I, a schism in verse provoke?
To make my way in the world—
But ignorance, impudence, envy
And malice—what word-swathe would then
Breed you insight—just a scantling—
I—“Next Poet?” No, my hearties,
But—say have you grudged to amuse me
I, blown up by bard’s ambition,
Brings me truth out—just a scrap.
Here’s my work: does work discover—
Hope and fear, believe and doubt of,
Not one soul revolt to me!
I, a schism in verse provoke?
To make my way in the world—
But ignorance, impudence, envy
And malice—what word-swathe would then
Breed you insight—just a scantling—
I—“Next Poet?” No, my hearties,
But—say have you grudged to amuse me
I, blown up by bard’s ambition,
Brings me truth out—just a scrap.
Here’s my work: does work discover—
Hope and fear, believe and doubt of,
Not one soul revolt to me!
I, a schism in verse provoke?
To make my way in the world—
But ignorance, impudence, envy
And malice—what word-swathe would then
Breed you insight—just a scantling—
I—“Next Poet?” No, my hearties,
But—say have you grudged to amuse me
I, blown up by bard’s ambition,
Brings me truth out—just a scrap.
"Enter in the heart?" Its shally
Cuinin guard mine, fore and aft!
Such song, "enters in the belly
And is cast out in the draught."

Back then to our sherris-brewage
"Kingship" quota? I shall wait—
Waive the present time: some new age
But let fools anticipate!

Meanwhile greet me—"friend, good fellow, Gentle Will," my merry men!
As for making Envy yellow
With "Next Poet"—(Manners, Ben!)

**HOUSE.**

**SHALL I SOMN-SENT YOU ABOUT MYSELF?**
Do I live in a house you would like to see?
Is it scant of gear, has it store of pelf?
"Unlock my heart with a sonnet-key?"

**INVITE THE WORLD, AS MY BETTERS HAVE DONE?**
"Take notice: this building remains on view,
Its suites of reception every one,
Its private apartment and bedroom too;"

"For a ticket, apply to the Publisher."
No: thanking the public, I must decline.
On the inside arrangement you praise or blame.

Outside should suffice for evidence:
And whose desires to penetrate
Deeper, must drive by the spirit-sense—
No optics like yours, at any rate!

**HELP TOY! A STREET TO EXPLORE,**
Your house the exception! "With this same key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart, once more!"
Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he!

**SHOP.**

**1.**
So, friend, your shop was all your house!
Its front, astonishing the street,
Invited view from man and mouse.
To what diversity of treat
Behind its glass—"the single sheet!"
Ah, could I peep at him by stealth
Commend me to these City chaps!
The true house with no name a-top—
I thought "And he who owns the wealth
Dragons, owls, monkeys, beetles, geese;
What gimcracks, genuine Japanese:
The four-mile walk to keep off gout;
Nor Hampstead villa's kind defence
Nor country-box was soul's domain!
From noise and crowd, from dust and drain,—
Nor country-box was soul's domain!

Nowise! Nor Mayfair residence—
Fit to receive and entertain,—
Nor Hampstead villa's kind defence
From noise and crowd, from dust and drain,—
Nor country-box was soul's domain!

Nowise! At lack of all thatspread
Of merchandize, wo'e me, I find
A hole in the wall where, heels by head,
The owner couched, his ware behind,
In cupboards satiated to his mind.

For why? He saw no use of life
But, while he drove a tearing trade,
To chuckle "Customers are rife!"
To chafe "So much hard cash outlaid Yet zero in my profits made!"

"This novelty costs pains, but—takes?
Cumbers my counter! Stock no more!
This article, no such great shakes,
Fizzes like wildfire? Underscore
The cheap thing—thousands to the fore!

"Twas lodging best to live most nigh
To chuckle "Customers are rifé!"
Yet zero in my profits made!

My fancy of a merchant-prince
Was different. Through his wares we groped
Our darting way to—not to mines
The matter—to black den where moped
The master if we interloped!

Shop was shop only: household-stuff?
What did he want with comforts there?
"Walls, ceiling, floor, stay blank and rough,
So goods on sale show rich and rare!
"Sell and scud home be shop's affair!"

What might he deal in? Gems, suppose!
Since somehow business must be done
At cost of trouble,—se, he throws
You choice of jewels, everyone,
Good, better, best, star, moon and sun!

Which lies within your power of pursé?
This reby that would tip might
Solomon's sceptre? Oh, your star
Wants simply coral, the delight
Of teething baby,—stuff to bite!

How'er your choice fell, straight you took
Your purchase, prompt your money rang
On counter,—scarcely the man forsook
His study of the "Times," just swang
Till-ward his hand that stopped the clang,--

Then off made buyer with a prize,
Then seller to his "Times" returned;
And so did day wear, wear, till eyes
Brightened apace, for rest was earned:
He locked door long ere candle burned.

Because a man has shop to mind
So goods on sale show rich and rare!
A baker rhymes for his pursuit,
A candlestick-maker much acquaints
Of teething baby,—stuff to bite!

I want to know a butcher paints,
A baker rhymes for his pursuit,
Candlestick-maker much acquaints
His soul with song, or, haply mute,
Rough-smooth let globe be,
As they were ever.

I want to know a butcher paints,
A baker rhymes for his pursuit,
Candlestick-maker much acquaints
His soul with song, or, haply mute,
Rough-smooth let globe be,
As they were ever.
PISSGAH-SIGHTS. II.

I.

COULD I but live again,
Twice my life over,
Would I once strive again?
Would not I cover
Quietly all of it—
Greed and ambition—
So, from the pall of it,
Pass to fruition?

II.

"Soft!" I'd say, "Soul mine!
Three-score and ten years,
Let the blind mole mine
Digging out deniers!
Let the dazed hawk soar,
Claim the sun's rights too!
Turf 'tis thy walk's o'er,
Foliage thy flight's to.

III.

Only a learner,
Quick one or slow one,
Just a discerner,
I would teach no one.
I am earth's native:
No rearranging it!
I be creative,
Chopping and changing it?

IV.

March, men, my fellows!
Those who, above me,
(Distance so mellows)
Fancy you love me:
Those who, below me,
(Distance makes great so)
Free to forego me,
Wish you hate so !

V.

Praising, reviling,
Worst head and best head,
Past me defiling,
Never arrested,

WANTERS, absouders,
March, in gay mixture,
Men, my surroundsers!
I am the fixture.

VI.

So shall I fear thee,
Mightiness yonder!
Mock-sun—more near thee,
What is to wonder?
So shall I love thee,
Down in the dark,—lost
Glowworm I prove thee,
Star that now sparkles !

FEARS AND SCRUPLES.

I.

HERE's my case. Of old I used to love
him
This same unseen friend, before I knew :
Dream there was none like him, none above
him,—
Wake to hope and trust my dream was true.

II.

Loved I not his letters full of beauty ?
Not his actions famous far and wide ?
Absent, he would know I vowed him duty ;
Present, he would find me at his side.

III.

Pleasant fancy ! for I had but letters,
Only knew of actions by hearsay:
He himself was busied with my betters;
What of that? My turn must come some day.

IV.

"Some day" proving—no day ! Here's the
puzzle.
Passed and passed my turn is. Why com­
plain?
He's so busied—If I could but muzzle
People's foolish mouths that give me pain !

V.

"Letters?" (hear them !) "You a judge of
writing?
Ask the experts!—How they shake the
head
O'er these characters, your friend's inditing—
Call them forgery from A to Z !

VI.

"Actions? Where's your certain proof"
(they bother)
"He, of all you find so great and good,
He, he only, claims this, that, the other
Action—claimed by men, a multitude ?

VII.

I can simply wish I might refute you,
With my friend would,—by a word, a
wink—
Bid me stop that foolish mouth,—you brute
you !

VIII.

Never mind ! Though foolishness may flout
me,
One thing's sure enough: 'tis neither
frost,
Nor, nor fire, shall freeze or burn from
me
Thanks for truth—though falsehood, gained
—though lost.

IX.

All my days, I'll go the softlier, sadlier,
For that dream's sake ! How forget the
thrill
Through and through me as I thought " The
gladder
Lives my friend because I love him still !

X.

Ah, but there's a menace someone utters !
" What and if your friend at home play
tricks ?
Peep at hide-and-seek behind the shutters?
Mean your eyes should pierce through
solid bricks ?

XI.

"What and if, frowning, wake you, dreamy?
Lay on you the blame that bricks—conceal?
Say ' At least I saw who did not see me,
Does see now, and presently shall feel ? !'

XII.

"Why, that makes your friend a monster !" say
you:
"Had his house no window? At first nod,
Would you not have hailed him ? Hush, I
pray you !
What if this friend happen to be—God ?

NATURAL MAGIC.

I.

ALL I can say is—I saw it !
The room was as bare as your hand,
I locked in the swarth little lady,—I swear,
From the head to the foot of her—well, quite
as bare !

"No Nautch shall cheat me," said I, "taking
my stand
At this bolt which I draw ! " And this bolt
—-I withdraw it,
And there laughs the lady, not bare, but
embowered
Who knows what verdure, o'erfruited,
—o'erflowered ?
Impossible ! Only—I saw it !

II.

All I can sing is—I feel it !
This life was as blank as that room;
I let you pass in here. Precaution, indeed ?
Walls, ceiling and floor,—not a chance for a
weed!
Wide opens the entrance: where's cold now,
where's gloom ?
Behold you enshrined in these blooms of your
bringing,
These fruits of your bearing—nay, birds of
your winging ?
A fairy-tale! Only—I feel it !
MAGICAL NATURE.

I.
FLOWER.—I never fancied, jewel—I profess you;
Bright I see and soft I feel the outside of a flower.
Save but glow inside and—jewel, I should guess you,
Dim to-light and rough to touch: the glory is the flower.

You, forsooth, a flower? Nay, my love, a jewel at no mercy of a moment in your prime!
Time may fray the flower-face: kind be time.

Duty to love, reject the tempter's bribe
Of rose and lily when each path diverged,
"I loved him; but my reason bade prefer
How prize the pavement!"

As he laughed (coughing)
Ever the confidence, amends for all,
'All's well!'—I never fancied, jewel—I profess you.

II.
NUMPHOLEPTOS

Two were lovers: let me lie by her,
My tomb beside her tomb. On her knees I scribe—

"I loved him; but my reason bade prefer
Duty to love, reject the tempter's bribe
Of rose and lily when each path diverged, and other I must pace to life's far end.

As love should lead me, or, as duty urged,
Plod the worn causeway arm-in-arm with a friend.

So, truth turned falsehood: 'How I boasted a flower,
How broke the pavement!' still resounded his ear—
The deafish friend's—through life's day, hour by hour,
As he laughed (coughing) 'Ay, it would appear'.

But deep within my heart of hearts there hid
Ever the confidence, amends for all,
That heaven repairs what wrong earth's journey did,
When love from life-long exile comes at call.

Duty and love, one headway, were the best—
Who doth know? But one or other was to choose.
I chose the darling half, and wait the rest
In that new world where light and darkness fuse."

Insert on mine—'I loved her: love's track lay
Over sand and pebble, as all travellers know.
Duty led through a smiling country, gay
With greenward where the rose and lily blow.

'Our roads are divergent: farewell, love!' and she.

'To duty I whole by: honestly sworn
And not the rock-rough picturesque for me!
Above, where both could join, I wait reward.
Be you as constant to the path whereon
I leave you planted!'

But men needs must move,
Keep moving—whither, when the star is gone
Whereby he steps secure nor strays from love?

No stone but I was tripped by, stumbling-block
But brought me to confusion. Where I fell,
There lay flat, if more disguised the rock,
Thence, if first pierced, I rose and cried
'Duty be mine to tread its high sphere
Where love from duty never departs, I trust.
And two halves make that whole, whereas since here
One inscribe on mine—a eye, this one must!'

Insert each tomb thus: then, some sage acquaint
The simple—which holds sinner, which holds saint!

NUMPHOLEPTOS.

[Caught by a Nymph.]

Still you stand, still you listen, still you smile
Still melts your moonbeam through me, while awhile,
Softening, sweetening, till sweet and soft
Increase so round this heart of mine, that eat.

I could believe your moonbeam-smile has past
The pallid limit, Isis transformed at last
To sunlight and salvation—warms the soul
It sweetness, softens! Would you pass that goal,
Gain love's birth at the limit's happier verge,
And, where an irreducible lands, but urge
The hesitating pallor on to prime
Of dawn—true blood-streaked, sun-warmth, action-time,

By heart-pulse ripened to a ruby glow
Of gold above my clay—I scarce should know
From gold's self, thus suffused! For gold means love.

What means the sad slow silver smile above
My clay but pity, pardon?—at the best,
But acquiescence that I take my rest,
Contented to be clay, while in your heaven
The sun reserves love for the Spirit-Seven
Companioning God's throne they lamp before,
Leaves earth a mute waste only wandered
By that pale soft sweet dispassionated moon
Which smiles me slow forgiveness! Such was the boon.

I beg? Nay, dear, submit to this—just this
Supreme endeavour! As my lips now kiss
Your feet, my arms convulse your shrouding robe,
My eyes, acquainted with the dust, dare probe
Your feet, my arms convulse your shrouding robe,

The blade is shut in
Your eyes, your smile: the blade is shut in
Your feet, my arms convulse your shrouding robe,

So did I leave you, I have found you so,
With any drop, my lips thus close. I go!

Fear nothing! Though I linger, unembued
Fared forth upon that untried yellow ray
Surely I had your sanction when I faced,
That purples out its precinct through the waste.

Shaft upon coloured shaft: this crimsons,
Ever—from centre to circumference,
Supreme endeavour! As my lips now kiss
Your feet, my arms convulse your shrouding robe,

But acquiescence that I take my rest,
Contented to be clay, while in your heaven
The sun reserves love for the Spirit-Seven
Companioning God's throne they lamp before,

All's well!

Vainly! The promise withers! I employ
Lips, arms, eyes, pray the prayer which finds the word,
Make the appeal which must be felt, not heard,
And none the more is changed your calm regard:

Rather, its sweet and soft grow harsh and hard—
Forswear, then reparation, then disdain.
Avert the rest! I rise, see!—make, again
Once more, the old departure for some track
Unravel yet through a world which brings me back
Ever thus frantically to find your feet,
To fix your eyes, to pray the soft and sweet
Which smile there—take from his new pilgrimage
Your outcast, once your inmate, and savage
With love—not placid pardon now—his thirst
For a mere deep from out the ocean east
He drank at! Well, the quest shall be renewed.

What fairy track do I explore?
What magic hall return to, like the gem
Cento-fangled or a diadem?
You dwell there, hearted; from your midst
Rays forth—through that fantastic world I roam
Ever—from centre to circumference,
Shall upon coloured shaft: this crimsonous thence,
That purple to its precipit through the waste.

Surely I had your sanction when I faced,
Fared forth upon that untried yellow ray
Whence I retrack my steps? They end to-day
Where they began—before your feet, beneath
Your eyes, your smile: the blade is shut in sheath,
To yellow, since you sanctioned that I bathed. 
Barnish me, soul and body, swim and bathe 
In yellow license. Here I seek suffused 
With crocus, saffron, orange, as I used 
With scarlet, purple, every dye o’ the bow 
Born of the storm-cloud. As before, you show. 
Scour recognition, no approval, some 
Mistreat, more wonder at a man become 
Monstrous in garb, say—flesh disfigured as well, 
Through his adventure. Whate’er befell, 
I followed, whereas o’er it wound, that vein 
You authorized should leave your whiteness 
Earth’s sombre stretch beyond your midmost place 
Of vantage,—trode that tint whereof the trace 
On garb and flesh repel you! Yes, I plead 
Your own permission — your command, 
That who would worthily retain the love 
O’ the quintessential whiteness that surrounds 
Each other, at your bidding, from the sphere 
Silver and sweet, their birthplace, down that dream 
Dark o’ the world,—you promise shall return 
Your pilgrim jewelled as with drops o’ the urn 
The rainbow paints from, and no scratch at all 
Of ghastliness at edge of some cloud-pal 
Heaven cowers before, as earth awakes the fall 
O’ the bolt and flash of doom. Who trusts your word 
Tries the adventure: and returns—abased 
As frightful—in that stephan-steppe disgrace 
Mocking the priestly cloth-of-gold, sole prize 
The arch-heretic was wont to bear away 
Until he reached the burning. No, I say: 
No fresh adventure! No more seeking love 
At end of toil, and finding, calm above 
My passion, the old fashioned regard, 
The sad petrific smile! 
O you—less hard 
And hateful than mistaken and obtuse 
Unreason of a she-intelligence! 
You very woman with the pert pretence 
To match the male achievement! Like enough! 
Ay, you were easy victors, did the rough 
Grind down and grow a whisper,—did man’s 
Hardly kisses even! 
Don’t we both know how it ends? 
The true slave’s querulous outbreak! All sad 
The other word was spoken! Ask 
And this rich room overtaxes your praise 
Unqualified,—so bright, so fair, 
So all whereat perfection stays? 
Ay, but remember—here, not there, 
The other word was spoken? Ask 
This rich room how you dropped the mask? 

ST. MARTIN’S SUMMER. 

I. 
No protesting, dearest! 
Hardly kisses ever! 
Don’t we both know how it ends? 
How the greatest leaf turns serest, 
Bluest outbreak—blankest heaven, 
Lovers—friends? 

II. 
You would build a mansion, 
I would weave a bower 
—Want the heart for enterprise. 
Walls admit of no expansion: 
Dread work may hourly flower 
Twice the size. 

III. 
What makes glad Life’s Winter? 
New buds, old blooms after. 
Saw the sighing: “How suspect 
Dread work ere mid Autumn splinters, 
Roofless scars support a rafter, 
Walls lie wrecked?”
X.
Love's corpse lies quiet therefore,
Only Love's ghost playsuant,
And warn's us to in wholesome awe
Durable mansionry; that's wherefore
I weave but trellis-work, pursuant
—Life, to law.

XI.
The solid, not the fragile,
Tempers rain and hail and thunder.
If bower stand firm at Autumn's close,
Beyond my hope,—why, boughs were agile;
Nay, all the ghosts in one ! Strange error!
Ah me—the sudden terror !

XII.
So, truce to the protesting,
So, muffled be the kisses !
For, would we but aver the truth.
Sober is genuine joy. No jesting !
Ask else Penelope, Ulysses—
Old in youth !

XIII.
For why should ghosts feel angered?
All theirs, none yours the glamour !
Ay, dead loves are the potent!
Build we no mansion, weave we no tent!
Only Love's ghost plays truant,
I weave but trellis-work, pursuant
To make the river-mouth by the
Single narrow way.

XIV.
The white you keep me closer,
The white I press you deeper;
As safe we chugal,—under breath;
Yet all the slyer, the jocoser,—
Tempting rain and hail and thunder.

XV.
Ah me—the sudden terror !
Hence quick—avaunt, avoid me.
You cheat, the ghostly flesh-disguised !
Nay, all the ghosts in one! Strange error !
So, 'twas Death's self that clipped and
* coxed me,
Loved—and lied !

XVI.
Aye, dead loves are the potent!
Like any cloud they used you,
Mere semblance you, but substance they !
Build we no mansion, weave we no tent!
More flesh—their spirit interfused you!
Hence, I say !

All theirs, none yours the glamour !
Theirs each low word that won me,
Soft look that found me Love's, and left
What else but you—the tears and clamour !

HERVÉ RIEL.
[Mr. Browning sent the hundred guineas
he received for this poem to the relief of the
starving French after the siege of Paris. The
story the poem records is true.]

I.
On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred
ninetie-two,
Diel the English fight the French,—woe to
France !
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter
through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal
of sharks pursue,
Camel crouding ship on ship to Saint-Malo
on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

II.
'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the
victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his
great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all ;

IV.
Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
1 First published (Cornhill Magazine) in
1874.
2 The river which runs into the English
Channel at St. Malo.
3 Natives of Le Croisic, a village at the
mouth of the Loire.
4 Natives of St. Malo.
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron! cried its chief.

Captains, give the sailor place!

He is Admiral, in brief.

Still the north-wind, by God's grace

See the noble fellow's face

As the big ship, with a bound,

Clears the passage, as its inch of way were

While sea's profound!

See, safe thou! shoot and rock,

If they howl in a flock,

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that

Grates the ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief,

As the honest heart laughed through

Those frank eyes of Breton blue:

"Since I need must say my say,

Since on board the duty's done,

And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point,

What if it be a run!

Since 'tis ask and have, I may—

Since the others go ashore—

Come! A good whole holiday!

I went forth every day, and all day long

With—the whole world to see, as only strains

His strength some athlete whose prodigious gains

Of good appal him: happy to excess—

I had as still I have. I ran life's race,

Work freely done should balance happiness

Of good appal him: happy to excess—

I had as still I have. I ran life's race,

Work freely done should balance happiness

Of good appal him: happy to excess—

I had as still I have. I ran life's race,

Work freely done should balance happiness

Of good appal him: happy to excess—

I had as still I have. I ran life's race,

Work freely done should balance happiness

Of good appal him: happy to excess—

I had as still I have. I ran life's race,

Work freely done should balance happiness

Of good appal him: happy to excess—

I had as still I have. I ran life's race,

Work freely done should balance happiness

Of good appal him: happy to excess—

I had as still I have. I ran life's race,

Work freely done should balance happiness

Of good appal him: happy to excess—

I had as still I have. I ran life's race,

Work freely done should balance happiness

Of good appal him: happy to excess—

I had as still I have. I ran life's race,

Work freely done should balance happiness

Of good appal him: happy to excess—

I had as still I have. I ran life's race,

Work freely done should balance happiness

Of good appal him: happy to excess—

I had as still I have. I ran life's race,
Hardly with laying hands on who for pelf—
Easily, after all.

At each new provocation of your kiss.
At every form wherein your love took shape,
Whence hate? The secret lay on lip, at
I felt as if the speech might come. I
For any searching of your steel, I think.

At one blow both infinitudes alike
Out of existence—hate and love ! Whence
I love him as I hate you. Kill me ! Strike
But do the passive marble no despite !

The man lay helpless in the toils I cast
Against that strangling bell-flower's bondage;
About him, helpless as the statue there
With crime, that's spotless hitherto—your
Was, am, and shall be guilty, first to last!
Kill me who court the blessing, who alone

We went in.

Next day after this,
I felt as if the speech might come. I
spoke—

"The lifted cloak
Was screen sufficient ; I concern myself
Hardly with laying hands on who for self—
What'er the ignoble kind—may proud and
brave
Calling and kicking proper to a knife
Detected by his household's vigilance.
Enough of such ! As for my love-romance—
I, like our good Hidalgo, rub my eyes
And wake and wonder how the film could
Which changed for me a barber's basin
straight
Into—Mumbrino's helm ? I hesitate
Nowise to say—God's sacramental cap !
Why should! I blame the brass which, bur-
ished up,
Will bloom, to all but me, as good as gold ?
To me—a warning I was overbold
In judging metals. The Hidalgo walked
Only to die, if I remember,—staked
His life upon the basin's worth, and lost :—
While I confess torpidity at most
In here and there a limb, but, lane and hall,
Still should I work on, still repair my fault
Ere I took rest in death,—no fear at all !
Now, work—no word before the curtain fall !

The "certain": That of death on life, I
meant:
My "word," permissible in death's event,
Would be—true, soul to soul; for, otherwise,
Day by day, three years long, there had to
And, night by night, to fall upon our stage—
Our acting ended. She and I, at close
Three years I worked, each minute of each
Not stained by acting—work I may dispense
With talk about, since work in evidence,
Perhaps in history ; who knows or cares ?

After three years, this way, all unawares,
Our acting ended. She and I, at close
Of a loud night-feast, led, between two rows
Of benches—facing each other, we had to
And, night by night, to fall upon our stage—
Ours, doomed to public play by heritage—
Another curtain, when the world, perforce
Came and went, witnessing, gave praise or
Blame To art-mimetic. It had spoiled the game
If, suffered to set foot behind our scene,
To the real world, not pageant: there un-
furled
In work, its wings, my soul, the fretted power.
Three years I worked, each minute of each
Not stained by acting—work I may dispense
With talk about, since work in evidence,
Perhaps in history ; who knows or cares ?

Again the ascent in public, till at door
As we two stood by the saloon—now blank
And disembowled of its guests—there sank
A whisper in my ear, so low and yet
So unmistakable!

"I half forget
The chamber you repair to, and I want
Occasion for one short word—if you grant
That grace—within a certain room you called
Our "Study," for you wrote there while I
scrawled
Some paper full of faces for my sport.
That room I can remember. Just one short
Word with you there, for the remembrance's
sake !"

"Follow me thither !" I replied.

"We break
The glooms a little, as with guiding lamp
I lead the way, leave warmth and cheer, by
damp
Blind densed serpentining ways afar
From where the habitable chambers are,—
Ascend, descend stairs tunnelled through the
stones,—
Always in silence,—till I reach the lone
Chamber sepulchred for my very own
Out of the palace-quarry. When a boy,
There was my fortress, stronghold from annoy.
Proof-positive of ownership; in youth
I garnered up my glistening here—amounct
But precious relics of vain hopes, vain fears;
Thus, finally, became in after years
My closet of entrenchment to withstand
Invasion of the foe on every hand—
The multifarious herd in tower and hall,
State-room,—rooms whatsoever the style,
Which call
On masters to be mindful that, before
Men, they must look like men and something
more.
Here,—when our lord the king's bestowment
Came and went, witnessing, gave praise or
Blame To art-mimetic. It had spoiled the game
If, suffered to set foot behind our scene,
To the real world, not pageant: there un-
furled
In work, its wings, my soul, the fretted power.
Three years I worked, each minute of each
Not stained by acting—work I may dispense
With talk about, since work in evidence,
Perhaps in history ; who knows or cares ?

Again the ascent in public, till at door
As we two stood by the saloon—now blank
And disembowled of its guests—there sank
A whisper in my ear, so low and yet
So unmistakable!

"I half forget
The chamber you repair to, and I want
Occasion for one short word—if you grant
That grace—within a certain room you called
Our "Study," for you wrote there while I
scrawled
Some paper full of faces for my sport.
That room I can remember. Just one short
Word with you there, for the remembrance's
sake !"
Wherein no lawful part have I, whose lease
The Virgin's mind to me—for death means
Yet dare not, must not die—so seems revealed
Nor why a change had come to cheek and
In manhood? Sense, not soul, accomplished
And will you disbelieve in power to bid
An idler impulse—prompts inquiry. What,
A child from scrutiny that's just and right
"Since I could die now of the truth concealed,
Our spirit back to bounds, as though we chid
Those know who need it. What physician
And pry no further. There exists such skill,—
So did I force mine to obey my will
to do their duty by and recognize:
Of feature more than requisite for eyes
Not once had I distinguished, in that face
We stood before the public,—all the while
ITer soul from mine,—though daily, smile to
Three years before, which sundered like a
Why that first struck me, know—not once
Since the adventure at the porphyry's edge
She spoke. "Since I could die now...
Into which room on entry, I set down
That brought me down an eagle, this—a
Equalled advantage—sportsman's—states-
man's tool?
That brough me down an eagle, this—a fool!"
Into which room on entry, I set down
The lamp, and turning saw whose ravelled
gown
Had told me my wife followed, pace for pace.
Each of us looked the other in the face.
She spoke. "Since I could die now...

To explain
Why that first struck me, know—not once again
Since the adventure at the porphyry's edge
Three years before, which sundered like a
Her soul from mine,—though daily, smile to
We stood before the public,—all the while
Not once had I distinguished, in that face
I paid observance to, the fairest trace
Of feature more than requisite for eyes
To do their duty by and recognize:
So did I force mine to obey my will
And pry no further. There exists such skill,—
Those know who need it. What physician
Shrinks
From needful contact with a corpse? He
Drinks
No plague so long as thirst for knowledge—
An iller impulse—prompts inquiry. What,
And will you disbelieve in power to bid
Our spirit back to bounds, as though we child
A child from scrutiny that's just and right
In manhood? Sense, not soul, accomplished
sight,
Reported daily she it was—not how
Nor why a change had come to check and

"Since I could die now of the truth concealed,
Yet dare not, must not die—so seems revealed
The Virgin's mind to me—for death means
peace,
Wherein no lawful part have I, whose lease
Of life and punishment the truth avowed
May haply lengthen,—let me push the shrouds
Away, that stealth to muffler ere is just
My reverence in snow! I dare—I must
Live, by avowal of the truth—this truth—
I loved you! Thanks for the fresh serpent's
tooth
That, by a prompt now pang more exquisite
Than all preceding torture, proves right me!
I loved you yet I lost you! May I go
Burn to the ashes, now thy shame you know?"

I think there never was such—how express—
Horror congealing with voluptuousness,
As in those arms of Eastern workmanship—
Yalgham, kandjar, things that rend and rip,
Gash rough, slash smooth, help hate so many ways,
Yet ever keep a beauty that betrays
Love still at work with the artist
Throughout his quaint devising. Why prefer,
Except for love's sake, that a blade should write
Andicker like a flame?—now play the sythe
As if some broad neck tempted,—now contract
And needle off into a finnness locked
For just that puncture which the heart demands?
Then, such adornment! Wherefore need
Our hands
Enclose not ivory alone, nor gold
Roughened for use, but jewels? Nay, behold!
Fancy my favourite—which I seem to grasp
While I describe the luxury. No asp
Roughened for use, but jewels? Nay, behold!
Enclose not ivory alone, nor gold
My veins at this occasion for resolve.
Had that devolved which did not then devolve
Upon me, I had done—what now to do
Was quietly apparent.
"Tell me who
The man was, crouching by the porphyry
vise!"
"No, never! All was folly in his case,
All guilt in mine. I tempted, he complied."
"And yet you loved me?"

"Loved you. Double-dyed
In folly and in guilt, I thought you gave
Your heart and soul away from me to slave
At statecraft. Since my right in you seemed lost,
I stung myself to teach you, to your cost,
What you rejected could be prized beyond
Life, heaven, by the first fool I threw a fond
Look on, a fatal word to."
"And you still
Love me? Do I conjecture well or ill?"
"Conjecture—well or ill! I had three years
To spend in learning you."
"We both are peers
In knowledge, therefore: since three years
Are spent
Ere thus much of yourself I learn—who went
Back to the house, that day, and brought my mind
To bear upon your action, uncombined
Motive from motive, till the cross, deprived
Of every purer particle, survived
At last in native simple hideousness,
Utter contemptibility, nor less
Nor more. Contemptibility—exempt
How could I, from its proper due—contempt?
I have too much despised you to divert
My life from its set course by help or hurt
Of your all-despicable life—perturb
The calm, I work in, by—men's mouths to
curb,
Which at such news were dangerous enough—
Men's eyes to shut before my brodered stuff
With the huge hole there, my unblazoned wall
Blank where a scutcheon hung,—by, worse
than all.
Each day's procession, my parodied life
Robbed and impoverished through the want-
ing wife
—Now that my life (which means—my work)
lost,
Was quickly apparent.
"Tell me who
The man was, crouching by the porphyry
vise!"
"No, never! All was folly in his case,
All guilt in mine. I tempted, he compiled."
"And yet you loved me?"

"Loved you. Double-dyed
In folly and in guilt, I thought you gave
Your heart and soul away from me to slave
At statecraft. Since my right in you seemed lost,
I stung myself to teach you, to your cost,
What you rejected could be prized beyond
Life, heaven, by the first fool I threw a fond
Look on, a fatal word to."
No love remaining to cast crown before,
My love stopped work now: but contempt the more
Impelled me task as ever head and hand,
Because the very friends wear rope of sand.
Rather than taste pure hell in silkness.
Therefore I kept my memory down by stress
Of daily work: I had no mind to stay
For the world's wonder at the wife away.
Oh, it was easy all of it, believe,
For I despised you! But your words retrieve
Silk, feather—every bird of jewelled breast—
Above your heart there....

He was, I took up as my first chance, mere
'I loved my husband and I hated—who
Nay, I remember.
Done the misdeed, its author takes to flight,
Failing thereby the justice of the world;
Not God's however,—God, be sure, know well
The way to catch a culprit. Witness here!
The present sinner, when he least expects,
Snailed-cornered somewhere I' the Basilicate,
Stumbles upon his death by violence.
A man of blood assaults a man of blood
And slays him somehow. This was afterward:
A man of blood assaults a man of blood
And do as was incumbent on a son,
A brother—and a man of birth, be sure!
Whereat immediately the officers
Proceeded to arrest Onofrio—found
At football, child's play, unaware of harm,
Safe with his friends, the Orsini, at their seat
Monte Giordano; as he left the house
He came upon the watch in wait for him
Set by the Burgil—was caught and caged.

News of which capture being, that same hour,
Conveyed to Rome, forthwith our Eminence
Commands Taverna, Governor and Judge,
To have the process in especial care,
He, first to last, not only president
In person, but inquisitor as well,
Nor trust the by-work to a substitute:
Bids him not, squeamish, keep the bench,
Nor trust the by-work to a substitute:
Bids him not, squeamish, keep the bench,
Be, first to last, not only president
But criminal, and judge, and executioner.

Now see
The sequel—what effect commandment had
For strict inquiry into this last case,
When Cardinal Alboimandini (great
His efficacy—nephew to the Pope)
Was hidden crush—say, though his very hand
Got soil i' the act—crime spawning every
place,
Because, when all endeavour had been used
To catch the aforesaid Paolo, all in vain—
"Make perquisition" quoth our Eminence,
"Throughout his now deserted domicile!
Ransack the palace, roof and floor, to find
If haply any scrap of writing, hid
In nook or corner, may convict—who
knows?—
Brother Onofrio of Intelligence
With brother Paolo, as in brotherhood
Is but too likely: crime spaws everywhere
did he mean but
The word of counsel that—things proving so,
Paolo should act the proper lightly put
And do as was incumbent on a son,
A brother—and a man of birth, be sure!

Whereat immediately the officers
Proceeded to arrest Onofrio—found
At football, child's play, unaware of harm,
Safe with his friends, the Orsini, at their seat
Monte Giordano; as he left the house
He came upon the watch in wait for him
Set by the Burgil—was caught and caged.

News of which capture being, that same hour,
Conveyed to Rome, forthwith our Eminence
Commands Taverna, Governor and Judge,
To have the process in especial care,
He, first to last, not only president
In person, but inquisitor as well,
Nor trust the by-work to a substitute:
Bids him not, squeamish, keep the bench,
Nor trust the by-work to a substitute:
Bids him not, squeamish, keep the bench,
Be, first to last, not only president
But criminal, and judge, and executioner.

Now see
The sequel—what effect commandment had
For strict inquiry into this last case,
When Cardinal Alboimandini (great
His efficacy—nephew to the Pope)
Was hidden crush—say, though his very hand
Got soil i' the act—crime spawning every
place,
Because, when all endeavour had been used
To catch the aforesaid Paolo, all in vain—
"Make perquisition" quoth our Eminence,
"Throughout his now deserted domicile!
Ransack the palace, roof and floor, to find
If haply any scrap of writing, hid
In nook or corner, may convict—who
knows?—
Brother Onofrio of Intelligence
With brother Paolo, as in brotherhood
Is but too likely: crime spaws everywhere
The unwise boy, a certain festal eve,
Nay, more: there want not who affirm to
Whereon a fury entered him—the fire
Whose favour was Onofrio's. Pricked with
He quenched with what could quench fire
To draw a tapestry, the Cardinal
Which ring on finger, as he put forth hand
The simpleton must ostentatiously
Display a ring, the Cardinal's love-gift,
Saw and knew, gift and owner, old and
given to Onofrio as the lady's gage;
By reason they were rivals in their love.

The authoritative answer, when folk urged
Hunt out of life a harmless simpleton?
To Santa Croce from their ancestors.
"What made Aldobrandini, hound-like
Oriolo having passed as donative
To that Orsini House from whence it came:
As this from mouth to ear went saucily:
A daughter named Valeria, dowered with
From Santa Croce's veins!" So joked the
Abundantly of soul and body, doomed
That of Aldobrandini, near and dear
True Christian, and in lieu of punishment
Got praise of all men. So the populace.

But now—well, well! The olive-crops
We Christians never dreamed of scathe
Which shrine he fixed,—who says him
A facing with its picture-side
Of laws, which modern fools enact,
"Which shrine he fixed,—who says him
A facing with its picture-side
Of Mary's triumph: not a hound
To put a face upon the incident,
"There was, then, in my youth, and yet
Is, by our San Frediano, just
Below the Blessed Olivet,
A wayside ground wherein they thrust
Their dead,—these Jews,—the more our
Shame!
Except that, so they will but die,
Christians perchance incur no blame
In giving hogs a hoist to styne.

There, anyhow, Jews stow away
Their dead; and,—such their insensibility—
Slink at odd times to sing and pray
As Christians do—all make-pretence—
Which wickedness they perpetrate
Because they think no Christians see.
They reckoned here, at any rate,
Without their host: ha, ha, he, he!

"No, boy, we must not"—so began
My Uncle (he's with God long since)
My Uncle (he's with God long since)
A petting me, the good old man!

When I was young indeed,—ah, faith
Was young and strong in Florence too!
We Christians never dreamed of scathe
Because we cursed or kicked the crew.
But now—well, well! The olive-crops
Weighed double then, and Arno's pranks
Ran betwixt this their ground and that
Their heads together—how to bribe
Longer such outrage on their tribe:
Procuring a painter whom I knew,
One Buti (he's with God) to paint
A holy picture there:—no less
Than Virgin Mary free from taint
Borne to the sky by angels: yes!

"Which shrine he fixed,—who says him
May?—
Facing with its picture-side
Not, as you'd think, the public way,
Below ground, have his venom out,
Sharpen his wits for next day's sin,
Curs Christians, and so home, no doubt!

Whereas, each pays upturned beholds
Mary, I warrant, weeping brave!
And in a trance, beneath the folds
Of filthy garb which gowns each knave,
Down drops it—there to hide grimace,
Of Mary's triumph: not a hound
To put a face upon the incident,
"There was, then, in my youth, and yet
Is, by our San Frediano, just
Below the Blessed Olivet,
A wayside ground wherein they thrust
Their dead;—these Jews,—the more our
Shame!
Except that, so they will but die,
Christians perchance incur no blame
In giving hogs a hoist to styne.

Now, if it was amusing, judge!—
To see the company arrive,
Each Jew intent to end his trudge
And take his pleasure (though alive)
With all his Jewish kith and kin
Below ground, have his venom out,
Sharpen his wits for next day's sin,
Curs Christians, and so home, no doubt!

"Which shrine he fixed,—who says him
May?—
Facing with its picture-side
Not, as you'd think, the public way,
Below ground, have his venom out,
Sharpen his wits for next day's sin,
Curs Christians, and so home, no doubt!

Whereas, each pays upturned beholds
Mary, I warrant, weeping brave!
And in a trance, beneath the folds
Of filthy garb which gowns each knave,
Down drops it—there to hide grimace,
Of Mary's triumph: not a hound
To put a face upon the incident,
"There was, then, in my youth, and yet
Is, by our San Frediano, just
Below the Blessed Olivet,
A wayside ground wherein they thrust
Their dead;—these Jews,—the more our
Shame!
Except that, so they will but die,
Christians perchance incur no blame
In giving hogs a hoist to styne.

Now, if it was amusing, judge!—
To see the company arrive,
Each Jew intent to end his trudge
And take his pleasure (though alive)
With all his Jewish kith and kin
Below ground, have his venom out,
Sharpen his wits for next day's sin,
Curs Christians, and so home, no doubt!

Whereas, each pays upturned beholds
Mary, I warrant, weeping brave!
And in a trance, beneath the folds
Of filthy garb which gowns each knave,
Down drops it—there to hide grimace,
Of Mary's triumph: not a hound
To put a face upon the incident,
"There was, then, in my youth, and yet
Is, by our San Frediano, just
Below the Blessed Olivet,
A wayside ground wherein they thrust
Their dead;—these Jews,—the more our
Shame!
Except that, so they will but die,
Christians perchance incur no blame
In giving hogs a hoist to styne.

Now, if it was amusing, judge!—
To see the company arrive,
Each Jew intent to end his trudge
And take his pleasure (though alive)
With all his Jewish kith and kin
Below ground, have his venom out,
Sharpen his wits for next day's sin,
Curs Christians, and so home, no doubt!

Whereas, each pays upturned beholds
Mary, I warrant, weeping brave!
And in a trance, beneath the folds
Of filthy garb which gowns each knave,
Down drops it—there to hide grimace,
Of Mary's triumph: not a hound
To put a face upon the incident,
"There was, then, in my youth, and yet
Is, by our San Frediano, just
Below the Blessed Olivet,
A wayside ground wherein they thrust
Their dead;—these Jews,—the more our
"
"Friends, grant a grace! How Hebrews toll
Through life in Florence—why resist
To those who lay the burden, spoil
Our paths of peace? We hear our fate.
But when with life the long, tall ends,
Why must you—the expression comes
Pardon, but truth compels me, friends!
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you—the expression craves
For how can you—the lords of ease
War with our Mary. Thus he dotes:—
And deluges your side with slush.
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our graves?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why must you plague us in our grapes?
Why}
"Then earthward drops each brow again;  
The solemn task's resumed; they reach  
Their holy field—the unholy train:  
Enter its precinct, all and each,  
Wreath somehow in their godless rites;  
Till, rites at end, up-walking, lo  
They lift their faces! What delights  
The mourners as they turn to go?  

"Ha, ha, ho, ho! on just the side  
They drew their purse-strings to make quit  
Of Mary—Christ the Crucified  
Frosted them now—these boors! bit!  
Never was such a hiss and snort,  
Such screwing nose and shooting lip!  
Their purchase—honey in report—  
Proved gall and verjuice at first sip!  

"Out they break, on they bustle, where,  
At sober Christian grief—the Jew!  
Now moving doorwards; but, more wise,  
A-top of wall, the Farmer waits  
To keep ears stopped and hearts enraged  
From grace, for all our Church can do;  
Then off they scuttle: sudden joy  
Homewards, against our Church to brew  
Fresh mischief in their synagogue.  

"But next day—see what happened, boy!  
See why I bid you have a care  
How you pelt Jews! The knaves employ  
Such methods of revenge, forbear  
If I record it in my Book!  
'Tis not your life, or mine, but Mary's  
And Mary, God's—Oh, think twice!  
So base a method—plague o' me  
I promised you in plainest speech  
To keep ears stopped and hearts enraged  
From grace, for all our Church can do;  
Then off they scuttle: sudden joy  
Homewards, against our Church to brew  
Fresh mischief in their synagogue.  

"Stay and be praised, sir, unabashed!  
The Farmer, who, though dumb, this while  
Had watched advantage, straight conceived  
A reason for that tone and smile  
So mild and soft! The Jew—believed!  

"Mary in triumph borne to deck  
A Hebrew household! Pictured where  
No one was used to bend the neck  
In praise or bow the knee in prayer!  
Borne to that domicile by whom?  
The son of the High Priest! Through what?  
An insult done his mother's tomb!  
Saul changed to Paul—the case came pat!  

"stay, dog Jew... gentle sir, that is!  
Disturb me! Can it be, the exclaimed,—  
Mary, by miracle,—Ok kis?  
My present to your burial ground?  
Certain, a ray of light has burst  
Your veil of darkness! Had you else,  
Only for Mary's sake, unpursed  
So much hard money? Tell—oh, tell's I  
Round—like a serpent that we took  
Under feet by which that aside  
Will it ever leave the house?  
For worm and trod on—turns his bulk  
Out of sight somewhere, safe—alack!  
But our good Farmer faith made bold:  
And firm (with Florence at his back)  
He stood, while gruff the guttural rolled—  

"Ay, sir, a miracle was worked,  
By quite another power, I trow,  
Than ever yet in canvas lurked,  
Few specimens of Art, secures  
So much hard money? Tell—oh, tell's I  

"I, a certain impulse did suggest  
A certain grasp with this right-hand,  
Which probably had put to rest  
Our quarrels—thus your throat once  
Spanned!
XLVIII.

"But I remembered me, undervalued
That impulse, and you face me still!
And said a philosophic mood
Succeeding (here-t, if you will?)
Has altogether changed my views
Concerning Art, Blind prejudice!
Well may you Christians ask us, Jesus
With scrupulosity too nice!"

"For, don't I see,—let's issue join!
Whenever I'm allowed to pollute
(j-and my little bag of coin)
Some Christian palace of repute,—
Don't I see stuck up everywhere
Abundant proof that cultured taste
Has Beauty for its only care,
And upon Truth no thought to waste?

"No, sir! Be sure that,—what's its style,
Your picture,—shall pass ungrudging
A place among my rank and file
Of lusts and what not—he judged
Just as a picture and (because
I fear me much I scarce have bought
A Titian} Master Bat Is flaws
And Jupiter in every shape!

"Well, said the dearest poet I ever knew,
Who likes to swoon as the sweets suffuse
Waves each sweet smell of the year a-way;
The lack of the bloom does our palate wrong.
Yet wine is—some affirm—
Prime wine is found in the world somewhere.
Of potable strength with sweet to match.
You double your heart its dose, yet catch—
As the draught descends—a violet-smatch,
Strong sweet wine—some affirm.

"So ending, with some easy gibe.
What power has logic! I, at once,
Acknowledged error in our tribe
So sheamish that, when friends ensconce
A pretty picture in its niche
I see stuck up everywhere
Abundant proof that cultured taste
Has Beauty for its only care,
And upon Truth no thought to waste?

"For, don't I see,—let's issue join!
Whenever I'm allowed to pollute
(j-and my little bag of coin)
Some Christian palace of repute,—
Don't I see stuck up everywhere
Abundant proof that cultured taste
Has Beauty for its only care,
And upon Truth no thought to waste?

"Jew, since it must be, take in pledge
Has Beauty for its only care,
And upon Truth no thought to waste?

"No, sir! Be sure that,—what's its style,
Your picture,—shall pass ungrudging
A place among my rank and file
Of lusts and what not—he judged
Just as a picture and (because
I fear me much I scarce have bought
A Titian} Master Bat Is flaws
And Jupiter in every shape!

"Well, said the dearest poet I ever knew,
Who likes to swoon as the sweets suffuse
Waves each sweet smell of the year a-way;
The lack of the bloom does our palate wrong.
Yet wine is—some affirm—
Prime wine is found in the world somewhere.
Of potable strength with sweet to match.
You double your heart its dose, yet catch—
As the draught descends—a violet-smatch,
Strong sweet wine—some affirm.

"For, don't I see,—let's issue join!
Whenever I'm allowed to pollute
(j-and my little bag of coin)
Some Christian palace of repute,—
Don't I see stuck up everywhere
Abundant proof that cultured taste
Has Beauty for its only care,
And upon Truth no thought to waste?

"Jew, since it must be, take in pledge
Has Beauty for its only care,
And upon Truth no thought to waste?

"No, sir! Be sure that,—what's its style,
Your picture,—shall pass ungrudging
A place among my rank and file
Of lusts and what not—he judged
Just as a picture and (because
I fear me much I scarce have bought
A Titian} Master Bat Is flaws
And Jupiter in every shape!

"Well, said the dearest poet I ever knew,
Who likes to swoon as the sweets suffuse
Waves each sweet smell of the year a-way;
The lack of the bloom does our palate wrong.
Yet wine is—some affirm—
Prime wine is found in the world somewhere.
Of potable strength with sweet to match.
You double your heart its dose, yet catch—
As the draught descends—a violet-smatch,
Strong sweet wine—some affirm.

"For, don't I see,—let's issue join!
Whenever I'm allowed to pollute
(j-and my little bag of coin)
Some Christian palace of repute,—
Don't I see stuck up everywhere
Abundant proof that cultured taste
Has Beauty for its only care,
And upon Truth no thought to waste?

"Jew, since it must be, take in pledge
Has Beauty for its only care,
And upon Truth no thought to waste?
Of nothing like modern cream-and-curds.
In your Milton pottle-deep nor drowsed
At your Shakespeare the whole day long,
I were found in belief that you quaffed and
If I paid myself with words
So, they reign supreme o'er the weaker race
That wants the ancient grace!
While juniors tossed off their thimbleful!
How would seniors indulge at a hearty pull
With the true half-brandy half-attar-gul,1
Alike and the bloomy lip—no part
"And might we get such grace,
How please still—Pindar and /Eschylus!—
Strong wine yet sweet wine pouring thus,
Of poets who please .themselves, not us!
Except to please the world 1
No ! You are the world, and wine ne'er
Who for love of the work have learned the
(Being flustered and easy of faith to-day)
"You " being just—the world.
No poets—who turn, themselves, the winch
Of the press; no critics—I'll even say,
(Being flustered and easy of faith to-day)
Who for love of the work have learned the
Till themselves produce home-made, at a
pinch:
No! You are the world, and wine ne'er
except to please the world!

VII.
"You", being just—the world.
No poets—who turn, themselves, the winch
Of the press; no critics—I'll even say,
(Being flustered and easy of faith to-day)
Who for love of the work have learned the
Till themselves produce home-made, at a
pinch:
No! You are the world, and wine ne'er
except to please the world!

VIII.
"For, oh the common heart!
And, ah the inerrisiable sin
Of poets who please themselves, not us!
Strong wine yet sweet wine pouring thus,
How please still—Pindar and /Eschylus!—
Drink—dip into by the bearded chin
Alike and the bloomy lip—no part
"And might we get such grace,
How please still—Pindar and /Eschylus!—
Strong wine yet sweet wine pouring thus,
Of poets who please .themselves, not us!
Except to please the world 1
No ! You are the world, and wine ne'er
Who for love of the work have learned the
(Being flustered and easy of faith to-day)
"You " being just—the world.
No poets—who turn, themselves, the winch
Of the press; no critics—I'll even say,
(Being flustered and easy of faith to-day)
Who for love of the work have learned the
Till themselves produce home-made, at a
pinch:
No! You are the world, and wine ne'er
except to please the world!

IX.
"And might we get such grace,
And did you moderns but stock our vault
With the true half-brandy half-attar-gul,1
How would seniors indulge at a hearty pull
With the true half-brandy half-attar-gul,1
Alike and the bloomy lip—no part
"And might we get such grace,
How please still—Pindar and /Eschylus!—
Strong wine yet sweet wine pouring thus,
Of poets who please .themselves, not us!
Except to please the world 1
No ! You are the world, and wine ne'er
Who for love of the work have learned the
(Being flustered and easy of faith to-day)
"You " being just—the world.
No poets—who turn, themselves, the winch
Of the press; no critics—I'll even say,
(Being flustered and easy of faith to-day)
Who for love of the work have learned the
Till themselves produce home-made, at a
pinch:
No! You are the world, and wine ne'er
except to please the world!

X.
If I paid myself with words
(As the French say well) I were dupe indeed!
And did you moderns but stock our vault
With the true half-brandy half-attar-gul,1
How would seniors indulge at a hearty pull
While juniors tossed off their thimbleful!
Our Shakespeare and Milton escaped your
fault,
So, they reign supreme o'er the weaker race
That wants the ancient grace!

XI.
For—see your cellarage!
There are forty barrels with Shakespeare's
brand.
Some five or six are abroad; the rest
Stand spigoted, fauceted. Try and test
What yourselves call best of the very best!
How comes it that still untouched they
stand?
Why don't you try tap, advance a stage
With the rest in cellarage?

XII.
For—see your cellarage!
There are four big butts of Milton's brew,
How comes it you make old drips and
drops
Do duty, and there devotion stops?
Leave such an abyss of malt and hops
Embattled in butts which hang still glue?
You hate your hard! A fig for your rage!
Free him from cellarage!

XIII.
'Tis said I brew stiff drink,
But the dewes a flavor of grape is there.
Hardly a May-go-down, 'tis just
A sort of a gruff Go-down it must—
No Merry-go-down, no gracious gust
Commingled in with Springtime's rain!
"What wonder," say you "that we cough,
and blink
At Autumn's heady drink?"

XIV.
Is it a fancy, friends?
Mighty and mellow are never mixed,
Though mighty and mellow be born at once,
Sweet for the future,—strong for the grand!
Yourselves who pleases mix the gulps
Since bright and big, when a man would dine,
Suits badly: and therefore the Koh-Loon
May sleep in mine 'neath moor!

XV.
And then—why, what you quaff
With a smack of lip and a chuck of tongue,
Is leakage and leavings—just what laps
From the tun some learned taster taps
With a promise "Prepare your watery chaps!
Here's properest wine for old and young!
Dispute its perfection— you wake us laugh!
Have faith, give thanks, but—quaff!"

XVI.
Leakage, I say, or—worse—
Leavings suffice pot-valiant souls.
Somebody, brimful, long ago,
Frothed flagon he drained to the dregs; and he,
Down whisker and beard what an overflow!
Lick spilth that has trickled from classic
jowls,
Sup the single scene, sip the only verse—
Old wine, not new and worse!

XVII.
I grant you: worse by much!
Renounce that new where you never gained
One glow at heart, one gleam at head,
And stick to the warrant of age instead!
No dwarf's lap! Fatten, by giants fed!
And stick to the warrant of age instead!

XVIII.
A mine's beneath a moor:
The Age you love so much?

XIX.
A noble's beneath a moor:
Acres of moor roof fathoms of mine
Which diamonds dot where you please to dig;
And stick to the warrant of age instead!

XX.
Man's thoughts and loves and hates!
Earth is my vineyard, these grow there:
From grape of the ground, I made or marred
My vintage; easy the task or hard,
Who set it—his praise be my reward!
Earth's yield! Who yearn for the Dark
Blue Sea's,
Let them "lay, pray, bray"—the addle-pates!
Mine be Man's thoughts, loves, hates!

XXI.
"Cowslips, abundant birth
O'er meadow and hillside, vineyard too,
—Like a schoolboy's scrawlings in and out
Distasteful lesson-book—all about
Greece and Rome, victory and rout—
Love-verses instead of such vain ado!

XXII.
" ' Fie—Popds letters to Martha
Fie—Pepys' letters to Martha

XXIII.
"Nay, thinkings they themselves:
int re and and last!
Thoughts? "What is a man beside a mount?
Loves? "Establish—your loves the sublimes
count!
Hates? "Fie!—Pepys' letters to Martha

XXIV.
"These furnish a wine for a child's feast:
Inspired to man, they suit the elves
Like thoughts, loves, hates themselves."
And, here's May-month, all bloom, and shred and reduce to—what may suit Which leave as bare as a churchyard tomb Children, beyond dispute?

And, friends, beyond dispute

If I out with shears and shear, nor stop Shearing till prostrate, lo, the crop? The headache that paid their pains, nor budged Henceforward with nettle-broth!

Grateful or ingratitude—none, No cowslip of all may fairy crew Shall help to connect what you wink And goes to your head till you think you think!

I like them alive: the printer's ink Would sensibly tell on the perfume too. But of cowslips—friends get none!

Don't nettles make a broth wholesome for blood grown lazy and thick? Maws out of sorts make mouths out of taste. A magnum for friends who are sound!

The headache that paid their pains, nor budged Hencoward with nettle-broth!

EPLOGUE

When I've made you wine of the memories All bounty: what if I sacrifice? Should I hesitate to amuse the wits A magnum for friends who are sound!

May I be permitted to chant a little, by way of recreation, at the end of a somewhat tedious and perhaps fruitless adventure?

If, because of the immense fame of the following Tragedy, I wished to acquaint myself with it, and could only do so by the help of a translator, I should require him to be liberal at every cost, that was of absolute violence to our language. The use of certain allowable constructions, which, happening to be out of daily favour, are all the more appropriate to include workmanship, is no violence: but I would be tolerant for once,—in the case of so immensely famous an original,—even a dumber attempt to furnish me with the very turn of each phrase in as Greek a fashion as English will bear; white, with respect to amplifications and embellishments,—anything rather than, with the good farmer, experience that most signal of mortifications, "to gape for Aeschylus and get Theognis." I should especially decline,—what may appear to brighten up a passage,—the employment of a new word for some old one—*yos, or *phyes, or *thos, with its consequences, recurring four times in three lines: for though such substitution may be in itself perfectly justifiable, yet this excess of ingenuity ought to be within the competence of the trained English reader if he likes to show himself ingenuous. Learning Greek teaches Greek, and nothing else; certainly not common sense, if that have failed to precede the teaching. Further,—if I obtained a more strict bald version of anything by anything, or at least word pregnant with thing, I should hardly look for an impossible transmission of the reported magnificence and ceremony of the Greek; and this with the less regret, inasmuch as there is abundant musicality elsewhere; nowhere else than in his poem the ideas of the poet. And lastly, when presented with these ideas, I should expect the result to prove very hard reading indeed if it were meant to resemble Aeschylus, *teochoi et *phyes, "not easy to understand," in the opinion of his stoutest advocate among the ancients; while, I suppose, even modern scholarship sympathizes with that early declamation of the redoubtable Salmasius, when, looking about for an example of the truly obscure for the benefit of those who found obscurity in the sacred books, he protested that this particular play leaves them all behind, in this respect, with their "Hebraisms, Syriassms, Helensisms, and the whole of such bag and baggage." For, over and above the so-called ambiguity of the Chorus, the text is sadly corrupt, probably interpolated, and certainly mutilated; and no unlearned person enjoys the scholar's privilege of trying his fancy upon each obstacle whenever he comes to a stoppage, and effectually clearing the way by suppressing what seems to lie in it.

All I can say for the present performance is, that I have done as I would be done by, indeed were. Should anybody, without need, honour my translation by a comparison with the original, I beg him to observe that, following no editor exclusively, I keep to the earlier readings as long as sense can be made out of them, but disregard, I hope, little of importance in recent criticism so far as I have fallen in with it. Fortunately, the poorest translation, provided only it be faithful,—though it reproduce all the artistic confusion of tenses, modes, and persons, with which the original teems,—will not only suffice to display what an eloquent friend mainfatis the all-in-all of poetry—"the action of the piece"—but may help to illustrate his assurance that "the Greeks are the highest models of expression, the unpunished masters of the grand style; their expression is so excellent because it is so

THE AGAMEMNON OF AESCHYIUS.

1877.
admiration kept in its right degree of prominence, because it is so simple and so well ordered, because it draws its force directly from the pregnancy of the matter which it conveys. . . . not a word wanting, not a sentiment capriciously thrown in, stroke on stroke! So may all happen! Just a word more on the subject of my spelling—in a transcript from the Greek and there exclusively—Greek names and places precisely as does the Greek author. I began this practice, with great accuracy of intention, some six-and-thirty years ago. Leigh Hunt, I remember, was accustomed to speak of his gratitude, when ignorant of Greek, to those writers (like Goldsmith) who had obliged him by using English characters, so that he might relish, for instance, the smooth quality of such a phrase as "hapalunetai," indignant at "Firenze" having displaced "Florentia," he said also that Shelley was indignant at "Firenze" having displaced "Firenze." I, at least, have left eyes and mouths everywhere as I found them, and this conservatism is all that I can praise for—what is, after all, "dead poets" having done to us! I said also that Shelley was indignant at "Firenze," having displaced "Florentia," and would consequently English the intruder. "Firenze," I supposed I was doing a simple thing enough: but there has been till lately much astonishment at Old Muytens' conceit "to have himself permitted to dignify it by the prefatory insertion of his dear and noble name." K. B.

THE AGAMEMNON OF AESCHYLUS.

PERSONS.

Warder. Chorus of Old Men. KLAUDIAKELIA. TALIUSIERS, Herald. AGAMEMNON. KASSANDRA. AGISTHOS.

Warder.

This gods I ask deliverance from these labours, Watch of a year's length whereby, shivering through it. On the Arethous roofs on elbow—dog-like— I know of nightly star-groups the assemblage, And those that bring to men winter and summer 1

1 Poems by Matthew Arnold, Preface.

THE AGAMEMNON OF AESCHYLUS. VOL. II.

Bright dynasts, as they pride them in the other-Stars, when they wander, and the opnings of them, And now onward I wait the torch's token, The glow of fire, shall bring from Troy message And word of capture: so prevails audacious The man's-way-planning hoping heart of woman. But when I, driven from night-rest, dwel-drenched held to This couch of mine—not looked upon by vicissus, Since fear instead of sleep still stands beside me, So as that fast I fix in sleep no eyelids— And when to sing or chirp a tune I fancy, For slander such song—remedy insulting, I wait then, for this House's fortune greeting, Not, as of old, after the best ways governed. Now, lucky he deliverance from these labours, At good news—the appearing dusky fire! O hell, then lamp of night, a day-long lightness Revealing, and of dances the ordainment! Hallo, hallo! To Agamemnon's wife I bow, by shooting, That, from bed starting up at once, if the household Joyous acclaim, good-omened to this torch-blaze, She send ashott, if happily Jlios' city Be taken, as the beacon summons announcing, Ay, and, for me, myself will dance a prelude, For, that my masters' dice drop right, I'll reckon: Since twice-six has it thrown to me, this signal, Well, may it hap that, as he comes, the loved hand Of the household's lord I may sustain with this hand! As for the rest, I'm mute: on tongue a big ox, Has trodden. Yet this House, if voice it take should, to those who know: to who know not: I'm blankens.

CHORUS.

Then ye, the third—two-sceptred, whereof Zeus was donor— Did from this land the aid, the armament despatch, The thousand-sailed force of Argives clannouring "Ares" from out the indignant breast, as fling Passion forth valiant which, because of grief Away,—as are their young ones,—with the thief, Lefty above their brood-nests wheel in ring, Row round and round with one of either wing, Lament the beaked chiks, lost labour that was love: Which hearing, one above —Whether Apollo, Pan or Zeus—that wall, Sharp-piercing bird-shriek of the guests who fare Housesmates with gods in air— Suchanone sends, against who these assail, What, late-sent, shall not fail Of punishing—Priamus. Here as there, The Guardian of the Quest, Zeus, the excelling one, Sends against Alexandros other son OF Areus: for that wife, the many-husbanded, Appointing many a tug that tries the limb, While the knee plays the prop in dust, while, shed To morses, lists the spear-shaft: in those grin Marriage-prolusions when their Fury weal Danae and Thoe, both alike. All's said: Things are where things are, and, as late has willed, So shall they be fulfilled. Not gentry-grieving, not just doing out 2 K.
The drops of expiation—no, nor tears distilled—
Shall he we know of bring the hard about
For when young marrow in the breast doth
The equal of a child's at length.

But we pay nought here: through our flesh,
At those mock rites unsanctified by fire.
That's the old man's match,—Ares out of
Left out from who gave aid
Foliage a-fading, why, he wends his way
Wanders about gone wild,
On three feet, and, no stronger than a child,
By what announcement's tidings, everywhere
Those of the fields', those of the mart's
Those supernal, those infernal,
For, of all gods the city-swaying,
Settest thou, round about, the sacrifice
What need? What new? What having

The altars blaze with gifts;
And here and there, heaven-high the torch
Flame—medicated with persuasions mild,
Both possible and lawful to concede,
The sorrow at my breast, devouring there
Which, now, stands plainly forth of evil mood,
Of these things, speaking what may be indeed
Brought from the palace, safe in its abysm.

From soul the insatiate care,
Gracious appearing, wards away
And, then... but from oblations, hope,
Healer do thou become!—of this solicitude
Heu, how the fierce bird against the Teukris land
Rejoiced the potentates:
Born to the business, still such war can wage)
The Achaian's two-throned empery—o'er
Despatched, with spear and executing hand,
My breast song-suasion: age,
(For still, from God, inflates
The birds' king to these kings of ships, on
In right sky-regions, visible far and wide,—
The prudent army-prophet seeing two
But may the good prevail!

Ah, Linos,1 say—ah, Linos, song of wail!
With bated breath to suit misfortune's inrush
Drain to the dregs away, by battle violence.

Ah, Linos, say—ah, Linos, song of wail!
But may the good prevail!

The aged army-prophet seeing two
The Areial, two their temples, knew
Those feasting on the hare
The armament-conductors were;
And thus he spoke, explaining signs in view,
In time, this outset takes the town of

The fair one, for fulfilment to the end
Of things these signs portend—
Which partly smile, indeed, but partly scowl—
Who, then... but from oblations, hope,
Healer do thou become!—of this solicitude

And cowering beast,
And covering beast,
Brood and all, ere the birth: she hates the eagles' feast.
Ah, Linos, say—ah, Linos, song of wail!
But may the good prevail!

Not—whosoever was the great of yore,
Bursting to bloom with bravery all round—
Is in our mouths: he was, but is no more.
And who it was that after came to be,
Met the three-throwing wrestler,—he
Is also gone to ground.
But, "Zeus"—if any, heart and soul, that name—
Shouting the triumph-praise—proclaim,
Complete in judgment shall that man be found.
Zeus, who leads onward mortals to be wise,
Appoints that suffering mercifully teach.
In sleep, before the heart of each,
A wise remembering travail shods in dew
Discretion,—say, and melts the unwilling too
By what, perchance, may be a graciousness
Of gods, enforced no less—
As they, commanders of the crew,
Assume the awful seat.
And then the old leader of the Achaian fleet,
Dismaying no more
With bated breath to suit misfortune's inrush
These, with bated breath, of old—
(What time it laboured, that Achaian host,
To less and less away
To twice the length,—these carded, by delay,
For envyingly is

Ah, Linos, say—ah, Linos, song of wail!
But may the good prevail!

The aged army-prophet seeing two
The Areial, two their temples, knew
Those feasting on the hare
The armament-conductors were;
And thus he spoke, explaining signs in view,
In time, this outset takes the town of

The fair one, for fulfilment to the end
Of things these signs portend—
Which partly smile, indeed, but partly scowl—
Who, then... but from oblations, hope,
Healer do thou become!—of this solicitude

And cowering beast,
And covering beast,
Brood and all, ere the birth: she hates the eagles' feast.
Ah, Linos, say—ah, Linos, song of wail!
But may the good prevail!

Not—whosoever was the great of yore,
Bursting to bloom with bravery all round—
Is in our mouths: he was, but is no more.
And who it was that after came to be,
Met the three-throwing wrestler,—he
Is also gone to ground.
But, "Zeus"—if any, heart and soul, that name—
Shouting the triumph-praise—proclaim,
Complete in judgment shall that man be found.
Zeus, who leads onward mortals to be wise,
Appoints that suffering mercifully teach.
In sleep, before the heart of each,
A wise remembering travail shods in dew
Discretion,—say, and melts the unwilling too
By what, perchance, may be a graciousness
Of gods, enforced no less—
As they, commanders of the crew,
Assume the awful seat.
And then the old leader of the Achaian fleet,
Dismaying no more
With bated breath to suit misfortune's inrush
These, with bated breath, of old—
(What time it laboured, that Achaian host,
To less and less away
To twice the length,—these carded, by delay,
For envyingly is

Ah, Linos, say—ah, Linos, song of wail!
But may the good prevail!

The aged army-prophet seeing two
The Areial, two their temples, knew
Those feasting on the hare
The armament-conductors were;
And thus he spoke, explaining signs in view,
In time, this outset takes the town of

The fair one, for fulfilment to the end
Of things these signs portend—
Which partly smile, indeed, but partly scowl—
Who, then... but from oblations, hope,
Healer do thou become!—of this solicitude

And cowering beast,
And covering beast,
Brood and all, ere the birth: she hates the eagles' feast.
Ah, Linos, say—ah, Linos, song of wail!
But may the good prevail!

Not—whosoever was the great of yore,
Bursting to bloom with bravery all round—
Is in our mouths: he was, but is no more.
And who it was that after came to be,
Met the three-throwing wrestler,—he
Is also gone to ground.
But, "Zeus"—if any, heart and soul, that name—
Shouting the triumph-praise—proclaim,
Complete in judgment shall that man be found.
Zeus, who leads onward mortals to be wise,
Appoints that suffering mercifully teach.
In sleep, before the heart of each,
A wise remembering travail shods in dew
Discretion,—say, and melts the unwilling too
By what, perchance, may be a graciousness
Of gods, enforced no less—
As they, commanders of the crew,
Assume the awful seat.
And then the old leader of the Achaian fleet,
Since for a wind-abating sacrifice
Just as in pictures: since, full many a time,
Woman-avenging warfare,—anchors weighed
Well may it work them—this that they re-
Nay, madden with desire.
Failing of duty to allies?
Without its evils, say?
A father's hands defiling: which the way
From the eye only sped,—
With arrow sweet and piteous,
And frontage hold,—press hard
Take her—lift high, and have no fear at
Of these, and of the virgin-age,—
The sacrificer of his daughter—strange!—
Of madness, and first woe of all the brood.
For this it is gives mortals hardihood—
But when he underwent necessity's
How shall I turn fleet-fugitive,
Of virgin-slaughter, at the altar-side,
The adornment of my household: with the
Yet heavy if my child I slay,
She smote the sacrifices all and each
Kid-like, above the altar, swathed in pall,
Significant of will to use a word,
By dint of bit—violence bridling speech.
From utterance a curse against the House
Head-downward, and the fair mouth's guard
Captains heart-set on war to wage!
I would hear gladly: art thou mute,—no
For good news' hope dost sacrifice thus wide,
But if thou, having heard good news,—or
I am come, reverencing power in thee,
O Klytaimnestra! For 'tis just we bow
To the ruler's wife,—the male-seat man-
Became a huge beard, ay, the very foreland
Effulgent,—toward the crag of Mount Kly-
Roused a new rendering-up of fire the escort—
And light, far escort, lacked no recognition
The look-out which commands the Strait
Of flame a huge beard, ay, the very foreland
Of Lemnos: and a third great torch 0' the
Zeus' seat received in turn, the Athoansummit.

CHOROS.

Well, at what time was—even sacked, the city
Of this same mother Night—the dawn, I tell
And who of messengers could reach this
Of that same mother Night—the dawn, I tell thee.
And who of messengers could reach this
Hesperides—sending a bright blaze from Ide.
Bearing did beacon send, from fire the poster,
This light of Ide's fire not unforefathered!
And over Lake Gorgopis light went leaping,
And, at Mount Aigiplanktos safe arriving,
Enforced the law—"to never stint the fire-
The gods, indeed, anon will I pray, woman!
Thoroughly, I am fain—if twice thou tell them.
Troia do the Achaioi hold, this same day.
I think a noise—no mist:reigns i' the city.

Woman, like prudent man thou kindly speakest.
And I, thus having heard thy trusty tokens,
The gods to rightly hail forthwith prepare me;
For, grace that must be paid has crowned our labours.

O Zeus the king, and friendly Night
Of these brave boons bestower—
Thou who didst fling on Troia's every tower
The over-roofing snare, that neither great thing might,
Nor any of the young ones, overpass
Captive's great sweep-net—one and all
Of Ate hell in thrall!
Ay, Zeus I fear— the guest's friend great—
Of Ate held, in thrall 1
Captivity's great sweep-net—one and all
Nor over the stars the foolish dart should light.

As these—the after-battle hungry labour,
Which prompts night-faring, marshals them
to breakfast
On the town's store, according to no billet.
In the spear-captured Troia habitations
House they already: from the frosts upaethral
In the spear-captured Troia habitations
And bringing Ilion, in a dowry's stead,
Destruction—swiftly through the gates she went,
That they do care, has been made plain
Within the Atreidai's house—
Shermin the guest's board by robbery of the spouse.

And, leaving to her townsmen through a spread
With shields, and spear-thrusts of sea-armsament,
And bringing Ilion, in a dowry's stead,
And through the undareable. But many a groan
Daring the undareable. But many a groan
Outbreathing "Ares" greater than is just—
That unjust man, the god in grapple throws.
Within the Atreidai's house—
Shermin the guest's board by robbery of the spouse.

And, leaving to her townsmen through a spread
With shields, and spear-thrusts of sea-armsament,
And bringing Ilion, in a dowry's stead,
Destruction—swiftly through the gates she went,
That they do care, has been made plain
Within the Atreidai's house—
Shermin the guest's board by robbery of the spouse.

For, grace that must be paid has crowned our labours.

As these—the after-battle hungry labour,
Which prompts night-faring, marshals them
to breakfast
On the town's store, according to no billet.
In the spear-captured Troia habitations
House they already: from the frosts upaethral
In the spear-captured Troia habitations
And bringing Ilion, in a dowry's stead,
Destruction—swiftly through the gates she went,
That they do care, has been made plain
Within the Atreidai's house—
Shermin the guest's board by robbery of the spouse.

The fantasy has floated off, hands through ;
The black Erinuses, at due periods—  
Whoever gains the lot  
Of fortune with no right—  
Him, by life's strain and stress  
Back-again-blest from success,  
They strike blind: and among the out-of-sight  
For who has got to be, avails no might.  
The being praised outraged  
Is guile, for at the eyes of such an one  
Is launched, from Zeus, the thunder-stone.  
Therefore do I decide  
For so much and no more prosperity  
Than of his envy passes unspied.  
Neither a city-sorcer nor I be,  
Nor life, myself by others captive, see.

A swift report has gone our city through,  
From fire, the good-news messenger: if true,  
Who knows? Or is it not a god-sent lie?  
Who is so childish and deprived of sense  
Than of his envy passes unspied.  
And beacons and exchanges, fire with fire—  
Soon shall we know—of these light-bearing  
The glory perishes by woman vaunted.

But swiftly, too, decayed,  
Too trustful,—on her boundary, usurpature  
Before its view to take a grace for granted:  
It is conspicuous in a woman's nature,  
Whoever gains the lot  
Is launched, from Zeus, the thunder-stone.

The being praised outraged  
Is guile, for at the eyes of such an one  
Is launched, from Zeus, the thunder-stone.  
Therefore do I decide  
For so much and no more prosperity  
Than of his envy passes unspied.  
Neither a city-sorcer nor I be,  
Nor life, myself by others captive, see.

A swift report has gone our city through,  
From fire, the good-news messenger: if true,  
Who knows? Or is it not a god-sent lie?  
Who is so childish and deprived of sense  
Than of his envy passes unspied.  
And beacons and exchanges, fire with fire—  
Soon shall we know—of these light-bearing  
The glory perishes by woman vaunted.

The black Erinuses, at due periods—  
Whoever gains the lot  
Of fortune with no right—  
Him, by life's strain and stress  
Back-again-blest from success,  
They strike blind: and among the out-of-sight  
For who has got to be, avails no might.  
The being praised outraged  
Is guile, for at the eyes of such an one  
Is launched, from Zeus, the thunder-stone.  
Therefore do I decide  
For so much and no more prosperity  
Than of his envy passes unspied.  
Neither a city-sorcer nor I be,  
Nor life, myself by others captive, see.

A swift report has gone our city through,  
From fire, the good-news messenger: if true,  
Who knows? Or is it not a god-sent lie?  
Who is so childish and deprived of sense  
Than of his envy passes unspied.  
And beacons and exchanges, fire with fire—  
Soon shall we know—of these light-bearing  
The glory perishes by woman vaunted.

The black Erinuses, at due periods—  
Whoever gains the lot  
Of fortune with no right—  
Him, by life's strain and stress  
Back-again-blest from success,  
They strike blind: and among the out-of-sight  
For who has got to be, avails no might.  
The being praised outraged  
Is guile, for at the eyes of such an one  
Is launched, from Zeus, the thunder-stone.  
Therefore do I decide  
For so much and no more prosperity  
Than of his envy passes unspied.  
Neither a city-sorcer nor I be,  
Nor life, myself by others captive, see.

A swift report has gone our city through,  
From fire, the good-news messenger: if true,  
Who knows? Or is it not a god-sent lie?  
Who is so childish and deprived of sense  
Than of his envy passes unspied.  
And beacons and exchanges, fire with fire—  
Soon shall we know—of these light-bearing  
The glory perishes by woman vaunted.

The black Erinuses, at due periods—  
Whoever gains the lot  
Of fortune with no right—  
Him, by life's strain and stress  
Back-again-blest from success,  
They strike blind: and among the out-of-sight  
For who has got to be, avails no might.  
The being praised outraged  
Is guile, for at the eyes of such an one  
Is launched, from Zeus, the thunder-stone.  
Therefore do I decide  
For so much and no more prosperity  
Than of his envy passes unspied.  
Neither a city-sorcer nor I be,  
Nor life, myself by others captive, see.

A swift report has gone our city through,  
From fire, the good-news messenger: if true,  
Who knows? Or is it not a god-sent lie?  
Who is so childish and deprived of sense  
Than of his envy passes unspied.  
And beacons and exchanges, fire with fire—  
Soon shall we know—of these light-bearing  
The glory perishes by woman vaunted.

The black Erinuses, at due periods—  
Whoever gains the lot  
Of fortune with no right—  
Him, by life's strain and stress  
Back-again-blest from success,  
They strike blind: and among the out-of-sight  
For who has got to be, avails no might.  
The being praised outraged  
Is guile, for at the eyes of such an one  
Is launched, from Zeus, the thunder-stone.  
Therefore do I decide  
For so much and no more prosperity  
Than of his envy passes unspied.  
Neither a city-sorcer nor I be,  
Nor life, myself by others captive, see.

A swift report has gone our city through,  
From fire, the good-news messenger: if true,  
Who knows? Or is it not a god-sent lie?  
Who is so childish and deprived of sense  
Than of his envy passes unspied.  
And beacons and exchanges, fire with fire—  
Soon shall we know—of these light-bearing  
The glory perishes by woman vaunted.
Within their domes—new glory to grow ancient!
Such things men having heard must praise the city
And army-leaders: and the grace which
Of Zeus, shall honoured be. Thou hast my whole word.

CHOROS.
O'ercome by words, their sense I do not gain—
For, aye this breedeth youth in the old—"to learn well."
But these things most the house and Klytaimnester
Concern, 'tis likely: while they make me rich, too.

KLYTAIMNESTRA.
I shouted long ago, indeed, for joyance,
When came that first night-messenger of fire
Proclaiming Ilion's capture and dispersion.
And someone, girding me, said, "Through
When came that first night-messenger of fire
Such things men having heard must praise
Within their domes — new glory to grow
So as to open gates? This tell my husband—
What's to a wife sweeter to see than this light
A shout one man and other, through the city,
Yet still I sacrificed; and, — female-song
Persuaded—Troia to be sacked now, thinkest?
For, aye this breeds youth in the old—"to
Of Zeus, shall honoured be. Thou hast my
Truly, the woman's way,—high to lift heart
But these things most the house and Klytaimnester
Concern, 'tis likely: while they make me rich, too.

CHOROS.
Such boast as this—brimful of the venacious—
Is, for a high-born dame, not bad to send forth!

Herald.
No, and when a messenger with gloomy visage
To a city bears a fall'n host's woes—God
For friends to reap the fruits of through a
One popular wound that happens to the city,
And when a messenger with gloomy visage
To a city bears a fall'n host's woes—God
And not well-hidden things become they,
And friends to reap the fruits of through a
One popular wound that happens to the city,
And a long sorrow hast succinctly spoken.

CHOROS.
A faithful wife at home may be find, coming!
Such an one as he left—the dog of the household—
Trusty to him, adverse to the ill-minded,
And, in all else, the same: no signet-impres
Having done harm to, in that time's duration.
I know nor pleasure, nor blameworthy converse
With any other man more than—home-dippings!

Herald.
Such boast as this—brimful of the venacious—
Is, for a high-born dame, not bad to send forth!

CHOROS.
Ayy, she spoke thus to thee—that hast a knowledge
From clear interpreters—a speech most scantly.
But speak, herald! Meneleos I ask of:
If he, returning, back in safety also
Will come with you—this land's beloved

Herald.
There's no way I might say things false and pleasant
For friends to reap the fruits of through a long time.

CHOROS.
How then if, speaking good, things true thou chance on?

Herald.
For not well-hidden things become they,遭受
The man has vanished from the Achaic army,
And his ship too. I announce no falsehood.

CHOROS.
Whether forth-putting openly from Ilion,
Or did storm—wide woe—snatch him from
The ship's-Hell, Man's-Hell, City's-Hell,
Helena? Since—mark the suture!—
Not yet disposed to quite destroy the line
Of woes like these, doubtless, whoe'er comes
And now—if anyone of them is breathing—
They talk of us as having perished: why not?
And we—that they the same fate have, imagine.

May it be for the best! Meneleos, then,
Foremost and specially to come, expect thou!
If (that is) any ray o' the sun reports him
Living and seeing to—by Zeus' contrivings,
We view the Aigaian sea on flower with
doubtless, whoe'er comes
And now—if anyone of them is breathing—
They talk of us as having perished: why not?
And we—that they the same fate have, imagine.

May it be for the best! Meneleos, then,
Foremost and specially to come, expect thou!
If (that is) any ray o' the sun reports him
Living and seeing to—by Zeus' contrivings,
We view the Aigaian sea on flower with
doubtless, whoe'er comes
And now—if anyone of them is breathing—
They talk of us as having perished: why not?
And we—that they the same fate have, imagine.

May it be for the best! Meneleos, then,
Foremost and specially to come, expect thou!
If (that is) any ray o' the sun reports him
Living and seeing to—by Zeus' contrivings,
We view the Aigaian sea on flower with
doubtless, whoe'er comes
And now—if anyone of them is breathing—
They talk of us as having perished: why not?
And we—that they the same fate have, imagine.

May it be for the best! Meneleos, then,
Foremost and specially to come, expect thou!
If (that is) any ray o' the sun reports him
Living and seeing to—by Zeus' contrivings,
We view the Aigaian sea on flower with
doubtless, whoe'er comes
And now—if anyone of them is breathing—
They talk of us as having perished: why not?
And we—that they the same fate have, imagine.

May it be for the best! Meneleos, then,
Foremost and specially to come, expect thou!
If (that is) any ray o' the sun reports him
Living and seeing to—by Zeus' contrivings,
We view the Aigaian sea on flower with
doubtless, whoe'er comes
And now—if anyone of them is breathing—
They talk of us as having perished: why not?
And we—that they the same fate have, imagine.

May it be for the best! Meneleos, then,
Foremost and specially to come, expect thou!
If (that is) any ray o' the sun reports him
Living and seeing to—by Zeus' contrivings,
We view the Aigaian sea on flower with
doubtless, whoe'er comes
And now—if anyone of them is breathing—
They talk of us as having perished: why not?
And we—that they the same fate have, imagine.

May it be for the best! Meneleos, then,
Foremost and specially to come, expect thou!
If (that is) any ray o' the sun reports him
Living and seeing to—by Zeus' contrivings,
We view the Aigaian sea on flower with
doubtless, whoe'er comes
And now—if anyone of them is breathing—
They talk of us as having perished: why not?
And we—that they the same fate have, imagine.

May it be for the best! Meneleos, then,
Foremost and specially to come, expect thou!
If (that is) any ray o' the sun reports him
Living and seeing to—by Zeus' contrivings,
We view the Aigaian sea on flower with
doubtless, whoe'er comes
And now—if anyone of them is breathing—
They talk of us as having perished: why not?
And we—that they the same fate have, imagine.

May it be for the best! Meneleos, then,
Foremost and specially to come, expect thou!
If (that is) any ray o' the sun reports him
Living and seeing to—by Zeus' contrivings,
We view the Aigaian sea on flower with
doubtless, whoe'er comes
And now—if anyone of them is breathing—
They talk of us as having perished: why not?
And we—that they the same fate have, imagine.

May it be for the best! Meneleos, then,
Foremost and specially to come, expect thou!
If (that is) any ray o' the sun reports him
Living and seeing to—by Zeus' contrivings,
At first, then, to the city of Ilium went
A soul, as I might say, of woeful calm—
Wealth's quiet ornament,
An eye's-bright bearing balm,
Love's spirit-brightening flower.
But—from the true course bending—
The brought about, of marriage, latter ending:
Eldest-son, ill-mate, to power
Passing to the Prinaiud—by sending
Of Hospitable Zeus—
Erinus for a bride,—to make brides mourn,
her dower.
Spoken long ago
Was the ancient saying
Still among mortals staying:
1 Man's great prosperity at height of rise
Engenders offspring not unchilded dies;
And, from good fortune, to such families,
Buds forth insatiate woe.
Whereas, distinct from any,
Of my own mind I am:
For 'tis the unholy deed begets the many,
Resembling each its dam.
Of households that correctly estimate,
Ever a beauteous child is born of Fate.
But ancient Arrogance delights to generate
Of bringing a boldness they did not desire to the men with existence at stake.
But now—from no outside of mind, nor
Unlawfully—gracious thou art.
To those who have ended the labour, fulfilling their part;
And in time shalt thou know, by inquiry instructed,
Whose of citizen justly, and who not to purpose, the city conducted.

AGAMEMNON.
First, indeed, Argos, and the gods, the local,
Tis right addressing—those with me the partners
In this return and right things done the city
Of Priamius: gods who, from no tongue
Engenders offspring nor unchilded dies;
Still among mortals staying:
As they seem, from a well-wishing mind,
And unchilded dies;
And out-of-door prosperity seeing groans at.
By whose is good at distinguishing races
In sheep of his flock—it is not for the eyes
Of a man to escape such a shepherd's surprise.
In sheep of his flock—it is not for the eyes
Of a man to escape such a shepherd's surprise.
In sheep of his flock—it is not for the eyes
Of a man to escape such a shepherd's surprise.
In sheep of his flock—it is not for the eyes
Of a man to escape such a shepherd's surprise.
In sheep of his flock—it is not for the eyes
Of a man to escape such a shepherd's surprise.
THE AGAMEMNON OF AESCHYLUS

And now into the homes and homes by altar Going, I to the gods first raise the right-hand—
They who, far sending, back again have brought me.
And Victory, since she followed, fixed remain she!

KLUTAIMNESTRA.

Men, citizens, Argives here, my worshippers! I shall not shame me, court-seat-loving manners To tell before you: for in time there dies off The difficulty from people. Not from others Learning, I of myself will tell the hard life I bore so long as this man was 'neath Ilion. First: for a woman, from the male divided, To set at home alone, is monstrous evil—
Hearing the many rumours back-revenging: And for now This to come, now That bring To sit at home alone, is monstrous evil—

AGAMEMNON.

Offspring of Leda, of my household warder, Surely to my absence hast thou spoken, For long the speech thou didst outstretch! But aptly
To praise—from others ought to go this favour. And for the rest,—not me, in woman’s fashion, Mollify, nor—as mode of barbarous man is—
To me gaze forth a groundward-falling emolium!
Nor, strewing it with garments, make my passage Envied! Gods, sure, with these behoves we honour:
But, for a mortal on these varied beauties To walk—to me, indeed, is nowise fear-free. I say—as man, not god, to me do homage! Apart from foot-mats both and varied vestures, Renown is loud, and—not to lose one’s senses, God’s greatest gift. Behoves we him call happy
Who has brought life to end in loved well-being.
If all things I might manage thus—brave man, I!

KLUTAIMNESTRA.

Come now, this say, nor feign a feeling to me!

AGAMEMNON.

With feeling, know indeed, I do not tamper!

KLUTAIMNESTRA.

Vow’dst thou to the gods, in fear, to act thus?

AGAMEMNON.

What think’st thou Priamos had done, thus victor?

KLUTAIMNESTRA.

What think’st thou Priamos had done, thus victor?

AGAMEMNON.

On varied vesture— I do think—he had passaged.

KLUTAIMNESTRA.

Then, do not, struck with awe at human censure. . . .

AGAMEMNON.

Well, popular mob-outcry much avails too.

KLUTAIMNESTRA.

Ay, but the unwield is not the much valued.

AGAMEMNON.

Sure, ’tis no woman’s part to long for battle.

KLUTAIMNESTRA.

Why, to the prosperous, even suits a beating.

AGAMEMNON.

What? thou this beating us in war dost prize too?

KLUTAIMNESTRA.

Persuade thee! power, for once, grant me—and willing!

AGAMEMNON.

But if this seem so to thee—does, let someone Loose under, quick—foot’s serviceable carriage! And me, on these sea-products walking, may no Gudge from a distance, from the god’s eye, strike at! For great shame were my strewment-spoiling riches Spelling with feet, and silver-purchased textures! Of these things, thus then. But this female-stranger Tenderly take inside! Who conquers mildly God, from afar, benignant regardeth.
For, willing, no one wears a yoke that’s servile.
And she, of many valuables, outpicked The flower, the army’s gift, myself has followed. So,—shoes to hear thee, I am brought about this—
I go into the palace—purples treading.
At home, such wealth, king, we begin—by good help—
With having, and to lack, the household
knows not.
Of many garments had I vowed a treading
(In oracles if fore-enjoined the household)
Of this dear soul the safe-return-price scheming !
For, root existing, foliage goes up houses,
O'erleaping shadow against Seirios dog-star
And, thou returning to the hearth domestic,
Warmth, yes, in winter dost thou show returning.
And when, too, Zeus works, from the green-grape aerid,
Wine—then, already, cool in houses cometh—
Thy care be—yea—of things thou mayst
measure,
Two-handedly profuse,
Has done away with famine, the disease;
And destiny, her course pursuing straight,
Ever will sickness lean;
And destiny, her course pursuing straight,
Has struck man's ship against a reef unseen.
Now, when a portion, rather than the
treasure,
Fear casts from sling, with peril in right
measure,
It has not sunk—the universal freight,
Fear casts from sling, with peril in right
measure,
It has not sunk—the universal freight,
With misery freighted over-full
It has not sunk—the universal freight,
Fear casts from sling, with peril in right
measure,
It has not sunk—the universal freight,
Not I—throwing away more words—will
shamed be !
CHOROS.
But I,—for I compassionate,—will chafe not.
CHOROS.
CHOROS.
KASSANDRA.
OTOTOI, Gods, Earth,—
Apollon, Apollon !
CHOROS.
CHOROS.
KASSANDRA.
OTOTOI, Gods, Earth,—
Apollon, Apollon !
CHOROS.
Ill-boding here again the god invokes she
—Nowise empowered in woes to stand by
helpful.
KASSANDRA.
Apollon, Apollon,
Guard of the ways, my destroyer !
For thou hast quite, this second time, de­
stroyed me.
CHOROS.
To prophesy she seems of her own evils :
—Remains the god-gift to the slave-soul present.
KASSANDRA.
Apollon, Apollon,
Guard of the ways, my destroyer !
Ha, whither hast thou led me ? to what roof
now?
CHOROS.
To the Atrides' roof: if this thou know'st
'tis dole,
I tell it thee, nor this wilt thou call falsehood.

KASSANDRA.
How! How!
God-hated, then! Of many a crime it knew—
Self-slaying evils, halters too:
Man's-shambles, blood-besprinkler of the ground—
She seems to be good-nosed, the stranger:
She sniffs indeed the victims she will find there.

CHOROS.
Ay, we have heard of thy soothsaying glory,
In the bath having brightened:
But those I knew: for the whole city bruits
Of these I witless am—these prophesyings.

CHOROS.
What this Erinus which in the house thou art:
To raise her cry? Not me thy word enters.

KASSANDRA.
Ah, gods, what ever does she meditate?
She seems to be good-nosed, the stranger:
Man's-shambles, blood-besprinkler of the ground:—
What else was sought?

CHOROS.
What this Erius which the house thou callest
To raise her cry?

KASSANDRA.
Ah, gods, what ever does she meditate?
What this now anguish great?
Great in the house here she meditates ill
such as friends cannot bear, cannot cure it:
And devoured by their sire!

CHOROS.
Ay, we have heard of thy soothsaying glory,
Doubtless: but prophets none are we in these risings
Of oracles: but to some sort of evil
I would not boast to be a topping critic
Of the craft-killing cauldron I tell thee the case!

CHOROS.
At the city's close
And in the distance!

KASSANDRA.
Ah, me, ah, me—
Of me unhappy, evil-destined fortunes!
For I bewail my proper woe
As, raines with him, all into one I throw,
Why hast thou hither me unhappy brought?
—Unless that I should die with him—for nought!

CHOROS.
Ah me, me, ah—
Of me unhappy, evil-destined fortunes!

KASSANDRA.
Ah me, me, ah—
The fate of the nightingale, the clear resounder!
For a holy wing-borne have the gods cast round her,
And sweet existence, from misfortunes free:
But may a revolt—

CHOROS.
That the city should not, as it does now, the
barren endure!
But I, with the soul on fire,
Soon to the earth shall cast me and expire.

KASSANDRA.
Ah me, me, ah—
The fate of the nightingale, the clear resounder!
For a holy wing-borne have the gods cast round her,
And sweet existence, from misfortunes free:

CHOROS.
Ah me, me, ah—
Thou art some mind-mazed creature, god—possessed:
And all about thyself dost wail
A lay—no lay!
Like some brown nightingale
Insatiable of noise, who—well-away!

KASSANDRA.
Ah me, me, ah—
Of me unhappy, evil-destined fortunes!

CHOROS.
Ah me, me, ah—
The fate of the nightingale, the clear resounder!
For a holy wing-borne have the gods cast round her,
And sweet existence, from misfortunes free:

KASSANDRA.
Ah me, me, ah—
Thou art some mind-mazed creature, god—possessed:
And all about thyself dost wail
A lay—no lay!
Like some brown nightingale
Insatiable of noise, who—well-away!

CHOROS.
Ah me, me, ah—
The fate of the nightingale, the clear resounder!
For a holy wing-borne have the gods cast round her,
And sweet existence, from misfortunes free:

KASSANDRA.
Ah me, me, ah—
Of me unhappy, evil-destined fortunes!

CHOROS.
Ah me, me, ah—
The fate of the nightingale, the clear resounder!
For a holy wing-borne have the gods cast round her,
And sweet existence, from misfortunes free:

KASSANDRA.
Ah me, me, ah—
Of me unhappy, evil-destined fortunes!
Breathing, to penetrate thee: so as, wave-like.
To wash against the rays a woé much greater
Than this. I will no longer teach by riddles.
And witness, musing with me, that of evils
Done long ago, I nosing track the footstep!
For, this same roof here—never quells a Chorus
One-voiced, not well-tuned since no ‘well’!
it utters:
And truly having drunk, to get more courage,
Man's blood—the Komos keeps within the household—
—Hard to be sent outside—of sister Furies:
They hymn their hymn—within the house
close sitting—
The first beginning curse: in turn spit forth at
The Brother's bed, to him who spurned it
Have I missed aught, or hit I like a bowman?
—Mine, since to bear the slavish yoke be-
Of Ate hid, will reach to, by ill fortune!
Speaking, outspreading, shiny-souled, in
—Hard to be sent outside—of sister Furies:
I say, thou Agamemnon's fate shalt look on.
By other's word the old sins of this household!

CHOROS.

Well, to the work of children, went ye law's way?
KASSANDRA.

Having consented, I played false to Loxias.
CHOROS.

Already when the wits inspired possessed of?
KASSANDRA.

Already townsman all their woes I foretold.
CHOROS.

How wast thou then unhurt by Loxias' anger?
KASSANDRA.

I no one aught persuaded, when I sinned thus.
CHOROS.

To us, at least, now sooth to say thou seemest.
KASSANDRA.

Halloo, halloo, ah, evils!
Again, straightforward foresight's fearful labour
Whirls me, distracting with prelusive last-
Behold ye those there, in the household seated,—
Young ones,—of dreams approaching to the figures?
Children, as if they died by their beloveds—
Hands they have filled with flesh, the meal
domestic—
Entrails and vitals both, most piteous burthen,
Plain they are holding!—which their father tasted!
For this, I say, plans punishment a certain
Lion ignoble, on the bed that wallows,
—Mine, since to bear the slavish yoke be-
Of Até bid, will reach to, by ill fortune!

KASSANDRA.

But he was athlete to me—huge grace breath-
ing!
For, more relaxed grows everyone who fares
At first, indeed, shame was to me to say this.

CHOROS.

Such things she dares—the female, the male's slayer!
She is ... how calling her the hateful bite-
May I hit the mark? Some amphibians,—
Skulls
Housing in rocks, of mariners the mischief,
Reveiling Hades' mother,—curse, no truce with
Breathing at friends! How piously she shouted,
The all-courageous, as at turn of battle!
She seems to joy at the back-bringing safety!
Of this, too, if I ought persuade, all's one!
Why?
What is to be will come. And soon thou,
—True prophet all too much" wilt pitying style me.

CHOROS.

Thuestes' feast, indeed, on flesh of children,
I went with, and I shuddered. Fear too
holds me
Listing what's true as life, nowise out-imaged.
I say, thou Agamemnon's fate shalt look on.

CHOROS.

Speak good words, O unhappy! Set mouth sleeping!

KASSANDRA.

But Paian stands in no stead to the speech here.

CHOROS.

Nay, if the thing be near: but never be it!

KASSANDRA.

Thou, indeed, prayest: they to kill are busy.

CHOROS.

Of what man is it ministered, this sorrow?

KASSANDRA.

There again, wide thou look’st of my fore-
tellings.

KASSANDRA.

For, the filler's scheme I have not gone
With.

CHOROS.

And yet too well I know the speech
Hellenic.

KASSANDRA.

Falsify, what fire this! and it comes upon me!
Oototo, Lukeidon Apollon, ah—me—me!
She, the two-footed fomos that sleeps with
The wolf, in absence of the generous lion,
Kills me the unhappy one: and as a poison
Brewing, to put my price too in the anger,
She vows, against her mate this weapon
whetting:
To pay him back the bringing me, with
slaughter.
Why keep I then these things to make me
— laughed at,
Both wands and, round my neck, oracular
fillets?
Then, at least, ere my own fate will I ruin:
Go, to perdition falling! Boons exchange
with.

KASSANDRA.

I say, thou Agamemnon's fate shalt look on.

KASSANDRA.

The oracular garment! having looked upon
me—
Even in these adornments, laughed by
friends at,
As good as foes, I the balance weighed: and
vainly!
For, called crazed stroller,—as I had been
gipsy,

KASSANDRA.

The oracular garment! having looked upon
me—

KASSANDRA.

For Puthian oracles, thy speech, and hard too.

KASSANDRA.

To us, at least, now sooth to say thou seemest.

KASSANDRA.

To pay him back the bringing me, with
slaughter.

KASSANDRA.

For, the filler's scheme I have not gone
With.

KASSANDRA.

— True prophet all too much" wilt pitying
style me.

KASSANDRA.

To us, at least, now sooth to say thou seemest.

KASSANDRA.

For Puthian oracles, thy speech, and hard too.

KASSANDRA.
Back shall he come,—for friends, copetstone
these curses!
For there is sworn a great oath from the
gods that
him shall bring hither his fallen sire's
prostration.
Why make I then, like an indweller, meaning?
Since at the first I foresaw Ilios's city
Suffering as it has suffered, and who took it.
Thus by the judgment of the gods are faring:
I go, will suffer, will submit to dying
But, Hautes' gates—these same I call, I
speak to,
And pray that on an opportune blow
changing,
Without a struggle,—blood the calm death
bringing
In easy outflow,—I this eye may close up!

CHOROS.
O much unhappy, but, again, much learned
Woman, long hast thou outstretched! But
if truly
Then knowest thine own fate, how comes
that, like to
A god-led steer, to altar bold thou treadest?

KASSANDRA.
There's no avoidance,—strangers, no! Some
time more!

CHOROS.
He last is, anyhow, by time advantaged.

KASSANDRA.
It comes, the day: I shall by flight gain little.

CHOROS.
But what thing is it? What fear turns thee
 backwards?

KASSANDRA.
Alas, alas!

CHOROS.
Why this "Alas!" if 'tis no spirit's lathing?

KASSANDRA.
Slaughter blood-dripping does the household
smell of!

CHOROS.
How else? This scent is of hearth-sacrifices.

KASSANDRA.
Such kind of steam as from a tomb is proper!

CHOROS.
No Surian honor to the House thou speakest of!

KASSANDRA.
But I will go—even in the household wailing
My fate and Agamemnon's. Life suffice me!
Ah, strangers!
I cry not "ah"—as bird at bush—through
terror
Idly! to me, the dead this much bear witness:
When, for me—woman, there shall die a
woman,
And, for a man ill-wived, a man shall perish!
This hospitality I ask as dying.

CHOROS.
O sufferer, thee—thy foretold fate I pity.

KASSANDRA.
Yet once for all, to speak a speech, I fain am:
Fronting his last light!—to my own
avengers—
That from my hateful slayers they exact too
Pay for the dead slave—easy-managed hand's
work!

CHOROS.
Alas for mortal matters! Happy-fortuned,—
Why, any shade would turn them: if unhappy.

CHOROS.
By throws the wetting sponge has spoiled the
picture!
And more by much in mortals this I pity.
The being well-to-do—
Instigate a desire of this
Born with all mortals is,
Nor any there who
Walk being forces off, annums
From roofs whereat a finger points,
"No more come in!" exclaiming. This man,
To take the city of Priamos did the celestials
gives,
And, honoured by the god, he homeward
comes;
But now if, of the former, he shall pay
The blood back, and, for those who ceased to
live,
Dying, for deaths in turn punishment he
dooms—
Who, being mortal, would not pray
With an unmischievous
Damnon to have been born—who would not,
hearing this?

AGAMEMNON.
Ah me! I am struck—a right-aimed stroke
within me;

CHOROS.
Silence! Who is it shouts "stroke"—"right-
aimedly" a wounded one?

AGAMEMNON.
Ah me! Indeed again,—a second, struck by!

CHOROS.
This work seems to me completed by this
"Ah me" of the king's;
But we somehow may together share in solid
conseilings.

CHOROS 1.
I, in the first place, my opinion tell you:—To cie the townsman, by help-cry to house
here.

CHOROS 2.
To me, it seems we ought to fall upon them
At quickest—prove the fact by sword fresh-
flowing!
But I—with heart intrepid—to you knowers
Ye test me as I were a witless woman:
Is she who in such speech boasts o'er her
Filled with such curses, himself coming
The cup of evils in the house he, having
That would be right—right over and above,
If it were fit on corpse to pour libation,
Ye may rejoice—if ye rejoice: but I—boast!
Since so these things are, —Argives, my
The sown-stuff in its birth-throes from the
No less than, at the god-given dewy-comfort,
With the dark drop of slaughterous dew—
Thus in the mind of him he rages, falling,
Zeus, guardian of the dead—the votive favour.
The third blow add I, giving—of Below­
He let his limbs go—
I strike him twice, and in a double "Ah-me!"
A wrap-round with no outlet, as for fishes,
As that his fate was nor to fly nor ward off.
I stand where I have struckj things once
To me, indeed, this struggle of old—not
Enclose, a height superior to outleaping?
Friends,—enmity proposing,—sorrow's net-

CHOROS.
Ye test me as I were a witless woman:
But I—with heart intrepid—to you knowers
Say (and then—if thou wilt or praise or
blame me.
Comes to the same)—this man is Agamemnon,
My husband, dead, the work of the right
hand here,
Ay, of a just artificer: so things are.
CHOROS.
What evil, O woman, food or drink, earth-
bred
Or sent from the flowing sea,
Of such having fed
Didst thou set on thee
This sacrifice
And popular cries
Of a curse on thy head?
Off thou hast thrown him, off hast cut
The man from the city: but—
Off from the city thyself shalt be
Cut—to the citizens
A hate immense!

KLUTAIMNESTRA.
Now, indeed, thou adjudgest exile to me,
And citizens' hate, and to have popular
Nothing of this against the man here bringing,
Who, no more awe-checked than as 'twere a
boar's fat'se,—
With sheep abundant in the well-fleeced
growth—
Sacriiificed his child,—darest fruit of travail
To me,—a song-spell against Thracian
blowings.
Not him did it believe thee hence to banish
—Pollution's penalty? But hearing my deeds
Judicious rough thou! art! Now, this I tell thee:
To threaten thus—me, one prepared to have
thee
(On like conditions, thy hand conquering)
d' me.
Rule: but if God the opposite ordain us,
Thou shalt learn—late taught, cetera—to be
modest.

CHOROS.
Greatly-intending thou art:

(Much-minded, too, hast thou cried

(Neath Troia! and now the consummated
Much-memorable curse
Hast thou made flower-forth, red
With the blood no rains disperse,
That which was then in the House—
Strife all-subduing, the woe of a spouse.

KLUTAIMNESTRA.
Nowise, of death the fate—
Burdened by these things—supplicate!
Nor on Helena turn thy wrath
As the man-destroyer, as 'she who hath,
Being but one,
Many and many a soul undone
Of the men, the Danai!—
And wroth immense annoy!

CHOROS.
Daemons, who fallest
Upon this household and the double-raced
Tantalidae, a rule, minded like theirs dis­
placed,
These rulest me with, now,
Whose heart thou galliest?
And on the body, like a hateful crow,
Stationed, all out of tune, his chant to chant
Doth Something vant!

KLUTAIMNESTRA.
Now, of a truth, hast thou set upright
Thy mouth's opinion,—
Naming the Sprite,
The triply gross,
O'er the race that has dominion:
For through him it is that Eros
The carnage-licker
In the belly is bred: ere ended quite
Is the elder throe—new ichor!

CHOROS.
Ahas, that some
Fate would come
Upon us in quickness—
Neither much sickness
Neither bed-keeping
And bear unended sleeping,
Now that subdued
Is our keeper, the kindest of mood!
Having borne, for a woman's sake, much
strike—
By a woman he withered from life!
Ah me!
Law-breaking Helena who, one,
Hast many, so many souls undone

CHOROS.
Certainly, great of might
And heavy of wrath, the Sprite
Thou tallest of, in the palace
(Who, who!),
—An evil tale of a fate
By Ate's malice
Rendered insatiate!

Oh, oh,
King, king, how shall I beseep thee?
From friendly soul whatever say?
Thou liest where yews of the spider overwreath thee
In impious death, life breathing away.
O me—me!
This couch, not free!
By a slavish death subdued thou art,
From the hand, by the two-edged dart.

KLYTAIMNESTRA.
Thou hastenest this deed to be mine:
But leave off styling me
"The Agamemnonian wife!"
For, showing himself in sign
Of the spouse of the corpse thou dost see,
Did the ancient bitter avenging-ghost
Of Atreus, savage host,
Shall the tale of praise o'er the tomb
Of the spouse of the corpse thou dost see,
Did the ancient bitter avenging-ghost
Of Atreus, savage host,
Of the spouse of the corpse thou dost see,
Did the ancient bitter avenging-ghost
Of Atreus, savage host,

CHOROS.
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
That no cause, indeed, of this killing art thou,
Who shall be witness-bearer?
THE AGAMEMNON OF AESCHYLUS

To one of the like age—hidden be modest!
But chains and old age and the pangs of fasting
Stand out before all else in teaching—prophets
At soul-cure! Dost not, seeing aught, see this too?
Against goads kick not, lest tripped-up thou suffer!

CHOROS.
Woman, thou,—of him coming new from battle
Houseguard—thy husband's bed the while disgracing,
For the Army-leader didst thou plan this fate too?

AIGISTHOS.
These words too are of groans the prime-begetters!
Truly a tongue opposed to Orpheus hast thou:
For he led all things by his voice's grace-charm,
But thou, upstirring them by these wild yelpings,
Wilt lead them! Forced, thou wilt appear the tamer!

CHOROS.
So—thou shalt be my king then of the Argeians—
Who, not when for this man his fate thou plannedst,
Darest to do this deed—thyself the slayer!

AIGISTHOS.
For, to deceive him was the wife's part, certes:
I was looked after—soe, ay, old-begotten!
But out of this man's wealth will I endeavour
to rule the citizens: and the no-man-minder
—Him will I heavily yoke—by no means trace-horse,
A corned-up colt: but that bad friend in darkness,
Famine its housemate, shall behold him gentle.

Why then, this man here, from a coward spirit,
Didst not thou slay thyself? But,—helped,
a woman,
The country's pest, and that of gods o' the country,
Killed I! Orestes, where may he see light now?
That coming hither back, with gracious fortune,
Of both these he may be the all-conquering slayer?

AIGISTHOS.
But since this to do thou think'st—and not talk—thou soon shalt know!
Up then, comrades dear! the proper thing to do—not distant this!

CHOROS.
Up then! hilt in hold, his sword let everyone dispose!

AIGISTHOS.
Ay, but I myself too, hilt in hold, do not refuse to die.

CHOROS.
Thou wilt die, thou say'st, to who accept it.
We the change demand.

KLUTAIMNESTRA.
Nowise, O belovedest of men, may we do other ills!
To have reaped away these, even, is a harvest much to us.
To rule the citizens: and the no-man-minder
—Him will I heavily yoke—by no means trace-horse,
A corned-up colt: but that bad friend in darkness,
Famine its housemate, shall behold him gentle.

O, I know, myself, that fugitives on hopes are pasture-fed!

CHOROS.
Do thy deed, get fat, defiling justice, since the power is thine!

AIGISTHOS.
Know that thou shalt give me satisfaction for this folly's sake!

CHOROS.
Anyhow, in after days, will I, yes, I, be at thee yet!

AIGISTHOS.
But to think that these at me the idle tongue should thus overbloom,
And throw out such words—the Daimon's power experimenting on—
And, of modest knowledge missing,—me, the ruler, . . .

CHOROS.
Ne'er may this befall Argeians—wicked man to fawn before!

AIGISTHOS.
Anyhow, in after days, will I, yes, I, be at thee yet!

CHOROS.
Not if hither should the Daimon make Orestes straightway come!
LA SAILAZ.

1878.

[The name of a villa near Geneva; means The Sun. A. E. S. stands for Ann Egerton-Smith, who, whilst spending the autumn of 1877 with Mr. and Miss Browning at La Saisiaz, died suddenly of heart disease on the morning of the 14th of September.]

I.

Good, to forgive; Best, to forget! Living, we fret; Dying, we live. Dirtless and free, Soul, clap thy pinion! Earth have dominion, Body, o'er thee!

II.

Wander at will, Day after day,— Wander away, Wondering still— Soul that canst soar! Body may slumber: Body shall cumber Soul-flight no more.

III.

Waft of soul's wing! What lies above? Sunshine and Love, Skyblue and Spring! Body hides—where? Ferns of all feather, Mosses and heather, Yours be the care!

LA SAILAZ.

A. E. S. September 14, 1877.

Dared and done: at last I stand upon the summit, Dear and True! Singly dared and done: the climbing both of us were bound to do.

Pettie feat and yet prodigious: every side my glance was bent O'er the grandeur and the beauty lavished through the whole ascent. Ledge by ledge, out broke new marvels, now minute and now immense— Earth's most exquisite disclosure, heaven's own God in evidence! And no berry in its hiding, no blue space in its compass. Pleased to escape my footstep, challenged my emerging head, (As I climbed or paused from climbing, now o'ertouched by shrub and tree), Now built round by rock and boulder, now at just a turn set free, Stained face to face with—Nature—rather with Infinitude!—No revelation of them all, as singly I my path pursued, But a bitter touched its sweetness, for the thought stung "Even so Both of us had loved and wondered just the same, five days ago!" Five short days, sufficient hardly to entice, from out its den Splintered in the slab, this pink perfection of the cyclamen; Scarce enough to heal and coat with amber gum the sloe-tree's gash, Borne the clustered wilding apple, redden ripe the mountain-ash: Yet of might to place between us—Oh the barrier! Yon Profound Shrinks beside it, proves a pit-point: barrier this, without a bound!

Boundless though it be, I reach you: some—how seem to have you here—Who are there. Yes, there you dwell now, plain the four walls appear; Those are vineyards they enclose from; and the little space which pines—That's Collonge, henceforth your dwelling. All the same, how'er disjoints Past from present, no less certain you are here, not there: have dared, Done the feat of mountain-climbing,—five days since, we both prepared Daring, doing, arm in arm, if other help should haply fail. For you asked, as forth we sallied to see sunset from the vale, 'Why not try for once the mountain,—take a forecast, snatch by stealth Sight and sound, some unconsidered fragment of the hoarded wealth? Six weeks at its base, yet never once have we together won Sight or sound by honest climbing; let us two have dared and done Just so much of Twilight journey as may prove to-morrow's jaunt Not the only mode of wayfare—wheel to reach the eagle's haunt!" So, we turned from the low grass-path you were pleased to call "your own," Set our faces to the rose-bloom o'er the summit's front of stone Where Saleve obtains, from Jura and the sunken sun she hides, Due return of blushing "Good Night," rosy as a born-off bride's, For his masculine "Good Morrow" when, with sunrise still in hold, Gay he hails her, and, magnific, thrilled her birth of land and sea, And (our travelled friend assured you)—if such miracle might be—Comparable for completeness of both blessings—all around— Nature, and, inside her circle, safety from world's sight and sound—Comparable to our Saisiaz—"Hold it fast and guard it well! Go and sec and vouch for certain, then come back and never tell.
Waved salute a tall white figure. "Has her sleep been so profound?"
Foresight, rather, prudent saving strength for day's expenditure!
Aye, the chamber-window's open: out and on the terrace, sure!"
No, the terrace showed no figure, tall, white, leaning through the wreaths,
Tangle-twine of leaf and bloom that intercept the air one breathes,
Interpose between one's love and Nature's loving, hill and dale,
Down to where the blue lake's wrinkle marks the river's insufficent pale
—Mary Arve: wherein no vessel but goes sliding white and plain,
Not a steamboat pants from harbour but one hears pulsate amain,
Past the city's congregated peace of homes and pomp of spires
—Man's mild protest that there's something more than Nature, man requires,
And that, useful as is Nature to attract the tourist's foot,
Quiet slow sure money-making proves the matter's very root—
Need for body, and the spirit also needs a comfort reached
By no help of lake or mountain, but the texts whence Calvin preached.
"Here's the veil withdrawn from landscape:
up the jutting peaks, beyond the hedges, without a word:
All aways ranged and ready; yet she violates the bond,
Neither leans nor looks nor listens; why is this?"
A turn of eye
Took the whole sole answer, gave the undisputed reason—"Why?"
This dread way you had your summons! No premoratory touch,
As you talked and laughed ('tis told me) scarce a minute ere the clacht
Captured you in cold forever. Cold? nay, warm you were as life
When I raised you, while the others used, in passionate poor strife,
Waved salute a tall white figure. "Has her sleep been so profound?"
Foresight, rather, prudent saving strength for day's expenditure!
Aye, the chamber-window's open: out and on the terrace, sure!"
No, the terrace showed no figure, tall, white, leaning through the wreaths,
Tangle-twine of leaf and bloom that intercept the air one breathes,
Interpose between one's love and Nature's loving, hill and dale,
Down to where the blue lake's wrinkle marks the river's insufficent pale
—Mary Arve: wherein no vessel but goes sliding white and plain,
Not a steamboat pants from harbour but one hears pulsate amain,
Past the city's congregated peace of homes and pomp of spires
—Man's mild protest that there's something more than Nature, man requires,
And that, useful as is Nature to attract the tourist's foot,
Quiet slow sure money-making proves the matter's very root—
Need for body, and the spirit also needs a comfort reached
By no help of lake or mountain, but the texts whence Calvin preached.
"Here's the veil withdrawn from landscape:
up the jutting peaks, beyond the hedges, without a word:
All aways ranged and ready; yet she violates the bond,
Neither leans nor looks nor listens; why is this?"
A turn of eye
Took the whole sole answer, gave the undisputed reason—"Why?"
This dread way you had your summons! No premoratory touch,
As you talked and laughed ('tis told me) scarce a minute ere the clacht
Captured you in cold forever. Cold? nay, warm you were as life
When I raised you, while the others used, in passionate poor strife,
Can I make my eye an eagle's, sharpen ear to recognize Sound of a league and league of silence? Can I know, who but surprise?

If I dared no self-deception when, a week since, I linked
Walked and talked along the grass-path, passing lightly in review
What seemed hits and what seemed misses
This—that somewhere new existence led by men and women new
Possibly attains perfection coveted by me and you?

While ourselves, the only witness to what work our life evolved,
Only to ourselves proposing problems proper to be solved
By ourselves alone,—who working ne'er shall know if work bear fruit;
Others reap and garner, heedless how produced by stalk and root,
We who, darkling, timed the day's birth,—struggling, testified to peace,
Earned, by dint of failure, triumph,—we, creative thought, must cease
In created word, thought's echo, due to immense length since sped!
Why regret? There's everyone lives although ourselves be dead!

Taste and try each soft ingredient, sweet of all effects
to recognize
Sound of a league and league of silence? Can I know, who but surprise?

If I dared no self-deception when, a week since, I linked
Walked and talked along the grass-path, passing lightly in review
What seemed hits and what seemed misses
This—that somewhere new existence led by men and women new
Possibly attains perfection coveted by me and you?

While ourselves, the only witness to what work our life evolved,
Only to ourselves proposing problems proper to be solved
By ourselves alone,—who working ne'er shall know if work bear fruit;
Others reap and garner, heedless how produced by stalk and root,
We who, darkling, timed the day's birth,—struggling, testified to peace,
Earned, by dint of failure, triumph,—we, creative thought, must cease
In created word, thought's echo, due to immense length since sped!
Why regret? There's everyone lives although ourselves be dead!

Taste and try each soft ingredient, sweet of all effects
What their blending may accomplish for the
cure of doubt, ill—slow,
Sorrowful, but how decided? needs must I
return it—so!
Cause before, effect behind me—blanks!
The midway point I am,
Caused, itself—itsself efficient; in that narrow
space must crum
All experience—out of which there crowds
conjecture manifold.
But, as knowledge, this comes only—things
What to me is pain and pleasure: this is sure,
Or may not be, but, without me and above
me, things are;—
I myself am what I know not—ignorance
which proves no bar
To the knowledge that I am, and, since I am,
can recognize
What to me is pain and pleasure: this is sure,
the rest—surmise.
If my fellows are or are not, what may please
them and what pain,—
Mere surmise: my own experience—that is
knowledge, once again!

I have lived, then, done and suffered, loved
and hated, learnt and taught
This—there is no reconciling wisdom with a
world disturbed,
Goodness with triumphant evil, power with
failure in the aim,
If—(to my own sense, remember! though
more other feel the same)—
If you bar me from assuming earth to be a
pupil's place,
And life, time,—with all their chances, change,—just probation-space,
Mine, for me. But those apparent other
mortals—thems, for them?
Knowledge stands on my experience: all outside its narrow hem,
Free surmise may sport and welcome!
Pleasures, pains affect mankind
Just as they affect myself? Why, here's my
neighbour colour-blinded.
Eyes like mine to all appearance: "green as
grass" do I affirm?

"Red as grass" he contradicts me: which
employs the proper term?
Were we two the earth's sole tenants, with
no third for referee,
How should I distinguish? Just so, God
must judge 'twixt man and me.
To each mortal peradventure earth becomes
a new machine,
Pain and pleasure no more tally in our
sense than red and green;
Still, without what seems such mortal's plea­
sure, pain, my life were lost
—Life, my whole sole chance to prove—
which proves no bar
Can recognize
them and what pain,—
Mere surmise: my own experience—that is
knowledge, once again!

Failure as conspicuous. Taunt not "Human
work, ape work divine!"
As the power, expect performance! God's
be God's as mine is mine!
God whose power made man and made man's
wants, and made, to meet those wants,
Heaven and earth which, through the body,
prove the spirit's ministers,
Excellently all,—did He lack power or was
the will in fault
When He let blue heaven be shrouded o'er
by vapours of the vault,
Gay earth drop her garlands shrivelled at the
first infecting breath
Of the serpent pains which herald, swarming
in, the dragon death?
What, no way but this that man may learn
prove the spirit's ministers,
Life were with delights would only death
allow their taste to life?
Must the rose sigh "Hark,—I perish!" must
the eye weep "Gaze—I falter!"
—Every sweet warm "Wear my bitter!" every
shy slit bid "Wait my shade!"
Can we love but on condition, that the thing
we love must die?

Needs there groin a world in anguish just to
prove the spirit's ministers,
Multidimensional wretched that we, wretched
too, may guess
What a preferable state were universal happi­
ness?
Hardly do I conceive the outcome of that
power which went
To the making of the worm there in you elud­
its tenement,
Any more than I distinguish ought of that
which, wise and good,
Framed the leaf, its plain of pasture, dropped
the dew, its faindest food.
Nay, were fancy fact, were earth and all it
holds illusion mere,
Only a machine for teaching love and hate
and hope and fear
To myself, the sole existence, single truth
and falsehood,—well!
If the harsh throes of the prelude die not off
into the swell

Of that perfect piece they sting me to become
a-strain for,—if
Roughness of the long rock-clamber lead not
to the last of cliff,
First of level country where is award my
pilgrim-foot once price,—

Pleasure! If this life's conception new life
fall to realize,—

Though earth burst and proved a bubble
glassing hues of hell, one huge
Reflux of the devil's doings—God's work by
no subterfuge—

(Doth kindly touch informed me as it
broke the glamour, gave
Soul and body both release from life's long
nightmare in the grave)

Still,—with no more Nature, no more Man
as riddle to be read,
Only my own joys and sorrows now to reckon
real instead,—
I must say—or choose in silence—"However
never came my fate,
Sorrow did and joy did likewise,—life well
weighed,—preponderate.

Not by necessity ordained thus? I shall bear as
best I can;
By a cause all-good, all-wise, all-potent?
No, as I am man!

Such were God: and it was goodness that
the good within my range
Or had evil in admixture or grew evil's self
by change?
Wisdom—that becoming wise meant making
slow and sure advance
From a knowledge proved in error to acknow­
ledged ignorance?

Power? 'tis just the main assumption reason
most revolts at! power
Unavailing for bestowment on its creature of
an hour,
Man, of so much proper action rightly aimed
and reaching aim,
So much passion,—no defect there, no ex­
cess, but still the same,—

As what constitutes existence, pure perfection
bright as brief

For ye worm, man's fellow-creature, on ye
happier world—its leaf!
No, as I am man, I mean the poverty I must implicate:

Goodness, wisdom, power, all bounded, each a human attribute!

But, O world outspread beneath me! I only for myself I speak.

Nowise dare to play the spokesman for my brothers strong and weak,

Fall and empty, wise and foolish, good and bad, in every age.

Every clime, I turn my eyes from, as in one or other stage

Of a torture with the they, Job-like couched on
dang and crazed with blades

—Wherefore? wherefore? ask the whirlwind what the dread voice them explains!

I shall "vindicate no way of God's to man," not stand apart,

"Laugh, be candid!" while I watch it traversing the human heart.

Traversed heart must tell its story uncom=

"Laugh, be candid!" while I watch it traversing the human heart.

No, as I am man, I mean the poverty I must implicate:

Goodness, wisdom, power, all bounded, each a human attribute!

But, O world outspread beneath me! I only for myself I speak.

Nowise dare to play the spokesman for my brothers strong and weak,

Fall and empty, wise and foolish, good and bad, in every age.

Every clime, I turn my eyes from, as in one or other stage

Of a torture with the they, Job-like couched on
dang and crazed with blades

—Wherefore? wherefore? ask the whirlwind what the dread voice them explains!

I shall "vindicate no way of God's to man," not stand apart,

"Laugh, be candid!" while I watch it traversing the human heart.

Traversed heart must tell its story uncom=

"Laugh, be candid!" while I watch it traversing the human heart.

No, as I am man, I mean the poverty I must implicate:

Goodness, wisdom, power, all bounded, each a human attribute!

But, O world outspread beneath me! I only for myself I speak.

Nowise dare to play the spokesman for my brothers strong and weak,

Fall and empty, wise and foolish, good and bad, in every age.

Every clime, I turn my eyes from, as in one or other stage

Of a torture with the they, Job-like couched on
dang and crazed with blades

—Wherefore? wherefore? ask the whirlwind what the dread voice them explains!

I shall "vindicate no way of God's to man," not stand apart,

"Laugh, be candid!" while I watch it traversing the human heart.

Traversed heart must tell its story uncom=

"Laugh, be candid!" while I watch it traversing the human heart.
Grant his forces no accession, may, no faculty's increase, Only let what now exists continue, let him prove in peace Power whereof the interrupted unperfected play existed Man through darkness, which to lighten any spark of hope sufficed,— What shall then deter his dying out of darkness into light? Death itself perverses, brief pain that's pang, condensed and intense? But at worst, he needs must brave it one day, while, at best, he laughs— Drops a drop within his chalice, sleep not death his science quaffs! Any moment claims more courage when, by crossing cold and gloom, Manfully man quits discomfort, makes for the provided room Where the old friends want their fellow, where the new acquaintance wait, Probably for talk assembled, possibly to sup in state! Affirm and re-affirm it therefore: only make as plain As that man now lives, that, after dying, man will live again,— Make as plain the absence, also, of a law to contravene Voluntary passage from this life to that by crossing cold and gloom, And I bid him—at suspicion of first cloud Flower's departure, frost's arrival—never hesitate, but die! Nothing! Henceforth man's existence bows to the mention "Well?" Take the joys and bear the sorrows—neither with extreme concern! Living here means nescience simply: 'tis next life that helps to learn. Shot those eyes, next life will open,—stop those ears, next life will teach. Man's passage hence to other life, Haring's office,—close those lips, next life will open,—stop those eyes, next life will teach. Liberty of doing evil gave his doing good a grace; Once lay down the law, with Nature's simple "Such effects succeed" Causes such, and heaven or hell depends upon man's earthly deed Just as surely as depends the straight or else the crooked line On his making point meet point or with or else without incline,—" Thenceforth neither good nor evil does man, doing what he must. Lay bare down that law as stringent "Wouldst thou live again, be just!" As this other "Wouldst thou live now, regularly draw thy breath! For, suspend the operation, straight law's breach results in death—" And (provided always, man, addressed this mode, be sound and sane) Prompt and absolute obedience, never doubt, will law obtain! Tell me "Look round us! nothing each side but acknowledged law, Now styled God's—now, Nature's edict! Where's obedience without flaw Paid to either? What's the adage rifle in man's mouth? Why, "The best I both see and praise; the worst I follow"—which, despite professed Seeing, thinking, all the same he follows, since he disbelieves In the heart of him that doth for which he of his head receives, There's creating and persuading and much making law anew Somewhere, there's the nice distinction 'twixt fast foes and faulty friends, —Any consequence except inevitable death when "Die, Whose breaks our law!" they publish, God and Nature equally. Law that's kept or broken—subject to man's will and pleasure! Whence? How comes law to bear effecting? Not because of impotence: Certain laws exist already which to hear means to obey; Therefore not without a purpose these man must, while those man may Keep and, for the keeping, haply gain approval and reward. Break through this last superstructure, all is empty air—no award Firmly like my first fact to stand on "God there is, and soul there be," And soul's earthly life-abolition: wherein, by hypothesis, Soul is bound to pass probation, prove its powers, and exercise Sense and thought on fact, and then, from fact educing fit surmise, Ask itself, and of itself have solely answer, "Does the scope? Earth affords of fact to judge by warrant future fear or hope?" Thus have we come back full circle: fancy's footsteps one by one Go their round conducting reason to the point where they began,
Left where we were left so lately, Dear and True! When, half a week
Since, we walked and talked and thus I told you, how suffused a check
You had turned me had I sudden brought the blush into the smile
By some word like "Jilly argued! you know better all the while!"

Now, from me—Oh not a blush but, how much more, a joyous glow,
Laugh triumphant, would it strike did your "Yes, better I do know!"

Break, my warrant for assurance! which assurance may not be
It, supplanting hope, assurance needs must change this life to me.
So, I hope—no more than hope, but hope—no less than hope, because
I can fathom, by no pluralism—sink in life's apparent laws,
How I may in any instance fix where change should modest fall
Nor involve, by one revulsion, abrogation of them all:
—Which again involves as utter change in life thus law-released,
Wherein the good of goodness vanished when the ill of evil ceased,
Whereas, life and laws apparent co-instant, —all we know,
All we know not, —o'er our heaven again closes, until, he
Hope the arrowy, just as constant, comes to

So the poor smile played, that evening: pallid
—and, famed, declare

Here in London's mid-November! Not so
—Learned for the nonce as Gibbon, witty as

O the sorriest of conclusions to whatever man of sense.
Mild the millions stands the unit, takes no

Lo, I lift the coruscating marvel—Fame!
—Find significance in fireworks: so, by help of
Confidently lay to heart and keep in head their life-long—this:
—He there with the brand flamboyant, brand

So why should he
—said yet sweet, the sole

Surely women of our time have not
—Rest all such, unraised forever! Be this,

Fame! Then, give me fame, a moment! As
I gather at a glance
Human glory after glory vivifying you expense,
Let me grasp them all together, hold on high and brandish well

Beacon-like above the earth world ready,
Whether heaven or hell
Send the dazzling muniments earthward, to
Submit itself the same,

Take on trust the hope or else despair flashed
full on face by—Fame!
Thanks, thou pine-tree of Makistos, wide thy
giant torch. I wove!

Know ye whence I plucked the pillar, late
with sky for architrave?
This the trunk, the central solid Knowledge,
kindled core; begun

Tugging earth-deeps, trying heaven-heights,
Nor could the root be cut from the stem of

In the squalid Bossex, under that obscene
heap blocked the door.

Yes, better I do know! "Such the

Branch was very sure of God.

O the sorriest of conclusions to whatever man

Here in London's mid-November! Not so

—Fame! Then, give me fame, a moment! As
I gather at a glance
Human glory after glory vivifying you expense,
Let me grasp them all together, hold on high and brandish well

Beacon-like above the earth world ready,
Whether heaven or hell
Send the dazzling muniments earthward, to
Submit itself the same,

Take on trust the hope or else despair flashed
full on face by—Fame!
Thanks, thou pine-tree of Makistos, wide thy
giant torch. I wove!

Know ye whence I plucked the pillar, late
with sky for architrave?
This the trunk, the central solid Knowledge,
kindled core; begun

Tugging earth-deeps, trying heaven-heights,
Nor could the root be cut from the stem of

In the squalid Bossex, under that obscene
heap blocked the door.
THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC.

[Poet Number One is René Gentilhomme, page to the Prince of Condé, whose chance of succession to the French throne was spoilt by Anne of Austria giving birth to a dauphin. The poem partly turns on this incident. Poet Number Two is Maillard, who managed to make Voltaire look foolish in the circumstances narrated in this poem.]

I.

Such a starred bank of moss
Till that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across:
Violets were born!

II.

Sky—what a scowl of cloud
Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud
Splendid, a star!

III.

World—how it walked about
Life with the rose
Till God's own smile came out:
That was thy face!

IV.

Fame! Yes, I said it and you read it:
First,
Praise the good log-fire! Winter bowls without:
Crowd closer, let us! Ha, the secret cured
Inside you hollow, cruel roundabout
With copper where the clamp was,—how the burnt
Vindicants flame the stealthy feeder! Spout
Thy splendidst—a minute and no more:
So soon again all colored as before?

V.

Well, try a variation of the game!
Our log is old ship-timber, broken bulk.
There's sea-brine spirits up the brimstone flame,
That crimson-curling spiral proves the bulk
Was saturate with,—ask the chimney's name
From somebody who knows! I shall not sell
If yonder greenish tonguelet licked from brass
Its life, I thought was fed on copperas.

VI.

Anyhow, there they flutter! What may be
The style and prowess of that purple one?
Who is the hero other eyes shall see
Than yours and mine? That yellow, deep
to—
Conjecture how the sage glows, whom not we
Who is the hero other eyes shall see
Not save
Anyhow, there they flutter! What may be
The style and prowess of that purple one?
Who is the hero other eyes shall see
Than yours and mine? That yellow, deep
to—
Conjecture how the sage glows, whom not we

VII.

Oh and the lesser lights, the dearer still
Of soul, ungathered beauty, form or face!
Each one his title and career,—confused
Belief 'twas all long over with the flights
From earth to heaven of hero, sage and bard,
And bade them once more strive for Fame's award.

VIII.

New long bright life! and happy change befell
That I know,—when some prematurely lost
Child of disaster bore away the bell
From some too-pampered son of fortune, crossed
Never before my chimney broke the spell!
O' the coal,—as Job and Hebrew name a spark,—
What bard, in thy red soaring, scares the dark?

IX.

Launched by our ship-wood, float we, once adrift
In fancy to that land-strip waters wash
We both know well! Where smooth tribes made shift
Long since to just keep life in, billows dash
Nigh over folk who shudder at each lift
Of the old tyrant tempest's whirlwind-lash
Though they have built the servile town
Tempests but cease now, billows drench, not drowned.

X.

Croisic, the spit of sandy rock which juts
Spitefully northward, bears no tree nor stump
To tempt the ocean, show what Gendarde shuns
Behind her, past wild Batz whose Saxons grud
The ground for crystals grown where ocean gluts
Their promontory's breadth with salt: all stub
Of rock and stretch of sand, the land's last strife
To rescue a poor remnant for dear life.
And what life! Here was, from the world to choose,
The Druids' chosen chief of homes: they reared
—Only their women,—mid the slush and scree
Of you low inlet,—to their sun, revered
In strange stone guise,—a temple. May-dawn saw
Saw the old structure levelled; when there perched
May's earliest cre-estar, high and wide once more
Up towered the new pile perfect as before:

Seeing that priestesses and all were such—
Unbuilt and then rebuilt it every May,
Each alike helping—well, if not too much!
For, mid their eagerness to outstrip day
And get work done, if any loosed her clutch
And let a single stone drop, straight a prey
Herself fell, torn to pieces, limb from limb,
By sisters in full chorus glad and grim.

And still so much remains of that grey cult,
That even now, of nights, do women steal
Of the world, from the world
On waters rough or smooth, in this good
By fancy from the log that ends its days
Some strange exceptional benevolence
Of yon low islet,—to their sun, revered

We may discern how shrub means tree indeed
Of nature's sunshine to develop seed
So well, in the less-favoured clime, that
No doubt, men vastly differ: and we need
With Rome yields sort for sort, in age for age.

Oh and, for their part, boys from door to door
Sing unintelligible words to tunes
As obsolete: "scrap of Druidic lore,"
Sigh scholars, as each pale man imports
Vainly the mumbling to speak plain once more.
Enough of this old worship, rounds and runes!
They serve my purpose, which is but to show
Croisic to-day and Croisic long ago.

What have we sailed to see, then, wafted there
By fancy from the log that ends its days
Of much adventure 'neath skies foul or fair,
On waters rough or smooth, in this good blaze
We two crouch round so closely, bidding care
Keep outside with the snow-storm? Something says
"Fit time for story-telling!" I begin—
Why not at Croisic, port we first put in?

Anywhere serves: for point me out the place
Wherever man has made himself a home,
And there I find the story of our race
In little, just at Croisic as at Rome.

None of them all, but—poets, if you please!
"What, even there, endowed with knack
Of that rough region pass the ungracious time
S light, to tumble-tumble of the sea's,
The songs forbidden a serener clime?
Or had they universal audience—that's
To say, the folk of Croisic, ay and Batz?"

Open your ears! Each poet in his day
Had such a mighty moment of success
As pinioned him straight, in full display,
For the whole world to worship—nothing less!
Was not the whole polite world Paris, pray?
And did not Paris, for one moment—
Yes, Worship these post-flames, our red and green,
One at a time, a century between?

We two shall thoroughly redeem my pledge
One flames fierce gules, its feebler rival
None of them all, but—poets, if you please!

Know him henceforth as René Gentilhomme
—Appropriate appellation: noble birth
And knighthood therefrom, the device wherefrom
Was "Better do than say!" In Croisic's death
Why prison his career while Christendom
Lay open to reward acknowledged worth?
He therefore left it at the proper age
And got to be the Prince of Condé's page.

Which Prince of Condé, whom men called
"The Duke,"
—Falling the king, his cousin, of an heir,
(As one might hold would hap, without rebuke,
Since Anne of Austria, all the world was
Till Providence should settle things aright.

Now, as this reasonable hope, by growth
Of years, many, tens of years, looked plumpest
Almost to bursting,—would the brothers, childless both,
Louis and Gaston, give but up the ghost?
Condé, called "The Duke," and "Next King,"
Nothing both
Awaited his appointment to the post,
And wilted away the time, as best he might,
Till Providence should settle things aright.
VOL. II.

THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

XXVIII.

So, at a certain pleasure-house, withdrawn
From cities where a whisper breeds offence,
He sat him down to watch the streak of dawn

Treaty to first stir of Providence ;
And, since dull country life makes courtiers yawn,
There wanted not a poet to dispense
Song's remedy for spleen-fits all and some,
Which poet was Page René Gentilhomme.

XIX.

A poet born and bred, his very sire
A poet also, author of a piece
Printed and published, " Ladies— their attire":
Therefore the son, just born at his decease,
Was bound to keep alive the sacred fire,
And bring the complimenter credit so,—
Of songs and sonnets, madrigals, and much
About his very feet there, lay in dust
His fluttered faculties came back to roost
For, what might be the thunder-smitten thing
But, pillared high and proud, in marble guise,
A ducal crown—which meant "Now Duke:
Next King":—
Since such the Prince was, not in his own
Alone, but all the world's. Pebble from sling
Prostrates a giant; so can pulverize
Of marble into atoms infinite—
Followed the thunder, splitting earth downright.
Where René sat a-rhyming: with hugeencash
Marble which, stately, dared the world to dash
The stone-thing proved, high-pillarred, from its place!
One flash, and dust was all that lay at base.

XXX.

So, when the horrible confusion loosed
Its wrappage round his senses, and, with breath,
Seeing and hearing by degrees induced
Conviction what he felt was life, not death—
His fluttered faculties came back to roost.
One after one, as bows do: ay, beneath,
About his very feet there, lay in dust
Earthly presumption paid by heaven's disgust.

XXXI.

For, what might be the thunder-smitten thing
But, pillared high and proud, in marble guise,
A ducal crown—which meant "Now Duke:
Next King":—
Since such the Prince was, not in his own
Alone, but all the world's. Pebble from sling
Prostrates a giant: so can pulverize
Of marble into atoms infinite—
That was enough for René, that first fact
Was bound to keep alive the sacred fire,
And kept it, yielding moderate increase
Therefore the son, just born at his decease,
Was bound to keep alive the sacred fire,
And bring the complimenter credit so,—
Of songs and sonnets, madrigals, and much
Of marble into atoms infinite—
So, when the horrible confusion loosed
Its wrappage round his senses, and, with breath,
Seeing and hearing by degrees induced
Conviction what he felt was life, not death—
His fluttered faculties came back to roost.
One after one, as bows do: ay, beneath,
About his very feet there, lay in dust
Earthly presumption paid by heaven's disgust.

XXXII.

He was alone: silence and solitude
Befit the votary of the Muse. Around,
Nature—not our new picturesque and rude,
But trim tree-cinctured stately garden—
Beneath his footing, lay apparent too;
There stands the Prince. "How now?
What? France so God-abandoned that her root
Regal, though many a Spring it gaveness, sign
Lacks power to make the bough, now branchless, shoot
Greener as ever? Nature, though benign,
Thwarts ever the ambitious and astute.
In store for such is punishment consign:
Sure as thy Duke's crown to the earth was hurled,
So sure, next year, a Dauphin glads the world!

XXXVII.

And over the next crowquill calligraph
His pen goes blotting, blunting, as an ox
Tramples a flower-bed in a garden,—laugh
You may!—so does not he, whose quick heart knocks
Audibly at his breast: an epitaph
On earth's break-up, amid the falling rocks,
He might be penning in a wild dismay,
Caught with his work half-done on Judgment Day.

XXXVIII.

What? France so God-abandoned that her root
Regal, though many a Spring it gaveness, sign
Lacks power to make the bough, now branchless, shoot
Greener as ever? Nature, though benign,
Thwarts ever the ambitious and astute.
In store for such is punishment consign:
Sure as thy Duke's crown to the earth was hurled,
So sure, next year, a Dauphin glads the world!

Which penned—some forty lines to this effect—
Our René folds his paper, marches brave
Back to the mansion, luminous, erect,
Triumphant, an emancipated slave.
There stands the Prince. "How now?
My Duke's crown wrecked?
What may this mean?" The answer René gave
Was—hanging him the verses, with the due
Incline of body: "Sir, God's word to you!"

The Prince read, paled, was silent: all around,
The courtier-company, to whom he passed
Way of retreat from that pale presence:
Once more among the cozy-kind. "Oh, son, it is a feeble folk!" with Solon.

VOL. II.
XLIV.

And all sorts and conditions that stood by
At René's burning moment, bright escape
Of soul, bore witness to the prophecy.
Which witness took the customary shape
Of verse; a score of poets in full cry
Hailed the inspired one. Nantes and Tours apace.
Soon Paris caught the infection; gaining
Strength, How could it fail to reach the Court at length?

XLV.

"O poet!" smiled King Louis, "and besides,
What, our spirit, thus long
—The red fire? That's the reason must excuse
My letting flicker Rene's prophet-song
Must fade before its fellow joins the throng
Circled his brows, with rose and myrtle

XLVII.

Moreover he got painted by Du Pré,
Engraved by Daret also, and prefixed
The portrait to his book: a crown of bay
Circled his brows, with rose and myrtle
And Latin verses, lovely in their way,
Described him as "the biforked hill be-twixt:
Since he hath scaled Parmassus at one jump,
Joining the Delphic quill and Getic trump."
There's our first famous poet. Step thou with tones few hear and live, but none forget. That, after prophecy, the rhyming-trick Therefore, who knows if this our Rene's quick Cognizant of the sun's self through the chasm! Rather than soothe ears all a-tingle yet Into oblivion was impolitic? How inmates huddle, blinded at first spasm, So do we gain enough—yet not too much. On earth are proper to receive. Our hutch And startled to vague beauty more remote? That touches just, then seems, by strange Are—sound, when music storms the soul, Meantime, our simulated thunderclaps Weapons, no sham, in a true battle-field. Be warranted as promising to wield Must prove we have—not courage? well then, Does he stand stock-like henceforth? or This fact—God tasks him, and will not absolve Goes back to life nor finds things out of joint? About whose life earth's common sights How such a soul,—the task performed to

with actual sense and thought and what Where the sun wants brute-presence to fulfil How such would, at that truth's first

Dizzily, yet with course straightforward On whom is brought to bear, by thunder-
sward; one foe!

Piercing, break they take it speed reed

still, revolve, stress,

To fall effectless from the soul it came—Sight, beauty, every dart of every aim—

Prepare to witness a combustion rich

And riotously splendid, far beyond

Only played candle to a Court grown fond

Of admiration: welded lines with clinch

Of the aforesaid René. Cease to scan Not Paris in its plenitude—suffice

Whose birth that century ended which began

By similar bestowment on our earth

Has, in our last king's reign,—the lucky elf,—

Proposed there, suiting souls that poetize?

To stay an itch by prompt resource to pen's

Helped to a base... But I anticipate.

Propose to the public as the bread of the

Poet, Ramelet, absent here, I think.

Poor Rene's lambent little streamer which

Poor Rene's lambent little streamer which

On fortune—outside lay the universe!

Completed lay thy piece, swift penman Paul 1

Gnats are the busy bustlers. Splash and

For—curse dearth—

And, at the day's end, boast the crown's

With a thousand bands, or odes he blurts

To the last stanza! Let us put in rhyme?

And patience nowadays for thought in rhyme?

To fullest outflare; while our lacking nymph

The subject's crowd of capabilities!

And there cast anchor. At a glance one sees

A piece describing how, through shoal and

The subject's crowd of capabilities!

And there cast anchor. At a glance one sees

The subject's crowd of capabilities!

And there cast anchor. At a glance one sees

The subject's crowd of capabilities!

And there cast anchor. At a glance one sees

The subject's crowd of capabilities!

And there cast anchor. At a glance one sees

The subject's crowd of capabilities!
LXXVI.
To Paris with the product! This despatched,
One had to wait the Forty's show and sure
Verdict, as best one might. Our pennanum
scratched
Away perforce the itch that knows no cure
But daily paper-fiction: more than matched
His first feat by a second—trifling pure
And heartfelt to the Forty when their voice
Should peal with one accord "Be Paul our
choice!"

Scratch, scratch went much lamentation of that
same
And sound Tribunul, delegates august
Of Phoebus and the Muses' sacred train—
Whom every poetaster tries to thrust
From where, high-throned, they dominate
the Seine:
Frailless endeavour,—fall it shall and must!
Whereof in witness have not one and all
The Forty voices pealed "Our Choice be
Paul!"

Thus Paul discomfited his applause. Alack!
For human expectation! Scarcely ink
Was dry when, lo, the perfect piece came
into minute life that's one fury-fit,
Whereof in witness have not one and all
From where, high-throned, they dominate
the Seine:
Frailless endeavour,—fall it shall and must!
Whereof in witness have not one and all
The Forty voices pealed "Our Choice be
Paul!"

LXXX.
Verse must be cared for at this early
stage,
Handled, nay dandled even. I should play
Their game indeed if, till it grew of age,
I modestly let these dotards frown away
My bumbling from the rightful heritage
Of smiles and kisses! Let the public
say
If it be worthy praises or rebukes,
My poem, from these Forty old perukes!"

LXXXI.
So, by a friend, who boasts himself in grace
With no less than the Chevalier La
Roque,—
Eminent in those days for pride of place,
Seeking he had it in his power to block
The way or smooth the road to all the race
Of letters trudging up to knock
At Fame's exalted temple-door—for why?
He edited the Paris "Mercury":—

LXXXII.
By this friend's help the Chevalier receives
Paul's poem, prefaced by the due appeal
To Csesar from the Jews. As duly heaves
With case so customary—turns the leaves,
With ease so customary—turns the leaves,
Finding nothing there to borrow, beg or
steal—
Then brightens up the critic's brow deep-
lined,
"The thing may be so cleverly declined!"

LXXXIII.
Down to desk, out with paper, up with
guillotin,
Dip and indite! "Sir, gratitude immense
For this true draught from the Pierian rill!
Our Academic clodpoles must be drenched
Indeed to stand unirrigated still.
No less, we critics dare not give offence
To grudes like the Forty: while we mock
We grin and bear. So, here's your piece!
La Roque."
"Now let me counsel: Lay this pleasant shelf — Masterpiece though it be! From out your desk.
Hand me some lighter sample, verse of old;
Cardinal inspired you with, no god grotesque
Presiding over the Navy! I myself
Hand-write what's legible yet picturesque;
I'll copy fair and femininely frock
Your poem masculine that courts La Roque!

"Deidamia he—Achilles thee!
Ha, ha, those ancient stories come so apt!
My sex, my youth, my rank I next avow
In a neat prayer for kind perusal. Sapped
I see the walls which stand so stoutly now!
I see the toils about the game entrapped
By honest cunning! Chains of lady's-smock,
Not thorn and thistle, tether fast La Roque!"

XCV.

Now, who might be the speaker sweet and arch
That laughed above Paul's shoulder as it heaved
With the indignant heart?—bad steel a March.
And not continue charging? Who consented
This plan which set our Paul, like pea you parch
On fire-shovel, skipping, of a load relieved,
From arm-chair moodiness to escritoire Sacred to Phoebus and the tuneful choir?

XCVII.

Who but Paul's sister! named of course like him
"Desforges"? but, mark you, in those days a queer
Custom obtained,—who knows whence grew the whim?—
That people could not read their title clear
To reverence till their own true names, made dim
By daily mumbling, pleased to disappear, Replaced by brand-new bright ones: Aruet,
For instance, grew Voltaire; Desforges—Malcris.

XCVIII.

"Demoiselle Malcris de la Vigné"—because
The family possessed at Bredene
A vineyard,—few grapes, many hips and
Thistles, to the rescue. Get behind the scenes!
Nor stone did his refusal prove La Roque.

XCIX.

At liberty to disobey them, Paul!
By daily mouthing, pleased to disappear,
Are Forty wagging beards worth one girl's smile?

C.

A fledgeling novice that with wing unclipt
Raked the old ashes up and disengaged
The sparks of gallantry which always lurk
In "Malcrais de la Vigne"—more short,
Sonnets and songs of every size and shape.
Copies it fair, and "Now for my La Roque!"

CII.

Twas an epistle that might move the Turk!
More certainly it moved our middle-aged
Pen-driver drudging at his weary work,
Raked the old ashes up and disengaged
The sparks of gallantry which always lurk
Somewhere in literary breasts, unsnagged
In no degree by compliments on style;
Are Forty wagging beards worth one girl's smile?

CIII.

In trips the lady's poem, takes its place
Of honour in the gratified Gazette,
With due acknowledgment of power and grace;
Prognostication, too, that higher yet
The Breton Muse will soar: fresh youth, high race,
Beauty and wealth have amicably met
That Demoiselle Malcris may fill the chair
Left vacant by the loss of Deshoulieres.

CIV.

"There!" cried the lively lady. "Who was right—
You in the dumps, or I the merry maid
Who know a trick or two can battle spite
Tenfold the force of this old fool's? Afraid
Of Editor La Roque? But come! next flight
Shall without—Deshoulieres alone? My blade,
Sappho herself shall you confess outstrip!
Quick, Paul, another dose of manuscript!

CV.

And so, once well a-foot, advanced the game:
More and more verses, corresponding gush
On gush of praise, till everywhere acclaim
Roses to the pitch of uproar. "Sappho! Truth!
Sure 'Malcrais on her Parrot' puts to shame Deshoulieres' pastoral, clay not worth a rush
Besides this fond of treasure, gold in crock,
Unearthed in Brittany,—nay, ask La Roque!"

CVI.

Such was the Paris tribute. "Yes," you sneer,
"Ninnies stock Nooledgeon, but folk more sage
Resist contagious folly, never fear!"
Do they? Permit me to detach one page
From the huge Album which from far and near
Poetic praises blackened in a rage
Of rapture! and that page shall be—who
Confounded now, I ask you?—just Voltaire's!

CVII.

Ay, sharpest shrillest steel that ever stabbed
To death Imposture through the armour-joints!
How did it happen that gross Humbug grabbed
Thy weapons, gouged thine eyes out? Fate appoints
That pride shall have a fall; or I had blinded
Hardly that Humbug, whom thy soul abandons
Could thus cross-cut the thee caught unawares,
And disgrate of tumbles proved—Voltaire's!
CVIII.

See his epistle extant yet, wherewith
"Heart!" in verse and "Charles" in prose he sent
To do her suit and service! Here's the pith
Of half a dozen stonies—stones which went
To hold that simulated monument.

Shame have in due degree with homage blent
A suddenly moving tribute—and Voltaire's!

"I labour to amuse my freedom; but
I like the prospect—their astonishment,
Their envy, too of half a dozen stanzas—stones which went
To build that simulated monolith—•

"What, sir, yourself, none other, brought
To Cerberus who let him pass, you know,
I was unjustly thought a natural;
I love thee, Breton Beauty! All's no use!

CVIX.

Charles was my taskwork only; Henri trod
My hero erst; and now, my heroine—she
She shall be thyself! True—-is it true, great
God?—

"I thought to show you " . . . "Show me,"
Paul in-broke,

"What, Paul, and are my pains thus thrown
Away, my lessons end in loss?" at length fall slow
The pitying syllables, her lips alloy
The satire of by keeping in full flow,

CVX.

"Oh thou, whose clarion-voice has overflown
The wilds to startle Paris that's one ear!

Oh thou, whose clarion-voice has overflown
The wilds to startle Paris that's one ear!

CVXII.

"七 shall be next move which decides the
game:
What fairer test of worth than that, form
And joining all that's grand with all that's

CVXII.

"Well!" this time forth affirmatively comes
With smack of lip, and long-drawn sigh
Through teeth
Close clench'd o'er satisfaction, as the gums
Were tickled by a sweetmeat teased beneath

"Well!" this time forth affirmatively comes
With smack of lip, and long-drawn sigh
Through teeth
Close clench'd o'er satisfaction, as the gums
Were tickled by a sweetmeat teased beneath

CVXIII.

"La Roque, Voltaire, my lovers! Then
disguise
Has served its turn, grows idle; let it
drop!
I shall to Paris, flaunt there in men's eyes
My proper manly girdle and mount a-top
The pedestal that waits me, take the prize
Awarded Hercules. He threw a sop
To Cerberus who let him pass, you know,
I may put claim in for my pittance, Dear!

CVXIV.

"I thought to show you " . . . "Show me,"
Paul in-broke,

"My poetry is rubbish, and the world
That rings with my renown a sorry joke!
What fairer test of worth than that, form

CVXV.

What shall be next move which decides the
game:
Success? She said so. Failure? His the
blame.

CVXVI.

"Eh, my Diana?" But Diana kept
Smilingly silent with fixed needle-sharp
Much-meaning eyes that seemed to intercept
Paul's very thoughts ere they Rad time to

"Eh, my Diana?" But Diana kept
Smilingly silent with fixed needle-sharp
Much-meaning eyes that seemed to intercept
Paul's very thoughts ere they Rad time to

CVXVII.

"What, Paul, and are my pains thus thrown
Away, My lessons end in loss?" at length fall slow
The pitying syllables, her lips alloy
The satire of by keeping in full flow,

CVXVIII.

"Seven, sir, yourself, none other, brought
To Cerberus who let him pass, you know,
I was unjustly thought a natural;
I love thee, Breton Beauty! All's no use!

CVXIX.

"Eh, my Diana?" But Diana kept
Smilingly silent with fixed needle-sharp
Much-meaning eyes that seemed to intercept
Paul's very thoughts ere they Rad time to

From earnest into sport the words they leap!

From earnest into sport the words they leap!

"What, Paul, and are my pains thus thrown
Away, My lessons end in loss?" at length fall slow
The pitying syllables, her lips alloy
The satire of by keeping in full flow,

"What, Paul, and are my pains thus thrown
Away, My lessons end in loss?" at length fall slow
The pitying syllables, her lips alloy
The satire of by keeping in full flow,
Announces there's a giant at the door.

"Lackey! Malcrais,—mind, no word less; forsooth! what courser sprightlier
twined about a foot and a half of fresh air!—

The credit of your march to the World's Fair
The opposite procedure! Cast your crutch
Away, no longer crippled, nor divide
His essence, or whiteness, or whiteness, nor whiteness nor white,

The golden eagle! That's the grand acquisit!
Voltaire's sly Muse, the tiger-cat, has purred
Prettily round your feet; but if she missed
Priority of stroking, soon were stirred
The dormant spit-fire. To Voltaire! away,
Paul Desforges Mallard, otherwise Malcrais!"

Whereupon, arm in arm, and head in air,
The two begin their journey. Need I say,
La Roque had felt the talon of Voltaire,
And pronounced, you may depend, on such a rare
Occasion for this discharges? So gay
And grenadier-like, marching to assault,
They reach the enemy's abode, there halt.
THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

CXL.
"Don't linger here in Paris to parade
Your victory, and have the very boys
Point at you! 'There's the little mouse
Which made me a stupid confounded jade
Believe those two big lions that its noise
Nibbling away behind the hedge, conveyed
Intelligence that—portent which destroys
All courage in the lion's heart, with horn
That's fable—there lay couched the uni

CXLII.
"Beware us, now we've found who fooled
Quick
To cover! 'In proportion to men's fright
Expect their fright's revenge!' quoth politic
Old Macchiavelli. As for me,—all's right:
I'm but a journalist. But no pin's prick
Expect their fright's revenge! ' quoth politic
That's fable—there lay couched the uni

CXLIII.
"Yes, I'm Malcrais, and somebody be-
Good journey! Ha, ha, ha, Malcrais was—
I'm their match henceforth—very man and
Cherry-cheeked sister, as she soothes the

CXLIV.
"How woman-like it is to apprehend
Each writer's style and title! Choose
betwixt
Fool and knave for his name, who should
To stone, they stare at you in print,—at
And male must end what petticoats began!

CXLV.
"No, Dear, allow me! I shall print these
same
Pieces, with no omitted line, as Paul's
Malcrais no longer, let me see folk blame
What—they praised simply,—placed on
pedestals,
Each piece a statue in the House of Fame!
Fast will they stand there, though their
presence galls
The curious crew: such show their teeth,
perhaps,
And snarl, but never bite! I know the
chaps!"

CXLVII.
Oh Paul, oh pitiously deluded! Pace
Thy sad sterility of Cricois flats,
Watch, from their southern edge, the foamy
race
Of high-tide as it leaves the drowning mats
Of yellow-berried web-growth from their
place,
The rock-ridge, when, rolling as far as Batz,
One broadside crashes on it, and the crags,
That needle under, stream with weedy rags!

CXLVIII.
Or, if thou wilt, at inland Bergerac,
Rude heritage but recognized domain,
Do as two here are doing—make hearth crack
With logs until thy chimney roar again
Jolly with fire-glow! Let its angle lack
No grace of Cherry-cheeks thy sister, fain
To do a sister's office and laugh smooth
Thy corrugated brow—that scowls forsooth!

CXLIX.
Wherefore? Who does not know how these
La Roque's,
Voltaire, can say and unsay, praise and
blame.
Prove black white, white-black, playat paradox
And, when they seem to lose it, win thegame?
Care how this badger, and that fox,
His fellow in raillery, call 'fame!'?

CL.
To perpetrate a baseness so unmixed
With prospect of advantage! What is writ
Is writ: they've praised me, there's an end
Of it.

CLII.
"Don't talk to me of knocking-under!
man
Mortified poet. "Let their worst be tried,
Our hero, safe at home, to that black-eyed

CLIII.
"—Yes, I'm Malcrais, and somebody be-
side, they
You snickering monkey!" thus winds up
the tale
Our hero, safe at home, to that black-eyed
Cherry-cheeked sister, as she soothes the

CLIV.
"He's Francaleu, while Demoiselle Malcrais
Is Demoiselle No-end-of-names-behind!
As for Voltaire, he's Dami. Good and gay
The plot and dialogue, and all's designed
To spite Voltaire: at " Something " such the
laugh
Of simply " Nothing! " (see his epigraph).

CLV.
But truth, truth, that's the gold! and all the
gold
I find in fancy is, it serves to set

CLVI.
Fiddlepia's end! Thou hast it, —quack,
quack, quack!
Have quietude from geese at Bergerac!

CLVII.
Quieted! For, be very sure of this!
A twelvemonth hence, and men shall know
or care
As much for what to-day they clap or hiss
As for the fashion of the wigs they wear,
Then wonder at. There's fame which, bale
or bliss,
Get by no gracious word of great Voltaire
Or not-so-great La Roque,—is taken back
By neither, say more than Bergerac!

CLVIII.
Too true! or rather, true as ought to be!
No more of Paul the man, Malcrais the
maid,
Thereforth for ever! One or two, I see,
Stuck by their poet: who the longest
stayed
Was Jean-Baptiste Rousseau, and even he
Seemingly saddened as perchance he paid
A thyring tribute "After death, survive—
he hoped he should; and died while yet
alive!"

CLIX.
He's Francaleu, while Demoiselle Malcrais
IsDemoiselle No-end-of-names-behind!
As for Voltaire, he's Dami. Good and gay
The plot and dialogue, and all's designed
To spite Voltaire: at " Something " such the
laugh
Of simply " Nothing! " (see his epigraph).

CLX.
Now, take this sparkle and the other spirt
Of stifful flame,—win births of our grey
brand
That's shaking fast to ashes! —I assert,
As sparkles want but fuel to expand
Into a conflagration no mere squirt
Will quench too quickly, so might Croisic
brand

CLXI.
Did earlier Agamemnons lack their bard?
But later bards lacked Agamemnon too!
How often frustrate they of fame's award
Just because Fortune, as she listed, blew
Some slight bark's sails to bellying, mauled
And forced to put about the First-rate!

CLXII.
At anchor, rot while Beddoes breasts the

CLXIII.
He's Francaleu, while Demoiselle Malcrais
IsDemoiselle No-end-of-names-behind!
As for Voltaire, he's Dami. Good and gay
The plot and dialogue, and all's designed
To spite Voltaire: at " Something " such the
laugh
Of simply " Nothing! " (see his epigraph).

CLXIV.
But truth, truth, that's the gold! and all the
gold
I find in fancy is, it serves to set

CLXV.
Fiddlepia's end! Thou hast it, —quack,
quack, quack!
Have quietude from geese at Bergerac!

CLXVI.
Quieted! For, be very sure of this!
A twelvemonth hence, and men shall know
or care
As much for what to-day they clap or hiss
As for the fashion of the wigs they wear,
Then wonder at. There's fame which, bale
or bliss,
Get by no gracious word of great Voltaire
Or not-so-great La Roque,—is taken back
By neither, say more than Bergerac!

CLXVII.
Too true! or rather, true as ought to be!
No more of Paul the man, Malcrais the
maid,
Thereforth for ever! One or two, I see,
Stuck by their poet: who the longest
stayed
Was Jean-Baptiste Rousseau, and even he
Seemingly saddened as perchance he paid
A thyring tribute "After death, survive—
he hoped he should; and died while yet
alive!"

CLXVIII.
He's Francaleu, while Demoiselle Malcrais
IsDemoiselle No-end-of-names-behind!
As for Voltaire, he's Dami. Good and gay
The plot and dialogue, and all's designed
To spite Voltaire: at " Something " such the
laugh
Of simply " Nothing! " (see his epigraph).

CLXIX.
Now, take this sparkle and the other spirt
Of stifful flame,—win births of our grey
brand
That's shaking fast to ashes! —I assert,
As sparkles want but fuel to expand
Into a conflagration no mere squirt
Will quench too quickly, so might Croisic
brand

CLXX.
Did earlier Agamemnons lack their bard?
But later bards lacked Agamemnon too!
How often frustrate they of fame's award
Just because Fortune, as she listed, blew
Some slight bark's sails to bellying, mauled
And forced to put about the First-rate!

CLXXI.
At anchor, rot while Beddoes breasts the

CLXXII.
He's Francaleu, while Demoiselle Malcrais
IsDemoiselle No-end-of-names-behind!
As for Voltaire, he's Dami. Good and gay
The plot and dialogue, and all's designed
To spite Voltaire: at " Something " such the
laugh
Of simply " Nothing! " (see his epigraph).

CLXXIII.
But truth, truth, that's the gold! and all the
gold
I find in fancy is, it serves to set

CLXXIV.
Fiddlepia's end! Thou hast it, —quack,
quack, quack!
Have quietude from geese at Bergerac!

CLXXV.
Quieted! For, be very sure of this!
A twelvemonth hence, and men shall know
or care
As much for what to-day they clap or hiss
As for the fashion of the wigs they wear,
Then wonder at. There's fame which, bale
or bliss,
Get by no gracious word of great Voltaire
Or not-so-great La Roque,—is taken back
By neither, say more than Bergerac!
THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

CLV.

Dear, shall I tell you? There's a simple test
Would serve, when people talk on them
to weigh
The worth of poets. "Who was better, best,
This, that, or the other bard?" (tarns none
graceless
As good, observe! no matter for the rest)
"What quality preponderating may
Turn the scale asit trembles?" End the strife,
By asking "Which one led a happy life?"

CLVI.

If one did, over his antagonist
That yelled or shrieked or sobbed or wept
or wept
Or simply had the dumbs,—dispute who list,—
I count him victor. Where his fellow failed,
Masted by his own means of might,—acquist
Of necessary sorrows,—he prevailed,
A strong since joyful man who stood distinct
Above slave-sorrows to his chariot linked.

CLVII.

Was not his lot to feel more? What meant
"feel"
Unless to suffer! Not, to see more! Sight—
What helped it but to watch the drunken reel
Of vice and folly round him, left and right,
Unless to suffer! Not, to see more? Sight—
Of things lovely? What provoked
Of necessary sorrows,—he prevailed,
I count him victor. Where his fellow failed,
Of filth incarnate, like the poet's need
Was not his lot to feel more? What meant
Above slave-sorrows to his chariot linked.

CLVIII.

Who knows most, doubts most; entertaining
What helped it but to watch the drunken reel
Of other nutriment than strife and greed!
Of filth incarnate, like the poet's need
Was not his lot to feel more? What meant
Above slave-sorrows to his chariot linked.

CLIX.

Therefore I say... no, shall not say, but
think,
And save my breath for better purpose.
White
From grey our log has burned to: just one
blink
That quivers, loth to leave it, as a sprite
The outworn body. Ere your eyelid's
wink
Punish who soiled so deep into the night
Your mouth up, for two poets dead so long;
Here pleads a live pretender: right your
\begin{itemize}
  \item What a pretty tale you told me
  \item Once upon a time
  \item Said you found it somewhere (could I make it?
  \item Was it prose or was it rhyme,
  \item Greek or Latin?
  \item Yes, and your shoulders pricked my head.
  \item Anyhow, there's no forgetting
  \item This much if no more
  \item That a poet (pray, no petting!)
  \item Yes, a bard, sir; famed of yore,
  \item Went where suchlike used to go,
  \item Singing for a prize, you know.
\end{itemize}
THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC

XV.
If he gains one, will some ticket,
When his statue's built,
Tell the gazer "Twas a cricket
Helped my crippled lyre, whose lit
Sweet and low, when strength usurped
Softness' place i' the scale, she chirped?

XVI.
"For as victory was highest,
While I sang and played,—
With my lyre at lowest, highest,
Right alike,—one string that made
'Love' sound soft was snapt in twain,
Never to be heard again,—

XVII.
"Had not a kind cricket fluttered,
Perched upon the place
Vainest left, and duly uttered
'Love, Love, Love,' wherever the bass
Asked the treble to atone
For its somewhat sombre drone."

XVIII.
But you don't know music! Therefore
Keep on casting pearls
To a—poet? All I care for
Is—to tell him that a girl's
"Love" comes aptly in when gruff
Grows his singing. (There, enough!)

DRAMATIC IDYLS.
FIRST SERIES.

MARTIN RELPH.

My grandfather says he remembers: he saw,
When a youngster long ago,
On a bright May day, a strange old man,
With a beard as white as snow,
Stand on the hill outside our town like a
Monument of woe,
And, striking his bare bald head the while,
Sob out the reason—so!

If I list as long as Methuselah I shall never
Forgive myself:
But—God forgive me, that I pray, unhappy
Martin Relph,
As coward, coward I call him—him, yes,
Him! Away from me!
Get you behind the man I am now, you man
That I used to be!

What can have sewed my mouth up, set me
A stare, all eyes, no tongue?
People have urged "You visit a scare too
Hard on a lad so young!
You were taken aback, poor boy," they urge,
"No time to regain your wits:
Besides it had maybe cost you life." Ay,
There is the cap which fits!

So, cap me, the coward,—thus! No fear!
A cuff on the brow does good:
The feel of it helps a worm inside which
Bores at the brain for food.
See now, there certainly seems excuse: for
A moment, I trust, dear friends,
The fault was but folly, no fault of mine, or
If mine, I have made amends!

For, every day that is first of May, on the
Hill-top, here stand I,
Martin Relph, and I strike my brow, and
Publish the reason why,
When there gathers a crowd to mock the
fool. No fool, friends, since the bite
Of a worm inside is worse to bear: I pray God
I have baulked him quite!

"You clowns on the slope, beware!" cried
He: "This woman about to die
Gives by her fate fair warning to such
Acquaintance as play the spy.
Henceforth who meddle with matters of state
Above them perhaps will learn
That peasants should stick to their plough-tail,
Leave to the King the King's concern.

"Here's a quarrel that sets the land on
Fire, between King George and his
Foes:
What call has a man of your kind—much
Less, a woman—to interpose?
Yet you needs must be meddling, folk like
You, not foes—so much the worse!
The many and loyal should keep themselves
Unmixed with the few perverse.

579
"Is the counsel hard to follow? I gave it you plain a month ago, and where was the good? The rebels have learned just all that they need to know. Not a month since we quietly marched: a week, and they had the news, from a list complete of our rank and file to a note of our caps and shoes.

"All about we did and all we were doing and like to do! Only, I catch a letter by luck, and capture not a month since in we quietly marched: a week, and they had the news, from a list complete of our rank and file to a note of our caps and shoes. Where was the good? The rebels have safe in the trap would they now lie snug, had they! For the second Company sure to come (tis true)—Facts were set down in, in the rebels' books, come quick,' said I, 'and in person prove our sort—the scamp!

"'If her writing is simple and honest and only the lover-like stuff it looks, and if you yourself are a loyalist, nor down with a case of the kind, when a woman's in our sort—the scamp!'

"'Next week is now: does he come? Not the scoundrel! Clean gone, our clerk, in a trice!'

"That was myself, who had stolen up last, with my hand at the window, and my head in the room. He had but a handful of men, that's true, and the bloodshot eyes to suit! And his own neck free, but his partner's fast in the noose still, here she stands. Some sank to the earth, but all shut eyes, no need of a warning twice!'

"Who staggeringly, stumblingly rises, falls, and who? Why does not he call, cry,—curse the fool! Else why does he wave a something white high-flourished above his head? No one can hear, but if anyone high on the hill can see, she's saved!"
Then I name thee, claim thee for our patron,
co-equal in praise.
—Ay, with Zeus the Defender, with Her of
the agis and spear!
Also, ye of the bow and the buckler, praised
be your peer,
Now, henceforth and forever,—O latest to
whom I entrust!
Hand and heart and voice! For Athens,
leave pasture and flock!
Present to help, potent to save, Pan—patron
I call!

Archons of Athens, topped by the seits, see,
I return!
See, "is myself here standing alive, no
spectre that speaks!"
Crowned with the myrtle, did you command me,
Athens and you,
"Run, Pheidippides, run and race, reach
Sparta for aid!"
Persia has come, we are here, where is she?"
Your command I obeyed,
Run and raced: like stubble, some field which
a fire runs through,
Was the space between city and city: two
days, two nights did I burn
Over the hills, under the dales, down pits and
up peaks.
Into their midst I broke: breath served but
for "Persia has come!"
Persia bids Athens proffer slaves'-tribute,
Also, ye of the bow and the buskin, praised
be your peer,
the aegis and spear!1
Co-equal in praise
Then I name thee, claim thee for our patron,
co-equal in praise.
—Ay, with Zeus the Defender, with Her of
the agis and spear!
Also, ye of the bow and the buckler, praised
be your peer,
Now, henceforth and forever,—O latest to
whom I entrust!
Hand and heart and voice! For Athens,
leave pasture and flock!
Present to help, potent to save, Pan—patron
I call!

Archons of Athens, topped by the seits, see,
I return!
See, "is myself here standing alive, no
spectre that speaks!"
Crowned with the myrtle, did you command me,
Athens and you,
"Run, Pheidippides, run and race, reach
Sparta for aid!"
Persia has come, we are here, where is she?"
Your command I obeyed,
Run and raced: like stubble, some field which
a fire runs through,
Was the space between city and city: two
days, two nights did I burn
Over the hills, under the dales, down pits and
up peaks.
Into their midst I broke: breath served but
for "Persia has come!"
Persia bids Athens proffer slaves'-tribute,
Also, ye of the bow and the buskin, praised
be your peer,
the aegis and spear!1
Co-equal in praise

First I salute this soil of the blessed, river
and rock!
Gods of my birthplace, deities and heroes,
honour to all!

Friends, look you here! Suppose... suppose...
But mad am I, needs must be!
Judas the Damned would never have dared
such a sin as I dream! For, see!
Suppose I had sneakingly loved her myself,
my wretched self, and dreamed
In the heart of me! She were better dead
and happy in his!—while gleamed
A light from hell as I spied the pair in a
perfect embrace,
He the saviour and she the saved,—bliss born
of the very murder-place!
No! Say I was scared, friends! Call me
fool and coward, but nothing worse!
Jeer at the fool and glibe at the coward!
'Twas ever the coward's curse
That fear breeds fancies in such: such take
their shadow for substance still,
—A fiend at their back. I liked poor Parkes,
—A light from hell as I spied the pair in a
perfect embrace,
He the saviour and she the saved,—bliss born
of the very murder-place!

And he the one signed, sealed, safe in his
grasp,—what followed but fresh delays?
For the floods were out, he was forced to
take such a roundabout of ways!
'Twas "Halt there!" at every turn of the
road, since he had to cross the
brick!
Of the red-coats: what did they care for him
and his "Quick, for God's sake, quick!"

Horse? but he had one: had it how long?
till the first knave smirked "You bring
Yourself a friend of the King's? then lead to
a King's friend here your nag!"
Money to buy another? Why, piece by piece
they plundered him still,
With their "Wait you must,—no help: if
aught can help you, a guinea will!"

And a borough there was—I forget the name
—whose Mayor must have the bench

"Vincent," thinks he, sounds French!
But he had one: had it how long?
It well may have driven him daft, God knows!

And at length when he wrung their pardon
It was hard to get at the folk in power: such
Such pleading and praying, with, all the
while, his lamb in the lions' den!

And his "Quick, for God's sake, quick!"
—loved Vincent, if you will!

Jeer at the fool and gibe at the coward!
Rushing and falling and rising, at last he
arrived in a horror—so!

PHEIDIPPIDES.

[After Persians went up
into Attica, ran all the way from Athens to
Sparta to demand aid, and ran back again
in time to be at Marathon; and then, the
battle over, ran to Athens to announce the
victory—falling dead, having done so.]

Xiphos, xiphos.

PHEIDIPPIDES.
Vain was the filleted victim, the fulsome libation! Too rash
Love in its choice, paid you so largely service so slack!

"Oak and olive and bay,—I bid you cease to overthrive
Brows made bold by your leaf! Fad at the Persian's foot.
You that, our patrons were pledged, should never demand a slave!
Rather I hail thee, Parnes,—trust to thy wild waste trust!

My speed may hardly be, for homage to crag and to cave
No deity deigns to drape with verdure? at least I can breathe,
Fear in thee no fraud from the blind, no lie
Rather I hail thee, Parnes,—trust to thy wild.

Such my cry as, rapid, I ran over Parnes' ridge;
Gully and gap I chambered and cleared ill, sudden, a bar
Jotted, a stoppage of stone against me, blocking the way.
Right! for I minded the hollow to traverse, the fissure across:

"Where I could enter, there I depart by!

Parnes to Athens—earth no more, the air
Be sure that, the rest of my journey, I ran no longer, but flew.
Parnes to Athens—earth no more, the air
Whom her away for ever; and then,—no
Athens to save,—

Marry a certain maid, I know keeps faith to the brave,
He to my house and home: and, when my children shall creep
Close to my knees,—recount how the God was
Promised their sire reward to the full—rewarding him—so!"

Unforeseeing one! Yes, he fought on the Marathon day:
So, when Persia was dust, all cried "To Akropolis!
Run, Phædippides, one race more! the mead is thy due!
"Athens is saved, thank Pan," go shout!"
He flung down his shield,
Run like fire once more: and the space 'twixt the Fennel-field
And Athens was stubble again, a field which a fire runs through,
Till in he broke: "Rejoice, we conquer!"
Like wine through clay, joy in his blood bursting his heart, he died—
the bliss!

Tell it us straightway,—Athens the mother
Demands of her son.
Rosily blushed the youth: he paused; but, lifting at length
His eyes from the ground, it seemed as he gathered the rest of his strength
Into the utterance—"Pan spoke thus: "For
Count on a worthy reward! Henceforth be allowed thee release
From the racer's toil, no vulgar reward in praise or in peril?"

"I am bold to believe, Pan means reward
The most to my mind!
Fight I shall, with our foremost, wherever this fenell may grow,—
Found—Pan helping us—Persia to dust, and,
Whelm her away for ever; and then,—no
Athens to save,—

So, when Persia was dust, all cried "To Akropolis!
Run, Phædippides, one race more! the mead is thy due!
"Athens is saved, thank Pan," go shout!"
He flung down his shield,
Run like fire once more: and the space 'twixt the Fennel-field
And Athens was stubble again, a field which a fire runs through,
Till in he broke: "Rejoice, we conquer!"
Like wine through clay, joy in his blood bursting his heart, he died—
the bliss!

HALBERT AND HOB.

Here is a thing that happened. Like wild beasts whopeled, for den,
In a wild part of North England, there lived once two wild men
Inhabiting one homestead, neither a hovel nor hut,
Time out of mind their birthright: father and son, these—but:
Such a son, such a father! Most wildness by degrees
Soften away: yet, last of their line, the wildest and worst were these.

Criminals, then? Why, no; they did not number and rob;
But, give them a word, they returned a blow—old Halbert as young Hob:
Harsh and fierce of word, rough and savage of deed,
Hated or feared the more—who knows?—the genuine wild-beast breed.

Thus were they found by the few sparse folk of the country-side;
But how fared each with other? E'en beasts couch, hide by hide,
In a growling, grudged agreement: so, father and son aye curds.

The cloister up in their den because the last of their kind in the world.

Still, beast irks beast on occasion. One Christmas night of snow,

Came father and son to words—such words!—more cruel because the blow To crown each word was wanting, while taunt matched glbe, and curse.

Competed with oath in wager, like pastime in hell,—may, worse:

For pastime turned to earnest, as up there sprung at last

The son at the throat of the father, seized him and held him fast.

"Out of this house you go!"—(there followed a hideous oath)—

"This oven where now we bake, too hot to hold us both!

If there's snow outside, there's coolness: out

With you, bide a spell

In the drift and save the sexton the charge of

A boy threw stones: he picked them up and stored them in his vest.

So trotted, muttered, mumbled he, till he died, perhaps found real.

"Is there a reason in nature for these hard hearts?" O Lear,

That a reason out of nature must turn them soft, seems clear!

Ivan Ivanovitch.

"They tell me, your carpenters," quoth I to my friend the Russ,

"Make a simple hatchet serve as a tool-box serves with us.

Arm but each man with his axe, 'tis a hammer and saw and plane;

And chisel, and—what know I else? We should imitate in vain

To star the dark and dread, lest right and

And chisel, and—what know I else? We should imitate in vain

The mastery wherewithal, by a flourish of

Hammer and saw and plane.

"Make a simple hatchet serve as a tool-box serves with us.

Arm but each man with his axe, 'tis a hammer and saw and plane;

And chisel, and—what know I else? We should imitate in vain

To star the dark and dread, lest right and

And chisel, and—what know I else? We should imitate in vain

The mastery wherewithal, by a flourish of

Hammer and saw and plane.

"Make a simple hatchet serve as a tool-box serves with us.

Arm but each man with his axe, 'tis a hammer and saw and plane;

And chisel, and—what know I else? We should imitate in vain

To star the dark and dread, lest right and

And chisel, and—what know I else? We should imitate in vain

The mastery wherewithal, by a flourish of

Hammer and saw and plane.
Early one winter morn, in such a village as this,
Snow-whitened everywhere except the middle road
Ice-roughed by truck of sledge, there worked by his abode
Ivan Ivanovitch, the carpenter, employed
On a huge shishapunct trunk; his axe now trimmed and toyed
With branch and twig, and now some chop athwart the bole
Changed bele to billets, bored at once the tup and soul.
About him, watched the work his neighbours sheepskin-clad;
Each bearded mouth puffed steam, each grey eye twinkled glad
To see the sturdy arm which, never stopping play,
Proved strong man's blood still boils, freeze winter as he may.
Sudden, a burst of bells. Out of the road,
To see the sturdy arm which, never stopping
Each bearded mouth puffed steam, each grey eye twinkled glad
To see the sturdy arm which, never stopping play,
Proved strong man's blood still boils, freeze winter as he may.
Sudden, a burst of bells. Out of the road,
To see the sturdy arm which, never stopping
Each bearded mouth puffed steam, each grey eye twinkled glad
To see the sturdy arm which, never stopping play,
Proved strong man's blood still boils, freeze winter as he may.
Sudden, a burst of bells. Out of the road,
To see the sturdy arm which, never stopping
Each bearded mouth puffed steam, each grey eye twinkled glad
To see the sturdy arm which, never stopping play,
Proved strong man's blood still boils, freeze winter as he may.
Sudden, a burst of bells. Out of the road,
To see the sturdy arm which, never stopping
Each bearded mouth puffed steam, each grey eye twinkled glad
To see the sturdy arm which, never stopping play,
Proved strong man's blood still boils, freeze winter as he may.
Sudden, a burst of bells. Out of the road,
To see the sturdy arm which, never stopping
Each bearded mouth puffed steam, each grey eye twinkled glad
To see the sturdy arm which, never stopping play,
Proved strong man's blood still boils, freeze winter as he may.
DRAMATIC IDYLS

There's no mistaking more! Shall I lean out—look—learns.
The truth, whatever it be? Pad, pad! At last, I turn—

"Tis the regular pad of the wolves in pursuit of the life in the sledge!
An army they are; close-packed they press like the thrust of a wedge:
They increase as they hunt: for I see, through the pine-trunks ranged each side,
Slip forth new fiend and fiend, make wider and still more wide
The four-footed steady advance. The foremost—none may pass:
They are elders and lead the line, eye and eye—green-glowing brass!
But a long way distant still. Droug, save us! He does his best:
Yet they gain on us, gain, till they reach,—one reaches—... How utter the rest?
O that Satan-faced fiend of the band! How they scrape and prod
The earth till out they scratch some corpse—none may pass:
Some have not a boy: some have, but lose
The relics were to save from danger!

"O misery!... while I settle to what near seems
Content, I am aware again of the trump, and again there gleams
Point and point—the line, eyes, levelled
green brassy fire!
So soon is resumed your chase? Will nothing appear, nought fire
TheWolves? And yet I think—I am certain the men are slack,
And the numbers are nothing like. Not a quarter of the pack!
Feasters and those full-fed are staying behind...
Well! We'll sorrow for that too soon! Now,—galely, reach home, and die,
Nor ever again leave bones, to trust our life
In the trap
For life—we call a sledge! Terentii, in my lap?
Yes, 'twill lie down upon you, tight-tie you with the straps
Here—of my heart! No fear, this time, your mother flings...
The panting morsel out, left you to howl your worst! Now for it—now! Ah me! I know him—thrice-accurs'd Satan-face,—him to the end my foe!

All fight's in vain:
This time the green brass points pierce to my very brain.
I fall—fall as I ought—quite on the babe
itself:
On my two—my one—
Soon I shall find my house: 'tis over there:
Thus—how or when or why,—I know not.
I died then, dead I lay doubtlessly till Droug
Till out you scoop its clove wherein lie stalk
The onion-bulb your knife parts, pushing
Past my neck, past my breasts, my heart,
I clung, closed round like wax: yet in he
Could I do more? Beside he knew wolf's
It grinds—it grates the bone. O Kirill
O God, the feel of the fang furrowing my

Move in a sort of march, march on till
Marching ends. Opposite to the church; where dwelling,—
who suspects,
By its long hair, the thing, deposits in its
place.
The pious head: once more the body
shows no trace.
Of harm done: there lies whole the Louise,
maid and wife
And mother, loved until this latest of her
life.
Then all sit on the bank of snow which
borders a space.
Kep't free before the porch for judgment:
just the place!
Presently all the souls, man, woman, child,
which make
The village up, are found assembling for the
sale
Of what is to be done. The very Jews are
there:
A Gipsy-troop, though bound with horses
for the Fair,
Squats with the rest. Each heart with its
conception seethes
And simmers, but no tongue speaks: one
may say,—none breathes.
Anon from out the church totters the Pope
—the priest—
Hardly alive, so old, a hundred years at least.
With him, the Commune's head, a hoary
senior too,
Starosta, that's his style,—like Equity Judge
and all,
Leave father to his fate,—poor cowards

From Droug's first intrush, all, up to Ivan's
last word
"God bade me act for him: I dared not disobey!"
Silence—the Pomeschik broke with "A wild
wrong way
Of righting wrong—if wrong there were,
such wrath to round! Why was not law observed? What article
Who may please to play the judge, and,
judgment dealt,
Play executioner, as promptly as we pelt
To death, without appeal, the vermin whose
sole fault
Has been—it dared to leave the darkness of its
vault,
Intrude upon our day! Too sudden and too

What was this woman's crime? Suppose
the church should crash
Down where I stand, your lord: bound are
my serfs to dare
Their utmost that I keep: yet, if the
crashing scare
My children,—as you are,—if sons fly, one

Leave father to his fate,—poor cowards though I call
The runaways, I pause before I claim their life
Because they prized it more than mine. I
would each wife
Died for her husband's sake, each son to
save his sire:
"Tis glory, I applaud—scarcely duty, I require.
Ivan Ivanovitch has done a deed that's
deserved:
Murder by law and me: who doubts, may

All turned to the old Pope. "Ay, children,
I am old—
How old, myself have got to know no longer.
Rolled
Quite round, meath of life, from infancy to age,
Seems passing back again to youth. A
certain stage
At least I reach, or dream I reach, where I discern
Truer truths, laws behold more lawlike than we learn
When first we set our foot to tread the course I trod
With man to guide my steps: who leads me now is God
'Your young men shall see visions!' and in my youth I saw
And paid obedience to man's visionary law:
'Your old men shall dream dreams': and, in my age, a hand
Conducts me through the cloud round law to where I stand
Firm on its base,—know cause, who, before, knew effect.

'A mother bears a child: perfection is complete
So far in such a birth. Enabled to repeat
The miracle of life,—herself was born so just
A type of womankind, that God sees fit to trust Her with the holy task of giving life in turn. Crowned by this crowning pride,—how say you, should she spurn
Regality—crowned, uncrowned, by her choice
Of barrenness exchanged for fruit which made rejoice
Creation, though life's self were lost in giving birth
To life more fresh and fit to glorify God's earth?
How say you, should the hand God trusted with life's torch
Kindled to light the world—aware of sparks that scorched,
Let fall the same? Forsooth, her flesh a fire-flake sings:
The mother drops the child! Among what monstrous things
Shall she be classed? Because of motherhood, each male
Yields to his partner place, sinks proudly in the scale:
His strength owned weakness, wit—folly, and courage—fear,
Beside the female proved male's mistress—only here.
The free-dom, hunger-pined, will slay the felon sure
Who dares assault her whelp: the beaver, stretched on fire,
Will die without a groan: no pang avails to wrest
Her young from where they hide—her sanctuary breast.
What's here then? Answer me, thou dead one, as I trod,
Standing at God's own bar, he bids thee answer now:
Thrice crowned wast thou—each crown of pride, a child—thy charge!
Where are they? Lost? Enough: no need that thou enlarge

On how or why the loss: life left to utter
Condemns itself beyond appeal. The soldier's post
Guards from the foe's attack the camp he sentinels:
That he no traitor proved, this and this only talk—
Over the corpse of him trod foe to foe's success.
Yet—one by one thy thorns torn from thee—thou no less
To scare the world, shame God, livedst! I hold He saw
The unsampled sin, ordained the novel law,
Whereof first instrument was first intelligence
Found loyal here. I hold that, failing human sense.
The very earth had oped, sky fallen, to efface
Humanity's new wrong, motherhood's first disgrace.
Earth oped not, neither fell the sky, for prompt was found
A man and man enough, head-sober and heart-sound,
Ready to hear God's voice, resolute to obey.
Ivan Ivanovitch. I hold, has done, this day,
No otherwise than did, in ages long ago,
Moses when he made known the purport of the law,
Of fire athwart the law's twin-tables! I proclaim
Ivan Ivanovitch God's servant!'

When that Amen grew dull and died away and left acquittal plain adjudged,
'Amen!' last sighed the lord. 'There's none shall say I judged
Escape from punishment in such a novel case.
Deferring to old age and holy life,—be grace
Granted? Say I. No less, scruples might shake a sense
Firmer than I boast mine. Law's law, and evidence
Of breach therein lies plain,—blood-red-bright,—all may see!
Yet all absolve the deed: absolved the deed must be!

And next—as mercy rules the hour—me-thinks 'twere well
You signify forthwith its sentence, and dispel
The doubts and fears, I judge, which busy now the head
Law puts a halter round—a halo—you, instead!
Ivan Ivanovitch—what think you he expects
Will follow from his feat? Go, tell him—law protects
Murder, for once: no need he longer keep behind
The Sacred Pictures—where skulks Innocence enthroned,
Or I missay? Go, some! You others, haste and hide
The dismal object there: get done, whate'er betide!'

So, while the youngsters raised the corpse, the elders trooped
Silently to the house: where halting, someone stooped,
Listened beside the door; all there was silent
While the youngers raised the corpse, and passed through.
Standing at God's own bar, he bids thee answer now:
Thrice crowned wast thou—each crown of pride, a child—thy charge!
Where are they? Lost? Enough: no need that thou enlarge
God's servant!'' hissed the crowd.
He deftly cut and carved on lazy winter nights.
Some live faces watched, breathlessly, as to rights.
Piece upon piece, he reared the fabric nigh complete.
Sêcâska, Ivan's old mother, sat spinning by the host.
Of the oven where his Kate stood baking bread.
Ivan's self, as he turned his honey-coloured head.
Was just in act to drop, 'twixt fir-cones—
each a done—
The scooped-out yellow gourd presumably the home.
Of Kolokol the Big: the bell, therein to hitch.
—An acorn-cup—was ready: Icha Ivanovitch Turned with it in his mouth.

They told him he was free
As to walk abroad. "How otherwise?"
asked he.

TRAV.

SING me a hero! Quench my thirst
Of soul, ye bards!
Quoth Bard the first:
"Sir Olaf, the good knight, did don His helm and eke his haubergeon..."
Sir Olaf and his bard—!

"That sin-scathed brow" (quoth Bard the second)
"That eye wide ope as though Fate beckoned
"That sin-scathed brow" (quoth Bard the second)
"A beggar-child" (let's hear this third!)
Sat on a quay's edge: like a bird Singing to herself at careless play,
And fell into the stream. 'Disney! Help, you the standers-by!' Noise stirred.

"Bystanders reason, think of wives
And children ere they risk their lives.
Over the balustrade has bounced
A mere instinctive dog, and pounced Plumb on the prize. "How well he dives!"

"Up comes he with the child, see, tight
In mouth, alive too, clutched from quite A depth of ten feet—twelve, I bet!
Good dog! What, off again? There's yet Another child to save? All right!
"How strange we saw no other fall!
It's instinct in the animal.
Good dog! But he's a long while under;
If he got drowned I should not wonder—
Strong current, that against the wall!

"Here he comes, holds in mouth this time
—What may the thing be? Well, that's prime!
Now, did you ever? Reason reigns
In man alone, since all Tray's pains Have fished—the child's doll from the slime!

"And so, amid the laughter gay,
Trotted my hero off,—old Tray,—
Till somebody, prerogative
With reason, reasoned: 'Why he dived,
His brain would show us, I should say.'

"John, go and catch—or, if needs be,
Purchaser—that animal for me!
By vivisection, at expense
Of half-an-hour and eighteenpence,
How brain secretes dog's soul, we'll see!"

NED BRATTS

[See John Bunyan's inimitable "Life and Death of Mr. Badman," where the story is told as only Bunyan can tell a story.]

'Twas Bedford Special Assize, one day Midsummer's Day:
A breasting bursting June—was never its like, men say.
Corn stood sheaf-ripe already, and trees looked yellow as that;
Floods drained dust-dry, the cattle lay foaming around each flat.

Inside town, dogs went mad, and folk kept gibbling beer
While the persons prayed for rain. 'Twas horrid, yes—but queer:
Queried—for the sun laughed gay, yet nobody moved a hand
To work one stroke at his trade: as given to understand
That all was come to a stop, work and such worldly ways,
And the world's old self about to end in a merry blaze.
Midsummer's Day moreover was the first of Bedford Fair,
With Bedford Town's tag-rag and bobtail a-hawking there.
But the Court House, Quilty crammed; through doors open, windows wide,
High on the Bench you saw sit Lordships side by side.
There frowned Chief Justice Jukes, fumed learned Brother Small,
And fretted their fellow Judge: like threshers,
Of a reek with laying down the law in a furnace. Why?
Because their lungs breathed flame—the regular crowd forbade—
From gentry pouring in—quite a nosegay,
To work one stroke at his trade: as given to understand
That all was come to a stop, work and such worldly ways,
And the world's old self about to end in a merry blaze.
Midsummer's Day moreover was the first of Bedford Fair,
With Bedford Town's tag-rag and bobtail a-hawking there.
But the Court House, Quilty crammed; through doors open, windows wide,
High on the Bench you saw sit Lordships side by side.
There frowned Chief Justice Jukes, fumed learned Brother Small,
And fretted their fellow Judge: like threshers,
Of a reek with laying down the law in a furnace. Why?
Because their lungs breathed flame—the regular crowd forbade—
From gentry pouring in—quite a nosegay,
To work one stroke at his trade: as given to understand
That all was come to a stop, work and such worldly ways,
And the world's old self about to end in a merry blaze.
Midsummer's Day moreover was the first of Bedford Fair,
With Bedford Town's tag-rag and bobtail a-hawking there.
But the Court House, Quilty crammed; through doors open, windows wide,
High on the Bench you saw sit Lordships side by side.
There frowned Chief Justice Jukes, fumed learned Brother Small,
And fretted their fellow Judge: like threshers,
Of a reek with laying down the law in a furnace. Why?
Because their lungs breathed flame—the regular crowd forbade—
From gentry pouring in—quite a nosegay,
To work one stroke at his trade: as given to understand
That all was come to a stop, work and such worldly ways,
And the world's old self about to end in a merry blaze.
Midsummer's Day moreover was the first of Bedford Fair,
With Bedford Town's tag-rag and bobtail a-hawking there.
But the Court House, Quilty crammed; through doors open, windows wide,
High on the Bench you saw sit Lordships side by side.
There frowned Chief Justice Jukes, fumed learned Brother Small,
And fretted their fellow Judge: like threshers,
Of a reek with laying down the law in a furnace. Why?
Because their lungs breathed flame—the regular crowd forbade—
From gentry pouring in—quite a nosegay,
DRAMATIC IDYLS

NED BRATTS

Into the midst a ball which, bursting, brings to view
Publican Black Ned Bratts and Tabby his big wife too.
Both in a muck-sweat, both . . . were never such eyes uplift
At the sight of yawning hell, such nostrils—snouts that sniffed
Sulphur, such mouths a-gape ready to swallow flame!
Horrified, hideous, frank feces faces! yet, all the same,
Mixed with a certain . . . ch? how shall I dare style—mirth
The desperate grin of the guess that, could they break from earth,
Heaven was above, and hell might rage in impotence
Below the saved, the saved!

"Confound you! (no offence!)

Out of our way,—push, wife! Yonder their Worships be!"

Ned Bratts has reached the bar, and "Hey, my Lords," roars he,
"A Jury of life and death, Judges the prime of the land,
Constables, jailers,—all met, if I understand,
To decide so knotty a point as whether 'twas Jack or Joan
Robbed the hensnest, pinched the pig, hit the King's Arms with a stone,
Dropped the baby down the well, left the tithesman in the lurch,
Or, three whole Sundays running, not once attended church!
What a pother—do these deserve the parson's or whip,
More or less brow to brand, much or little nose to snip—
When, in our Public, plain stand we—that's we stand here,
I and my Tab, brass-bold, brick-built of beef and beer,
—Do not we, slut? Step forth and show your beauty, jade!

Wife of my bosom—that's the word now!

What a trade
We drove! None said us nay: nobody loved my life
So little was a tongue against us,—did they, wife?
Yet they knew us all the while, in their hearts, for what we are
—Worst couple, rogue and queen, unhanged—search near and far!

Eh, Tab? The pillar, now—o'er his noggin—who warned a mate
To cut and run, nor risk his pack where its loss of weight
Was the least to dread,—ahs, how we two laughed a-nough
As, stealing round the midden, he came on where I stood
With billot poised and raised,—you, ready with the rope,—
Ah, but that's past, that's sin repented of, we hope!

Men knew us for that same, yet safe and sound stood we!
The lily-liver'd knaves knew too (I've bullied a d—)
Our keeping the ' Piel Bull ' was just a mere pretense:
Too slow the pounds make food, drink, lodging, from out the pen!

There's not a stropage to travel has changed this ten long year,
No break into hall or grange, no lifting of nag or steer,
Not a single roguey, from the clipping of a pane
To the cutting of a throat, but paid us toll.

O'd's curse! When Gipsy Smouch made bold to cheat us of our daz,
—Eh, Tab? the Squire's strong-box we helped the raucous to—
I think he pulled a face, next Sessions' swing-ing-time!
He danced the jig that needs no floor,—and, here's the prime,
Twa Scrooges that hanged the mare! Ay, those were busy days!

"Well, there we flourished brave, like scripture trees called bays,
Faringhigh, drinking hard, in moneys uptopped
—Not to say, boots and shoes, when . . .

Zounds, I nearly said—
Lord, to unlearn one's language! How shall we labour, wife?
Have you, fast hold, the Book? Grasp, grip it, for your life!
See, sirse, here's life, salvation! Here's—hold but out my breath!

When did I speak so long without once swearing? 'Stead, No, nor unhelped by ale since man and boy!

And yet All yesterday I had to keep my whistle wet
While reading Tab this Book: book? don't say ' book'—they're plays,
Songs, ballads and the like: here's no such straying blaze,
But sky wide open, sun, moon, and seven stars out full-flare!

Tab, help and tell! I'm hoarse. A mug!—

—He plied his pen unhelped by beer, sirs, I'll be bound!

"I've got my second wind. I trundles she—

That's Tab.

Why, Gammer, what's come now, that—

On Yale-tide bowl—your head's a-work and both your eyes

Break loose? Afear'd, you fool? As if the dead can rise!

Say—Bagman Dick was found last May with fulminating-cap

Stuffed in his mouth: to choke's a natural mishap!

'Gaffer, be—blessed,' cries she, and Bagman Dick as well!

Lyons, and besides damned: this Public is so hell!

We live in fire: live coals don't feel!—once quenched, they learn—

Clinders do, to what dust they moulder while they burn!

"If you don't speak straight out," says I—belike I swore—

'A knobstick, well you know the taste of, shall, once more,
Teach you to talk, my maid!' She up with such a face,

Heart sunk inside me. 'Well, pad on, my mate—pace!

"I've been about those lanes we need for . . . never mind!
If henceforth they tie hands, 'tis mine they'll have to bind.

You know who makes them best— the Tinter in our cage,
Pulled-up for gospelling, twelve years ago: no age
To try another trade,—yet, so hesitated take
Money he did not earn, he taught himself the make
Of laces, tagged and tough—Dick Bagman found them so!

Good customers were we! Well, last week, you must know
His girl,—the blind young chit, who hawks about his wares,—
She takes it in her head to come no more—such airs

These hussies have! Yet, since we need a stoutish lace—

"I'll to the jailbird father, abuse her to his face!"

So, first I filled a jug to give me heart, and then,
Primed to the proper pitch, I posted to their den—

Pulled up for gospelling, twelve years ago:

Through—they style their prison! I tip the turnkey, catch
My heart up, fix my face, and fearless lift the latch—

Both arms a-kimbo, in bounce with a good round oath

Ready for rapping out: no ' Laws ' nor " By my troth!"

"There sat my man, the father. He looked up: what one feels

When heart that leapt to mouth drops down again to heels!
Loosen the vital sap: yet where shall help could but the gardener cleave the cloister, a prisoned power to branch and blossom as so may some stricken tree look blasted, up went his hands: "Through flesh, I his brown hair burst a-spread, his eyes were "'Down on my marrow-bones! Then all at once rose he: his brown hair burnt a-spread, his eyes were sun to see; up went his hands: "Through flesh, I reach, I read thy soul!" so may some stricken tree look blasted, bough and bole, changed by the fire-burnt, charred without, and yet, thrice-bound with derviant about, within may life be found, a prisoned power to branch and blossom as before, could but the gardener cleave the cloister, reach the core, loosen the vital sap: yet where shall help be found? who says! 'How save it?'—nor 'Why cumbers it the ground? woman, that tree at thou! All sloughed about with scurf, thy stag-horns fright the sky, thy snake-roots sting the turf! drunkeness, wantonness, theft, murder, guish and guard thing outward, case thy soul with coating like the marke satan stamps flat upon each head beneath his hoof! and how deliver such? the strong men lover and friend stand far, the moedling ones pass by, topset gapes wide for prey: lost soul, despair and die! what then? 'look unto me and be ye saved!' saith god: 'i strike the rock, outstreates the life-stream at my rod! be your sin scarlet, woot shall they seem like—although as crimson red, yet turn white as the driven snow!' '

[i]

there, there, there! all i seem to know understand is—that, if i reached home, 'twas through the guiding hand of his blind girl which led and led me through the streets and out of town and up to door again. what greets first thing my eye, as limbs recover from their sorcon? a book—this book she gave at parting. father's boon! the book he wrote: it reads as if he spoke himself: he cannot preach in bonds, so—take it down from shelf when you want counsel—think you hear his very voice! "

[i] dear wicked husband, waste no tick of moment more, be saved like me, bald trunk! there's greenness yet at core, sap under scurf! read, read! "

[i] 'let me take breath, my lords! i'd like to know, are these—hers, mine, or Bunyan's words? i'm 'wilder-scace with drink—owise with drink alone! you'll say, with heat: but heat's no stuff to split a stone like this black houder—this flat heart of mine: the book— that dealt the crashing blow! sirs, here's the fist that shook his hand till Wreeler Jen howled like a just-legged bear! you had beamed me with a feather: at once i grew aware Christmas was meant for me. a burden at your back, good Master Christmas? nay,—yours was that Joseph's suck,—or whose it was,—which held the cup,—compared with mine! robbery loads my limbs, perjury cracks my clinch, adultery,—may, Tab, you pitched me as i fhung! one word, i'll up with fist . . . no, sweet spouse, hold your tongue! "

[i] 'I'm hastening to the end. the book—take and read! you have my history in a nutshell,—ay, indeed! it must off, my burden! see,—slack straps and into pit, roll, reach the bottom, rest, rot there—a plague on it! for a mountain's sure to fall and bury Bedford Town,— "destruction"—that's the name, and fire shall burn it down! o' scope the wrath in time! time's now, if not too late.

[i] how can i pilgrimage up to the wicket-gate? next comes Despond the slough: not that i fear to pull through mud, and dry my clothes at brave house beautiful!— but it's late in the day, i reckon: had i left years ago, town, wife, and children dear . . . well, Christmas did, you know!— soon i had met in the valley and tried my cudgel's strength on the enemy horned and winged, a-straddle across its length! have at his horns, thrwck—thwack: they snap, see! hoof and hoof— bang, break the fetlock-bones! for love's sake, keep aloof angels! i'm man and match—this cudgel for my fall!— to thresh him, hoofs and horns, bart's wing and serpent's tail! a chance gone by! but then, what else does Hopeful ding into the deepest sea except—hope, hope's the thing? too late i the day for me to thrid the windings: but there's still a way to win the race by death's shave cut! Did Master Faithful need climb the Delightful Mountains? no, straight to vanity Fair,—a fair, by all accounts, such as is held outside,—lords, ladies, grand and gay,— says he in the face of them, just what you hear me say, and the Judges brought him in guilty, and brought him out to die in the market-place—St. Peter's Green's about the same thing: there they flagged, flayed, buffeted, lanced with knives, pricked him with swords,—i' swear, he'd fill a cat's nine lives,— so to his end at last came Faithful,—ba, ba, ba! who holds the highest card? for there stands hid, you see,
Behind the rabble-rous, a chariot, pair and all:  
He's in, he's off, he's up, through clouds, at trumpet-call;  
Carried the nearest way to Heaven-gate!  
Odds my life—  
Has nobody a sword to spare? not even a knife?  
Then hang me, draw and quarter! Tab—  
Do the same by her?  
O Master Worldly-Wiseman . . . that's Master Interpreter,  
Take the will, not the deed! Our gibbon's handy close:  
Forestall Last Judgment-Day! Be kindly, not morose!  
There wants no earthly judge-and-jurying: so, hang us out—  
Sentence our guilty selves: so, hang us out!  
There's no earthly judge-and-jurying: here we stand—  
Sentence our guilty selves: so, hang us out of hand!  
Make haste for pity's sake! A single moment's loss  
Means—Satan's lord once more: his whisper  
Shouts across the world. May deeds like this increase!  
So, Master Sheriff, stay that sentence I promised  
On those two dozen odd: deserving to be trounced  
Soundly, and yet . . . well, well, at all events despatch  
This pair off—shall I say, sinner-saints?—here we catch  
Their jail-dissembler too. Stop tears, or I'll indite  
All weeping Bedfordshire for turning Bunyanite!  
I had my doubts, I' faith, each time you played the fox  
Convicting geese of crime in yonder witness-box:  
Yes, much did I misdoubt, the thief that stole her eggs  
Was hardly goosey's self at Reynard's game. I peggs!  
Yet thus much was to praise—you spoke to point, direct—  
Sware you heard, saw the theft: no jury could suspect—  
Dared to suspect,—I'll say,—a spot in white so clear:  
Goosey was throttled, true: but thereof godly fear  
Came of example set, much as our laws intend:  
And, though a fox confessed, you proved the Judge's friend.  
What if I had my doubts? Suppose I gave them breath,  
Brought you to bar: what work to do, ere  
'Guilty, Death,'—  
Had paid our pains! What heaps of witnesses to drag  
From holes and corners, paid from out the County's bag!  
Triail three dog-days long! Ancient Curia—that's  
Your title, no dispute—truth-telling Master Bratts!  
Thank you, too, Mistress Tab! Why doubt one word you say?  
Hanging you both deserve, hanged both shall be this day!  
The tinker needs must be a proper man. I've heard  
He lies in Jail long since: if Quality's good word  
Warrants me letting loose,—some householder, I mean—  
Freeholder, better still,—I don't say butt—  
Now and next Sessions . . . Well! Consider of his case,  
I promise to, at least: we owe him so much grace:  
Not that—no, God forbid! I lean to think, as you,  
The grace that such repent many-jail-bird's due:  
I rather see the fruit of twelve years' pious reign—  
Astraea Redux, Charles restored his rights again!  
—Of which, another time! I somehow feel a peace  
Staining across the world. May deeds like this  
So, Master Sheriff, stay that sentence I pronounced  
On those two dozen odd: deserving to be trounced  
Soundly, and yet . . . well, well, at all events despatch  
This pair off—shall I say, sinner-saints?—here we catch  
Their jail-dissembler too. Stop tears, or I'll indite  
All weeping Bedfordshire for turning Bunyanite!
"You are sick, that's sure!"—they say:
"Sick of what?"—they disagree.
"Tis the brain"—thinks Doctor A;
"Tis the heart"—holds Doctor B;
"The liver—my life I'd lay!"
"The lungs!" "The lights!"
Ah me!

So ignorant of man's whole
Of bodily organs plain to see—
So sage and certain, frank and free,
About what's under lock and key—
Man's soul!

Echetlos.

["The holder of the ploughshare," a
gigantic figure noticeable during the fight
ploughshare. After the fight was over the
holder of the ploughshare," a
]

CLIVE.

The famous Robert Clive was born, 1725,
in Shropshire. He suffered greatly from low
spirits, and twice attempted his life before he
had attained manhood. His career in India
was well known from Macaulay's Essay. He
fought the battle of Plassy in 1757. He was
impeached for various malfeasances, but ac-
quitted. He killed himself in 1774.

I and Clive were friends—and why not?
Friends! I think you laugh, my lad.
Clive it was gave England India, while your
father gives—ogad,
England nothing but the graceless boy who
lures him on to speak—
"Well, Sir, you and Clive were comrades—"
with a tongue thrust in your cheek!
Very true: in my eyes, your eyes, all the
world's eyes, Clive was man,
I was, am and ever shall be—mose, nay,
mouse of all its clan

Not anywhere on view blazed the large limbs
thonged and brown,
Shining and clear still with the share
before which—down
To the dust went Persia's pomp, as she ploughed
for Greece, that clown!

How spake the Oracle? "Care for no name
at all!
Say but just this: 'We praise one helpful
whom we call
The Holder of the Ploughshare.' The great
deed ne'er grows small,"

Not the great name! Sing—woe for the
great name Miltiades
And its end at Paros isle! Woe for The-

CLIVE.

[The famous Robert Clive was born, 1725,
in Shropshire. He suffered greatly from low
spirits, and twice attempted his life before he
had attained manhood. His career in India
was well known from Macaulay's Essay. He
fought the battle of Plassy in 1757. He was
impeached for various malfeasances, but ac-
quitted. He killed himself in 1774.

I and Clive were friends—and why not?
Friends! I think you laugh, my lad.
Clive it was gave England India, while your
father gives—ogad,
England nothing but the graceless boy who
lures him on to speak—
"Well, Sir, you and Clive were comrades—"
with a tongue thrust in your cheek!
Very true: in my eyes, your eyes, all the
world's eyes, Clive was man,
I was, am and ever shall be—mose, nay,
mouse of all its clan

Sorriest sample, if you take the kitchen's

CLIVE.

Never mind! As o'er my punch
(You away) I sit of evenings,—silence, save
for biscuit-crunch,
Black, unbroken,—thought grows busy, thrills
each pathway of old years,
Notes this forthright, that meander, till the
long-past life appears
Like an outspread map of country plodded
through, each mile and rood,
Once, and well remembered still: I'm startled
in my solitude
Ever and anon by—what's the sudden mock-
ing light that breaks
On me as I slap the table till no rummer-
glass but shakes
While I ask—alas! do I believe, God help
me!—"Was it thus?

Can it be that so I faltered, stopped when
just one step for us—"
(Us—you were not born, I great, but surely
some day born would be)
"One bold step had gained a province"
(figurative tale, you see)

Wealth were handy, honour ticklish, did no
writing on the wall
Warn me "Trespasser, 'ware man-traps!"

Him who braves that notice—call
Him who braves that notice—call
Hero! none of such heroes suit myself who
read plain words,
Doff my hat, and leap no barrier. Scripture
says the land's the Lord's:
Read plain words, and make him known:
"T'other in that dark direction, though I stand
All-agog to have me trespass, clear the fence,
Louts then—what avail the thousand, noisy

Job grows rich and Moses valiant, Clive turns
out less wise than I.
DRAMATIC IDYLS

Don't object "Why call him friend, then?"
Power is power, my boy, and all!
Masks a man,—God's gift magnific, exercised
for good or ill.
You've your boot now on my hearth-rug,
Don't object "Why call him friend, then?"
True, he murdered half a village, so his own
Marks a man,—God's gift magnific, exercised
Why, that Clive,—that youth, that green-
Still, for size and beauty, cunning, courage
Rarely such a royal monster as I lodged the
Towers—the heap he kicks now! turrets—
"Twixt those squares and squares of granite
None presume to climb its ramparts, none
"Come, Clive, tell us"—out I blurted—
"What to tell in turn, years hence,
Some blind jungle of a statement,—beating
Some blind jungle of a statement,—beating
Out there leaps fierce life to fight with.
"Fear!" smiled I. "Well, that's the rarer:
"Fifteen years, Caesars, Marl-
"I maintain my friend of Plassy proved a
"What moment of the minute, what
"What was a tiger's skin:
"What fear!"—I want to say—
"Possibly a factor's brain,
"Fifteen years, Caesars, Marl-
"Play commenced: and, whether Cocky
scared to absorb
the clouds, about the orb
"What to tell in turn, years hence,
"What to tell in turn, years hence,
"Fifteen years, Caesars, Marl-
"What was a tiger's skin:
"What fear!"—I want to say—
"Possibly a factor's brain,
"Fifteen years, Caesars, Marl-
"Play commenced: and, whether Cocky
"What to tell in turn, years hence,
"What to tell in turn, years hence,
"Fifteen years, Caesars, Marl-
"What fear!"—I want to say—
"Possibly a factor's brain,
"Fifteen years, Caesars, Marl-
"Play commenced: and, whether Cocky
"What to tell in turn, years hence,
"What to tell in turn, years hence,
"Fifteen years, Caesars, Marl-
"What fear!"—I want to say—
"Possibly a factor's brain,
"Fifteen years, Caesars, Marl-
"Play commenced: and, whether Cocky
"What to tell in turn, years hence,
"What to tell in turn, years hence,
"Fifteen years, Caesars, Marl-
"What fear!"—I want to say—
"Possibly a factor's brain,
"Fifteen years, Caesars, Marl-
"Play commenced: and, whether Cocky
"What to tell in turn, years hence,
"What to tell in turn, years hence,
"Fifteen years, Caesars, Marl-
"What fear!"—I want to say—
"Possibly a factor's brain,
"Fifteen years, Caesars, Marl-
"Play commenced: and, whether Cocky
"What to tell in turn, years hence,
"What to tell in turn, years hence,
"Fifteen years, Caesars, Marl-
"What fear!"—I want to say—
"Possibly a factor's brain,
Just the joke for friends to venture: but we are not friends, you see!

When a gentleman is joked with—if he's good at repartee,
He rejoins, as do I—Sirrah, on your knees, withdraw in full!
Begin my pardon, or be sure a kindly bullet through your skull.

Let's in light and teach manners to what our brains find! Choose—quick—
Have your soul snuffed out of, kneeling, pray me trim you candlewick!'

"Well, you cheated!"—Then with a howl from all the friends around.

To his feet sprang each in fury, fists were clenched and teeth were ground.
End it! no time like the present! Captain, yours were our disgrace!
No delay, begin and finish! Stand back, let civilians be instructed: henceforth simply ply the pen.

Fly the sword! This clerk's no swordsman?

...A dozen paces 'twixt the most and least expert.

When His Majesty's Commission serves a man—

I am forced to make exception when I come to somewhat closer quarters.

I passed each speaker severely in review.

When I had precise their number, names and styles, and fully knew over whom my supervision thenceforth must extend,—why, then—

Some five minutes since, my life lay—as you all saw, gentlemen—

At the mercy of your friend there. Not a single voice was raised

In arrest of judgment, not one tongue—before my powder blazed—

Ventured "Can it be the youngster blundered,

Some irregular proceeding? We conjecture in the dark,

Guess at random,—still, for sake of fair play

—what if for a freak,

In a fit of absence,—such things have been—if our friend proved weak

What's the phrase?—corrected fortune!

Who dared interpose between the altar's victim and the priest?

Yet he spared me! You clever! Whosoever, all or each,

To the disadvantage of the man who spared me, utters speech.
Clive and I, you had not wondered—up he
sprang so, out he rapped
Such a round of oaths—no matter! I'll
endeavour to adapt
To our modern usage words he—well, 'twas
friendly licence—flung
At me like so many fire-balls, fast as he
—At his mercy, at his malice,—has you,
—That needs courage, you'll concede
Instantaneously occasion when your foe, if
" You—a soldier ? You—at Plassy ? Yours
Undefended in your bulwark? Thus laid
Checking his advance, his weapon still ex­
Distant from my temple,—curse him!—
Keep your life, calumniator!—worthless life
Which permits me to forgive you! What if,
Nay, I'll spare you pains and tell you. This,
lie had cast away his weapon ? How should
Sleep the earlier, leaving England probably
Pick his weapon up and use it on myself.
Rent and taxes for half India, tenant at the
Frenchman's will."

"Nay," would a friend exclaim, "the needs
nor pity nor scorn
More than who spends small thought on the
shore-sand, picking pearls,

"You—a soldier? You—at Plassy? Yours
the faculty to nick
Instantaneously occasion when your foe, if
lightning-quick,
At his mercy, at his malice,—has you,
Through some stupid inch
man,
Tenured, not a span

Thank your own bad aim
I so had gained
With you? Then I abate
Frenchman's will."

"Nay," would a friend exclaim, "the needs
nor pity nor scorn
More than who spends small thought on the
shore-sand, picking pearls,

"Yes—courage: only fools
" Lord, have mercy! ' ere we topple over—do
Next week, how your own hand dealt
I'm no Clive, nor parson either: Clive's
"Boasts he Muleykeh the Pearl?" the
On Duhl the son of Sheyban, who withers
On him I waste nor scorn nor pity, but
Overlook what rolls beneath it, recklessly
Rub some marks away—not all, though!
There's advantage in what's left us—ground
To stand on, time to call

"Fearfully courageous!"—this, be sure, and
Nothing else I gained.
I'm no Clive, nor parson either: Clive's
"Feast thy son the Pearl?" the
On Him I waste not scorn nor pity, but
I love Muleykeh's face; her forefront
"What if no flocks and herds enrich the son
of Sinha?
They wear when his tribe was molested, ten
thousand camels the due,
Blood-value paid perforce for a murder done
of old.
'God gave them, let them go! But never
Since time began,
Muleykeh, peerless mare, owner master the
match of you,
And you are my prize, my Pearl: I laugh
at men's hand and gold!"

"So in the pride of his soul laughs Hoseyn—
and right, I say.
Do the ten steeds run a race of glory? Out­stripping all,
Ever Muleykeh stands first steed at the
victor's staff:
Who started, the owner's hope, gets shamed
and named, that day,
'Silence,' or, last but one, is 'The Cuffed,'
as we use to call
Whom the paddock's lord thrusts forth.
Right, Hoseyn, I say, to laugh!

"Aye, to Hoseyn's tent,
A certain poet has sung, and sealed the same
For envy of Hoseyn's luck. Such sickness
Admits no cure.
" My son is pined to death for her beauty:
Or haply "God help the man who has
neither salt nor bread!"

"You—open-hearted, ay—moist-handed,
... "Nay," would a friend exclaim, "the needs
nor pity nor scorn
More than who spends small thought on the
shore-sand, picking pearls,

"What if no flocks and herds enrich the son
of Sinha?
They wear when his tribe was molested, ten
thousand camels the due,
Blood-value paid perforce for a murder done
of old.
'God gave them, let them go! But never
Since time began,
Muleykeh, peerless mare, owner master the
match of you,
And you are my prize, my Pearl: I laugh
at men's hand and gold!"

"So in the pride of his soul laughs Hoseyn—
and right, I say.
Do the ten steeds run a race of glory? Out­stripping all,
Ever Muleykeh stands first steed at the
victor's staff:
Who started, the owner's hope, gets shamed
and named, that day,
'Silence,' or, last but one, is 'The Cuffed,'
as we use to call
Whom the paddock's lord thrusts forth.
Right, Hoseyn, I say, to laugh!

"Boasts he Muleykeh the Pearl?" the
On Him I waste not scorn nor pity, but
I love Muleykeh's face; her forefront
"What if no flocks and herds enrich the son
of Sinha?
They wear when his tribe was molested, ten
thousand camels the due,
Blood-value paid perforce for a murder done
of old.
'God gave them, let them go! But never
Since time began,
Muleykeh, peerless mare, owner master the
match of you,
And you are my prize, my Pearl: I laugh
at men's hand and gold!"

"So in the pride of his soul laughs Hoseyn—
and right, I say.
Do the ten steeds run a race of glory? Out­stripping all,
Ever Muleykeh stands first steed at the
victor's staff:
Who started, the owner's hope, gets shamed
and named, that day,
'Silence,' or, last but one, is 'The Cuffed,'
as we use to call
Whom the paddock's lord thrusts forth.
Right, Hoseyn, I say, to laugh!

"Aye, to Hoseyn's tent,
A certain poet has sung, and sealed the same
For envy of Hoseyn's luck. Such sickness
Admits no cure.
" My son is pined to death for her beauty:
Or haply "God help the man who has
neither salt nor bread!"

"You—open-hearted, ay—moist-handed,
... "Nay," would a friend exclaim, "the needs
nor pity nor scorn
More than who spends small thought on the
shore-sand, picking pearls,

"What if no flocks and herds enrich the son
of Sinha?
They wear when his tribe was molested, ten
thousand camels the due,
Blood-value paid perforce for a murder done
of old.
'God gave them, let them go! But never
Since time began,
Muleykeh, peerless mare, owner master the
match of you,
And you are my prize, my Pearl: I laugh
at men's hand and gold!"

"So in the pride of his soul laughs Hoseyn—
and right, I say.
Do the ten steeds run a race of glory? Out­stripping all,
Ever Muleykeh stands first steed at the
victor's staff:
Who started, the owner's hope, gets shamed
and named, that day,
'Silence,' or, last but one, is 'The Cuffed,'
as we use to call
Whom the paddock's lord thrusts forth.
Right, Hoseyn, I say, to laugh!

"Boasts he Muleykeh the Pearl?" the
On Him I waste not scorn nor pity, but
I love Muleykeh's face; her forefront
"What if no flocks and herds enrich the son
of Sinha?
They wear when his tribe was molested, ten
thousand camels the due,
Blood-value paid perforce for a murder done
of old.
'God gave them, let them go! But never
Since time began,
Muleykeh, peerless mare, owner master the
match of you,
And you are my prize, my Pearl: I laugh
at men's hand and gold!"

"So in the pride of his soul laughs Hoseyn—
and right, I say.
Do the ten steeds run a race of glory? Out­stripping all,
Ever Muleykeh stands first steed at the
victor's staff:
Who started, the owner's hope, gets shamed
and named, that day,
'Silence,' or, last but one, is 'The Cuffed,'
as we use to call
Whom the paddock's lord thrusts forth.
Right, Hoseyn, I say, to laugh!

"Aye, to Hoseyn's tent,
A certain poet has sung, and sealed the same
For envy of Hoseyn's luck. Such sickness
Admits no cure.
" My son is pined to death for her beauty:
Or haply "God help the man who has
neither salt nor bread!"

"You—open-hearted, ay—moist-handed,
... "Nay," would a friend exclaim, "the needs
nor pity nor scorn
More than who spends small thought on the
shore-sand, picking pearls,

"What if no flocks and herds enrich the son
of Sinha?
They wear when his tribe was molested, ten
thousand camels the due,
Blood-value paid perforce for a murder done
of old.
'God gave them, let them go! But never
Since time began,
Muleykeh, peerless mare, owner master the
match of you,
And you are my prize, my Pearl: I laugh
at men's hand and gold!"

"So in the pride of his soul laughs Hoseyn—
and right, I say.
Do the ten steeds run a race of glory? Out­stripping all,
Ever Muleykeh stands first steed at the
victor's staff:
Who started, the owner's hope, gets shamed
and named, that day,
'Silence,' or, last but one, is 'The Cuffed,'
as we use to call
Whom the paddock's lord thrusts forth.
Right, Hoseyn, I say, to laugh!

"Boasts he Muleykeh the Pearl?" the
On Him I waste not scorn nor pity, but
I love Muleykeh's face; her forefront
"What if no flocks and herds enrich the son
of Sinha?
They wear when his tribe was molested, ten
thousand camels the due,
Blood-value paid perforce for a murder done
of old.
'God gave them, let them go! But never
Since time began,
Muleykeh, peerless mare, owner master the
match of you,
And you are my prize, my Pearl: I laugh
at men's hand and gold!"

"So in the pride of his soul laughs Hoseyn—
and right, I say.
Do the ten steeds run a race of glory? Out­stripping all,
Ever Muleykeh stands first steed at the
victor's staff:
Who started, the owner's hope, gets shamed
and named, that day,
'Silence,' or, last but one, is 'The Cuffed,'
as we use to call
Whom the paddock's lord thrusts forth.
Right, Hoseyn, I say, to laugh!

"Aye, to Hoseyn's tent,
A certain poet has sung, and sealed the same
For envy of Hoseyn's luck. Such sickness
Admits no cure.
" My son is pined to death for her beauty:
Or haply "God help the man who has
neither salt nor bread!"

"You—open-hearted, ay—moist-handed,
... "Nay," would a friend exclaim, "the needs
nor pity nor scorn
More than who spends small thought on the
shore-sand, picking pearls,
Another year, and—hist! What craft is it
Duhl designs?
He slights not at the door of the tent as he
did last time,
But, creeping behind, he gropes his stealthy
way by the trench
Half-round till he finds the flap in the folding,
for night combines
With the robber—and such is he: Duhl,
covetous up to crime,
Must wring from Hoseyn's grasp the Pearl,
with the robber—and such is he: Duhl,
For a couple of singing-girls his robe has he
" He was hunger-bitten, I heard: I tempted
And now I resort to force. He said we must
Let him die, then,—let me live! Be bold—
" I swear by the Holy House, my head will I
I explore for myself! Now, breathe! He
And, loose on his left, stands too that other,
'Tis therefore he sleeps so sound—the moon
Stands tethered the Pearl: thrice winds her
nest: clean through,

What then? The Pearl is the Pearl: once
The winning tail's fire-flash a-stream past the
thunderous heels.

"No less she stands saddled and bridled,
this second, in case some thief
Should enter and seize and fly with the first,
as I mean to do.
What then? The Pearl is the Pearl: once
mount her we both escape."

Through the skirt-fold in glides Duhl,—so a
serpent disturbs no leaf
In a lush as he parts the twigs entwining a
nest: clean through,
He is noiselessly at his work: as he planned,
he performs the rape.
He has set the tent-door wide, has buckled
the headstall around his wrist:
And Hoseyn does his part,—they gain—
And Buheyseh is, bound by bound, but a

And Hoseyn—his blood turns flame, he has
His way to the nest, and how Duhl rode
From the nest that same, and how Duhl rode
From the nest, and how Duhl rode

And to reach the ridge El-Saban,—no safety
In the vale of green Er-Rass, and they ques-

Though Duhl, of the hand and heel so
dull, she has to thank.
She is near now, near by tail—they are neck
by crook—joy! fast!
What folly makes Hoseyn shout "Dog Duhl,
Damed son of the Dust,
Touch the right ear and press with your foot
my Pearl's left flank!"

And Duhl was wise at the word, and
Muhibeh as prompt perceived
Who was urging redoubled pace, and to hear
him was to obey,
And a leap indeed gave she, and vanished
for evermore.
And Hoseyn looked one long last look as

And how Buheyseh did wonders, yet Pearl
remaining with the chief.
And they jeered him, one and all: "Poor
Hoseyn is crazed past hope!"
How else had he wrought himself his rain, in
fortune's spite?
To have simply held the tongue were a task
which I mean to tell my hearers,
A voluminous author
Accused of the black arts, but died in time
Anne de la Traversière, 1246, died

Heights of the world, to prove the

Petrus Aperenensis—there was a magician!
When that strange adventure happened, which I mean to tell you, nearly had he tried all trades—beside
physician,
Architect, astronomer, astrologer,—or worse:
How else, as the old books warrant, was he
able?
All at once, through all the world, to prove the


338

PIETRO OF ABANO.
Pietro of Abano

Towns howled: "Stone the quack who styles
Our Dog-star—Sirius!" Country yelled: "Arrest the charlatan who pro-
phesies we take no pleasure
Under vine and fig-tree, since the year's
delirious,
Bears no crop of any kind—all through the
planet Mars!"

Straightway would the whim's younger
grow a grisard,
Or, as case might hap, the hoary eld drop
Straightway would the whilom youngster
Under vine and fig-tree, since the year's
delirious,
Phesies we take no pleasance
Our Dog-star—Sirius!

"Calculating," quoth he, "soon I join the
Martyrs,
"Mago—say I, who no less, scorning tittle-
tattle,
To the vulgar give no credence when they
prate of Peter's magic,
Deem his art brews tempest, hurts the crops
and cattle,
Engaged thus: not as Father Prout chose to
prefer them:
Studying my ciphers with the compass,
I reckon—I soon shall be below-ground ;
Because of my lore folk make great rompings,
And war on myself makes each dull rogue
round.—R. B.

Tell such tales to Padua! Think me no
such dullard!
Not from these benighted parts did I derive
Man's arch foe: not ours, be sure, but
One who, on pretence of serving man, serves
Gratitude in word or deed were wasted truly!
As he reached his lodging, stopped there
One poor drop of sustenance ordained mere
Men's arch foe: not ours, be sure, but
Satan's—the gains!

Peter grinned and bore it, such disgraceful
usage:
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
One who, on pretence of serving man, serves
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
One who, on pretence of serving man, serves
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
One who, on pretence of serving man, serves
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
One who, on pretence of serving man, serves
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
One who, on pretence of serving man, serves
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curses seem
Somehow, cuffs and kicks and curs
Soon the late pulled bladder, pricked, showed
lank and skinny!

Who was its inflator? 'Ask we, 'whose the giant lungs?'

Petrus en pulmones: What though men prove ingrates?
Let them—so they stop at crucifixion—buffet, ban and banish!

Peter's power's apparent: human praise—is din grates
Harsh as blame on ear unused to nought save angels' tongues.

"Ay, there have been always, since our world existed,
Mages who possessed the secret—needed but to stand still, fix eye
On the foolish mortal: straight was he
Soldier, scholar, servant, slave—no matter
Only through illusion; ever what seemed
For the style!

Love or lucre—justified obedience to the
Existed, angels' tongues.

Petri en pulmone:'

But perhaps you ask me 'Since each ignorant
While he profits by such magic perceives the benefactor,
What should I expect but—once I render famous
You as Michael, Hans and Peter—just one
Ingrate more?
If the vulgar pretexts, whatever're the pelf be,
Pouched through my beneficence—and doons
Me dungeoned, chained, or racked; or
Fairly burned outright—how grateful will yourself be
When, his secret gained, you match your—master just before?'

"That's where I await you! Please, severt a little!
What do folk report about you if not this—
Which, though chimeric, still, as figurative, suits you to a little—
That,—although the elements obey your nod and whim,
Fades or flowers the herb you chance to smile or sigh at,
While your frown bids earth quake palled by obscuration atmospheric,—
Belief, although through nature naught resists your fair,
There's yet one poor substance mocks you—
Milk you may not drink!

"Figurative language! Take my explanation!
Fame with fear, and hate with homage, these your art procures in plenty.
All's but daily dry bread: what makes moist the nation?
Love, the milk that sweetens man his meal—
Love is born of heart not mind,
As is the child of the heart, from out the
Hand de mente;

But after love, the world, too, in a mortar!
What's the odds to you who seek reward of love?

"Pater, of thy precepts!—promptest practice
When, his secret gained, you match your—master just before?'

Then did Peter's tristful visage lighten some—
Vest a watery smile as though inadvertent mistrust were thawing.

"Well, who knows?" he slow broke silence.
Dry bread,—that I've gained me: truly I

Presently the young man rubbed his eyes.
Home now, and to-morrow never mind how
Pietro pleased!

"Pater has the secret! Fair and Good are products
(As he said) of Foul and Evil: one must bring to pass the other.
Just as poisons grow drugs, steal through sordid odd chests
Doctors name, and ultimately baffle safe and changed.
You'd abolish poisons, treat disease with dainties
Such as not the sound and sane? With all such kickshaws vain you pother!
Amen to the stuff puts force into the faint eyes,
Opium sets the brain to rights—by ear and care deranged.

"What, he's safe within door?—would escape—no question—
Thanks, since thanks and more I owe, and mean to pay in time befitting.
What must press now is—after night's digestion,
Peter, of thy precepts!—promptest practice of the same.
Let me see! The wise man, first of all, scorches riches:
But to scorn them must obtain them: none believes in his permitting.
All at once—"An old friend fain would see
There stood Peter, skeleton and scarecrow,
Social circle with his praise, promote him
Mused on how a fool's good word (Fop's
(Hag's the dowry) estimated (Hunks' bequest)
As he lounged at ease one morning in his villa,
Nobody o'erlooked, save God—he soon
Fop be-fiattered, Hunks be-friended, Hag
Strange to say, the power to please, got
Powder-paint-and-patch, Hag Jezebel—re­
Found now one appreciative deferential
As the word, the deed proved; ere a brief
Fop—that fool he made the jokes on—now
When your teaching bears its first-fruits,
He who taught me ! Greeks prove ingrates ?
Here: my head's a-whirl with knowledge.
So, again—but why continue ? All's tumul­
Simpletons laud private life? 'The grapes
Sulla cuts a figure, leaving
Incontestably he proves he could have kept
“ So with worldly honours: 'tis by abdicating,
Woe to the man who now must, willy-nilly are
Servants as they should be: then has gratitude
Surely this experience shows how unbecitting
'Tis that minds like mine should rot in ease
Surely this experience shows how unbefitting
Gorge, and keep the ground : but swans are
Earthly fare—as fain would I, your swan, if
Lodging, bite and sup, with—now and
Take me for your bedesman,—nay, if you
—Alms for any poorer still, if such there be,
—Leave to thaw his frozen hands before the
Horse could trot unridden, gallops—dream
Dreaming that his dwarfish guide's a giant,—
Brief, so worked the spell, he promptly had
Free henceforth his feet,—
Merrily through lets and checks that stopped
Bare feet cling to bole with, while the half­

Gold to lie ungathered: who picks up, then
Gold away—philosophers: none disputes
his claim.

"So with worldly honours: 'tis by abdicating,
Incendiary he proves he could have kept the
crown discarded.
Sulla cuts a figure, leaving off dictating:
Simples laud private life? 'The grapes
are sour,' laugh we.
So, again—but why continue? All's tumultu­
Here: my head's a-whirl with knowledge.
Speditly shall be rewarded
He who taught me! Greeks prove ingrates?
So fain you are?
When your teaching bears its first-fruits,
Peter—wait and see!"

As the word, the deed proved; ere a brief
year's passage.
Fop—that fool he made the jokes on—now
he made the jokes for, grants;
Hunks—that boorish, long left lonely in his
crass age—
Found now one appreciative deferential
friend;
Powder-paint-and-patch, Hag Jezebel—re­
covered,
Strange to say, the power to please, got
enchantment till the chief. Jam satis!
Fop be-flattered, Hunks be-friended, Hag
be-loved.
Nobody overlooked, save God—he soon
attained his end.
As he lounged at ease one morning in his villa,
(Hag's the dowry) estimated (Hunks' boasted)
his coin in coffers,
Mused on how a fool's good word (Fop's
word) could fill a
Social circle with his praise, promote him
man of mark,—
All at once—"An old friend fain would see your
Highness?"
There stood Peter, skeleton and scarecrow,
plain wit. Phil to-so-pher

In the wo-worn face—for yellowness and
dryness,
Parchment—with a pair of eyes—one hope
their feeble spark.
"Did I counsel rightly? Have you, in
accordance,
Prospered greatly, dear my pupil? Sure, at
just the stage I find you,
When your heart may draw me forth from the
mud war-dance
Savages are leading round your master—down,
not dead.
Paulus wants to burn me: bathe them, let
me linger
Life out—useful though its remnant—hid in
some safe hole behind you!
Prostrate here I lie: the quick, help with but a
finger
Lost I hombre in safety's self—a tombstone o'er
my head!

" Lodging, bite and sup, with—now and
then—a copper
—Alms for any poorer still, if such there be,
—is all my asking.
Take me for your bedesman—nay, if you
think proper.
Mental merely,—such my perfect passion for
reposè!
Yes, from out your plenty Peter craves a
pittance
—Leave to thaw his frozen hands before the
fire whereat you're basking!
Double though your debt were, grant this
bounty—enrichment
He proclaims of obligation: 'tis himself that
owes!"

"Venerated Master—can it be, such treat­
ment
Learning meets with, magic fails to guard
you from, by all appearance?
Strange! for, as you entered,—what the
famous feet meant,
I was full of—why you reared that fabric,
Pudla's boast.

Nowise for man's pride, man's pleasure, did
you applaud
Raise it, but man's seat of rule whereby the
world should soon have clearance
(Happy world) from such a rout as now so vilely
Handles you—and hampers me, for which I
grieve the most.

"Since if it got wind you now were my
familiar,
How could I protect you—may, defend myself
against the rabble?
Wait until the mob, now masters, willy-nilly are
Servants as they should be: then has gratitude
fall play!
Surely this experience shows how unbecitting
'Tis that minds like mine should rot in ease
and plenty. Grease may glisten,
Gorge, and keep the ground: but swans are
soon for quitting
Earthly fare—so fain would I, your swan, if
taught the way.

"Teach me, then, to rule men, have them at
my pleasure!
Solely for their good, of course,—impart a
secret worth rewarding,
Since the proper life's prize! Tantalus's
treasure
Aught beside proves, vanishes and leaves no
trace at all.
Wait awhile, nor press for payment pre­
aturally.
Over-haste defrauds you. Thanks! since,—
full play!
But swans are sour,' laugh we.
All the host!
Solely with secret worth rewarding,
Treasure late!—is all my asking.
—Leave to thaw his frozen hands before the
fire whereat you're basking!
Double though your debt were, grant this
bounty—enrichment
He proclaims of obligation: 'tis himself that
owes!"

"Foolishly I turned discomposed from my
fellow:
Pits of ignorance—to fill, and heaps of pre­
judice—to level—
Multitudes in motley, whites and blacks and
yellows
What a hopeless task it seemed to discipline
the host!
Now I see my error. Vices not like virtues
—Not alone because they guard—sharp
thorns—the rose we first disdained,
Not because they scrape, scratch—rough rind
—through the dirt-show
Bare feet cling to bole with, while the half­
omooned boot we boast.

"No, my aim is nobler, more disinterested:
Man shall keep what seemed to thwart him,
since it proves his true assistance,
Leads to ascertaining which head is the best
head,
Would he crown his body, rule its members—
hopeless else.
Ignominy the horse staves, by deficient
vision
Takes a man to be a monster, lets him mount,
then, twice the distance
Horse could trot unridden, gallops—dream
Elysian !—
Dreaming that his dwarfish guide's a giant—
jockeys tell's."

Brief, so worked the spell, he promptly laid
a riddle:
Heart and brain no longer felt the pricks
which passed for conscience-scruples:
Free henceforth his feet,—Per Bacco, how
they did dance
Merrily through lets and checks that stopped
the way before!"
PIETRO OF ABANO

Possibly! but still the operation's mundane,
Greater than a taste demands which—craving
Manna—locks at pauper—
Power o'er men by wants material: why should
Rule by sourd hopes and fears—a grant for
All one's pains?

"No, if men must praise me, let them praise
To move the world, not earth but
Heaven must be our titular—faut-sta !
Thus I seek to move it: Master, why inter­pose—
Shall my climbing close on what's the
Leader's topmost round?
Statecraft: 'tis I step from: when by priest­craft hoisted
Up to where my foot may touch the highest
Ring which fate allows too,
Then indeed ask favour! On you shall be
Sought no excess: I'll pay my debt, each penny of
The pound !

"Oh, my knives without there! Lead this
Worthy downturns!
No farewell, good Paul—nay, Peter—what's
Here ?
Ten years ago, I embraced devotion, grew from priest to
Bishop, ecclesiarch, triumphed in archbishopric, got
You, the Lateran as new Pope)——

Power you boast in plenty: let it grant me
Houses, room now is out of question: find for
Me some stronghold—a certain place I'm to describe loth !
Privacy wherein, immured, shall this blind
Deaf huge
Monster of a mob let stay the soul I'd save by stealth !

"Ay, for all too much with magic have I
Tampered !—Lost the world, and gained, I fear, a
certain place I'm to describe loth !
Still, if prayer and fasting tame the pride
Long pampered,
Mercy may be mine: amendment never comes too late.
How can I amend beset by cursers,
Flacks—by earwigs through the brains !

"Gently, good my Genius, Oracle unerring!
Strange now! can you guess on what—as in
Distance:
Here where'er the virtue might lie—
What, old Peter, here again, at such a time,
Know not!—still, he's worth just
Something that inspires my soul—Oh, by
Hand for hand, I press your..."
What was changed? The stranger gave his

Dicam verbum Salomonis—"dite!"

There smiled Peter's face turned back a

moment at him. His eyes a burning:

Then smiled Peter's face turned back a

moment at him. His eyes a rubbing:

As the black door shut, bang! "So he

'scares a drinking!'" (Quoth a boy who, unespied, had stopped to

bear the talk).

"That's the way to thank these wizards

when they bid men

Benedicite! What alls you? You, a man, and

yet no holder?

Foreign Sir, you look but foolish!" "Admirator

speculis?"

Groused the Greek. "O Peter, cheese at

last I know from chalk!"

Peter lived his life out, menaced yet no

marry.

Knew himself the mighty man he was—such

knowledge all his guardon,

Left the world a big book—people yet in part.

When they style a true Scientia Compendi-

arum—

"Admirationem incutit" they hourly

Smile, as fast they shut the folio which my-

self was somehow spurred on

Once to open—Love—Life's milk which daily,

hourly.

Blockheads lap—O Peter, still thy taste of

self was somehow spurred on

daily, hourly,

"Help! The old magician clings like an

octopus!

Ah, you rise now—fuming, fretting, frowning,

If I read your features!

Frown, who cares? We've Pope—once Pope,

you can't un-pope us!

Good—your muster up a smile: that's better!

Still so brisk?

All at once grown youthful? But the case is

plain! Ask—

Here I daily, with the fiend, yet know the

Word—compels all creatures

Earthly, heavenly, hellish, Apage, Sathanas

Dis Item verbum Salomonis—"advice!"

When—whisk—!

What was changed? The stranger gave his

eyes a rubbing:

There smiled Peter's face turned back a

moment at him. Her shoulder,

When these parts Tiberius—yet not Cesar,

travelled,

Passing Padua, he consulted Padua's Oracle

of Geryon

PADUA, build poor Peter's pyre now, on log

roll-log,

Burn away—lived my day! Yet here's the

sting in death—

I've an author's pride: I want my Book's

survival;

See, I've hid it in my breast to warm me mid

the rags and tatters!

Savior—tell next age your Master had no rival!

Scholar's debt discharged in full, be 'Thanks'

my latest breath?"

"Faugh, the frowsy bundle—scribblings

harm-scarce!

Scattered o'er a dozen sheepskins! What's

the name of this farrago?

Ha—Cencilius Diferentiarios!—

Man and book may burn together, cause the

world no loss!

Stop—what else? A tractate—eh, 'De

Spectibus Ceremonialis Magi-a? I dream sure!

Hence, away, go,

Wizard,—quick avoid me! Vain you clasp

Hand that bears the Fisher's ring or foot that

boasts the Cross!

I dream sure!

Apage, Sathanas

De

"What is the fault now?" "This I find to

blame:

Many and various are the tongues below,

Yet all agree in one speech, all proclaim

"Hell has no might to match what earth

can show:

Death is the strongest-born of Hell, and yet

Stronger than Death is a Bad Wife, we know."

"Is it a wonder if I fume and fret—

Robed of my rights, since Death am I, and

mine

The style of Strongest? Men pay Nature's
debt

"Because they must at my demand; decline

To pay it henceforth surely men will please,

Provided husbands with bad wives combine

To battle Death. Judge between me and

these!

'Thyself shalt judge. Descend to earth in

shape

Of mortal, marry, drain from faith to foes

"The bitter draught, then see if thou escape

Concluding, with men sorrowful and sage,

A Bad Wife's strength Death's self in vain

would aye!"

How Satan entered on his pilgrimage,

Confirmed himself to earthly ordinances,

Wived and played husband well from youth
to age

"Idmen!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"

"Venus!"
"Hearing to toll and toil, though—both
which are
Beyond this sluggard. There's Divinity:
No, that's my own bread-winner—that be far

"From my poor offspring! Physic? Ha, we'll try
It this be practicable. Where's my wit?—since, now I come to think . . .
Aye, aye!

"Hither, my son! Exactly have I hit
On a profession for thee. Medims—
Behold, thou art appointed! Yea, I spit
"Upon thine eyes, bestow a virtue thus
That henceforth not this human form I wear
Shalt thou perceive alone, but—-one of us
By privilege—thou shalt bear
Me in my spirit-person as I walk
The world and take my prey appointed there.

"Doctor once dubbed—what ignorance shall
baulk
Thy march triumphant? Diagnose the gout
As cholic, and prescribe it cheese for chalk—
"No matter! All's one: cure shall come
And win thee wealth—fees paid with such a roar
Of thank's and praise alike from lord and lout
"As never stunned man's ear before.
"How may this be?' Why, that's my sceptic! Soon
Truth will corrupt thee, soon thou doubt'st no more!

"Why is it I bestow on thee the boon
Of recognizing me the while I go
Invisibly among men, morning, noon
"And night, from house to house, and—quick or slow—
Take my appointed prey? They summon thee
For help, suppose: obey the summons! so!

"Eater, look round! Where's Death? Know
I am he, Satan who work all evil: I who bring
Pain to the patient in whate'er degree.

"I, then, am there: first glance thine eye
shall fling
Will find me—whether distant or at hand,
As I am free to do my spiriting.

"At such mere first glance thou shalt understand
Wherefore I reach no higher up the room
Than door or window, when my form is scanned.

"How'er friends' faces please to gather
Gloom,
Bent o'er the sick,—howe'er himself desponds,—
In such case Death is not the sufferer's doom.

"Contrariwise, do friends rejoice my bonds
Are broken, does the captive in his turn
Crow ' Life shall conquer!' Nip these foolish fronds
Of hope a-sprout, if haply thou discern
Me at the head—my victim's head, be sure!
Forth now! This taught thee, little else to learn!

And forth he went. Folk heard him ask
demure
"How do you style this ailment? (There
he peeps,
My father, through the arras!) Sirs, the cure
"Is plain as A. B. C.! Experience steeps
Blossoms of pennyroyal half an hour
In sherris.

"One day, one hour ago, perchance my art
Had done some service. Since you have yourselves
Chosen—before the horse—to put the cart,

"Why, Sirs, the sooner that the sexton delves
Your patient's grave, the better! How you stare
—Shallow, for all the deep books on your shelves!

"Fare you well, fumblers! Do I need declare
What name and fame, what riches recompensed
The Doctor's practice? Never anywhere
Such an adept as daily evidenced
Each new vaticination! Oh, not he
Like dolts who dallied with their scruples,
fenced
With subterfuge, nor gave out frank and free
Something decisive! If he said "I save
The patient," saved he was: if "Death will be
His portion," you might count him dead.
Thus brave,
Behold our worthy, sans competitor
Throughout the country, on the architrave
Of Glory's temple golden-lettered for
Machaon redivivus!

Of the subject you presumed was past the power
Of Galen to relieve! "Or else "How's this?
With you of long investigation claimed
By others,—tracks an ailment to its source
Intuitively,—may we ask unblamed
What from this pimple you prognosticate?"

"Death!" was the answer, as he saw and named
"One day, one hour ago, perchance my art
Had done some service. Since you have yourselves
Chosen—before the horse—to put the cart,

"Why, Sirs, the sooner that the sexton delves
Your patient's grave, the better! How you stare
—Shallow, for all the deep books on your shelves!

"Fare you well, fumblers! Do I need declare
What name and fame, what riches recompensed
The Doctor's practice? Never anywhere
Such an adept as daily evidenced
Each new vaticination! Oh, not he
Like dolts who dallied with their scruples,
fenced
With subterfuge, nor gave out frank and free
Something decisive! If he said "I save
The patient," saved he was: if "Death will be
His portion," you might count him dead.
Thus brave,
Behold our worthy, sans competitor
Throughout the country, on the architrave
Of Glory's temple golden-lettered for
Machaon redivivus!

Of the subject you presumed was past the power
Of Galen to relieve! "Or else "How's this?
With you of long investigation claimed
By others,—tracks an ailment to its source
Intuitively,—may we ask unblamed
What from this pimple you prognosticate?"

"Death!" was the answer, as he saw and named
"One day, one hour ago, perchance my art
Had done some service. Since you have yourselves
Chosen—before the horse—to put the cart,
"Wealth fails to tempt thee: what if honours
Your daily portion? Never! Just this once,
From where thou see'st me thus myself en-
Whisper met whisper in the gruff response
Go from his head, then,—let his life be
This touched the Doctor. "Truly a home-
"Fool, I must have my prey: no inch I
"Father, you hear him! Respite never so
Is all I beg: go now and come again
Next day, for aught I care: respect the grief
Of half my subjects rescued by your skill—
Disdain its help, the mystic Jacob's-Staff?
I have it! Sire, methinks a meteor shot
Bring me that knobstick thence, so often plied
To soil my lips with,—and through ceiling
"Whence this tryst?—'Tis for me the fee
"And foremost of physicians!" "I've
"Get away then, my prey!"—So said he:
"Plumb are you placed now: well that I
"Stay!" exclaimed the monarch, "I shall be
capital
"Fool, I must have my prey!
"Yes!" moaned the sufferer, "by thy look I
"Ah," moaned the sufferer, "by thy look I
"Who saves me. Only keep my head above
The cloud that's creeping round it—I'll divide
My empire with thee! No? What's left
but—love?
"Does love allure thee? Well then, take
As bride
My only daughter, fair beyond belief!
Save me—to-morrow shall the knot be tied!
"Sire, all!—yes!—I heard the appeal. How?
To save to-morrow, there's a work for thee,
I'll do as thou command'st. What?—a
Dramatic Idyls
DOCTOR

"This trifling favour in the idle name
Of mercy to the moribund? I plied
The cause of all thou dost affect: my aim
"Belts my author? Why would I succeed?
Simply that by success I may promote
The growth of thy pet virtues—pride and
Great
But keep thy favours!—curse thee! I
devote
Henceforth my service to the other side.
No time to lose: the rattle's in his throat.
"So,—not to leave one last resource un-
Run to my house with all haste, somebody!
"With profit by the astrologer—shall I
Bring me that knobstick thence, so often plied
That implement work wonders, send the chaff
That a storm's dispersal
We know for certain by the sulphury scent!
"Hail to the Doctor! Who but one so versed
In all Dame Nature's secrets had prescribed
The staff thus opportune? Style him first
"And foremost of physicians!" "I've
"Till this arrive! Let none of you dare
Laugh! Thoughogg'd its exterior, I have seen
That implement work wonders, send the chaff
"Quick and thick flying from the wheat—I
Mean, by metaphor, a human sheaf it thrashed
Flibble. Go fetch it! Or—a word be-
"Just you and me, friend!—go bid, un-
"Except a Bad Wife!" Whereunto de-
murred
Nowise the Doctor, so refused the fee
—No dowry, no bad wife!
"Death to forego me, boots not: ye've
Obtained
My daughter and her dowry. Death, I've
Was still on earth the strongest power that
Regained,
"This tale?"—the Rabbi added: "True, our
Talmud
Boasts sandry such: yet—have our elders
Erred
In thinking there's some water there, not all
Mud?"
"I tell it, as the Rabbi told it me.
"Froze to the marrow, while his eye-flash
Squared
Some in the brain up: clouder and more close
Pressing his prey, when at the door appeared
—Who has his Wife the Bad? Whereof one
dose,
One grain, one mite of the medicinal,
Sufficed him. Up he spring. One word,
too gross
To oil my lips with,—and through ceiling
Went
Somehow the Husband. "That a storm's
Dispersed
We know for certain by the sulphury scent!
"Death to the Doctor! Who but one so versed
In all Dame Nature's secrets had prescribed
The stuff thus opportune? Style him first
"And foremost of physicians!" "I've
"Elixir surely," smiled the prince,—"I have
Gained
New lease of life. Dear Doctor, how you
Bibbed
"Death to forego me, boots not: ye've
Obtained
My daughter and her dowry. Death, I've
Heart
Was still on earth the strongest power that
Reigned,
"Except a Bad Wife!" Whereunto de-
murred
Nowise the Doctor, so refused the fee
—No dowry, no bad wife!
"You think absurd
This tale?"—the Rabbi added: "True, our
Talmud
Boasts sandry such: yet—have our elders
Erred
In thinking there's some water there, not all
Mud?"
"I tell it, as the Rabbi told it me.
"Froze to the marrow, while his eye-flash
Squared
Some in the brain up: clouder and more close
Pressing his prey, when at the door appeared
—Who has his Wife the Bad? Whereof one
dose,
One grain, one mite of the medicinal,
Sufficed him. Up he spring. One word,
too gross
To oil my lips with,—and through ceiling
Went
Somehow the Husband. "That a storm's
Dispersed
We know for certain by the sulphury scent!
"Death to the Doctor! Who but one so versed
In all Dame Nature's secrets had prescribed
The stuff thus opportune? Style him first
"And foremost of physicians!" "I've
"Elixir surely," smiled the prince,—"I have
Gained
New lease of life. Dear Doctor, how you
Bibbed
"Death to forego me, boots not: ye've
Obtained
My daughter and her dowry. Death, I've
Heart
Was still on earth the strongest power that
Reigned,
"Except a Bad Wife!" Whereunto de-
murred
Nowise the Doctor, so refused the fee
—No dowry, no bad wife!
"You think absurd
This tale?"—the Rabbi added: "True, our
Talmud
Boasts sandry such: yet—have our elders
Erred
In thinking there's some water there, not all
Mud?"
"I tell it, as the Rabbi told it me.
"Froze to the marrow, while his eye-flash
Squared
Some in the brain up: clouder and more close
Pressing his prey, when at the door appeared
—Who has his Wife the Bad? Whereof one
dose,
One grain, one mite of the medicinal,
Sufficed him. Up he spring. One word,
too gross
To oil my lips with,—and through ceiling
Went
Somehow the Husband. "That a storm's
Dispersed
We know for certain by the sulphury scent!
"Death to the Doctor! Who but one so versed
In all Dame Nature's secrets had prescribed
The stuff thus opportune? Style him first
"And foremost of physicians!" "I've
"Elixir surely," smiled the prince,—"I have
Gained
New lease of life. Dear Doctor, how you
Bibbed
"Death to forego me, boots not: ye've
Obtained
My daughter and her dowry. Death, I've
Heart
Was still on earth the strongest power that
Reigned,
"Except a Bad Wife!" Whereunto de-
murred
Nowise the Doctor, so refused the fee
—No dowry, no bad wife!
"You think absurd
This tale?"—the Rabbi added: "True, our
Talmud
Boasts sandry such: yet—have our elders
Erred
In thinking there's some water there, not all
Mud?"
"I tell it, as the Rabbi told it me.
PAN AND LUNA.

Divine rigorem est—Georg., iii. 390.

O worthy of belief I hold it was,
Virgil, your legend in those strange three lines!
No question, that adventure came to pass.

One black night in Arcadia: yes, the plains,
Mountains and valleys mingling made one mass.
Of black with void black heaven: the earth's confines,
The sky's embrace,—below, above, around,
All hardened into black without a bound.

Fill up a swart stone chalice to the brim
With fresh-squeezed yet fast-thickening poppy-juice:
See how the sluggish jelly, late a-swim,
Turns marble to the touch of who would loose
The solid smooth, grown jet from rim to rim,
By turning round the bowl! So night can fuse
Earth with her all-compising sky. No less,
Light, the least spark, shows air and emptiness.

And thus it proved when—diving into space,
Striped of all vapour, from each web of mist
Utterly film-free—entered on her race
Stript of all vapour, from each web of mist
Light, the least spark, shows air and emptiness.

The naked Moon, full-orbed antagonist
And thus it proved when—diving into space,
Upstarted mountains, and each valley, kissed
The plumy drifts contract, condense, con­dense,
Fitting as close as fits the dented spine
Those lithe limbs try, encroached on by a
Rock's the song-soil rather, surface hard and bare:

Still as she fled, each depth—where refuge seemed—
Opening a lone pale chamber, left distinct
Those limbs: mid still-retreating blue, she seemed
Herself with whiteness,—virginal, unadorned;
By any halo save what finely gleamed
To outline not disguise her heaven was linked
In one accord with earth to quaff the joy,
Drain beauty to the dregs without alloy.

Whereof she grew aware. What help?
When, lo,
A succourable cloud with sleep lay dense:
Some pine-tree-top had caught it settling slow,
And tethered for a prize: in evidence
Captive lay fleece on fleece of plait-up snow
Drowsily patient: flake-heaped how or whence.
The structure of that succourable cloud,
What matter? Shamed she plunged into its shroud.

Other—so the woman-figure poets call
Because of rounds on rounds—that apple-shaped
Head which its hair binds close into a ball
Each side the curving ears—that pure un­dried
Punt of the sister paps—that ... Once for all,
Say—her consummate circle thus escaped
Pout of the sister paps—that... Once for all,
Say—her consummate circle thus escaped

Sheep for sought
Or spotless shearings yield such; take the fact
To tell how she recoiled—as who finds thorns
Because of rounds on rounds—that apple­
Orbed—so the woman-figure poets call
With fresh-squeezed yet fast-thickening poppy-juice:

The land, the least spark, shows air and emptiness.

But what means this? The downy swathers combine
Conglobe, the smoothest coy-draping stuff
Curdles about her: Vain each twist and twist
Those lithe limbs try, encroached on by a

As when a pearl slips lost in the thin foam
Clurred on a sea-shore, and, over-decked, con­dense,
Herself safe-housed in Amphitrite's dome,—
Then—does the legend say?—first moon­
Eclipse

Ships with, first steeped in pitch,—nor hands

So lay this Maid-Moon clasped around and caught
By rough red Pan, the god of all that tract:
He it was schemed the snare thus subtly wrought
With simulated earth-breath,—wool-stuffs packed
Into a hollow wrappage. Sheep far-sought
Drowned as fringed, from root to root:

Said the legend,—first moon's

The early sages? Is that why she slips
Into the dark, a minute and no more,
Only so long as serves her while she rips
The cloud's womb through and, faultless as before,
Pursues her way? No lesson for a maid
Left she, a maid herself thus trapped, betrayed?

Ha, Virgil? Tell the rest, you! "To the deep
Of his domain the wild/wood, Pan forthwith
Called her, and so she followed"—in her sleep.
Surely?—"by no means spinning him." The myth
Explain who may! Let all else go, I keep
—as of a ruin just a monolith—

Thus much, one verse of five words, each a boon:
Arcadia, night, a cloud, Pan, and the moon.

"Torture him ne'er so lightly, into song he broke:
So did Girl-moon, by just her attribute
Of unmatched modestly betrayed, lie trapped.

Blushed to the breast of Pan, half-god half-brute,
Raked by his bristly boar-sward while he

Nay, no more, shall pass.—Never say, kissed her! that were to pollute
Love's language—which moreover proves unapt:

To tell how she recoiled—as who finds thorns
Where she sought flowers—when, feeling, she touched—horns!

The purity we love is gained for us.
JOCOSERIA.

WANTING is—what?
Summer redundant,
Blueness abundant,
—Where is the blot?
Benny the world, yet a blank all the same,
—Framework which waits for a picture to frame:
What of the foliage, what of the flower?
Come then, complete incompletion, O comer,

Tale followed tale like a merry-go-round
The bothy we held carouse in
The boys were a band from Oxford,

Roses embowering with nought they embower!
Beamy the world, yet a blank all the same,
Whence "Boiling, boiling," the kettle sang,
So, feat capped feat, with a vengeance:
In our eyes and noses—turf-smoke:

"Wilt thou hear my story?" quoth I.
"Will you hear my story?" quoth L.
"Never mind how long since it happed,
I sat, as we sit, in a bothy;

"With as merry a band of mates, too,
Undergrads all on a level:
(One's a Bishop, one's gone to the Bench,
And one's gone—well, to the Devil.)

"When, lo, a scratching and tapping!
In hobbled a ghastly visitor.
Listen to just what he told us himself
—No need of our playing Inquisitor!"

Do you happen to know in Ross-shire
Mount... Ben... but the same scarce
Of the naked fact I am sure enough,
Though I clothe it in rags and tatters.

You may recognise Ben by description;
Though I clothe it in rags and tatters.
You don't sport, more's the pity:
All such objections vanish.

But character gains in—courage?
Ay, Sir, and much beside it!
You don't sport, more's the pity:

And now,—when perchance was waiting
For an edge there is, though narrow;
From end to end of the range, a stripe
Would signify to the boldest foot
From down in the gully,—as if Ben's breast
To a sudden spike diminished,
Would signify to the boldest foot
"All further passage finished!"

Yet the mountaineer who sildes on
And on to the very bending,
Discovers, if heart and brain be proof,
No necessary ending.

Foot up, foot down, to the turn abrupt
Having trod, he, there arriving.
Finds—what he took for a point was breadth,
A mercy of Nature's contriving.

So, he rounds what, when 'tis reached,
Proves straight,
From one side gains the other:
The wee path widens—resume the march,
And he fails you, Ben my brother!

But Donald—that name, I hope, will do)—
I wrong him if I call "foiling"
The trump of the callant, whistling the while
As birthe as our kettle's boiling.

He had dared the danger from boyhood up,
And now,—when perchance was waiting
A lass at the brig below,—twixt mount
And moor would he stand debating?

Moreover this Donald was twenty-five,
A glory of bone and muscle:
Died a fiend dispute the right of way,
Donald would try a tussle.

And the mountaineer who takes that path
And the mountaineer who takes that path
Saves himself miles of journey
Through heather, peat and burnie.

But a mountaineer he needs must be,
And only this burliest out must judge
Till it seems—to the beholder
That the beholder
And left how safety to timid mates, And made for the dead dead danger, And gained the height where—who could guess
He would meet with a rival ranger?

'Twixt a gold-red stag that stood and stared, Gigantic and magnificent, By the wonder—ay, and the peril—struck
Intelligent and precipice:

For a red deer is no fallow deer
Grown cowardly through park feeding; He batters you like a thunderbolt
By the wonder—ay, and the peril—struck

Yet Donald must turn, would pride permit,
'Twas a gold-red stag that stood and stared, Whatever could break was broken:
But the rest of his body—why, doctors said,

And if he discovered a bothy like this,
She proves him with hard questions: before she was first beginner:

Yet Donald must turn, would pride permit,
Though pride ill brooks retiring:

And now tis the branch and hind foot's turn
—That's hard: can the beast quite raise it?

If you brave his haunts unheeding,
Though pride ill brooks retiring:

And his right-hand loose—how clever!
Follows the rest: or never

And if he discovered a bothy like this,
And when he had come to the close, and spread

Sank Donald sidewise down and down:

And now tis the branch and hind foot's turn
—That's hard: can the beast quite raise it?

And his right-hand loose—how clever!
Follows the rest: or never

And his right-hand loose—how clever!
Follows the rest: or never

And now 'tis the haunch and hind foot's

And made for the dread dear danger,
And gained the height where—who could guess
He would meet with a rival ranger?

'Twixt a gold-red stag that stood and stared, Gigantic and magnificent, By the wonder—ay, and the peril—struck
Intelligent and precipice:

And if he discovered a bothy like this,
She proves him with hard questions: before she was first beginner:

Yet Donald must turn, would pride permit,
'Twas a gold-red stag that stood and stared, Whatever could break was broken:
But the rest of his body—why, doctors said,

And if he discovered a bothy like this,
And when he had come to the close, and spread

Sank Donald sidewise down and down:

And now tis the branch and hind foot's turn
—That's hard: can the beast quite raise it?

And his right-hand loose—how clever!
Follows the rest: or never

And now tis the branch and hind foot's turn
—That's hard: can the beast quite raise it?

And his right-hand loose—how clever!
Follows the rest: or never

And now tis the branch and hind foot's turn
—That's hard: can the beast quite raise it?

And his right-hand loose—how clever!
Follows the rest: or never

And now tis the branch and hind foot's turn
—That's hard: can the beast quite raise it?
The Ring which bore the Name—turned
The truth-compelling Name!—and at once
And so disclosed a portent: all unaware the
And in that bashful jerk of her body, she—
That whose proves kingly in craft I needs
must acknowledge my brother.

"Come poet, come painter, come sculptor,
come builder—whate'er his condition,
is he prime in his art? We are peers! My
insight has pierced the partition
And hails—for the poem, the picture, the
Gold's gold though dim in the dust: court-
Is he prime in his art? We are peers! My

"Ah, Soul," the Monarch sighed, "that
wonderful soul yet ever crowns,
How comes it thou canst discern the greatest
yet choose the smallest,

"Aspire to the Best! But which? There
are Beasts and Bests so many,
With a habitation each for each, earth's Best as
much Best as any!

"Above may the Soul spread wing, spurn
the earth and scaled the skies,
Ah, Soul," the Monarch sighed, "that
wonderful soul yet ever crowns,
How comes it thou canst discern the greatest
yet choose the smallest,

"The Good are my mates—how else? Why
doubt it?" the Queen upbriined:
"Sure even above the Wise,—or in travel
my eyes have Failed,—
I see the Good stand plain: be they rich,
poor, shrewd or simple,
If Good they only are. . . . Permit me to
travelled thus far: but wherefore?

"The building must be my temple, my person
stand forth the statue,
The picture my portrait prove, and the poem
my praise—you cat, you!"

But Solomon nonplussed? Nay! "Be truth-
ful in turn!" so had he:
"See the Name, obey its hest!" And at
once subjoin the lady
—Provided the Good are the young, men
strong and tall and proper,
Such servants I straightway enlist,—which
means. . . . but the blushes stop her.

"But tell me in turn, O thou to thy weakling
outside now from inside!
This proviso: peace, thou scoffer!—
"In a doggedest of endeavours to play the in-
Everywhere is carved her Crescent
Prototypes of you and me.

"It is nought, it will go, it can never presume
Down here,—do I make too bold? Sage
Solomon,—one fool's small kiss!"

CRISTINA AND MONALDESCHI

This is a well-known story. Cristina was
the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, and suc-
cceeded to the throne of Sweden on his death
in 1632. She was an ill-regulated woman of
free life, of whom many curious tales are
told. She abdicated in 1654 and became a
Roman Catholic. Monaldeschi was an Italian
reprobate, who became her Master of the
Horse. She fell in love with him, and he
made a fool of her. Discovering the truth,
Cristina had him barbarously murdered at
Fontainebleau. She then retired to Rome,
where she died in 1689.

Ah, but how each loved each, Marquis!
Here's the gallery they trod
both together, in her god,
She his idol,—lend your rod,
Chamberlain!—say, there they are—"Quis
separabit?" plain those two
Teaching words come into view.

CRESSENTS CHANGE—true wax and wane.
Woman-like: male hearts retain
Heat nor, once warm, cool again.

But here,—why, it toys and tickles and teases,
On earth I confess an itch for the praise of
Thyself, consummate
Are Bests and Bests so many,
Past these palace-walls to-day
Traversed, this I came to say.

All the woman? See my habit,
Ask my people! Anyhow,
Be we what we may, one vow
Binds us, male or female. Now,—

That's the ladder's round you rose by!
Gained my peak and grasped your prize.

"Only to the meddling curious,
Save to fools who woke its ire.
Thinking fit to play with fire.
'Tis the Crescent you admire?

Then, be Diane! I'll be Francis.
Crescents change,—true wax and wane.
Woman-like: male hearts retain
Heat nor, once warm, cool again.

Close to me you climbed: as close by,
Having raised you: let it stay,
Spare you for retrieving? Nay.

That's the ladder's round you rose by!
That—my own foot kicked away,
Having raised you: let it stay,
Spare you for retrieving? Nay.

Keep here, loving me forever!
Love's look, gesture, speech, I chain;
Act love, love all the same—
Play as earnest were our game!

When you climbed, before men's eyes,
Spurned the earth and scaled the skies,
Gained my peak and grasped your prize.
Here you stood, then, to men's wonder;
Here you tire of standing? Kneel!
Cone what giddiness you feel,
This way! Do your senses real?
Not unlikely! What rolls under?
Yawning death in your abyss
Where the waters whirl and hiss
Round more frightful peaks than this.

Should my buffet dash you thither . . .
But he sage! No watery grave
Needs await you; seeming brave
Kneel on safe, dear timid slave!
You surmised, when you climbed hither,
Should my buffet dash you thither . . ,
Not unlikely! What rolls under?

Sheer, where Juno strikes Ixion,
Primrose speaks plainly! Pooh—
 Rather, Florentine Le Roux!
I've lost head for who is who—
So it swims and wanders! Fix on
What still proves me female! Here,
By the starshade— for we near
That dark "Gallery of the Deer."

Look me in the eyes once! Steady!
Are you faithful now as erst
On that eve when we two first
Vowed at Avon, blessed and cursed
Faith and falsehood? Pale already?
Forward! Must my hand compel
Entrance— this way? Exit—well,
Somewhere, somewhere. Who can tell?

What if to the self-same place in
Rustic Avon, at the door
Of the village church once more,
Where a tombstone paves the floor
By that holy-water basin
You appealed to—"As, below,
This stone hides its corpse, e'en so
I your secrets hide "? What ho!

Friends, my four! You, Priest, confess
I have judged the culprit there:
Execute my sentence! Care
For no mail such cowards wear!
Done, Priest? Then, absolve and bless
him!
Now— you three, stab thick and fast,
Deep and deeper! Dead at last?
Thank, friends— Father, thanks! Aglost!

What one word of his confession
Would you tell me, though I feared
With that royal crown adjured
Just because its bars immured
Love too much? Love burst compression,
Fled free, finally confessed
All its secrets to that breast
Whence . . . let Avon tell the rest!

I and you like statues seen.
Kneel on safe, dear timid slave!
Needs await you: seeming brave
Where the waters whirl and hiss
Yawning death in yon abyss
This way! Do your senses reel,
Cure what giddiness you feel,

Mary Wollstonecraft and Fuseli
[Mary Wollstonecraft, the famous author of
"A Vindication of the Rights of Woman," and the mother of the poet Slesley,
was born in 1759. She fell in love with
Fuseli, the well-known artist, who, however,
with the able assistance of Mrs. Fuseli, con-
tinued not to be won. Mary Wollstonecraft
then went to Paris, and lived with Mr. Inlay,
and was so ill after her desertion of her that
she met and eventually married William God-
wins. She was barely thirty-nine years old
when she died in 1797.]

But is it not hard, Dear?
Mine are the nerves to quake at a mouse;
If a spider drops I shrink with fear:
For no mail such cowards wear!
This stone hides its corpse, e'en so
I your secrets hide "? What ho!

INDEX.
[A king of the Lapithæ in Thessaly, who
in consequence of his murdering his wife's
father was "boycotted" by mankind. Zeus
took compassion on him and let him into
heaven, where, however, he fell in love with
Hera, and was permitted to think he had
eembraced her in the form of a cloud. Zeus
banished him, and as a punishment Ixion was
tied to a perpetually revolving wheel.]
Whirls of terror in torment, flesh once mortal, immortal
Made—for a purpose of hate—able to die and revive,
Plays to the uttermost pang, then, newly for payment replenished,
Dolest—old yet young—agencies ever affright:
Whence the result above me: torment is bridged by a rainbow,—
Tears, sweat, blood,—each spasm, glistening rank, glorified now.
Wrong, by the rush of the wheel ordained my place of dispensing,
Off in a sparklike spray,—flesh becomes vapour thro' pain,—
Flies the bestowment of Zeus, soul's vaunted bodily vesture
Made that his feats observed gain the approval of Man,—
Plash that he fashioned with sense of the earth and the sky and the ocean,
Formed should pierce to the star, fitted to pore on the plant.—
All, for a purpose of hate, re-framed, re-fashioned, re-fitted
Till, consummate at length,—lo, the emulative of sense!
Pain's more minister now to the soul, once pledged to her pleasure—
Seal, if unrammed by flesh, unapprehensible of pain!
Body, re-awoke soul's slave, which serving legall and betrayed her,
Made things feign true, cheated thro' eye and thro' ear,
Lured thus heart and brain to believe in the lying reported—
Spareth not the traitorous slave, uttermost atom, away.
What should obstruct soul's rush on the real, the only apparent?
Say I have erred,—how else? Was I Ixion or Zeus?
Foiled by my senses I dreamed; I doubtless awaken in wonder:
This proves shine, that—shade? Good was the evil that seemed?

Shall I, with sight thus gained, by torture be taught I was blinded once?
Siaphos, teaches thy stone—Tantalos, teaches thy thirst
Aught which unaided sense, purged pure, less plaintly demonstrates?
No, for the past was dream: now that the dreamers awake
Siaphos scouts low fraud, and to Tantalos treason is folly.
Ask of myself, whose form melts on the plant, of purpose
What is the sin which three and three prove sin to the sinner?
Say the false charge was true,—thus do I expiate, say,
Arogant thought, word, deed,—merely man who conscious me godlike,
Sat beside Zeus, my friend—kneel before Here, my love!
What were the need but of plying power to touch and dispense it,
Film-work—eye's and ear's—all the distraction of sense?
How should the soul not see, not hear,—perceive and as plainly
Render, in thought, word, deed, back again truth—not a lie?
"Aye, but the pain is to punish thee,
Zeus, once more for a partime,
Play the familiar, the frank! Speak and have speech in return!"
I went of Thessaly king, there ruled a peopleoley me:
Mine to establish the law, theirs to obey it or die:
Wherefore? Because of the good to the people, because of the honor
Therein acceding to me, king, the king's law was supreme.
What of the weakling, the ignorant criminal?
Not who, exceptes, Breaking my law braved death, knowing his deed and its due—
Nay, but the feeble and foolish, the poor transgressor, of purpose
No whit more than a tree, born to erectness of bole,

Fame or plane or pine, we laud if lofty, columnar—
Loathes if athwart, aisey,—leave to the axe and the flame!
Where is the vision may penetrate earth and beholding acknowledge
Just one pebble at root ruined the straightness of stem?
Whose fine vigilance follows the sapling, accounts for the failure,
—Here blew wind, so it bent: there the snow lodged, so it broke?
Also the tooth of the beast, bird's bill, mere bite of the insect
Grasped, gnarled, warped their worst: passive it lay to offence.
King—I was man, no more—what a recognized fauly I punished,
Laying it prone: be sure, more than a man had I proved,
Watch and ward over the sapling at birth-time had saved it; not simply
Owed to the discretion's excuse,—hindered it wholly: nay, more—
Even a man, as I sat in my place to do
Life to retraverse the past, light to retrieve the misdeed?
Could I have probed thro' the face to the heart, read plain a repentance,
Crime confused fools' play, virtue ascribed to the wise.
Had I not stayed the consignment to doom, not dealt the renewed ones
Life to reverse the past, light to retrieve the misdeed?
Thus had I done, and thus to have done much more it behoves thee,
Zeus who nadest man—flawless or faulty, thy work!
What if the charge were true, as thou mouthest,—Ixion the cherished
Minion of Zeus grew vain, vied with the godships and fell,
Forfeit thro' the kiss laughed scorn—"Lambs or a cloud was to clasp?"
Then from Olympos to Erebos, then from the capture to torment,
Then from the fellow of gods—misery's mate, to the man!

Man among men I had borne me till gods
Forsooth must regard me
—Nay, must approve, applaud, claim as a comrade at last.
Summoned to enter their circle, I sat—their equal, how other?
Love should be absolute love, faith is in faultlessness or nought.

"I am thy friend, be mine!" smiled Zeus: 
"If Here attract thee,"
Beshel the imperial check, "then—as thy heart may suggest!"

Faith in me sprang to the faith, my love hailed love as its fellow.

"Zeus, we are friends—how fast! Here, my heart for thy heart!"
Then broke smile into fury of frown, and the thunder of "Hence, fool!"
Then thro' the kiss laughed scorn—"Lambs or a cloud was to clasp?"

Then from Olympos to Erebos, then from the capture to torment,
Then from the fellow of gods—misery's mate, to the man!

—Man henceforth and forever, who bent from the glow of his nature
Warmth to the cold, with light coloured the black and the bland.
So did a man conceive of your passion, you passion-protesters!
So did he trust, so love—being the truth of your lie!
You to aspire to be Man! Man made you who vainly would ape him
You are the hollowness, he—filling you, falsities void.
Even as—witness the emblem, Helos's sad triumphs suspended,
Born of my tears, sweat, blood—bursting to vapour above—
Arching my torment, an iris glodisee starts the darkness,
Cold white—jewelry quenched—justifies, glorifies pain.

Strive, mankind, though strife endure through endless obstruction,
Stage after stage, each rise marred by as certain a fall!
Baffled forever—yet never so baffled but, 'ere
in the baffling,
When Man's strength proves weak, checked
in the body or soul—
Whosoever the medium, flesh or essence,—
Ixxon's
made for a purpose of hate,—clothing the
entity Thou,
—Mediæa whence that entity strives for the
Not-Thou beyond it,
Fire elemental, free, frame unencumbered,
the All,—
Never so baffled but—when, on the verge of
an alien existence,
Heartened to press, by pangs burst to the
infinite Pure,
Nothing is reached but the ancient weakness
still that arrests strength,
Circumambient still, still the poor human
array,
Pride and revenge and hate and cruelty—all
its burst through,
Thought to escape,—fresh formed, found in
the fashion it fed,—
Never so baffled but—when Man pays the
price of endeavour,
Thunderstruck, downthrust, Tartaros-
commoned to the wheel,—
Then ay, then, from the tears and sweat and
blood of his torment,
E'en from the triumph of Hell, up let him
thought to escape,—fresh formed, found
in the fashion it fled,—
Doomed to the wheel,—
in the fashion it fled,—
price of endeavour,
Calmly envisagest the sure increase
of knowledge? Eden's tree must hold
unplucked?
Some apple, sure, has never tried thy tooth,
Lover, Bard, Soldier,—(all of which
You rightly praise,—I, therefore, who, thus
proved arms' use, as well-trained warrior
ought.
"Armour to arm me, but have never sought
With sword and spear, nor tried to manage
shield,
Proving arms' use, as well-trained warrior
ought.
"Only a sling and pebbles can I wield":
So be it while I, contrariwise, 'No trick
Of weapon helpful on the battle-field
"Comes unfamilior to my theory:
But, bid me put in practice what I know,
Give me a sword—it stings like Moses' stick,
"A serpent I let drop space.' Even so,
I,—able to comport me at each stage
Of human life as never here below
"Man played his part,—since mine the
heritage
Of wisdom carried to that perfect pitch,
Ye rightly praise,—I, therefore, who, thus
sage,
"Could sure act man triumphantly, enrich
Life's annals with example how I played
Lover, Bard, Soldier, Statist,—(all of which
"Parts in presentment falling, cries invade
The world's ear—'Ah, the Past, the pearl-
gift thrown
To hogs, time's opportunity we made
"So light of, only recognized when flown!
Had we been wise!—in fine, I—wise
enough,—
What profit brings me wisdom never shown
"Just when its showing would from each
rebuff
Shelter weak virtue, threaten back to bounds
Encroaching vice, tread smooth each track
too rough
"For youth's unsteady footstep, climb the
rounds
Of Life's long ladder, one by slippery one,
Yet make no stumble! Me hard fate confounds
Vol. 11.
Witness yon Lover! 1 How entrapped am I!

What cry,—ye ask? Give ear on every side!

By promising to teach another cry
I filled it with what rubbish!—would not sift

Of more hilarious mood than theirs, the sun
With ripe Khubbezleh's, needs must beauty

"With that same crowd of wailers I outrun
I might have loaded me with lore, full weight

"I look my last at is insulted by.

"Not so!" arose a protest as, pell-mell,
They poured from his chamber to the street,
Bent on a last resource. Our Targums 2 tell

"The wheat from chaff, sound grain from musty—shed
Poison abroad as oft as nutriment—

"The Nine Points of Perfection — rarest—chance—
Within some saintly teacher whom the fleet
Years, in their blind implacable advance,

"For steel's fit service, on mere stone—and

"To Wisdom when all Power grows nothing worth:
Bones marrowless are mocked with helm and large

"When, like your Master's, soon below the earth
With worms shall warfare only be. Fare-well,
Children! I die a failure since my birth;"

"Where's one cry. 'Mind's
I might have loaded me with lore, full weight

"That such resource there is. Put case, there

"And mentioned by our Elders,—yea, from

"Not so!" arose a protest as, pell-mell,
They poured from his chamber to the street,
Bent on a last resource. Our Targums 2 tell

"The wheat from chaff, sound grain from musty—shed
Poison abroad as oft as nutriment—

"The Nine Points of Perfection — rarest—chance—
Within some saintly teacher whom the fleet
Years, in their blind implacable advance,

"For steel's fit service, on mere stone—and

"To Wisdom when all Power grows nothing worth:
Bones marrowless are mocked with helm and large

"When, like your Master's, soon below the earth
With worms shall warfare only be. Fare-well,
Children! I die a failure since my birth;"

"Where's one cry. 'Mind's
"Our late-so-tuneful quirist ? Thou, averred
The fighter born to plant our lion-flag
Once more on Zion's mount,—doth, all-unheard,
"My pleading fail to move thee? 'Tis some rug
Shall staunch our wound, some minute never missed
From swordsmen's lustihood like thine?
Wilt hog
"In liberal bestowment, show close fist
When open palm we look for,—thou, wide-
The fighter born to plant our lion-flag
As Perida's who kept the famous school:
None rivalled him in patience: none?
For why?
"In lecturing it was his constant rule,
Whatever he expounded, to repeat
—Ay, and keep on repeating, lest some fool
"Should fail to understand him fully
(Feast Unparalleled, Uzzean!?)—do ye mark?
Five hundred times! So might he entrance entrance
"For knowledge into howsoever dark
And dense the brain-pan. Yet it hatched, at close
Of one especial lecture, not one spark
"Of light was found to have illumined the rows
Of pupils round their pedagogue. 'What still,
Impenetrable to me? Then—here goes!'
"And for a second time he sets the rill
Of knowledge running, and five hundred times
More re-repeats the matter—and gains all.
"Out broke a voice from heaven: 'Thy patience climbs,
Even thou high. Choose! Wilt thou, rather, quick
Ascend to bliss—or, since thy zeal sublimes
"Such drudgery, wilt thy back still bear its crick.
Best o' th' class,—thy voice done spite of drouth,—
Five hundred years more at thy desk wilt stick?"

"This judgment. Of our worthies, none
Ranks high
As Perida's who kept the famous school:
None rivalled him in patience: none? For why?
"In lecturing it was his constant rule,
Whatever he expounded, to repeat
—Ay, and keep on repeating, lest some fool
"Should fail to understand him fully
(Feast Unparalleled, Uzzean!?)—do ye mark?
Five hundred times! So might he entrance entrance
"For knowledge into howsoever dark
And dense the brain-pan. Yet it hatched, at close
Of one especial lecture, not one spark
"Of light was found to have illumined the rows
Of pupils round their pedagogue. 'What still,
Impenetrable to me? Then—here goes!'
"And for a second time he sets the rill
Of knowledge running, and five hundred times
More re-repeats the matter—and gains all.
"Out broke a voice from heaven: 'Thy patience climbs,
Even thou high. Choose! Wilt thou, rather, quick
Ascend to bliss—or, since thy zeal sublimes
"Such drudgery, wilt thy back still bear its crick.
Best o' th' class,—thy voice done spite of drouth,—
Five hundred years more at thy desk wilt stick?"

"To heaven with me! was in the good man's mouth,
When all his scholars, — cruel-kind were they 1
Stopped utterance, from East, West, North, and South,
"Reading the welkin with their shout of
'Nay—
No heaven as yet for our instructor! Grant
Five hundred years on earth for Perida?
"And so long did he keep instructing! Want
Our Master no such misery! I but take
Three months of life marital. Ministrant
"Be thou of so much, Poet! Bold I make,
Swordsmen, with thy frank offer!—and con­
clude,
Statist, with thine! One year,—ye will not shake
"My purpose to accept no more. So rode
The very boys and girls, forsooth, must press
To me that privilege of granting life—
The Rabbi: 'Love, ye call it?—rather, Hate!
"What wouldst thou? Is it needful I dis­
cuss
Wherefore new sweet wine, poured in bottles caled
With old strong wine's deposit, offers us
"Spoilt liquor we recoil from, thirst-unslaked?
Like earth-smoke from a crevice, out there wounded
Languor and yearnings: not a sense but
"Weighed on by fancied form and feature, sound
Of silver wand and sight of sunny smile:
No beckoning of a flower-branch, no profound
"Purple of noon-oppression, no light wile
O' the West wind, but transformed itself till
—briet—
Before me stood the phantasy ye style
"Youth's love, the joy that shall not come to grief,
Born to endure, eternal, unimpaired
By custom the accloyer, time the thief.
"What if it should be time? A period
That of the Lover's gift—his quarter-year
Of fasthood: 'is just thou make amends,
"Return that loan with usury: so, here
Come I, of thy Disciples delegate,
Claiming our lesson from thee. Make appear
"Thy profit from experience! Plainly state
How men should Love? Thus he: and to
him thus
The Rabbi: "Love, ye call it?—rather, Hate!
"What wouldst thou? Is it needful I dis­
cuss
Wherefore new sweet wine, poured in bottles caled
With old strong wine's deposit, offers us
"Spoilt liquor we recoil from, thirst-unslaked?
Like earth-smoke from a crevice, out there wounded
Languor and yearnings: not a sense but
"Weighed on by fancied form and feature, sound
Of silver wand and sight of sunny smile:
No beckoning of a flower-branch, no profound
"Purple of noon-oppression, no light wile
O' the West wind, but transformed itself till
—briet—
Before me stood the phantasy ye style
"Youth's love, the joy that shall not come to grief,
Born to endure, eternal, unimpaired
By custom the accloyer, time the thief.
"What if it should be time? A period
That of the Lover's gift—his quarter-year
Of fasthood: 'is just thou make amends,
"Return that loan with usury: so, here
Come I, of thy Disciples delegate,
Claiming our lesson from thee. Make appear
"Thy profit from experience! Plainly state
How men should Love? Thus he: and to
him thus
The Rabbi: "Love, ye call it?—rather, Hate!
"What wouldst thou? Is it needful I dis­
cuss
Wherefore new sweet wine, poured in bottles caled
With old strong wine's deposit, offers us
"Spoilt liquor we recoil from, thirst-unslaked?
Like earth-smoke from a crevice, out there wounded
Languor and yearnings: not a sense but
"Weighed on by fancied form and feature, sound
Of silver wand and sight of sunny smile:
No beckoning of a flower-branch, no profound
"Purple of noon-oppression, no light wile
O' the West wind, but transformed itself till
—briet—
Before me stood the phantasy ye style
"Youth's love, the joy that shall not come to grief,
Born to endure, eternal, unimpaired
By custom the accloyer, time the thief.
As fares the pigeon, finding what may seem Her nest's safe hollow holds a snake inside. Coiled to enlace her. See, Eve stands supreme

In youth and beauty! Take her for thy bride!
What Youth deemed crystal, Age finds out was dew
Morn set a-sparkle, but which noon quick dried

While Youth bent gazing at its red and blue
Supposed perennial,—never dreamed the sun
Which kindled the display would quench it too.

Graces of shape and colour—everyone
With its appointed period of decay
When ripe to purpose! ’Still, these dead and done,

Survives the woman-nature—the soft sway
Of undefinable omnipotence
O'er our strong male-stuff, we of Adam's clay.

Ay, if my physics taught not why and whence The attraction! Am I like the simple steer
Who, from his pasture lured inside the fence

Where yoke and goad await him, holds that mere Kindliness prompts extension of the hand
Hollowed for barley, which drew near and near

His nose,—in proof that, of the herd, the Farmer best affected him? Beside, Steer, since his calibed, got to understand

Farmers a many in the world so wide Were ready with a handful just as choice Orchoisier—maize and cummin, treats untried.

Shall I wed wife, and all my days rejoice I gained the peacock? ’Las me, round I look, And lo—With me thou wouldst, have blamed no voice

Like hers that daily devils like a rook: I am the phoenix!’—’I, the lark, the dove,
—The owl, for aught knows he who blindly took

Peacock for partner, while the vale, the grove,
The plain held bird-mates in abundance. There!
Youth, try fresh capture! Age has found out Love

Long ago. War seems better worth man's care. But leave me! Disappointment finds a halo
Haply in slumber.” ’This first step of the stare

To knowledge falls me, but the victor's palm Lies on the next to tempt him overlap
A stumbling-block. Experienced, gather calm,

Thou excellence of Judah, cared by sleep
Which ushers in the Warrior, to replace
The Lover! At due season I shall reap

’Fruit of my planting? ’So, with lengthened face,
Departed Tsadik: and three moons more waxed
And waned, and not until the Summer-space
Waned likewise, any second visit taxed
The Rabbi's patience. Bat at three months' end,
Behold, supreme beneath a rock, relaxed
The sage lay musing till the noon should spend
Its ardour. Up comes Tsadik, who but he,
With ’Mater, may I warn thee, nor offend,
That time comes round again? We look to see
Sprout from the old branch—not the young­ling twig—
But fruit of sycamine: deliver me,

To share among my fellows, some plump figs
Jolly as seedy! That same man of war,
Who, with a canting of his stores, made big

’Thy startling nature, caused thee, safe from scar,
To share his gains by long acquaintance
With bump and bruise and all the knocks that are.

Of battle downy,—he bids loose thy lip,
Explain the good of battle! Since thou know'st
Let us know likewise! Fast the moments slip,

’More need that we improve them!’—’Ay, we boast,
We warriors in our youth, that with the sword
Man goes the swiftliest to the uttermost—
Takes the straight way thro' lands yet un­explored
To absolute Right and Good,—may so obtain
God's glory and man's weil too long ignored,

Too late attained by preachments all in vain—
The passive process. Knots get tangled worse
By toying with: does cut could close again?

Moreover there is blessing in the curse
Peace-prayers call war. What so sure evolves
All the capacities of soul, proves curse

Of that self-sacrifice in men which solves
The riddle—Wherein differs Man from beast?
Foxes boast cleverness and carrion wolves:

Nowhere but in mankind is found the least Touch of an impulse, 'To our fellows—good
I the highest!—not diminished but increased

’By the condition plainly understood—Such good shall be attained at price of hurt
I the highest to ourselves!’ Fine sparks, that brood

Confusedly in Man, 'tis war bids spurt
Forth in flame; as fars the meteor-mass,
Whereof no particle but holds inert

Some seed of light and heat, however gross
The enclosure, yet awaits not to discharge
Its radiant birth before there come to pass

Some push exterior,—strong to set at large
Those dormant fire-seeds, whirr them in a trade
Through heaven and light up earth from narge to marge:

Since force by motion makes—what erst was fire
Crash into fervency and so expire,
Because some Djina has hit on a device

For proving the ful prettiness of fire
Ay, thus we prattle—young: but old—why, first,
Where's that same Right and Good—(the wise inquire)

So absolute, it warrants the outburst
Of blood, tears, all war's woeful consequence,
That comes of the fine flaring—Which plague cursed

The more your benefited Man—offence, Or what suppressed the offender? Say'd it—
Show us the evil cured by violence,

Submission cures not also! Lift the lid From the maturing crucible, we find
Its slow sure coxing-out of virtuous lid

In that same meteor-mass, hath uncombined
Those particles and, yielding for result
Gold, not mere flame, by so much leaves behind

The heroic product. Even the simple cult Of Edom's 4 children wisely bids them turn
Check to the emitter with 'Sir, focus mine!'

4 Stands for the Gentile in Jewish phraseology.
"Say there's a tyrant by whose death we earn Freedom, and justify a war to wage: Good!—were we only able to discern "Exactly how to reach and catch and cage Him only and no innocent beside! Whereas the folk, wherein war wreaks its rage "—How shared they his ill-doing? Far and wide The victims of our warfare strew the plain, Ten thousand dead, whereof not one but died "In faith that vassals owed their suzerain Life: therefore each paid tribute,—honest soul,— To that same Right and Good ourselves are fain "To call exclusively our end. From hole (Since ye accept in me a sycamine) Poole, eat, digest a fable—yea, the sole "Fig I afford you! 'Dost thou dwarf my vine?" (So did a certain husbandman address The tree which faced his field), 'Receive condign "Punishment, prompt removal by the stress Of axe I forthwith lay unto thy root! Long did he hack and hew, the root no less "As long defied him, for its tough strings shoot As deep down as the boughs above aspire: All that he did was—shake to the tree's foot "Leafage and fruitage, things we most require. For shadow and refreshment: which good deed Thoroughly done, behold the axe-haft tires "His hand, and he desisting leaves unseed The vine he hacked and hewed for. Comes a frost, One natural night's work, and there's little need— "Of hacking, hewing: lo, the tree's a ghost! Perished it starves, black death from topmost bough To farthest-reaching fibre! Shall I boast "My rough work,—warfare,—helped more? Loving, now— That, by comparison, seems wiser, since The loving fool was able to axow "He could effect his purpose, just exorcise Love's willingness,—once 'ware of what she lacked, His loved one,—to go work for that, nor wince "At self-expenditure: he neither hacked Not beheaded, but when the lady of his blood "He, failing to obtain a fitter shield, Would interpose his body, and so blaze, Rict in the burning. Ah! were mine to wield "The intellectual weapon—poet-lays,— How preferably had I sung one song Which . . . but my sadness sinks me: go your ways! "I sleep out disappointment." "Come along, Never lose heart! There's still as much again Of our bestowment left to right the wrong "Done by its earlier moiety—explain Wherefore, who may! The Poet's mood comes next. Was he not wildful the poetic vein "Should pulse within him? Jochanan, thou reck'st! Little of what a generous flood shall soon Float thy clogged spirit free and unperplexed "Above dry disputat! Song's the boon Shall make amends for my untoward mistake That Joshua-like thou couldst bid sun and moon— "Fighter and Lover,—which for most men make All they descry in heaven,—stand both stock and stone, And lend assistance. Poet shalt thou wake!" Autumn brings Tsaddik. "Ay, there speedeth the rill Loaded with leaves: a scowling sky, beside: The wind makes olive-trees up yonder hill "Whiten and shudder—symptoms far and wide Of gleaning-time's approach; and glean good store May I presume to trust we shall, thou tried "And ripe experimenter! Three months more Have ministered to growth of Song: that grief Into thy sterile stock has found at core "Moisture, I warrant, hithero unquaffed By boughs, however florid, wanting sap Of prose-experience which provides the drought "Which song-sprouts, wanting, witter: vain we tap A youngling stem all green and immature: Experience must secret the stuff, our hap "Will be to quench Man's thirst with, glad and sure That fancy wells up through corrective fact: Missing which test of truth, though flowers allure "The goodman's eye with promise, soon the past Is broken, and 'tis flowers,—mere words,— he finds When things,—that's fruit,—he looked for. Well, once cracked "The nut, how glad my tooth the kernel grinds! Song may henceforth boast substance! Therefore, hail Proser and poet, perfect in both kinds! —"Thou from whose eye hath dropped the envious scale Which hides the truth of things and substitutes Deceptive show, unaided optics fail "To transpierce,—hast entrusted to the lute's Soft but sure guardianship some unrevealed Secret shall lift mankind above the brutes "As only knowledge can?" "A faut unsealed?" (Sighed Jochanan) "should seek the heaven in leaps! To die in dew—gems—not find death, congealed "By contact with the cavern's nether deeps, Earth's secretest foundation where, unsurpassed In dark and fear, primalr mystery sleeps— "Petitef feast wherein my fancies bathed And straight turned ice. My dreams of good and fair In soaring upwards had dissolved, unsought "By any influence of the kindly air, Singing, as each took flight, The Future—that's Our destination, mists turn rainbows there, "Which sink to fog, confounded in the flats O' the Present! Day's the song-time for the lark, Night for her music boasts but owls and bats. "And what's the Past but night—the deep and dark Ice-spring I speak of, corpse-thicked with its drowned Dead fancies which no sooner touched the mark "They aimed at—fact—than all at once they found Their slim-wings freeze, henceforth untill to reach And roll in ether, revel—robed and crowned.
"As truths, confirmed by falsehood all and en-
Sovereign and absolute and ultimate! Up with them, slyward, Youth, ere Age im-
"Thy least of promises to re-instate
Adam in Eden! Sing on, ever sing, Chirp till thou hast! the fool claudia's fate, 
"Who holds that after Summer next comes
Spring, than Summer's self sun-warmed, spice-scented more. Fighting was better! There, no fancy-flag 
"Fitches you past the point were reached of yore
By Simpsons, Albers, Jacobs, Judases, The mighty men of valour who, before 
"Our little day, did wonders none profess
To doubt were false and not fact, so trust By fancy-flights to emulate much less. 
"Were I a Statesman, now! Why, that were just
To pinnacle my soul, mankind above, A-top the universe: no vulgar lust 
"To gratify—fame, greed, at this remove
Looked down upon so far—or overlooked So largely, rather—that mine eye should rove
"Cold weather!" shivered Tsaddik. "Yet
the hoard Of the sagacious ant shows garnered grain, Ever abundant most when fields afford 
"Least pasture, and alike disgrace the plain
Till tree and lowly shrub. 'Tis so with us Mortals: our age stores wealth ye seek in vain 
"While busy youth calls just what we discuss
At leisure in the last days: and the last Truly are these for Jochanan, whom thus 
"I make one more appeal to! Thine amazed Experience, now or never, let escape Some portion of: For I perceive aghast 
"The end approaches, while they jeer and japs,
These sons of Shimei: 'Justify your boast!' 
"Statesman, what cure hast thou for—least
And ward, the fellow of Ahithophel Mortals: our age stores wealth ye seek in vain 
"Princes of Night apprised me! Our acquist
To-morrow merely find—not gold but dross, To-morrow when the Master's grave is dug, 
"All seen are men: I would all minds were minds!
Whereas his just the many's mindless mass That most needs helping: labourers and hinds 
"We legislate for—not the cultured class
Which law-makes for itself nor needs the whip And bridle,—proper help for male and ass,
"Did the brutes know! In vain our states-
manship "With equine trappings!' or, in humbler mood, 
"Cribful of corn for me! and, as for work—Adequate reward, o'er my food! 
"Better remain a Poet! Needs it any
Sach an one if light, kindled in his sphere, Fail to transfix the Mitzman cold and dark 
"Round about Goshen? Though light dis-
appear, Shut inside,—temporary ignorance. Got outside of, lo, light emerging clear 
"Shows each astonished stoker the expanse
Of heaven made bright with knowledge! That's the way, 
"To legislate for earth! As poet... Stay!
What is... I would that... were it... I had been... O sudden change, as if my arid clay 
"So largely, rather—that mine eye should rove
By Sampsons, Abners, Joabs, Judases, 
"As truths, confirmed by falsehood all and each—
Sovereign and absolute and ultimate! Up with them, slyward, Youth, ere Age im-
"Thy least of promises to re-instate
Adam in Eden! Sing on, ever sing, Chirp till thou hast!—the fool claudia's fate, 
"Who holds that after Summer next comes
Spring, than Summer's self sun-warmed, spice-scented more. Fighting was better! There, no fancy-flag 
"Fitches you past the point were reached of yore
By Simpsons, Albers, Jacobs, Judases, The mighty men of valour who, before 
"Our little day, did wonders none profess
To doubt were false and not fact, so trust By fancy-flights to emulate much less. 
"Were I a Statesman, now! Why, that were just
To pinnacle my soul, mankind above, A-top the universe: no vulgar lust 
"To gratify—fame, greed, at this remove
Looked down upon so far—or overlooked So largely, rather—that mine eye should rove
"Cold weather!" shivered Tsaddik. "Yet
the hoard Of the sagacious ant shows garnered grain, Ever abundant most when fields afford 
"Least pasture, and alike disgrace the plain
Till tree and lowly shrub. 'Tis so with us Mortals: our age stores wealth ye seek in vain 
"While busy youth calls just what we discuss
At leisure in the last days: and the last Truly are these for Jochanan, whom thus 
"I make one more appeal to! Thine amazed Experience, now or never, let escape Some portion of: For I perceive aghast 
"The end approaches, while they jeer and japs,
These sons of Shimei: 'Justify your boast!' 
"Statesman, what cure hast thou for—least
And ward, the fellow of Ahithophel Mortals: our age stores wealth ye seek in vain 
"Princes of Night apprised me! Our acquist
To-morrow merely find—not gold but dross, To-morrow when the Master's grave is dug, 
"All seen are men: I would all minds were minds!
Whereas his just the many's mindless mass That most needs helping: labourers and hinds 
"We legislate for—not the cultured class
Which law-makes for itself nor needs the whip And bridle,—proper help for male and ass,
"Did the brutes know! In vain our states-
manship "With equine trappings!' or, in humbler mood, 
"Cribful of corn for me! and, as for work—Adequate reward, o'er my food! 
"Better remain a Poet! Needs it any
Sach an one if light, kindled in his sphere, Fail to transfix the Mitzman cold and dark 
"Round about Goshen? Though light dis-
appear, Shut inside,—temporary ignorance. Got outside of, lo, light emerging clear 
"Shows each astonished stoker the expanse
Of heaven made bright with knowledge! That's the way, 
"To legislate for earth! As poet... Stay!
What is... I would that... were it... I had been... O sudden change, as if my arid clay
Absurdly happy? "How ye have appeased
Of old distraction and bewilderment,
The curtained secrecy wherein she thought
Sucking on, sated never,—whose, O whose
Would loll, in gold pavilioned lie unteased,
Might seem that countenance, uplift, all eased
Her captive bee, mid store of sweets to choose,
By over-curious handling to unloose
And slowly woke,—like Shushan's flower."

Plaid he been witting of the mischief wrought
Elixir, no milk-mildness of the vine!
"Rightly with Tsaddik wert thou now in­
Fed on the last low fattening lees—condensed
"May fitly image forth this life of thine
Grass-green and sorrel-sour—on that grand
This time, of life to thee! Some jackanapes,
"Scurvy unripe existence—wilding grapes
Grenn-grown and sour-sour—on that grand
"Mighty as mellow, which, so fancy shapes

"May fitly image forth this life of thine
Fed on the last low fattening lees—condensed
Elixir, no milk-mildness of the vine!

"Rightly with Tsaddik went thou now in­
Cared for thine heart's errant, o'er-precipitate
From love and Christ, till all thy joys became
"A fiery chasm between the false and true,
"No man's life, but thine—now—now—now
"In the midst of summer own thy sorrows
"Tsaddik merely—Tsaddik alone—Tsaddik
"With hissing words to the birds of dust
"What of that which is fallen—what of that
"Tsaddik among the foremost. When, the dread
Subduing, Israel ventured back again
Some three months after, to the cave they sped
Where lay the Sage,—a reverential train!
Tsaddik first enters. "What is this I view?
The Rabbi still alive? No stars remain

"Of Aisch to stop within their courses. True.
I mind me, certain gamesome boys must urge
Their offerings on me: can it be—one threw
"Life at him and it stuck? There needs the
scourge
To teach that urchin manners! Prithee, grant
Forgiveness if we pretermit thy dirge
"Tsaddil; among the foremost. When, the dread
Excess of passions—like my griefs and joys

"Which, at first touch, truth, bubble-like,
"Vainly about to tell you—fitter termed—
"Fear which stings with 'Ask the Past if hoping skills
Experience which coils round and strangles
Each hope with 'Ask the Past if hoping skills

"Work accomplishment, or proves a trick
Willing thee to endeavour! Strive, fool, stop
Nowise, so live, so die—that's law!—why kick
"Against the pricks?—All out-wormed!
"Her wings triumphant! Come what will, I win,
"Every dream's assured
"If quaff, must bear a brain for ecstasies
"Nor may uncombine
Freed now of imperfection, ye avail
"Irreconcilable? O eyes of mine,
"How from this tohu-bohu—hopes which
"And fears which sour—faith, mixed through and through
By doubt, and doubt, faith trends to dust
"And fears which sour—faith, mixed through and through
By doubt, and doubt, faith trends to dust
"In some surprising sort,—as see, they do!
Not merely foes no longer but fast friends.
What does it mean unless—O strange and new

"How from this tohu-bohu—hopes which
"And fears which sour—faith, mixed through and through
By doubt, and doubt, faith trends to dust
"In some surprising sort,—as see, they do!
Not merely foes no longer but fast friends.
What does it mean unless—O strange and new

"Discovery!—this life proves a wine-press
Blends Evil and good, both fruits of Paradise,
Into a novel drink which—who intends

"To quaff, must bear a brain for ecstasies
"Not solid flesh? How otherwise? To love—
"I wak!—I wak!—I wak!—I wak!—I wak!
"I wak!—I wak!—I wak!—I wak!—I wak!
"I wak!—I wak!—I wak!—I wak!—I wak!
"I wak!—I wak!—I wak!—I wak!—I wak!
"I wak!—I wak!—I wak!—I wak!—I wak!
"I wak!—I wak!—I wak!—I wak!—I wak!

"Truths in their primal clarity, confused
By man's perception, which is man's and made
To suit his service,—how, once disabused

"Of reason which sees light half shine half
shade,

"And hindrance,—how to eyes earth's air

"With all its plenitude of power,—how seen
The intricacies now, of shade and shine,
Oppugnant natures—Right and Wrong, we

"True or false?—O eyes of mine,

"Hereafter what, erst divided, caused you
quail—
So huge the chasm between the false and true,
The dream and the reality! All hail,

"Day of my soul's deliverance—day the new,
The never-ending! What though every
shape
Wherein I wreaked my yearning to pursue

"Even to success each semblance of escape
From my own bounded self to some all-fair
All-wise external fancy, proved a rape

"Like that old giant's, feigned of fools—on
air,
Not solid flesh? How otherwise? To love—
That lesson was to learn not here—but there–

"On earth, not here! To there we learn,—there prove
Our parts upon the stuff we needs must spoil,
Striving at mastery, there bend above

The lily.
Of thine expectation, Stranger? Ay or No?

Thy secret, Jochanan, how dare I doubt?

Verse first: "I said I would look to my ways.
That psalm," the Professor smiled, "shall be
Some psalm to the purpose expound me!"

And this is what especially enhanced
This path—how soft to pace! This May—what magic weather!
In wisdom I fain would ground me:
With a furtive ear, if I strive to speak,
"My secret means—the first quotation, "Collection of
Many Fables;" and the second, "From Moses
to Moses (Maimonides) there was never one
like Moses."

Thy secret, Jochanan, how dare I doubt?
Follow thy Ruach, lest earth, all it can,
Keep of the levellings! Thus was brought about:
The signature of Rabbi Jochanan:
Thou hast him,—sterner saint, live-dead, boy-
man,—
Schiffnaus, on Bendinison, in Friazistan!

Note.—This story can have no better authority
than that of the trait, existing dispersedly in fragments
of Rabbinical writing, from which I might
have helped myself more liberally. Thus, instead
of the simple reference to "Moses" stick,—but what
if I make experiments by attempting three illus-
trations, when some thirty might be composed
on the same subject, equally justifying that
prayer proven,

Waves brackish, in a mixture, sweet with
Again may be, when saints, whose earthly
Tend to perfection, very nearly get
More than the sky—thirty cubits long:
By thirty cubits more: we learn thereby
What if I make amends by attempting three illus-
trations, when some thirty might be composed
on the same subject, equally justifying that
prayer proven,

The staff he strode with—thirty cubits long:
Keep falling, nor has reached the bottom yet.

"This story can have no better authority
than that of the trait, existing dispersedly
in fragments of Rabbinical writing, from which
I might have helped myself more liberally.
Thus, instead of the simple reference to "Moses"
stick,—but what if I make experiments by attempting
three illustrations, when some thirty might be composed
on the same subject, equally justifying that
prayer proven,

Waves brackish, in a mixture, sweet with
Again may be, when saints, whose earthly
Tend to perfection, very nearly get
More than the sky—thirty cubits long:
By thirty cubits more: we learn thereby
What if I make amends by attempting three illus-
trations, when some thirty might be composed
on the same subject, equally justifying that
prayer proven,

Waves brackish, in a mixture, sweet with
Again may be, when saints, whose earthly
Tend to perfection, very nearly get
More than the sky—thirty cubits long:
By thirty cubits more: we learn thereby
What if I make amends by attempting three illus-
trations, when some thirty might be composed
on the same subject, equally justifying that
prayer proven,

Waves brackish, in a mixture, sweet with
Again may be, when saints, whose earthly
Tend to perfection, very nearly get
More than the sky—thirty cubits long:
By thirty cubits more: we learn thereby
What if I make amends by attempting three illus-
trations, when some thirty might be composed
on the same subject, equally justifying that
prayer proven,
Long years went by, when—"Ha, who's this? Do I come on the restive scholar I had driven to Wisdom's goal, I wis, But that he slipped the collar?"

"What? Arms crossed, brow bent, thought-immersed? A student indeed! Why scule? To own that the lesson proposed him first Scarce suited so apt a pupil?"

"Come back! From the beggarly elements To a more recondite issue We pass till we reach, at all events, Some point that may puzzle... Why 'pish' you?"

From the ground looked piteous up the head: "Daily and nightly, Master, Your pupil plods thro' that text you read, Yet gets on never the faster."

"At the self-same stand,—now old, then young! I still look to my ways—were doing As easy as saying—that I with my tongue Offend not—and 'scape pooh-poohing"

"From sage and simple, doctor and dunce? Ah, nowise! Still doubts so muddy The stream I would drink at once,—but once! That—thus I resume my study!"

Brother, brother, I share the blame, Arcades sumus ambo! Darkling, I keep my sunrise-aim, Lack not the critic's flambeau, And look to my ways, yet, much the same,

Offend with my tongue—like Pambo!"
Dervish Ferishtah walked the woods one eve, 
And noted on a bough a raven's nest 
Wide-spread by want; for way? beneath the tree 
Dead lay the mother-bird. "A piteous chance! 
Or sage about to be, though simple still. 
Was meant for man's example? Should he play 
Great-hearted) in his talons flesh wherewith 
How shall they 'scape destruction? " sighed 
Waking, "I have arisen, work I will, 
That captures prey and saves the perishing? 
The helpless weakling, or the helpful strength 
Which part assigned by providence dost judge 
God thus admonished: "Hast thou marked 
Then,—for his head swam and his limbs grew 
Nor drink would purchase by his handiwork. 
Providence cares for every hungry mouth! 
"Ah, foolish, faithless me!" the observer 
And certain days sat musing,—neither meat 
To profit by which lesson, home went he, 
"Who toil and moil to eke out life, when lo 
So may mankind: and since men congregate 
Body or soul in me? I starve in soul: 
Eat, and so following. Which lacks food the 
All the long lone Summer-day, that greenwood 
I to wear a fawn-skin, thou to dress in flowers: 
Underfoot the moss-tracks,—life and love with 
Rich-pavilioned, rather,—still the world with­out, 
Inside—gold-roofed silk-walled silence round about! 
Quean it thou on purple,—I, at watch and ward 
Couched beneath the columns, gape, thy slave, 
love's guard! 
So, for us no world? Let thongs press thee 
to me! 
Up and down amid men, heart by heart fare we! 
Welcome equal venture, harsh voices, hateful 
face! 
God is soul, souls I and thou: with souls should 
souls have place.

The Melon-Seller.

Going his rounds one day in Ispahan,— 
Half-way Dervishhood, in his talons flesh wherewith 
Ferishtah, as he crossed a certain bridge, 
Came startled on a well-remembered face. 
"Can it be? What, turned melon-seller—thou?" 
Glad in such sordid garb, thy seat yon step 
Where dogs brush by thee and express con­tempt? 
Methinks, thy head-gear is some scooped-out 
gourd! 
Nay, sunk to slicing up, for readier sale, 
One fruit whereof the whole scarce feeds a 
Persia, couldst thou have, and quarter, mince its pulp 
With one struck down the lion: yet, no 
Rich-pavilioned, rather,—still the world with­out, 
Inside—gold-roofed silk-walled silence round about! 
Quean it thou on purple,—I, at watch and ward 
Couched beneath the columns, gape, thy slave, 
love's guard! 
So, for us no world? Let thongs press thee 
to me! 
Up and down amid men, heart by heart fare we! 
Welcome equal venture, harsh voices, hateful 
face! 
God is soul, souls I and thou: with souls should 
souls have place.

SHAH ABBAS.

Anymore, once fall Dervishes, youngsters came 
To gather up his own words, noth a rock 
Or else a palm, by pleasant Ispahan. 
Said someone, as Ferishtah paused abrupt, 
Reading a certain passage from the roll 
Wherein is treated of Lord All's life: 
"Master, explain this incongruity! 
When I dared question? "It is beautiful, 
But is it true?"—thy answer was "In truth 
Lives beauty, I persisting—Beauty—yes, 
In thy mind and in my mind, every mind 
That apprehends: but outside—so to speak— 
Drew rather than the fact that God appoints 
A day of woe to the unworthy one, 
Though that the unworthy one, by God's award, 
Tasted joy twelve years long? Or buy a slice, 
Or go to school!"

To school Ferishtah went; 
And, schooling ended, passed from Ispahan 
To Nishapur, that Elbair looks above 
—Where they dig turquoise: there kept school 
himself, 
The melon-seller's speech, his stock in trade. 
Some say a certain Jew adduced the word 
Out of their book, it sounds so much the same, 
In Persian phrase, 
"Shall we receive good at the hand of God 
And evil not receive?" But great wits jump. 
Wish no word unspoken, want no look away! 
What if words were but mistake, and looks— 
too sudden, say! 
Be unjust for once, Love! Bear it—well I may! 
Do me justice always? Bid my heart—their 
shrine— 
"Many!" but mark, Sir! Half so long ago 
As such things were,—supposing that they 
were— 
Regned great Shah Abbas: he too lived 
and died 
—How say they? Why, so strong of arm, of foot 
So swift, he stayed a lion in his leap 
On a stag's haunch,—with one hand grasped 
the stag, 
With one struck down the lion: yet, no 
less, 
Himself, that same day, feasting after sport, 
Perceived a spider drop into his wine, 
Let fall the flagon, died of simple fear. 
So say all,—so dost thou say!"

Ferishtah smiled: "Though strange, the 
story stands. 
Clear-chronicled: none tells it otherwise. 
The fact's eye-witness bore the cup, beside."

"And dost thou credit one cup-bearer's tale, 
False, very like, and futile certainly, 
Yet hesitate to trust what many tongues 
Combine to testify was beautiful 
In dead as well as word? No fool's report: 
"Master, explain this incongruity! 
When I dared question? "It is beautiful, 
But is it true?"—thy answer was "In truth 
Lives beauty, I persisting—Beauty—yes, 
In thy mind and in my mind, every mind 
That apprehends: but outside—so to speak— 
Did beauty live in deed as well as word, 
Was this life lived, was this death died—not 
served? 
"Many attested it for fact!" saidst thou. 
"Many!" but mark, Sir! Half so long ago 
As such things were,—supposing that they 
were— 
Regned great Shah Abbas: he too lived 
and died 
—How say they? Why, so strong of arm, of foot 
So swift, he stayed a lion in his leap 
On a stag's haunch,—with one hand grasped 
the stag, 
With one struck down the lion: yet, no 
less, 
Himself, that same day, feasting after sport, 
Perceived a spider drop into his wine, 
Let fall the flagon, died of simple fear. 
So say all,—so dost thou say!"

Whereeto the Dervish: "First amend, say son, 
Thy faulty nomenclature, call belief 
Belief indeed, nor grace with such a name 
The easy acquaintance of mankind. 
In matters nowise worth dispute, since life 
Lasts merely the allotted moment. Lo— 
That lion-stag-and-spider tale leaves fixed 
The fact for us that somewhat Abbas reigned, 
Died, somehow slain,—a useful register.
Which therefore we—believe? Stand forward thou, My Yulub, son of Yussuf, son of Zak! I advertnice thee that our liege, the Shah Happily regiment, hath become assured, By opportune discovery, that thy sire, Son by the father upwards, track their line To—whom but that same bearer of the cup Whose inadvertency was chargeable With what therefrom ensued, disgust and death To Abba Shah, the over-nice of soul? Whence he appoints thee,—such his clemency,— Not death, thy due, but just a double tax To pay, on thy particular bond of reeds Which flower into the brush that makes a broom. Fit to sweep ceilings clear of vermin. Sure, Thou dost believe the story nor dispute That punishment should signalize its truth? Down therefore with some twelve dinars! That punishment should signalize its truth? It's—ISIS's—ISIS

Didst thou believe?'—what wilt thou plead? Thy tears? (Nay, they fell fast and stain the parchment

When at the Day of Judgment God shall ask

'There we agree, Sir: neither of us knows,

'What is man bound to but—assent, say I?

'The lamp showed all, discordant late, grown

No obstacle to trip you then, strike hands and

'This: You groped your way across my room i' the
dear dark dead of night;

'The husband called in aid a leech renowned

Will disbelieve his twenty seniors: no,

For whom, had out poured life of mine Sufficed

At each fresh step a stumble was: but, once

To hear a snake boasts nine heads: they

'Sole remedy is amputation.' Straight

'The very same we heard of, ten years since,

'After all, my son,—belief and love!

To pray means—substitute man's will for

The figment of the spider and the cup?

'So great a prodigy surprised the world?

Didst thou believe?'—what wilt thou plead?

'So, our townsfolk straight

To him who judged return impossible,

'Sir, let me understand, of charity!

I weep, then laugh—both actions right alike.

Thy tears? (Nay, they fell fast and stain the parchment

He saw devour her,—how could such exist,

Must take on them to counsel. 'Go thou

'Thanks for the well-timed help that's born,

Our sympathy with fiction! When I read

Nor proved offence to foot—

'Whose inadvertency was chargeable

To bring him back, free broached were every

To bring him back, free broached were every

To hear a snake boasts nine heads: they

Not death, thy due, but just a double tax

Happily regnant, hath become assured,

To whom but that same bearer of the cup

There is no such match—be frank!—for credibility

Who saw this, heard this, said this, wrote down this,

'So great a prodigy surprised the world?

For whom, had out poured life of mine Sufficed

I weep, then laugh—both actions right alike.

Thy tears? (Nay, they fell fast and stain the parchment

Thou dost believe the story nor dispute

Who is this, who in our story is this;

'Sir, let me understand, of charity!

'So, our townsfolk straight

The very same we heard of, ten years since,

The figment of the spider and the cup?

To be paid as due! 'Well, ten years pass,—aha,

Poor she who's来说's said of her

'So great a prodigy surprised the world?

The figment of the spider and the cup?

Must disbelieve his twenty seniors: no,

To him who judged return impossible,

Thou dost believe the story nor dispute

For whom, had out-poured life of mine Sufficed

'so, our townsfolk straight

Who is this, who in our story is this;

The very same we heard of, ten years since,

To be paid as due! 'Well, ten years pass,—aha,

For whom, had out poured life of mine Sufficed

To his who judged return impossible,

Thou dost believe the story nor dispute

But thou, Ferishtah, sapiency confessed,

'If thou believest, who shall lay blame upon

Whose inadvertency was chargeable

To—whom but that same bearer of the cup

I weep, then laugh—both actions right alike.

To hear a snake boasts nine heads: they

Thou dost believe the story nor dispute

Who is this, who in our story is this;

Whose inadvertency was chargeable

To—whom but that same bearer of the cup

To hear a snake boasts nine heads: they

I weep, then laugh—both actions right alike.

I weep, then laugh—both actions right alike.

Thou dost believe the story nor dispute

For whom, had out-poured life of mine Sufficed

Thou dost believe the story nor dispute

But thou, Ferishtah, sapiency confessed,

To whom but that same bearer of the cup

Who is this, who in our story is this;

I weep, then laugh—both actions right alike.

Whose inadvertency was chargeable

To—whom but that same bearer of the cup

Thou dost believe the story nor dispute

For whom, had out poured life of mine Sufficed

Thou dost believe the story nor dispute

But thou, Ferishtah, sapiency confessed,
The next in age snapped petulant: 'Too rash! Thou sage of much resource! I will not doubt Outbroke the elder: Be precipitate
The husband sighed: 'Thou knowest. be it
Our parent limps henceforward while we leap?
No reason for this maiming! 'What, Sir Leech,
But science still may save foot, leg and thigh!
His three sons heard their mother sentenced:
Shame on thee! Save the limb thou must
For me, had I some unguent bound to heal
That—shall a sciolist affect to see?
To overbear a heavy consequence,
No waiting longer! There the patient lies:
By cure his skill pronounces folly. Quick!
Essay its virtue and so cross the sage
Hurt in a twinkling, hardly would I dare
'The leech knows all things, we are ignorant;
Fares like the beast which should affect to fly
Who, aping wisdom all beyond his years,
Thinks to discard humanity itself:
Fares like the boast which should affect to fly
Because a bird with wings may spurn the ground,
So missing heaven and losing earth—drops how
But hell-ward? No, be man and nothing more—
Man who, as man conceiving, hopes and fears,
And craves and deprecates, and loves, and loathes,
And hides God help him, till death trench his eyes
And show God granted most, denying all.
Man I am and man would be, Love—merest man and nothing more.
Did me seem no other? Eagles boast of pinions
—let them soar!
I may put forth angel's plumage, once unmanned,
not before.
New on earth, to stand suffices,—nay, if knowing serves, to kneel:
Here you learnt me, here I find all of heaven
that earth can feel:
Sense looks straight,—not over, under,—perfect sense to take and hold and keep them.
Mine at least has never tried.
Good you are and wise, full circle: what to me were more outside?
When wisdom, better goodness? Ah, such want the angel's wide
Sense to take and hold and keep them! Mine at least has never tried.

THE SUN.

"And what might that bold man's announcement be?"
Ferishtah questioned—"which so moved
Three fires
That thou didst curse, nay, cuff and kick—
in short,
Confuse the announcer? Wipe those drops away
Which start afresh upon thy face at more
Mention of such enormity: now, speak!"

"He scrupled not to say—(thou warest, O
Patient Sir, that I unblamed repeat
Atombal words which blister tongue?)
(God once assumed on earth a human shape:
Lo, I have spitten! Dared I ask the grace,
Fain would I hear, of thy satiety,
From out what hole in man's corrupted heart
Crepus such a maggot: phantas meritorious
Breed in the clots there, but a monster born
Of pride and folly like this pest—thyselth
Only canst trace to egg-shell it hath chipped."

The sun rode high. "During our ignorance...
Began Ferishtah—"folks esteemed as God
Yon orb: for argument, suppose him so—
Be it the symbol, not the symbolized,
I and thou safer take upon our lips.
 Accordingly, yon orb that we adore
What is he? Author of all light and life:
Such one must needs be somewhere: this is he.
Like what? If I may trust my human eyes
A ball composed of spirit-free, whence springs
What, from this ball, my arms could circle round?
All I enjoy on earth. By consequence,
Inspiring me with—what? Why, love and praise.
I eat a palatable fig—there's love
Its juice—o! Eagles boast of pinions
—let them soar!
I may put forth angel's plumage, once unmanned,
not before.
New on earth, to stand suffices,—nay, if knowing serves, to kneel:
Here you learnt me, here I find all of heaven
that earth can feel:
Sense looks straight,—not over, under,—perfect sense to take and hold and keep them.
Mine at least has never tried.
Good you are and wise, full circle: what to me were more outside?
When wisdom, better goodness? Ah, such want the angel's wide
Sense to take and hold and keep them! Mine at least has never tried.

THE SUN.

"And what might that bold man's announcement be?"
Ferishtah questioned—"which so moved
Three fires
That thou didst curse, nay, cuff and kick—
in short,
Confuse the announcer? Wipe those drops away
Which start afresh upon thy face at more
Mention of such enormity: now, speak!"

"He scrupled not to say—(thou warest, O
Patient Sir, that I unblamed repeat
Atombal words which blister tongue?)
(God once assumed on earth a human shape:
Lo, I have spitten! Dared I ask the grace,
Fain would I hear, of thy satiety,
From out what hole in man's corrupted heart
Crepus such a maggot: phantas meritorious
Breed in the clots there, but a monster born
Of pride and folly like this pest—thyselth
Only canst trace to egg-shell it hath chipped."

The sun rode high. "During our ignorance...
Began Ferishtah—"folks esteemed as God
Yon orb: for argument, suppose him so—
Be it the symbol, not the symbolized,
I and thou safer take upon our lips.
 Accordingly, yon orb that we adore
What is he? Author of all light and life:
Such one must needs be somewhere: this is he.
Like what? If I may trust my human eyes
A ball composed of spirit-free, whence springs
What, from this ball, my arms could circle round?
All I enjoy on earth. By consequence,
Inspiring me with—what? Why, love and praise.
I eat a palatable fig—there's love
Its juice—o! Eagles boast of pinions
—let them soar!
I may put forth angel's plumage, once unmanned,
not before.
New on earth, to stand suffices,—nay, if knowing serves, to kneel:
Here you learnt me, here I find all of heaven
that earth can feel:
Sense looks straight,—not over, under,—perfect sense to take and hold and keep them.
Mine at least has never tried.
Good you are and wise, full circle: what to me were more outside?
When wisdom, better goodness? Ah, such want the angel's wide
Sense to take and hold and keep them! Mine at least has never tried.

THE SUN.

"And what might that bold man's announcement be?"
Ferishtah questioned—"which so moved
Three fires
That thou didst curse, nay, cuff and kick—
in short,
Confuse the announcer? Wipe those drops away
Which start afresh upon thy face at more
Mention of such enormity: now, speak!"
And not another creature’s,—even so
Taste, like or loathe according to its law
Its proper senses only, see and hear,
As man in body: just as this can use
No,—man once, man for ever—man in soul
Shall I return it thanks, the insentient thing?
Rolled by my tongue brings moisture curing
Fair-coloured proves a solace to my eye,
The perfect and, so, inconceivable,—
Mere fire, eject the man, retain the orb,—
Proper to imperfection, take for type
And what occasion for beneficence
Best being best now, change were for the
Why, purpose? any change must be for
"Agreed!"
"Yet thou, insisting on the right of man
To feel as man, not otherwise,—man, bound
By man’s conditions neither less nor more.
Obliged to estimate as fair or foul,
Right, wrong, good, evil, what man’s faculty
Adjudges such,—how canst thou,—plainly bound
To take man’s truth for truth and only truth,—
From ache of flesh to agony of soul—
Fain is in the first: true, once a spark escapes,
Fire forgets the kindred, soars till fancy shapes
Some deluding cradle where the babe had birth—
Wholly heaven’s the product, unnaited to earth.
Splendours recognized as perfect in the star—
In our flint their home was, housed as now they
Stand, 
Anonymous
Removal from his shoulder of a weight
Might start him upwards to perturbation. Ay!
But, since such law exists in just thy brain,
I shall not hesitate to doff my cap
For fear my head take flight.

"Nor feel relief
Finding it firm on shoulder. Tell me, now!
What were the bond 'twixt man and man,
Besides mine?—

His mother bore him, first of those four
Provided by his father, such his luck:
Who happen—like a handful of chance stars
To eke the decent number out—we few
Who sympathizes with their general joy
And palisade about from every wind,
Till she believes herself the Simorgh's
Reclaimed and trained and belled and beauti­
ness !

Its poor attempt at bloom "...

Where wrong might revel with impunity—
And take each day's new bounty. There he
Was—

As easily!

"The falcon on his fist—
Reclined and trained and balled and beauti­
Till she believes herself the Simorgh's
Match she only daigns destroy the antelope,
Stoops at no carrion-crow: thou marvellest?"

"So be it, then! He wakes no love in thee
Nor any one of divers attributes
Commonly deemed loveworthy. All the same,
I would he were not wasting, slow but sure,
With that internal ulcer "...

"Say'st thou so?
How should I guess? Alas, poor soul !
But stay—
Sure in the reach of art some remedy
Must lie to hand: or if it lurk,—that bech
Of fame in Telvas, why not seek his aid?
Couldst not thou, Dervish, counsel in the case?"

"My counsel might be—what imports a
pang
The more or less, which puts an end to sea
Odious in spite of every attribute
Commonly deemed loveworthy?"

"Attributes?
Fright!—say, Ferishtah,—Isanuel, think!
Attributes, quotha? Here's poor flesh and
blood
Like thine and mine and every man's, a prey
To hell-fire! Hast thou lost thy wits for
once?

"Friend, here they are to find and profit by:
Put pain out from the world, what room were
left
Per thanks to God, for love to Man? Why
thanks,—
Except for some escape, whate'er the style,
From pain that might be, name it as thou
mayst?

Pain, when all thy kind, save me,
Thy father, and thy son, and... well, thy
dog.

To eke the decent number out—we few
Who happen—like a handful of chance stars
From the unnumbered host—to shine o'er­
head
And lend thee light,—our twinkle all thy
store,

So were it rightly, so shall it be!

We only take thy love! Mankind, forsooth?
Who sympathizes with their general joy
Foolish as undeserved? But pain—see God's
Wisdom at work!—man's heart is made to

Pain deserved nowhere by the common flesh
Our birthright,—bad and good deserve alike
No pain, to human apprehension! Lust
Greed, cruelty, injustice, crave (we hold)
Due punishment from somebody, no doubt:
But—ulcer in the stomach,—ah, poor soul,
As it were a special treachery?

A CAMEL-DRIVER.

"How of his fate, the Pilgrims' soldier-guide
Condemned" (Ferishtah questioned), "for
he was slow
The merchant whom he conveyed with his
bales
—A special treachery?"

Sir, the proofs were plain:
Justice was satisfied: between two boards
The rogue was sawn asunder, rightly served.

"With all wise men's approval—mine at
least."

"Himself, indeed, confessed as much. 'I die
Justly' (groaned he) 'through over-greediness

So, the head aches and the limbs are faint!

"Flesh is a barbary—even to you!"
Can I force a smile with a fancy pair?
Why are my ailments none or few?
In the soul of me sit sluggishness:
Body so strong and will so weak!
The slave stands fit for the labour—yes,
But the master's mandate is still to seek,
You, now—what if the outside clay

You shall sigh! 'Wait for his sluggish soul!
Shame he should lag, not lamed as I!'"

Mankind, forsooth?
Who sympathizes with their general joy
Foolish as undeserved? But pain—see God's
Wisdom at work!—man's heart is made to

Pain deserved nowhere by the common flesh
Our birthright,—bad and good deserve alike
No pain, to human apprehension! Lust
Greed, cruelty, injustice, crave (we hold)
Due punishment from somebody, no doubt:
But—ulcer in the stomach,—ah, poor soul,
Which tempted me to rob: but grieve the most
That he who quickened sin at slumber,—say,
Prompted and pestered me till thought grew deep,—
The same is fled to Syria and is safe,
Laughing at me thus left to pay for both.
My comfort is that God reserves for him
Hell's hottest..."
Is busied with conceits that soar above
A petty change of season and its chance
Of causing ordinary flesh to sneeze?
I always thought, Sir..."...

"Son," Ferashtah said,
"Truth ought to seem as never thought before.
How if I give it birth in pamphleth?
A neighbour owns two camels, beasts of price
And promise, destined each to go, next week,
Swiftly and surely with his merchandise
From Nishapur to Sebzevar, no truce
To tramp, but travel, spite of sands and drench,
In days so many, lest they miss the Fair.
Each falls to meditation o'er his crib
From goodman lord and master,—hump to hump high
With providence before the start.
Quoth this: 'My soul is set on winning praise
In days so many, lest they miss the Fair.
I dedicate me to his service. How?
Thus I do justice to thy fare: no sprig
Crammed in my manger? Ha, I see—I
Refuse no help thereto, since help refused
What use of strength in me but to surmount
Beyond my supper on this mouldy bran.'

'The distance and yet cost thee not a doit
Let down his lading in the market-place,
Midway broke down, his pack rejoiced the thieves,
And promise, destined each to go, next week,
Swiftly and surely with his merchandise
From Nishapur to Sebzevar, no truce
To tramp, but travel, spite of sands and drench,
In days so many, lest they miss the Fair.
Each falls to meditation o'er his crib
From goodman lord and master,—hump to hump high
With providence before the start.
Quoth this: 'My soul is set on winning praise
In days so many, lest they miss the Fair.
I dedicate me to his service. How?
Thus I do justice to thy fare: no sprig
Crammed in my manger? Ha, I see—I
Refuse no help thereto, since help refused
What use of strength in me but to surmount
Beyond my supper on this mouldy bran.'

'Be magnified, O master, for the meal
Put case I never have myself enjoyed,
Known by experience what enjoyment means,
Supply it to my fellows,—ignorant
Of good-and-faithful-servant fixed on flank ?
As so I should be of the thing they crave,
Supply it to my fellows,—ignorant
Of good-and-faithful-servant fixed on flank ?
As so I should be of the thing they crave,
Supply it to my fellows,—ignorant
Of good-and-faithful-servant fixed on flank ?

'What a heaven there may be? Let it but re"...

"There now, thy thanks for breaking fast on fruit!—
Thanking being praise, or unthankful there's.
Preacher conclude, have not things degree,
Looty and low? Are things not great and small,
Thence claiming praise and wonder more or less?
Shall we confuse them, with thy warrant too,
Whose doctrine otherwise begins and ends
With just this precept 'Never faith enough
In man as weakness, God as potency?'
When I would pay soul's tribute to that same,
Why not look up in wonder, bid the stars
Attest my praise of the All-mighty One?
What are man's puny members and as mean
Requirements weighed with Star-King Mush"...
Just those arrangements inside,—oh, the care!—
Suit to soul and body—so snug
The cushion—ov, the pipe-stand furnished so!
Whereas he cries aloud,—what think'st thou, Friend?

'That these my slippers should be just my choice,
Even to the colour that most affect,
Is nothing: ah, that lamp, the central sun,
What must it light within its minaret
Whereat he cries aloud,—what think'st thou,
The cushion—nay, the pipe-stand furnished.

'Never too much, by parity, of faith
Meant for the foot, forsooth, which kicks
In impuissance, man's—which turns to
When once acknowledged weakness every way.

Two men owed the Shah a mighty sum,
Beggars they both were: this one crossed his arms
And bowed his head,—wherefore,—sighed he,—each hair
Proved it a jewel, how the host's amount
Were idly strayed for payment at thy feet!

'Lord, here they lie, my havings poor and scant!
All of the berries on my currant-bush,
What roots of garlic have escaped the mice,
Some five pippins from the seedling tree,—
Would they were half-a-dozen! anyhow,
Accept my all, poor beggar that I am!

Verse-making was least of my virtues: I viewed with despair
Wealth that never yet was but might be—all that verse-making were
If the life would but lengthen to wish, let the mind be laid bare.
So I said: "To do little is bad, to do nothing is worse"—And made verse.

Great must my corresponding tribute be?
Mushtari, well, suppose him seven times seven
The sun's superior, proved so by some sage:
Am I that sage? To me his twinkle blue
Is all I know of him and thank him for.
And therefore I have put the same in verse—
"Like yon blue twinkle, twinkles thine eye,
my Love!"

"Neither shalt thou be troubled overmuch
Because thy offering—littleness itself,
Is lessened by admixture sad and strange
Of mere man's motives—praise with fear,
and love
Proffered earthly father? Dust thou art,
Dust shalt be to the end. Thy father took
The dust, and kindly called the handful—gold,
Nor cared to count what sparkled here and there,
Sagely analytic. Thank, praise, love
With looking after that same love's reward.
"What say'st thou, were it scandalous or no?
Suppose when thou art earnest in discourse
Concerning high and holy things,—abrupt
Make love—how simple a matter! No
Love-making,—how simple a matter! No
depths to explore,
No heights in a life to ascend! No disheartening before.
No affrighting Hereafter,—love now will be
love evermore.
So I felt: "To keep silence were folly:"—all
language above, I made love.

PLT-CULTURE.

"Ay, but, Ferishtah,"—a disciple smirked,—
"That verse of thine 'How twinks thine eye,
my Love,
Blue as yon star-beam!' much arrides myself
Who angrily may obtain a kiss therewith
This eve from Laila where the palms abound—
My youth, my warrant—so the palms be close!"

Suppose when thou art earnest in discourse
Concerning high and holy things,—abrupt
I out with—"Laila's lip, how honey-sweet!"
I feel thy shoe sent flying at my mouth
So much of grain the ground's lord bids thee yield
Being sacks to granary in Autumn! spare
Daily intelligence of this manage,
That compose, how they tend to feed the soil?
"There thou art master sole and absolute
—Only, remember, doomsday! Tw'rt'thou me
Because I turn away my outraged nose
Shouldst thou obstruct the scene a showful
Of fertilizing kisses! Since thy sire
Wills and obtains thy marriage with the maid,
Enough! Be reticent, I counsel thee,
Nor venture to acquaint him, point by point,
What he procures thee. Is he so obtuse?
Nor venture to acquaint him, point by point,
What he procures thee. Is he so obtuse?
Wills and obtains thy marriage with the maid,
Enough! Be reticent, I counsel thee,
Nor venture to acquaint him, point by point,
What he procures thee. Is he so obtuse?
Nor venture to acquaint him, point by point,
What he procures thee. Is he so obtuse?
Wills and obtains thy marriage with the maid,
Enough! Be reticent, I counsel thee,
Nor venture to acquaint him, point by point,
What he procures thee. Is he so obtuse?
Nor venture to acquaint him, point by point,
What he procures thee. Is he so obtuse?
Wills and obtains thy marriage with the maid,
Enough! Be reticent, I counsel thee,
Nor venture to acquaint him, point by point,
What he procures thee. Is he so obtuse?
Nor venture to acquaint him, point by point,
What he procures thee. Is he so obtuse?
Wills and obtains thy marriage with the maid,
Enough! Be reticent, I counsel thee,
Nor venture to acquaint him, point by point,
Captures from soaring high and diving deep.
Split-half Soul, how should such memories decay?
Tale Sense, too.—let me love entire and whole—
Not with my Soul!

Eyes shall meet eyes and find no eyes between,
Lips feed on lips, no other lips to fear!
No past, no future—so thine arms but screen
The present from surprise! not there, its here—
Nor then, 'tis now:—back, memories that in
And, over all the rest, oblivion roll—

"Knowledge, depose, then!"—groaned he most grieved
As foolhardiest of all the company.
"What, knowledge, man's distinctive attribute,
He doth that crown to emulate an ass
Because the unknowing long-eared loves at least
Husked lapines, and beside the feeder's self
—Whose purpose in the dole what ass divines?"

"Friend," quoth Ferishtah, "all I seem to know
Is—I know nothing save that love I can
Boundlessly, endlessly. My curfs were crown'd
In youth with knowledge,—oft, alas, crown'd slipped
Next moment, pushed by better knowledge still
Which nowise proved more constant: gain,
—Knowledge, the golden laqueur-quenched ignorance!

As gain,—mistrust it! Not as means to gain
Lesser we learn by: cast in shining-groove,
We learn,—when what seemed are assay'd proves dress,—

Surely true gold's well's worth, guess how purify'd
If the lode were precious could one light on what
Clarified up to test of crucible.
The prize is in the process: knowledge means ever-renewed assurance by defeat,
That victory is somehow still to reach,
But love is victory, the prize itself:
In trust's mere act. In love success is sure,
And go to dinner since its shade tells noon,
What if the townsmen said ' Before we thank
Takes first what comes first, only sure so far.'

Restricts its apprehension, sees and knows
No more than brain accepts in faith of sight,
Greater than we, more wisely ignorance
The small, who use the knowledge of our kind.

Greater than we, more wisely ignorance
Restricts its apprehension, never and knows
No more than brain accepts in faith of sight,
Greater than we, more wisely ignorance
The small, who use the knowledge of our kind.

We learn,—when what seemed are assay'd proves dress,—

Surely true gold's well's worth, guess how purify'd
If the lode were precious could one light on what
Clarified up to test of crucible.
The prize is in the process: knowledge means ever-renewed assurance by defeat,
That victory is somehow still to reach,
But love is victory, the prize itself:
In trust's mere act. In love success is sure,
And go to dinner since its shade tells noon,
What if the townsmen said ' Before we thank
Takes first what comes first, only sure so far.'

Restricts its apprehension, sees and knows
No more than brain accepts in faith of sight,
Greater than we, more wisely ignorance
The small, who use the knowledge of our kind.

Greater than we, more wisely ignorance
Restricts its apprehension, never and knows
No more than brain accepts in faith of sight,
Greater than we, more wisely ignorance
The small, who use the knowledge of our kind.

We learn,—when what seemed are assay'd proves dress,—

Surely true gold's well's worth, guess how purify'd
If the lode were precious could one light on what
Clarified up to test of crucible.
The prize is in the process: knowledge means ever-renewed assurance by defeat,
That victory is somehow still to reach,
But love is victory, the prize itself:
In trust's mere act. In love success is sure,
And go to dinner since its shade tells noon,
What if the townsmen said ' Before we thank
Takes first what comes first, only sure so far.'

Restricts its apprehension, sees and knows
No more than brain accepts in faith of sight,
Greater than we, more wisely ignorance
The small, who use the knowledge of our kind.

Greater than we, more wisely ignorance
Restricts its apprehension, never and knows
No more than brain accepts in faith of sight,
Greater than we, more wisely ignorance
The small, who use the knowledge of our kind.

We learn,—when what seemed are assay'd proves dress,—

Surely true gold's well's worth, guess how purify'd
If the lode were precious could one light on what
Clarified up to test of crucible.
The prize is in the process: knowledge means ever-renewed assurance by defeat,
That victory is somehow still to reach,
But love is victory, the prize itself:
In trust's mere act. In love success is sure,
And go to dinner since its shade tells noon,
What if the townsmen said ' Before we thank
Takes first what comes first, only sure so far.'

Restricts its apprehension, sees and knows
No more than brain accepts in faith of sight,
Greater than we, more wisely ignorance
The small, who use the knowledge of our kind.

Greater than we, more wisely ignorance
Restricts its apprehension, never and knows
No more than brain accepts in faith of sight,
Greater than we, more wisely ignorance
The small, who use the knowledge of our kind.

We learn,—when what seemed are assay'd proves dress,—

Surely true gold's well's worth, guess how purify'd
If the lode were precious could one light on what
Clarified up to test of crucible.
The prize is in the process: knowledge means ever-renewed assurance by defeat,
That victory is somehow still to reach,
But love is victory, the prize itself:
In trust's mere act. In love success is sure,
And go to dinner since its shade tells noon,
What if the townsmen said ' Before we thank
Takes first what comes first, only sure so far.'

Restricts its apprehension, sees and knows
No more than brain accepts in faith of sight,
Greater than we, more wisely ignorance
The small, who use the knowledge of our kind.

Greater than we, more wisely ignorance
Restricts its apprehension, never and knows
No more than brain accepts in faith of sight,
Greater than we, more wisely ignorance
The small, who use the knowledge of our kind.

We learn,—when what seemed are assay'd proves dress,—

Surely true gold's well's worth, guess how purify'd
If the lode were precious could one light on what
Clarified up to test of crucible.
The prize is in the process: knowledge means ever-renewed assurance by defeat,
That victory is somehow still to reach,
But love is victory, the prize itself:
In trust's mere act. In love success is sure,
And go to dinner since its shade tells noon,
What if the townsmen said ' Before we thank
Takes first what comes first, only sure so far.'

Restricts its apprehension, sees and knows
No more than brain accepts in faith of sight,
Greater than we, more wisely ignorance
The small, who use the knowledge of our kind.

Greater than we, more wisely ignorance
Restricts its apprehension, never and knows
No more than brain accepts in faith of sight,
Greater than we, more wisely ignorance
The small, who use the knowledge of our kind.

We learn,—when what seemed are assay'd proves dress,—

Surely true gold's well's worth, guess how purify'd
If the lode were precious could one light on what
Clarified up to test of crucible.
The prize is in the process: knowledge means ever-renewed assurance by defeat,
That victory is somehow still to reach,
But love is victory, the prize itself:
In trust's mere act. In love success is sure,
Were knowledge all thy faculty, then God
To love for: press bold to the tether's end
Rightly related so. Consider well!

Thy child beseech that thou command the sun
Allotted to this life's intelligence!

Must be ignored: love gains him by first leap.

Rise bright to-morrow — thou, he thinks
If,—impuissance praying potency,—
1 So we offend ? ' Will it offend thyself
Than that the boy cried ' Pluck Sitara1 down
The fault were greater if, with wit full-grown,
Afterward, when the child matures, perchance
For thee it also is to let her shine
Lustrous and lonely, so best serving him ! "

Who put the peevish question: " Sir, be
A good thing or a bad thing—Life is which ?
Strove this way with a scholar's cavilment
Shine and shade, happiness and misery
"L
Ask not one least word of praise !
Silence spent in one long gaze ?
What then meant that summer day's
When my lips just touched your cheek—
Did they find the praise so weak
Or looking forward to that harm's return
Means—either looking back on harm escaped,
Or white belike to me—no matter which :
Choose a
Till blackish seems but dun, and whitish—
And the whole line turns—well, or black to thee
Or white belike to me—no matter which :
We call the plague! ' Nay, but our memory
Black's shade on White is White too! What's
Black I pronounce for, like the Indian Sage,—
Of either colour's opposite, intrudes
If I pick beans from out a bushelful—
Battle it out there : which force beats, I ask ?
If I pick beans from out a bushelful—
This one, this other,—then demand of thee
To modify thy judgment. Well, for beans
Of either colour's opposite, intrudes
Who move and make,—myself,—the black,
Who move and make,—myself,—the black,
Frowned upon by the jet which follows hard—
—see—
—Which means, myself I solely recognize.
—Which means, myself I solely recognize.
Bettered it was by sorrow gone before,
Or looking forward to that harm's return
Means—either looking back on harm escaped,
And leaves the past unsullied! ' Does it so?
Bettered it was by sorrow gone before,
Or looking forward to that harm's return
Means—either looking back on harm escaped,
And leaves the past unsullied! ' Does it so?
Bettered it was by sorrow gone before,
Or looking forward to that harm's return
Means—either looking back on harm escaped,
And leaves the past unsullied! ' Does it so?
Bettered it was by sorrow gone before,
These round the blank insconsciousness
Between Brightness and brightness, either pushed to blaze
Just through that blank's interposition.
Hence
The use of things externals: man—that's
Prerogative on my power of eating light,
And calling sub stance,—when the light I cut
Breaks into colour,—by its proper name
—A truth and yet a falsity: black, white,
Names each been taken from what lay so close
And threw such that: pain might mean pain indeed

Seem in the passage past it,—pleasure prove
No mere delusion while I paused to look,—
Though what an idle fancy was that fear
Which overhung and hindered pleasure's hue!

While how, again, pain's shade enhanced the shine
Of pleasure, else no pleasure! Such effects
Cause of such causes. Passage at an end,—
Past, present, future pains and pleasures
So that one glance may gather blacks and whites into a life-time,—like my bean-streak there
Why, white they whirled into, not black—for
Past, present, future pains and pleasures
All round about me: one such burst of black

Intolerable o'er the life I count
Enter into his sense of black and white,
Just that the gift of pain, bestowed on them,
Jest how leave my inch-allotment, pass at will

White in the main, and, yea—white's faintest point—
No good oust evil from supremacy,
Doctors have differed here; thou say'st thy say;
Another man's experience masters thine,
Flat controverted by the sourly-Sage,
The Indian witness who, with faculty
Fine as Ferishtah's, found no white at all

Cheaper the world's predominating black,
Yet, here I stand alive, which take in proof

Nothing affecting flesh that's dead and dry!

'Who is Ferishtah, hitherto exempt
From black experience? Why, if God be just,
Were slyly fellow-mortals singled out
to undergo experience for his sake,
Just that the gift of pain, bestowed on them,
In him might temper to the due degree
Joy's else-excessive largess?' Why, indeed!

'To-morrow, doubtless: hence the constant
Shelter, of some sort, no experienced chill
Forsooth, just chasten pleasure! Pain itself,—

A BEAN-STRIPED: ALSO, APPLE-EATING

'He who's Ferishtah, hitherto exempt
From black experience? Why, if God be just,
Weary fellow-mortals singled out
to undergo experience for his sake,
Just that the gift of pain, bestowed on them,
In him might temper to the due degree
Joy's else-excessive largess?' Why, indeed!

'Why, white they whirled into, not black—for
Past, present, future pains and pleasures
All round about me: one such burst of black

Intolerable o'er the life I count
Enter into his sense of black and white,
Just that the gift of pain, bestowed on them,
Jest how leave my inch-allotment, pass at will

White in the main, and, yea—white's faintest point—
No good oust evil from supremacy,
Doctors have differed here; thou say'st thy say;
Another man's experience masters thine,
Flat controverted by the sourly-Sage,
The Indian witness who, with faculty
Fine as Ferishtah's, found no white at all

Cheaper the world's predominating black,
Yet, here I stand alive, which take in proof

Nothing affecting flesh that's dead and dry!

'Who is Ferishtah, hitherto exempt
From black experience? Why, if God be just,
Were slyly fellow-mortals singled out
to undergo experience for his sake,
Just that the gift of pain, bestowed on them,
In him might temper to the due degree
Joy's else-excessive largess?' Why, indeed!

'To-morrow, doubtless: hence the constant
Shelter, of some sort, no experienced chill
Forsooth, just chasten pleasure! Pain itself,—

A BEAN-STRIPED: ALSO, APPLE-EATING

'He who's Ferishtah, hitherto exempt
From black experience? Why, if God be just,
Weary fellow-mortals singled out
to undergo experience for his sake,
Just that the gift of pain, bestowed on them,
In him might temper to the due degree
Joy's else-excessive largess?' Why, indeed!

'Why, white they whirled into, not black—for
Past, present, future pains and pleasures
All round about me: one such burst of black

Intolerable o'er the life I count
Enter into his sense of black and white,
Just that the gift of pain, bestowed on them,
Jest how leave my inch-allotment, pass at will

White in the main, and, yea—white's faintest point—
No good oust evil from supremacy,
Doctors have differed here; thou say'st thy say;
Another man's experience masters thine,
Flat controverted by the sourly-Sage,
The Indian witness who, with faculty
Fine as Ferishtah's, found no white at all

Cheaper the world's predominating black,
Yet, here I stand alive, which take in proof

Nothing affecting flesh that's dead and dry!

'Who is Ferishtah, hitherto exempt
From black experience? Why, if God be just,
Were slyly fellow-mortals singled out
to undergo experience for his sake,
Just that the gift of pain, bestowed on them,
In him might temper to the due degree
Joy's else-excessive largess?' Why, indeed!

'To-morrow, doubtless: hence the constant
Shelter, of some sort, no experienced chill
Forsooth, just chasten pleasure! Pain itself,—

A BEAN-STRIPED: ALSO, APPLE-EATING

'He who's Ferishtah, hitherto exempt
From black experience? Why, if God be just,
Weary fellow-mortals singled out
to undergo experience for his sake,
Just that the gift of pain, bestowed on them,
In him might temper to the due degree
Joy's else-excessive largess?' Why, indeed!

'To-morrow, doubtless: hence the constant
Shelter, of some sort, no experienced chill
Forsooth, just chasten pleasure! Pain itself,—

A BEAN-STRIPED: ALSO, APPLE-EATING

'He who's Ferishtah, hitherto exempt
From black experience? Why, if God be just,
Weary fellow-mortals singled out
to undergo experience for his sake,
Just that the gift of pain, bestowed on them,
In him might temper to the due degree
Joy's else-excessive largess?' Why, indeed!

'To-morrow, doubtless: hence the constant
Shelter, of some sort, no experienced chill
Forsooth, just chasten pleasure! Pain itself,—

A BEAN-STRIPED: ALSO, APPLE-EATING

'He who's Ferishtah, hitherto exempt
From black experience? Why, if God be just,
Weary fellow-mortals singled out
to undergo experience for his sake,
Just that the gift of pain, bestowed on them,
In him might temper to the due degree
Joy's else-excessive largess?' Why, indeed!

'To-morrow, doubtless: hence the constant
Shelter, of some sort, no experienced chill
Forsooth, just chasten pleasure! Pain itself,—

A BEAN-STRIPED: ALSO, APPLE-EATING

'He who's Ferishtah, hitherto exempt
From black experience? Why, if God be just,
Weary fellow-mortals singled out
to undergo experience for his sake,
Just that the gift of pain, bestowed on them,
In him might temper to the due degree
Joy's else-excessive largess?' Why, indeed!

'To-morrow, doubtless: hence the constant
Shelter, of some sort, no experienced chill
Forsooth, just chasten pleasure! Pain itself,—

A BEAN-STRIPED: ALSO, APPLE-EATING

'He who's Ferishtah, hitherto exempt
From black experience? Why, if God be just,
Weary fellow-mortals singled out
to undergo experience for his sake,
Just that the gift of pain, bestowed on them,
In him might temper to the due degree
Joy's else-excessive largess?' Why, indeed!

'To-morrow, doubtless: hence the constant
Shelter, of some sort, no experienced chill
Forsooth, just chasten pleasure! Pain itself,—

A BEAN-STRIPED: ALSO, APPLE-EATING

'He who's Ferishtah, hitherto exempt
From black experience? Why, if God be just,
Weary fellow-mortals singled out
to undergo experience for his sake,
Next time thy nomenclature! Call white—white! The sourly-Sage, for whom life's best was death, Lived out his seventy years, looked pale, laughed loud, Liked—above all—misdinner,—lied, in short."

"Lied is a rough phrase: say he fell from truth In climbing towards it!—sure less faulty so Than had he sat him down and stayed content With thy safe orthodoxy, 'Whit, all white, White everywhere for certain I should see Did I but understand how white is black, As clearer sense than mine would. ' Clearer sense,—"

Whose may that be? Mere human eyes I boast, And such distinguish colours in the main, However any tongue, that's human too, Please to report the matter. Does thou blame A soul that strives but to see plain, speak true, Truth at all hazards? Oh, this false for real, This emptiness which fulgur solidity,— Ever some grey that's white, and dun that's black, When shall we rest upon the thing itself Not on its semblance?—Soul—too weak, Forsooth..."
FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

Supreme o'er all and each: where find that one?
How recognize him? Simply as thou didst
The Shah—by reasoning: Since I feel a debt,
Believes me pay the same to one aware.

I have my duty, his privilege.
Doubt thou expect the slave who charged thy
pipe,
World serve as well to take thy tribute-bag,
And save thee further trouble?

"Be it so!"
The sense within me that I owe a debt
Assures me—somewhere must be somebody
Ready to take his due. All comes to this—
Where due is, there acceptance follows:

"Who but my sorry self? See! stars are
Would ease thee in a trice?"

To take it, when, all round, a multitude
Why, then, o'erburdened with a debt of

And future operation of thy race.
Who profitest by all the present, past,

Such heroes shall abound there—all for thee

Look wistful for some hand from out the

Clouds—
I have my duty, he his privilege.

Behoves me pay the same to one aware
The Shah—by reasoning: Since I feel a debt,

Why should I love and praise?... "For

"Why from the world," Ferishtah smiled,
"should thanks?

Go to this work of mine? If worthy praise,
Praised let it be and welcome: as verse ranks,
So rate my verse: if good therein outweighs

Be just to fact, or blaming or approving:
But—generous? No, not loving!

Loving! what claim to love has work of mine?

And so please thee? What more is requisite?

Thou standest rapt beneath, "proposes one:

Thou waketh: "What a novel sense have I?

Whom shall I love and praise?" "The stars,
each orb
Thou standest vast beneath," proposes one:

Do they not love their life, and please them­selves,
And so please thee? What more is requisite?

Make them this answer: "If indeed no mage

Opened my eyes and worked a miracle,
Then let the stars thank me who apprehend
That such an one is white, such other blue!
But for my apprehension both were blank.
Can not I close my eyes and bid my brain
Make whites and blues, conceive without

New qualifies of colour? were my sight
Lost or misleading, would you red—" I judge
A ruby's benefaction—stand for aught
But green from vulgar glass? Myself appraise

Make thou this answer: "If indeed no mage

Who works so for the world's sake—he com­plies
With cause when hate, not love, rewards his

Pains. I looked beyond the world for truth and beauty: Sought, found and did my duty."

EPILOGUE

Oth, Love—no, Love! All the noise below,

Lovel! Gloomings and all meanings—none of Life

Love!

All of Life's a cry just of weariness and woe,

"Hear at least, thou happy one!" "How

Can I, Love, but choose?"

Only, when I do hear, sudden circle round

Me—Much as when the moon's might frees a

Space from cloud—

Iridescent splendors: gloom—would else

Barriered off and banished far—bright­edged the blackest shroud!

Thronging through the cloud-rift, whose are

They, the faces

Faint revealed yet sure divined, the famous

ones of old?

"What"—they smile—"our names, our deeds so soon crosss

Thrice upon his tablet where Life's glory

lies enrolled?

"Was it for mere fool's-play, make-believe

and mumming, so we battled it like men, not boylike

sulked or whined?

Each of us heard God's ' Come! ' and

each was coming:

Soldiers all, to forward-face, not sneaks to

lag behind?

"How of the field's fortune? That concerned

our Leader!

Lest, we struck our stroke not cared for
deeds left and right:

Each as on his sole head, failer or succeeder,

Lay the blame or lit the praise: no care

for coward's fight?

Then the cloud-rift broadens, spanning earth

that's under,

Wide our world displays its worth, man's

strife and strife's success:

All the good and beauty, wonder crowning

wonder,

Till my heart and soul applaud perfection,

nothing less.

Only, at heart's utmost joy and triumph, terror

suffocates the blood to live: a chill wind

decharms

All the late enchantment! What if all be

error—

If the halo irised round my head were,

Love, thine arms?

PALAZZO GRISIOTIANI-RECANTATI,
VENICE: December 1, 1883.
APOLLO AND THE FATES.

PARLEYINGS WITH CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE IN THEIR DAY:

TO WIT:

BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE, DANIEL BARTOLI, CHRISTOPHER SMART,
GEORGE BUBB DODINGTON, FRANCIS FURINI, GERARD DE LAILLESSIE,
AND CHARLES AVISON.

INTRODUCED BY

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN APOLLO AND THE FATES;

CONCLUDED BY

ANOTHER BETWEEN JOHN FUST AND HIS FRIENDS.

1887.

IN MEMORIAM I. MILSAND. OBIT IV. SEPT. MDCCCCLXXXVI.

Absens absentem

APOLLO AND THE FATES.

a prologue.

(Hymn, in Mercurium, v. 559. Eumenides, vv. 693-4, 697-8. Alcestis, vv. 12, 33.)

APOLLO. [From above.

Flame at my footfall, Parnassus! Apollo,

Breaking a-blaze on thy topmost peak,

Burns thence, down to the depths—dread

Hollow—Haunt of the Dire Ones. Haste!

They wreak

Wrath on Admetus whose respite I seek.


Dragonwise couched in the womb of our

Mother,

Coiled at thy nourishing heart's core, Night!

Haunted by their menacing eyes—

Haunt of the Dire Ones. Haste! They

Wreak

Withal on Admetus whose reprieve I seek.


Brays from my bronze lip: life I kindle:

Look, 'tis a man! go, measure on earth

The minute thy portion, whatever its worth!

LACHESIS.

Woe-purpled, weal-prankt,—if it speed, if it

linger,—Life's substance and show are determined

by me,

Who, meting out, mixing with sure thumb

and finger,

Lead life the due length: is all smoothness

and glee,

All tangle and grief? Take the lot, my

decree!

ATROPOS.

—Which I make an end of: the smooth as

the tangled

My shears cut asunder: each snap shrieks

"One more

Mortal makes sport for us Moirai who dangled

The puppet grotesquely till earth's solid

floor

Proved film he fell through, lost in Nought

as before."

Clotho.

Even so: thus from my loaded spindle

Plucking a pinch of the fleece, lo, "Birth."

Clotho.

Back to thy blest earth, prying Apollo!

Shaft upon shaft transpierce with thy

beams

Earth to the centre,—spare but this hollow

Hewn out of Night's heart, where our

mystery seems

Mewed from day's malice: wake earth from

her dreams!

APOLLO.

Crones, 'tis your dusk selves I startle from

slumber:

Day's god deposes you—queens Night-
crowned!

—Plying your trade in a world ye encumber,

Fashioning Man's web of life—spun,

wound,

Left the length ye allot till a clip strews the

ground!

Behold! I bid truce to your doleful amuse-

ment—Annulled by a sunbeam!

Clotho.

I spin thee a thread: Live, Admetus! Produce him!

LACHESIS.

Go,—brave, wise, good, happy! Now

cheaper the thread!

He is slaved for, yet loved by a god. I

welcome him

A goddess-sent plague. He has conquered,

is well,

Men crown him, he stands at the height,—

ATROPOS.

He is...

APOLLO. [Entering. Light.

"Dead?"

Nay, swart spinsters! So I surprise you

Making and marring the fortunes of Man?

Heavily—so marked, your enemy eyes

Head by head bat-like, blots under the ban

Of daylight earth's blessing since time began!

THE FATES.

Boy, are not we peers?

APOLLO.

You with the spindle grant birth: whose

inducement

But yours—with the niggardly digits—en-
dears

To mankind chance and change, good and

evil? Your shears...

ATROPOS.

Ay, mineed with the conflict: so much is no fable.

We spin, draw to length, cast asunder:

What then?

So it was, and so is, and so shall be: art able

To alter life's law for ephemeral men?

APOLLO.

Nor able nor willing. To threescore and ten

Extend but the years of Admetus! Disaster

Overtook me, and, banished by Zeus, I

became

Aservant to one who forbore me though master:

True lovers were we. Discontinue your

game,

Let him live whom I loved, then hate on, all

the same!

THE FATES.

And what if we granted—law-flouter, use-

trampler—

His life at the suit of an upstart? Judge,

thou—

Of joy were it fuller, of span because ampler?

For love's sake, not hate's, end Admetus

—ay, now—,

Not a gray hair on head, nor a wrinkle on brow!

For, boy, 'tis illusion: from thee comes a

glimmer

Transforming to beauty life's blank at the best.

Withdraw—and how looks life at worst, when

to shimmer

Succeeds the sure shade, and Man's lot

frowns—confessed

Mere blackness chance-brightened? Whereof

shall attest
The truth this same mortal, the darling thou
styles,
Whom love would advantage,—else out
day by day,
A life which's solely thyself reconnoitered
Thy friend to endure,—life with hope :
take away
Hope's gleams from Admetus, he spoils it.
For, say—

What's infancy? Ignorance, idleness, mischief:
Youth ripens to arrogance, foolishness, greed :—
Age—inconsequence, churlishness, manner :—call
this chief
Of boons for thy loved one? Much rather
Our function, let live whom thou hatest
Age—impotence, churlishness, rancour :—call
What's infancy? Ignorance, idleness, mischief:
Youth ripens to arrogance, foolishness, greed :—
Age—inconsequence, churlishness, manner :—call
this chief
Of boons for thy loved one? Much rather
Our function, let live whom thou hatest
Age—impotence, churlishness, rancour :—call

APOLLO. What craze
Possesses the fool then whose fancy conceives
him
As happy?

THE FATES. Man happy?

APOLLO. If otherwise—solve
This doubt which besets me! What friend ever
greets him
Except with "Live long as the seasons
revolve."
Not "Death to thee straightway"? Your
doctrines absolute
Such failing from hatred; yet Man should
know best.
He talks it, and glibly, as life were a load
Man fain would be rid off, when put to the test;
He whines "Let it lie, leave me trudging
the road
That is rugged so far, but methinks . . ."

THE FATES. Ay, 'tis owed
To that glamour of things, he beholds him
"Once past
The stony, some patch, nay, a smoothness of
sward
He who, when I was in my flight,
To our feast, the bee's bounty

APOLLO. The thing leaps! But—glisten
The principle, stave off despair—
Life mimics the sun: but withdraw such
So, even so! From without,—at due distance
Man's eye—gilding evil, Man's true heritage?
Ye hold then, grave seniors, my beams are
Persuade thee, bright boy-like! Our eld
Our function, let live whom thou hatest
Age—impotence, churlishness, rancour :—call
What's infancy? Ignorance, idleness, mischief:
Youth ripens to arrogance, foolishness, greed :—
Age—inconsequence, churlishness, manner :—call
this chief
Of boons for thy loved one? Much rather
Our function, let live whom thou hatest
Age—impotence, churlishness, rancour :—call
What's infancy? Ignorance, idleness, mischief:
Youth ripens to arrogance, foolishness, greed :—
Age—inconsequence, churlishness, manner :—call
this chief
Of boons for thy loved one? Much rather
Our function, let live whom thou hatest
Age—impotence, churlishness, rancour :—call

THE FATES. Fright!
Strength hid in the weakening!
What bowl-shape hast there,
Thus laughingly professed? A gift to our
shrine?
Thanks—wasted in argument! Not so?
Declare
Its purpose!
Shall Bacchus claim thanks wherein Zeus has
To helpful and kindly by means of a
If Bacchus by wine’s aid avail so to fluster
Proves darkness a mask: day lives on though
Rock’s permanent birthright: my potency
Withdraw beam—disclosure once more Night
And above, bids this gem wink, that crystal
I rouse with a beam the whole rampart, dis­
Yet change—without shock to old rule—
Regard how your cavern from crag-tip to
With nought Bacchus tampered, undid not
Nov/, human of instinct—since Semele’s son,
Good with bad: such the lot whereto law set
So disposed—such Zeus’ will—with design to
Mere hand-squeeze, earth’s nature sublimed
Your sense, that life’s fact grows from
No longer of darkness, yet light—recog­
Of spangle and sparkle—Day’s chance-gift,
No splinter—yet see how my flambeau,
From starved ears.

—True collyrium!

Draughts deepward loose tongue-tie.

I’d speak if I durst.

Dumb music, dead eloquence! Say it, or
Age? Why, fear ends there: the contest concluded,
Man did live his life, did escape from the fray:
Not scratchless but unseathed, he somehow eluded
Each blow fortune dealt him, and conquers to-day:
To-morrow—now chance and fresh strength,
Laid then Man’s life—no defeat but a triumph!

—humph! —True collyrium!

I hearken.

Dumb music, dead eloquence! Say it, or
What was quickened in us and thee also?

I fear.

Half female, half male—go, ambiguous thing!
While we speak—perchance spatter—pick up what we fling!
Known yet ignored, nor divined nor un­
Such is Man’s law of life. Do we strive to declare

2X
What is ill, what is good in our spinning?
World, best,
Change hues of a sudden: now here and now there
Fits the sign which decides: all about yet nowhere.
'Tis willed so,—that Man's life be lived, first to last,
Up and down, through and through,—not in portions, forsooth,
To pick and to choose from. Our shuttles fly fast,
Weave living, not life sole and whole: as age—youth,
So death completes living, shows life in its truth.
Man learningly lives: ill death helps him—no more!
It is doom and must be. Dost submit?

APOLLO.
I assent.
Concede but Admetus! So much if no more
Of my prayer grant as peace-pledge! Be gracious though, blent,
Good and ill, love and hate streak your life-

THE FATES.
Content!

Such boon we accord in due measure. Life's term
We lengthen should any be moved for

WITH BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE.

[For an account of this celebrated writer see "Dictionary of National Biography," vol. xxxvi. His famous paradox, "private vices public benefits," excited the utmost fury; and his best-known book, "The Fable of the Bees," was ordered to be burnt by the common hangman. It contains passages of great eloquence and unrivalled sarcasm, and now there is no lore!]

APOLLO.
Ye winces? Then his mother, well-stricken in years,
Advances her claim—or his wife—

LACHESIS.
Tra-la-la!

APOLLO.
But he spurns the exchange, rather dies!

ATROPOS.
Ha, ha, ha!

[Apollo ascends. Darkness.

Thy subjects to ruin, pay obedience they owe thee!

Only, 's no fresh knowledge that I crave,
Fuller truths yet, new gleanings from the grave;
Here we alive must needs deal fairly, turn
To what account Man may Man's portion, learn

Man's proper play with truth in part, before
Entwined with the whole. I ask no more
Than smiling witness that I do my best
With doubtful doctrine: afterward the rest!
So, silent face me while I think and speak!
A full disclosure? Such would outrage law.
Law deals the same with soul and body: seek
Full truth my soul may, when some babe, I saw
A new-born weakling, starts up strong—not weak—
Man every whit, absolved from earning awe,
Pride, capture, if the soul attains to wreak
Its will on flesh, at last can thrust, lift, draw,
Pride, rapture, if the soul attains to wreak
Its will on flesh, at last can thrust, lift, draw,

ATHENA.

CLOTHO.

APOLLO.

Of life's rule abolished—body might dispense
With infant's probation, straight be given
To stand full-statured in magnificence.

Attains—youth,

Pride, rapture, if the soul attains to wreak
Its will on flesh, at last can thrust, lift, draw,

ATHENA.

CLOTHO.

APOLLO.

Of life's rule abolished—body might dispense
With infant's probation, straight be given
To stand full-statured in magnificence.

ATTREDES. [For an account of this celebrated writer see "Dictionary of National Biography," vol. xxxvi. His famous paradox, "private vices public benefits," excited the utmost fury; and his best-known book, "The Fable of the Bees," was ordered to be burnt by the common hangman. It contains passages of great eloquence and unrivalled sarcasm, and now there is no lore!]

APOLLO.
Ha, ha, ha!

[Apollo ascends. Darkness.

Thy subjects to ruin, pay obedience they owe thee!

Only, 's no fresh knowledge that I crave,
Fuller truths yet, new gleanings from the grave;
Here we alive must needs deal fairly, turn
To what account Man may Man's portion, learn

Man's proper play with truth in part, before
Entwined with the whole. I ask no more
Than smiling witness that I do my best
With doubtful doctrine: afterward the rest!
So, silent face me while I think and speak!
A full disclosure? Such would outrage law.
Law deals the same with soul and body: seek
Full truth my soul may, when some babe, I saw
A new-born weakling, starts up strong—not weak—
Man every whit, absolved from earning awe,
Pride, capture, if the soul attains to wreak
Its will on flesh, at last can thrust, lift, draw,
Pride, rapture, if the soul attains to wreak
Its will on flesh, at last can thrust, lift, draw,
If wrong lay strangled in the birth—each head
Of the hatched monster promptly crushed.
Instead
Of spared to gather venom! We require
No great experience that the inch-long worm,
Free of our heel, would grow to vomit fire,
And one day plague the world in dragon form.
So should wrong merely peep abroad to meet
Wrong's due quietus, leave our world's way safe
For honest walking."

v.
Sage, once more repeat
Instruction! 'Tis a sore to soothe not chafe.
Ah, Fabulist, what luck, could I contrive
To coax from thee another "Grumbling Hive"!
My friend himself wrote fables short and sweet:
My friend himself wrote fables short and sweet:
So should wrong merely peep abroad to meet
Wrong's due quietus, leave our world's way safe
For honest walking."

vi.
"Still there's a parable"—reverts my friend—
"Shows agriculture with a difference!
That purpose the noxious plant was found
Vexing the virtuous, poison close to food,
That purposely the noxious plant was found
Vexing the virtuous, poison close to food,
E'en if at first stealing-forth of life in stalk
And leaflet-promise, quick his spud should
If, at first stealing-forth of life in stalk
And leaflet-promise, quick his spud should
Follow, what? for once and all? It follows plain
Follow, what? for once and all? It follows plain
What set him there to grow beholds re-
What set him there to grow beholds re-
His primal law: his ordinance proves vain:
His primal law: his ordinance proves vain:
What becomes a king who cannot reign,
What becomes a king who cannot reign,
But to drop sceptre valid arm should wield?
But to drop sceptre valid arm should wield?
What passes understanding. So, succinct
What passes understanding. So, succinct
And scrutinized, lo—the divine lies linked
And scrutinized, lo—the divine lies linked
Fast to the human, free to move as moves
Fast to the human, free to move as moves
And leaflet-promise, quick his spud should
And leaflet-promise, quick his spud should
Their notion that both kinds could sow them-
Their notion that both kinds could sow them-
True! but admit: his understanding delves
True! but admit: his understanding delves
And drops each germ, what else but folly
And drops each germ, what else but folly
With thumb and finger lest it spoil the yield
With thumb and finger lest it spoil the yield
Too much of good's main tribute! But our main
Too much of good's main tribute! But our main
Tough-tendoned mandrake-monster—purge
Tough-tendoned mandrake-monster—purge
The formless, the illimitable! Trace
The formless, the illimitable! Trace
That Power, that Knowledge, and that Will,
That Power, that Knowledge, and that Will,
What need of symbolizing? Fitlier men
What need of symbolizing? Fitlier men
Goethe's Estate in Weimar,—just a plan!
Goethe's Estate in Weimar,—just a plan!
The ground-plan—map you long have yearned
The ground-plan—map you long have yearned
To help a guess at truth you never knew.
To help a guess at truth you never knew.
To guide our gaze through what were else
To guide our gaze through what were else
Within humanity's restricted space.
Within humanity's restricted space.
Friend, here's a tracing meant
Friend, here's a tracing meant
"What need of symbolizing? Fitlier men
"What need of symbolizing? Fitlier men
Goethe's Estate in Weimar,—just a plan!
Goethe's Estate in Weimar,—just a plan!
A myth may teach:
A myth may teach:
A myth may teach:
A myth may teach:
And will thus worked? Man's fancy makes
And will thus worked? Man's fancy makes
The fault!
The fault!
Man, with the narrow mind, must cram inside
Man, with the narrow mind, must cram inside
His finite God's infinitude,—earth's vault
His finite God's infinitude,—earth's vault
If he'd comprise the heavenly far and wide,
If he'd comprise the heavenly far and wide,
Since Man may claim a right to understand
Since Man may claim a right to understand
What passes understanding. So, succinct
What passes understanding. So, succinct
And trimsly set in order, to be scanned
And trimsly set in order, to be scanned
And scrutinized, lo—the divine lies linked
And scrutinized, lo—the divine lies linked
Fast to the human, free to move as moves
Fast to the human, free to move as moves
And scrutinized, lo—the divine lies linked
And scrutinized, lo—the divine lies linked
Fast to the human, free to move as moves
Fast to the human, free to move as moves
For honest walking: "while they keep the grooves,
For honest walking: "while they keep the grooves,
Discreetly side by side together pace,
Discreetly side by side together pace,
Likely enough to Man's weak-footed race
Likely enough to Man's weak-footed race,
In terror open eyes, or form or hand!
In terror open eyes, or form or hand!
To guide a guess at truth you never knew.
To guide a guess at truth you never knew.
To guide a guess at truth you never knew.
To guide a guess at truth you never knew.
To guide a guess at truth you never knew.
To guide a guess at truth you never knew.
To guide a guess at truth you never knew.
To guide a guess at truth you never knew.
To guide a guess at truth you never knew.
To guide a guess at truth you never knew.
To guide a guess at truth you never knew.
To guide a guess at truth you never knew.
To guide a guess at truth you never knew.
To guide a guess at truth you never knew.
To guide a guess at truth you never knew.
To guide a guess at truth you never knew.
To guide a guess at truth you never knew.
To guide a guess at truth you never knew.
To guide a guess at truth you never knew.
Joyless and thankless, who—
All scowling
The universal world of creatures bred
Hill, dale, land, sea, the whole vast stretch
Glad through the inrush—glad nor more nor
Thrilling her to the heart of things: since
Did earth acknowledge Sun's embrace sublime
All creatures but one only: gaze for gaze,
And glad acknowledges the bounteous day!
While every beast, bird, reptile, insect, gay
Sullen and silent.
By Sun's munificence, alike gave praise—
To me? Sun penetrates the ore, the plant—
They feel and grow: perchance with subtler
Man speaks now: "What avails Sun's earth—
—Not to be, simply, but to do, and pleads
True to the pattern: but does that suffice?
For—more than knowledge that by some
Device
A power all matter feels, mind only tries
To comprehend! Once more—no idle

XI.

What legendary's worth a chronicle?
'Tis pity poets need historians' skill:
Our world were scarce those saints of whom
We talked. My saint, for instance—worship if you will!
'Tis pity poets need historian's skill:
What legendary's worth a chronicle?

II.

Come, now! A great lord once upon a time
Visited—oh a king, of kings the prime,
To sign a treaty such as never was:
That same duke—so style him—must
Engage
Two of his duchesses as an offering.
After his death to this exorbitant
Craver of kingship: "Let who lacks go scot,
Who owns much, give the more to!" Why
 Rebel?
So bids the devil, so obeys the duke.

III.

Now, as it happened, at his sister's house
Duchess herself—and the very spouse
Of the king's minister had brought to pass
Two of his dukedoms as an heritage
For the king's minister—after his death to this exorbitant
Craver of kingship. “Let who lacks go scot,
Who owns much, give the more to!” Why
Rebel?
So bids the devil, so obeys the duke.
A girl. "What, sister, may this wonder be?"
"No! Nobody! Good as beautiful is she,
With gifts that match her goodness, no fault she.
I the white: she were the pearl you think you saw,
But that she is—what corresponds to white?
Some other stone, the true pearl's opposite,
As cheap as pearls are costly. She's—now, guess
Her parentage! Once—twice—thrice? Polar, confess!
Drugs, thieve, her father deals in—laugh, the secrets!—
Manna and semen—such medications
For payment he compounds you. Stay—stay—stay!
I'll have no rude speech wrong her! Whither away,
The holy head? Ah, the spae-escape! She deserves
Respect—compassion, rather! Right it serves
My folly, trusting secrets to a fool!
Already at it, is he? She keeps cool—
Helped by her fan's spread. Well, our state
For this much license, and words break no bones—
(Hearts, though, sometimes.)

IV.
Next mom 's "Reason, rate, rave, sister, on till the doom's day! Save as fate,
I wed that woman—what a woman is
No woman I know, who never knew till this!" So swore the duke. "I wed her: once again—
Rave, rate, and reason—spend your breath
In vain!"

V.
At once was made a contract firm and fast,
Published the bans were, only marriage, last.
Required completion when the Church's rites
Should bless and bid depart, make happy quite
The coupled man and wife for evermore:
Which rite was soon to follow. Just before—
All things at last but end—the folk of the bride
Flocked to a summons. Fump the duke defy.
"Of ceremony—so much as empowers,
Nought that exceeds, suits best a tie like ours—"
He smiled—"all else were mere futility.
We vow, God hears us: God and you and I—
Let the world keep at distance! This is why
We choose the simplest forms that serve to bind
Lover and lover of the human kind,
No care of what degree—of kings or clowns—
Come blood and breeding. County smiles and frowns
Miss of their mark, would idly soothe or strike
My style and yours—in one style merged alike—
God's man and woman merely. Long ago
Twas rounded in my ears 'Duke, wherefore slow
To use a privilege? Needs must one who reigns
Pay reigning's due: since statecraft so ordains—
Well for the commonwealth's sake! law prescribes—
One wife: but to submission license bribes
Unruly nature: mistresses accept
—Well, at discretion!" Prove I so inapt
A scholar, thus instructed? Darkest be
Wife and all mistresses in one to me
Now, henceforth, and forever!" So smiled he.

VI.
Good: but the minister, the crafty one,
Out of what was doing—all but done—
Not sooner, though, than the king's very soul
 Warned by the sister on how ther a shelf
Royalty's ship was like to split. "I bar
The abomination! Mix with muck my star:
Shall earth behold prodigiously exalted
An upstart marsh-born meteor sun-absorbed?
Nuptial me no such nuptials!" "Past dispute,
Majesty speaks with wisdom absolute,"
PARLEYINGS WITH CERTAIN PEOPLE

X.
"Duke, I, your duchess of a day, could take
The hand you proffered me for love's sole sale,
Consenting love matched years; as you, myself
Would waiver, when need were, all but love—
To potency. What fortune brings about
Happy in some far future, finds me out,
Where, mid the hushed guests, still the duke
Sat glued and prayers,

With all that's most too; love as well you lose,
Slain by what shays in you the honour! Choose!

Dear—yet my husband—dare I love you yet?"

XI. How the duke's wrath o'erboiled,—words,
Words and yet
More words,—I spare you such fool's fever-fret.
They were not of one sort at all, one size,
As souls go—he and she. "To soothe the eyes
Of all the lookers-on let term torn fast.
The minister was mollified at last:
"Take a day,—two days even, ere through pride
You perish,—two days' counsel—then decide!"

"If I shall save his honour and my soul?
Husband,—this one last time,—you tear the veil?
Farewell, duke! Sir, I follow in your train!"

XII. So she went forth: they never met again
The duke and she. The world paid compliment
(Is it worth noting?) when, next day, she sent
Certain gifts back,—"jewelry fit to deck
Whom you call wife." I know not round what neck
They took to sparkling, in good time—weeks thence.

XIII. Of all which was the pleasant consequence,
So much and no more—that a favored youth,
Big-hearted boy,—but ten years old, in truth,—
Laid this to heart and loved, as boyhood can,
The unduchessed lady: boy and lad grew man:
He loved as man perchance may: did mean
While to be hailed the sun's own self almost—

DANIEL BARTOLI

Brooked no withstanding longer. They were wed.

XIV. "Now, Saint Scholastica, what time she fared
In Paynimrie, behold, a lion glared
Right in her path! Pier waist she promptly
Him and effulgence? Speak, fool—duke, I mean!

"Who bade you come, brisk-marching bold
To crown it coils about? O dread surmise!
They were not of one sort at all, one size,
So human? Then the mouth too, if you will!
Spare me the rest. This much of no debate
Some sort of saintship for him—not to match

\textit{St. Benedict's sister.}
"Mark on, triumphant o'er the prostrate
shame!
Laugh: Here lies he among the false to
Love—
Love's loyal liegeman once: the very same
Who, scorning his weak fellows, towered
above
Inconstancy: yet why his faith decline?
Our eagle's viceroy was at least no dove,
No dwarfish knight picked up our giant's
glove—

"When, putting prowess to the proof, faith
unged
Her champion to the challenge: had it
changed
That merely virtue, wisdom, beauty—merged
All in one woman—merely these advanced
Their claim to conquest,—hardly had he
purg'd
His mind of memories, dearnesses enhanced
Rather than harmed by death, nor, disen-
tranced,

"Promptly had he abjur'd the old pretence
To prove his kind's superiority—first to last
Display erect on his heart's eminence
An altar to the never-dying Past.
For such fast faith might boast fit play of fence
And easily disarm the iconoclast
Called virtue, wisdom, beauty: impudence

"Fought in their stead, and how could
faith but fall?
There came a bold she-shape brisk-march
't, best
No inch of her imperious stature, tall
Assume war-engine from whose top was sent
One shattering volley out of eye's black ball
And prove lay faith's defender!" Mockery

Malice discharged in fall? In that event,
"My queenly impudence, I cover close,
I wrap me round with love of your black
hair,
Black eyes, black every wicked inch of those
Limbs' tower-tallness: so much truth
lives there

"Neath the dead heap of lies. And yet—who
knows?
What if such things are? No less, such
things were.
Then was the man your match whom now you
dare

"Treat as existent still. A second truth!
They held—this heap of lies you rightly
soom—
A man who had approved himself in youth
More than a match for—you? for sea-foun-
tom.
Venus herself: you conquer him forsooth?
"Tis me his ghost: he died since left and
lorn,
As needs must Samson when his hair is shorn.

"Some day, and soon, be sure himself will rise,
Called into life by her who long ago
Left his soul whirling time in flesh-disguise.
Ghosts tired of waiting can play tricks, you
know!
Tread, trample me—such sport we ghosts
deceive,
Waiting the morn-star's reappearance—

You think we vanish scared by the cock's
crow?"

WITH CHRISTOPHER SMART.

[An unfortunate poet (1722-1771) known
well to Boswellians from anecdotes in the great
Biography. He was a Fellow of Pembroke
College, Cambridge, and until he lost his
reason a very indifferent versifier. He
married a daughter of Newbery the publisher,
and suffered much poverty. He lives as the
author of the "Song to David," a series of
magnificent stanzas composed while their
author was in confinement for insurrection
of mind.]

It seems as if... or did the actual chance
Stumble me and perplex? Let truth be said! How
might this happen? Dreaming, blind-
fold led
By visionary hand, did soul's advance

PRECEDED BY THE SONG.

Frecede my body's, gain inheritance
Of fact by fancy—so that when I read
Through length with waking eyes your Song, instead
Of more bewilderment, with me first glance
Was but full recognition that in trance
Or merely thought's adventure some old day
Of him and done with joyfulness, or—well,
Why might it not have been, the minute
Fell on me as I took my sober way
Through veritable regions of our earth
And made discovery, many a wondrous one?

II.

Anyhow, fact or fancy, such its birth:
I was exploring some huge house, had gone
Through room and room complacently, no
dearth
Anywhere of the signs of decent taste,
Adequate culture: wealth had run to waste
Nowise, nor penury was proved by stint:
All showed the Golden Mean without a
hint
Of brave extravagance that breaks the rule.
The master of the mansion was no fool
Assuredly, no genius just as sure!
Safe mediocrity had scorned the lure
Of now too much and now too little cost,
And satisfied me sight was never lost
Of moderate design's accomplishment
In calm completeness. On and on I went,
With no more hope than fear of what came
next
Till lo, I push a door, sudden uplift
A hanging, enter, chance upon a shift

Through veritable regions of our earth
And made discovery, many a wondrous one?

Why might it not have been, the minute
Fell on me as I took my sober way
Through veritable regions of our earth
And made discovery, many a wondrous one?

Of how far earth may rival heaven.
No niche
Where glory was not prisoned to enrich
Man's grace with gold and gems, no space but
glowed
With colour, gleamed with carving—buses
which owed
Whose outburst to a brush the painter fed
With rainbow-substance—nay shapes never
saw
To actual flesh and blood, which, brain-born
once,
Became the sculptor's dowry, Art's response
To earth's despair. And all seemed old yet
new:

Youth,—in the marble's curve, the canvas' hue
Apparent,—wanted not the crowning thrill
Of age the consecrator. Hands long still
Had worked here—could it be, what lent
them skill?
Retained a power to surprise, protect,
Enforce new lessons with the old, connect
Our life with theirs! No mereclownish touch
Told me that here the artist, doing much,
Elsewhere did more, perseverance does better,
lives—
So needs must learn.

IV.

Well, these provocatives
Having fulfilled their office, forth I went
Big with anticipation—well-nigh fear—
Of what next room and next for startled eyes
Might have in store, surprise beyond surprise.
Next room and next and next—what followed
here?

Why, nothing! not one object to arrest
My passage—everywhere too manifest
Calm commonplace which neither missed,

Inch-high, inch-low, the Jacob's ladder
proposed.

Armed with this instance, I leave the disease:
Your case, my Christopher? The man was
sounded
And sank at starting: all at once the ground

CHRISTOPHER SMART 701

PARLEYINGS WITH CERTAIN PEOPLE 700
Gave way beneath his step, a certain smoke Carried up and caught him, or perhaps down. broke
A fireball wraping flesh and spirit both In configuration. Then—as heaven were both To linger—for earth understand too well How heaven at need can operate—off fell The flame-robe, and the untransformed man Resumed sobriety,—as he began, So did he end nor after pace, not he!

VI.

Now, what I fair would know is—could it be That he—who'er he was that furnished forth The Chapel, making thus, from South to North, Rafael touch Leighton, Michelangelo Join.Watts, was found but once combining so The elder and the younger, taking stand On Art's supreme,—or that yourself who sang A Song where flute-breath silvers trumpet-clang And stations you for once on either hand With Milton and with Keats, empowered to claim Affinity on just one point—for blame Or praise my judgment, thus it fronts you With Milton and with Keats, empowered to claim

VII.

Last, and was found but once combining so The elder and the younger, taking stand On Art's supreme,—or that yourself who sang A Song where flute-breath silvers trumpet-clang And stations you for once on either hand With Milton and with Keats, empowered to claim Affinity on just one point—for blame Or praise my judgment, thus it fronts you With Milton and with Keats, empowered to claim

VIII.

Now, just as long ago, by tellings and re-tellings to satiety, which strike

IX.

And so verse issued in a cataract

X.

All evident the beauty,—fresh surprise Startling at fresh achievement? "So, in deed, Willows the whale's bulk in the waste of brine, Nor otherwise its feather-tufts make fine

XI.

Now, just as long ago, by tellings and re-tellings to satiety, which strike

XII.

All evident the beauty,—fresh surprise Startling at fresh achievement? "So, in deed, Willows the whale's bulk in the waste of brine, Nor otherwise its feather-tufts make fine
Why all the strength and beauty—? to be shown. 

This in one word's flash, thereforth let alone 
By Man who needs must deal with aught 
that's known 
Never so lately and so little ? Friend, 
First give us knowledge, then appoint its use! 
Strength, beauty are the means ? ignore their end? 
As well you stopped at proving how profuse 
Stones, sticks, nay stubble lie to left and right 
Ready to help the builder,—careless quite 
If he should take, or leave the same to strew 
Earth idly,—as by word's flash bring in view 
Strength, beauty, then bid who beholds the same 
Go on beholding. Why gains unemployed? 
Nature was made to be by Man enjoyed 
First; followed duly by enjoyment's fruit, 
Instruction—happily leaving joy behind: 
And you, the instructor, would you slack 
Of the main prize, as poet help mankind 
To earth—to find, how all things there are 
Arrived there, vain enough will seem the chase 
Of those who say—"We scale the skies, 
then drop 
To earth—to find, how all things there are 

To answer heavenly law: we understand 
The meteor's course, and lo, the rose's growth— 
How other than should be by law's command! 
Would not you tell such?—"Friends, beware 
Least sense: learn earth first ere presume 
Seek next law's confirmation! But reverse 
The order, where's the wonder things grow 

Then, by the law your fancy formulates, 
They should be? Come from anger at the fates 
Which thwart themselves so madly. Live and learn, 
Not first learn and then live, is our concern. 

WITH GEORGE BUBB DODINGTON. 
[See "Dictionary of National Biography," vol. xvi. 1, also the thin volume of his Memoirs or Diary first published in 1781. The author was born 1691, and died 1762. He early became a politician, and attached himself to Walpole. He was accomplished, profuse, and corrupt, and has become by common consent of historians a convenient by-word for eighteenth-century immoralities of public men.] 

I. 
All, George Bubb Dodington Lord Melcombe,—no. 
You were the wrong way!—always understand. 
Supposing that permissibly you planned 
How statesmanship—yours (trade)—in outward show 

Might figure as inspired by simple zeal 
For serving country, king, and commonweal, 
(Though service tire to deth the body, tense 
The soul from out an outcasted patriotism) 

And yet should prove zeal's outward show 

Agrees in all respects—right reason being judge— 
With inward care that, while the statesman spends 
Body and soul thus freely for the sake 
Of public good, his private welfare take 
No harm by such devotedness. Interprets 
Scripture ought else—let captious folk inquire— 

Which teaches "Labourers deserve their hire, 
And who neglects his household bears the bell 
Away of aiming from an injured"? 

Whiles would fole that curb bestow thought 
How birds build nests? At outside, roughly 

Twig knits with twig, loam plasters up each chink, 
Leaving the inmate rudely lodged—you think? 
Peep but inside! That spacious rude-and-rough 
Covers a domicile where downy fluff 
Embeds the ease-deserving architect, 
Who toiled and moiled not merely to effect 
Covers a domicile where downy fluff 

Peep but inside! That spacious rude-and-rough 
Covers a domicile where downy fluff 
Embeds the ease-deserving architect, 
Who toiled and moiled not merely to effect 
Covers a domicile where downy fluff 

Decently draped: just so with statesmanship 
All outside show, in short, is sham—why winces? 
Concede me—while our parley lasts! You trip 
Afterwards—lay but this to heart! (there lurks Somewhere in all of us a lump which irks 
Hamlet's emotion, as ten minutes since?" 
No, each resumes his garb, stands—Moor or prince— 

Decently draped: just so with statesmanship 
All outside show, in short, is sham—why winces? 
Concede me—while our parley lasts! You trip 
Afterwards—lay but this to heart! (there lurks Somewhere in all of us a lump which irks 
Hamlet's emotion, as ten minutes since?" 
No, each resumes his garb, stands—Moor or prince— 

Decently draped: just so with statesmanship 
All outside show, in short, is sham—why winces? 
Concede me—while our parley lasts! You trip 
Afterwards—lay but this to heart! (there lurks Somewhere in all of us a lump which irks 
Hamlet's emotion, as ten minutes since?" 
No, each resumes his garb, stands—Moor or prince— 

Decently draped: just so with statesmanship 
All outside show, in short, is sham—why winces? 
Concede me—while our parley lasts! You trip 
Afterwards—lay but this to heart! (there lurks Somewhere in all of us a lump which irks 
Hamlet's emotion, as ten minutes since?" 
No, each resumes his garb, stands—Moor or prince— 

Decently draped: just so with statesmanship 
All outside show, in short, is sham—why winces? 
Concede me—while our parley lasts! You trip 
Afterwards—lay but this to heart! (there lurks Somewhere in all of us a lump which irks 
Hamlet's emotion, as ten minutes since?" 
No, each resumes his garb, stands—Moor or prince— 

Decently draped: just so with statesmanship 
All outside show, in short, is sham—why winces? 
Concede me—while our parley lasts! You trip 
Afterwards—lay but this to heart! (there lurks Somewhere in all of us a lump which irks 
Hamlet's emotion, as ten minutes since?" 
No, each resumes his garb, stands—Moor or prince— 

Decently draped: just so with statesmanship 
All outside show, in short, is sham—why winces? 
Concede me—while our parley lasts! You trip 
Afterwards—lay but this to heart! (there lurks Somewhere in all of us a lump which irks 
Hamlet's emotion, as ten minutes since?" 
No, each resumes his garb, stands—Moor or prince— 

Decently draped: just so with statesmanship 
All outside show, in short, is sham—why winces? 
Concede me—while our parley lasts! You trip 
Afterwards—lay but this to heart! (there lurks Somewhere in all of us a lump which irks 
Hamlet's emotion, as ten minutes since?" 
No, each resumes his garb, stands—Moor or prince—
Be gold or copalite, while zeal's pretence
Is—we do good to men at—whose expense
But ours? who tire the body, tease the soul.
Simply that, running, we may reach fame's
goal
And breathe at last our brows with bay—
the State's
Disinterested slaves, nay—please the Fates—
Saviours and nothing less: such lot has been!
Statesmanship triumphs pedestalized, serene—
A happy consummation—brought about
By managing with skill the raddle-safe
For which we labour (never mind the name—People or populace, for praise or blame)
Making them understand—their heaven, their
People or populace, for praise or blame)
For which we labour (never mind the name—
Ourselves at vantage to put forth a hand,
High o'er Man's head we play,—and freelier
Man's cause—what other can we have at heart?
Of peace the more! But who are we, to spurn
May reach the level where unstifled stand
Where storms abound, to brave—nay, court
How get and gain? Since help must needs
Of salutary artifice—we seek
Kneel down and let us mount?
How coax them to co-operate, lend a lift,
By would-be saviours of the else-unsaved,
Solely their good: our strength would raise
By sham—the harsh word: preach and teach,
Other than so—"make answer! I pretend
No such community with men. Perpend

BY UNEXEMPLARY YEARNING FOR MAN'S SAKE—
Passion that solely waits your help to take
Effect in action." George, which one of us
But holds with his own heart consummation thus
I am, if not of men the first and best,
Still—to receive enjoyment—properest!
Which since by force I cannot, nor by wit
Most likely—craft must serve in place of it.
Flatter, cajole! If so I bring within
My net the gains which wit and force should
win,
What hinders? 'Tis a trick we know of old:
Try, George, some other of tricks manifold!
The multitude means mass and mixture—
Right
Are mixtures simple, pray, or composite?
Dive into Man, your medley: see the waste!
Sloth-stifled genius, energy disgraced
By ignorance, high aims with sorry skill,
Will without means and means in want of will
—Sure we might fish, from out the mothers' sons
That welter thus, a dozen Dodingtons!
Why call up Dodington, and none beside,
That welter thus, a dozen Dodingtons!
To take his seat upon our backs and ride
As statesman conquering and to conquer?
Well,
The last expeditious, which must needs excel
Those old ones—this it is,—at any rate
To-day's conception thus I formulate:
My net the gains which wit and force should
My key to domination! Who would use
Man for his pleasure needs must introduce
The element that awes Man. Once for all,
His nature owns a Supernatural
In fact as well as phrase—which found must be
—Where, in this doubting age? Old mystery
Has served its turn—seen through and sent
adrift.
To nothingness: new wizard-craft makes shift
Nowadays born of help by robe and book—
Otherwise, elsewhere, for success must look
Than chalcedony, inunction, goibnorad.
Somebody comes to conjure: is he? fish
He's like the roomful of mott, greens,—there's
No sort of difference in the garb he wears
From ordinary dressing—gesture, speech, deportment,
Department, just like those of all and each
That eye their master of the minute. Stay!
What of the something—call it how you may—
Unerasable in the—quick? That's easy said!
Notice how the Professor turns no head
And yet takes cognizance of who accepts,
Denies, is puzzled as to the adept's
Supremacy, yields up or lies in wait
To trap the trickster? Doubtless, out of date
Are dealings with the devil: yet, the stir
Of month, its smile half smug half sinister,
Mock modest boldness smockiness in difference—
What if the man have—who knows how or
Confidently unguessed by us—
Prove no such cheat as he pretends?"
Disguise, flee, fight against with tooth and nail
The outrageous designation! "Quack" men quail!

Before? You see, a little year ago
They heard him thunder at the thing which, lo,
To-day he vaunts for unsanctified, while what erst

Heaven-high he lauded, lies hell-low, accused!
And yet where's change? Who, awe-struck, cares to point
Critical finger at a dubious joint
In armour, true as trifles, breast and back
Blinding about, defeat of attack,
An imperturbability that's—well, or innocence or impudence—how tell
One from the other? Could ourselves branch flies,
Yet have mankind with those muttered eyes,
Those lips that keep the quietude of truth?
Dare we attempt the like? What quick un

Distrust of the smug economy,
O coward visage! Straight would all desery
Back on the man's brow the boy's blush
The outward ardour. Can our chief despise
Its covert pleasantry to neutralize
Here no act wants its qualifying smile,
With ruin to guile's film-work. Grave is guile;
Earnest word, look and gesture? Touched
Allows subsidence into ash. By stress
In every shape at every turn,—nowhere

Besides, imposture plays another game,
Genius is not so rare,—prodigious powers—
Finds conscience beneath conscience such as
No: he goes deeper—could our sense ex­
O coward visage! Straight would all descry

Those lips that keep the quietude of truth?
Ever while most he seems to sanitation?
As who should say "What though it be my fate
To deal with fools? Among the crowd most loud
Some few with faculty to judge my work
Spite of its way which suits, they understand,
The crass majority—the Sacred Band,
No duping them forsooth!" So tells a touch
Of subintelligential nod and wink—

Turning foes friends. Course flattery moves the gorge:
Mine were the mode to awe the many,
George!
They guess you half despise them while most bent
On demonstrating that your sole intent
Strives for their service. Sneeze at them?
Yourself?
'Tis you disparage,—tricky as an elf,

Scorning what most you strain to bring to pass,
Laughingly careless,—triply cas’d in brass,—

Scorning, what most you strain to bring to pass,
Laughingly careless,—triply cas’d in brass,—

To-day he vaunts for unscathed, while what follows? Why, you formulate within

'Lie not!' Folk fear to jeopardize their soul,
But first and foremost your own self! No use

In gratifying selfishness and greed,
Assurances such qualities exist
Nowise within yourself! then make acquist
By all means, with no sort of fear! Alack,
That well-worn lie is obsolete! Fall back
On still a working pretext—"Hearth and

The altar, love of England, hate of Rome"—
That's serviceable lying—that perchance
Had screened you decently: but 'ware

Asseverate such qualities exist
As who should say "What though it be my fate
To deal with fools? Among the crowd most loud
Some few with faculty to judge my work
Spite of its way which suits, they understand,
The crass majority—the Sacred Band,
No duping them forsooth!" So tells a touch
Of subintelligential nod and wink—

Turning foes friends. Course flattery moves the gorge:
Mine were the mode to awe the many,
George!
They guess you half despise them while most bent
On demonstrating that your sole intent
Strives for their service. Sneeze at them?
Yourself?
'Tis you disparage,—tricky as an elf,

Scorning what most you strain to bring to pass,
Laughingly careless,—triply cas’d in brass,—

Scorning, what most you strain to bring to pass,
Laughingly careless,—triply cas’d in brass,—

To-day he vaunts for unscathed, while what follows? Why, you formulate within

'Lie not!' Folk fear to jeopardize their soul,
But first and foremost your own self! No use

In gratifying selfishness and greed,
Assurances such qualities exist
Nowise within yourself! then make acquist
By all means, with no sort of fear! Alack,
That well-worn lie is obsolete! Fall back
On still a working pretext—"Hearth and

The altar, love of England, hate of Rome"—
That's serviceable lying—that perchance
Had screened you decently: but 'ware

Asseverate such qualities exist
As who should say "What though it be my fate
To deal with fools? Among the crowd most loud
Some few with faculty to judge my work
Spite of its way which suits, they understand,
The crass majority—the Sacred Band,
No duping them forsooth!" So tells a touch
Of subintelligential nod and wink—

Turning foes friends. Course flattery moves the gorge:
Mine were the mode to awe the many,
George!
They guess you half despise them while most bent
On demonstrating that your sole intent
Strives for their service. Sneeze at them?
Yourself?
'Tis you disparage,—tricky as an elf,

Scorning what most you strain to bring to pass,
Laughingly careless,—triply cas’d in brass,—

Scorning, what most you strain to bring to pass,
Laughingly careless,—triply cas’d in brass,—

To-day he vaunts for unscathed, while what follows? Why, you formulate within

'Lie not!' Folk fear to jeopardize their soul,
But first and foremost your own self! No use

In gratifying selfishness and greed,
Assurances such qualities exist
Nowise within yourself! then make acquist
By all means, with no sort of fear! Alack,
That well-worn lie is obsolete! Fall back
On still a working pretext—"Hearth and

The altar, love of England, hate of Rome"—
That's serviceable lying—that perchance
Had screened you decently: but 'ware

Asseverate such qualities exist
As who should say "What though it be my fate
To deal with fools? Among the crowd most loud
Some few with faculty to judge my work
Spite of its way which suits, they understand,
The crass majority—the Sacred Band,
No duping them forsooth!" So tells a touch
Of subintelligential nod and wink—

Turning foes friends. Course flattery moves the gorge:
Mine were the mode to awe the many,
George!
They guess you half despise them while most bent
On demonstrating that your sole intent
Strives for their service. Sneeze at them?
Yourself?
'Tis you disparage,—tricky as an elf,

Scorning what most you strain to bring to pass,
Laughingly careless,—triply cas’d in brass,—

Scorning, what most you strain to bring to pass,
Laughingly careless,—triply cas’d in brass,—

To-day he vaunts for unscathed, while what follows? Why, you formulate within

'Lie not!' Folk fear to jeopardize their soul,
But first and foremost your own self! No use

In gratifying selfishness and greed,
Assurances such qualities exist
Nowise within yourself! then make acquist
By all means, with no sort of fear! Alack,
That well-worn lie is obsolete! Fall back
On still a working pretext—"Hearth and

The altar, love of England, hate of Rome"—
That's serviceable lying—that perchance
Had screened you decently: but 'ware

Asseverate such qualities exist
As who should say "What though it be my fate
To deal with fools? Among the crowd most loud
Some few with faculty to judge my work
Spite of its way which suits, they understand,
The crass majority—the Sacred Band,
No duping them forsooth!" So tells a touch
Of subintelligential nod and wink—

Turning foes friends. Course flattery moves the gorge:
Mine were the mode to awe the many,
George!
They guess you half despise them while most bent
On demonstrating that your sole intent
Strives for their service. Sneeze at them?
Yourself?
'Tis you disparage,—tricky as an elf,

Scorning what most you strain to bring to pass,
Laughingly careless,—triply cas’d in brass,—

Scorning, what most you strain to bring to pass,
Laughingly careless,—triply cas’d in brass,—
When, priestly vesture put aside, mere man,
For worldly profit—such a masterpiece.
Whom princes might in vain implore to toil
For cheer beside a bonfire piled to turn
Is lost upon a barred and bolted gate
Of soul, Furini, never was so blind,
That one appreciative creature's debt
To hand's presumption should brush emulate
Of painter's impotency. Agnolo—
Is lost upon a barred and bolted gate
Of soul, Furini, never was so blind,
That one appreciative creature's debt
To hand's presumption should brush emulate
Of painter's impotency. Agnolo—
Is lost upon a barred and bolted gate
Of soul, Furini, never was so blind,
That one appreciative creature's debt
To hand's presumption should brush emulate

II.

By such sure ways
Do I return, Furini, to my first
And central confidence—that I proved
Of setting free its scent, disturbs the rough
Only to ope a lily, though for sake
Of boulder lay within hand's easy reach,
By stealing from the throne-step to the fools
Curfus outside the gateway, all-agape.
To learn by what procedure, in the schools
Of Art, a merest man in outward shape
May learn to be Correggio! Old and young,
These learners got their lesson: Art was just
A safety-screen—(Art, which Correggio's tongue
Calls "Virtue")—for a skulking vice: mere lust
Inspired the artist when his Night and Morn
Shed and awoke in marble on that edge
Of heaven above our stubb'd earth: last-born
His Eve low bending took the privilege
Of life from what our eyes saw—God's own palm
That put the flame forth—to the love and thanks
Of all creation save this recreant!

IV.

Calm
Our phrase, Furini! Not the artist's-name
Claim riddance of an interloper: no—
This Baldinucci did but grunt and sniff
Indeed on you has been bestowed the dower
Of Art, a merest man in outward shape
To learn by what procedure, in the schools
By scruple of the better sense that finds
No gift but, in the very plenitude
Of its perfection, goes maxi'nd, misconstrued
By wickedness or weakness: still, some few
Have grace to see Thy purpose, strength to war
With thy work by no sublimine of their own,
—Linnr truth not falsehood, bid us love alone
The type untempered with, the naked star?

VIII.

And, prayer done, painter—what if you should preach?
Not as of old when playing pulpiteer
To simple-witted country folk, but here
In actual London try your powers of speech
On us the cultured, therefore sceptical—
Not only power at each phenomenon
Baffled, but knowledge also in default—
What would you? For, suppose he has his word
In faith's behalf, no matter how absurd,
This painter-theologian? One and all
Who owns "I dare not look on diadems
With each impurely-peevish worm that breeds
Inside your brain's receptacle?
This doctrine that the Artist-mind must needs
Own to affinity with yours—confess
A match for that divine. Shall love abate
Thy very hands were busied with the task
Meted forth heaven and earth? more intimate,
To soul through sense,—in Art the soul uplifts
Hence with you!

IX.

"Evolutionists!
At truth I glimpse from depths, you glance
To simple-witted country folk, but here
Omissions to supply,—one wide disease
That you, the foremost of Art's fellowship,
May learn to be Correggio! Old and young,
To simple-witted country folk, but here
May too much prize the hand, work unassailed
Of power does Man possess no particle:
Of knowledge—just so much as shows that still
It ends in ignorance on every side:
But righteousness—ah, Man is defied
Thereby, for compensation! Make savvy
Of Man's surroundings, try creation—say,
Try emulation of the minimized
Minuteness fancy may conceive! Surprised
Reason becomes by two defects for one—
Not only power at each phenomenon
Baffled, but knowledge also in default—
Asking what is minuteness—pincer vaunt
Speckled with suns, or this the millennium—
thing,
How shall I call?—that on some insect's wing
Helps to make out in dyes the mimic star?
Weak, ignorant, accordingly we are:—
What then? The worst for Nature! Where
Begun
Righteousness, moral sense except in Man?
True, he makes nothing, understands no what:
Had the initiator-spasm seen fit
Thus doubly to endow him, nose the worse
And much the better were the universe.
What does Man see or feel or apprehend
And much the better were the universe.
Here, there, and everywhere, but faults to mend,
Confusions to supply,—one wide disease
Of things that are, which Man at once would
Free the fine spirit-pattern, nor enmesh
Of all creation save this recreant!

V.

Enough.
Who owns "I dare not look on diadems
Without an itch to pick out, purloin gems
Others contentedly leave sparkling—gruff
Answers the guard of the regalia: " Why—
Who owns "I dare not look on diadems
With each impurely-peevish worm that breeds
Inside your brain's receptacle?
This doctrine that the Artist-mind must needs
Own to affinity with yours—confess
A match for that divine. Shall love abate
Thy very hands were busied with the task
Meted forth heaven and earth? more intimate,
To soul through sense,—in Art the soul uplifts
Hence with you!

VII.

"Roundomest God,
Deviser and Dispenser of all gifts
To soul through sense,—in Art the soul uplifts
Man's best of thanks! What but Thy measuring-rod
Morted forth heaven and earth? more intimate,
Thy very hands were busied with the task
Of making, in this human shape, a mask—
A match for that divine. Shall love ablate

Of bone and muscle—cause the world to bless
For ever each transcendent nakedness
Of man and woman? Were such feats achieved
By skilful, or strenuous labour unrelied,
Yet lavished vainly? Ask that underground
So may I speak) of all on surface found
Of flesh-perfection? Depths on depths to
Of all-inventive artifice, disguise
Marvel at hiding under marvel, pluck
Veil after veil from Nature—were the luck
Ours to surprise the secret men so name,
That still eludes the searcher—all the same,
Reigns, his search with still fresh proof—
'External,
Not Immortal, is the Cause, fool! Look and learn!
Thus teach my hundred pictures: firm and fast,
There did I plant my first foot. And the next?
Nowhere! 'Twas put forth and withdrawn,
perplexed
At touch of what seemed stable and proved
stuff
Such as the coloured clouds are: plain enough
There lay the outside universe: try Man—
My most immediate! and the dip began
From safe and solid into that profound
Of ignorance I tell you surges round
My rock-spit of self-knowledge. Well and ill,
Exit and good irreconcilable
Above, beneath, about my every side,—
Spark after spark of truth from where I stood—
So far from stirring—struck out, each a lamp,
From pride of place, on every side. For me
A consummator, sealing up the sum
The soul such raptures as its fancy stings
The soul, its source, in each small mystery of insect life—
Shall the soul's Cause thus gift the soul,
yet strife
Continue still of fears with hopes, for why?
What if the Cause, whereof we now deny
So far the wonder-working, lack at last
Will, power, benevolence—a protoplast,
No consummator, sealing up the sun
Of all things,—past and present and to come
So far the wonder-working, lack at last
For me, on every side. For me
Lies wreck-steam—evil towering, peace
good—hurled
From pride of place, on every side. For me
(Patience, beseech you!) knowledge can but be
Good of good by knowledge of good's opposite—
(Evil, since, to distinguish wrong from right,
Both must be known in each extreme, beside—
(Or what means knowledge—to aspire or bide
Content with half-attaining? Hardly so!
Made to know on, know ever, I must know
All to be known at any bailing-stage
Of my soul's progress, such as earth, where
Wage
War, just for soul's instruction, pain with joy,
Folly with wisdom, all that works annoy

---

FRANCIS PURINI

...
With all that quiet and contents,—in brief,
Good strives with evil.

“Now then for relief,
Friends, of your patience kindly curbed so long.
What? smart ye, ‘In the fool’s conceit this strong—
Must the whole outside world in soul and sense
Suffer, that he grow sage at its expense?’
By no means! ’Tis by men’s touch of toe
’Tis by not touch on—ignorance, just know—
And so keep steady footing: how you fare,
Caught in the whirlpool—that’s the Cause’s care,
Strong, wise, good,—this I know at any rate
In my own self,—but how may operate
With ye—strength, wisdom, goodness—no least blink
Of knowledge breaks the darkness round me.

Think! Could I see plain, be somehow certified
All was illusion,—evil far and wide
Was good disguised,—why, out with one huge wipe
Goes knowledge from me. Type needs anti—
Could we see plain, be somehow certified
Be feigning or be fact the teacher,—blame
Diffidence nowise if, from this I judge
All—for myself!—seems ordered wise and well
Inside it,—what reigns outside, who can tell?
Contrariwise, who needs be told? ’Tis space
Which yields thee knowledge,—do its bounds
Well—willing and wise-working, each at height?
Enough: beyond thee lies the infinite—

PARLEYINGS WITH CERTAIN PEOPLE

FRANCIS FURINI

To basement of the building. Look around.
Learn thoroughly,—no fear that you confound
Master with message! He’s away, no doubt.
But what if, all at once, you come upon
A startling proof—not that the Master gone
Was present lately—but that something—

Light comes—has pushed Him into residence?
Was such the symbol’s meaning,—old, un—

That circle of the serpent, tail in mouth?
Only by looking low, eye looking high,
Comes penetration of the mystery.”

Thanks! After sermoning, psalmody!
Now praise with pencil, Painter! Fools against
Your fame, far and wide, because its power in—
To livelier colours, more attractive lines
Than suit some orthodox sad sickly saint—
Grey male emaciation, haply streaked
Carmine by scourgings—or they want, far worse—
Some self-scathed woman, framed to bless
Nature that loved the form whereon hate wreaked

The wrongs you see. No, rather paint some full
Reminiscence, the first and foremost boon
Of youth, health, strength,—show beauty’s
Benignancy, the first and foremost boon
Which yields thee knowledge,—do its bounds
Well—willing and wise-working, each at height?
Enough: beyond thee lies the infinite—

Back indeed!
Ending where I began—thus: retrospect,
Who will,—what comes first, take first, I advise!
Acquit yourself with the body ere your eyes
Look upward: this Andromeda of mine—
Gaze on the beauty, Art hangs out for sign
There’s finer entertainment underneath.
Learn how they ministrate to life and death—
Those inconceivable by marvellous
Contrivances which furnish forth the house
Where soul has sway! Though Master keep aloft,
Signs of His presence multiply from roof

Before the eyes, and in the ears of her
Strange voices woke imperiously astir:
No,—paint the peasant girl all peasant-like,
Spirit and flesh—she hour about to strike
When this should be transfigured, that infamed,
By heart’s admonishing “Thy country shamed,
Thy king shut out of all his realm except
One sorry corner!” and to life forth kept
The indubitable lightning “Can there be Country and king’s salvation—all through me?”

None of the nonsense-writing! Either brush
Shall clear off fancy’s film-work and let show
Not what the foolish feign but the wise knew—
Ask Sainte-Beuve!—or better, Quicherat.

The downright-digger into truth that’s—Bah,
Bettered by fiction? Yes, of course thus much
Concerns you, that “of prudishness no touch
To basement of the building. Look around.
Learn thoroughly,—no fear that you confound
Master with message! He’s away, no doubt.
But what if, all at once, you come upon
A startling proof—not that the Master gone
Was present lately—but that something—

Light comes—has pushed Him into residence?
Was such the symbol’s meaning,—old, un—

That circle of the serpent, tail in mouth?
Only by looking low, eye looking high,
Comes penetration of the mystery.”

Thanks! After sermoning, psalmody!
Now praise with pencil, Painter! Fools against
Your fame, far and wide, because its power in—
To livelier colours, more attractive lines
Than suit some orthodox sad sickly saint—
Grey male emaciation, haply streaked
Carmine by scourgings—or they want, far worse—
Some self-scathed woman, framed to bless
Nature that loved the form whereon hate wreaked

The wrongs you see. No, rather paint some full
Reminiscence, the first and foremost boon
Of youth, health, strength,—show beauty’s
Benignancy, the first and foremost boon
Which yields thee knowledge,—do its bounds
Well—willing and wise-working, each at height?
Enough: beyond thee lies the infinite—

Back indeed!
Ending where I began—thus: retrospect,
Who will,—what comes first, take first, I advise!
Acquit yourself with the body ere your eyes
Look upward: this Andromeda of mine—
Gaze on the beauty, Art hangs out for sign
There’s finer entertainment underneath.
Learn how they ministrate to life and death—
Those inconceivable by marvellous
Contrivances which furnish forth the house
Where soul has sway! Though Master keep aloft,
Signs of His presence multiply from roof

Before the eyes, and in the ears of her
Strange voices woke imperiously astir:
No,—paint the peasant girl all peasant-like,
Spirit and flesh—she hour about to strike
When this should be transfigured, that infamed,
By heart’s admonishing “Thy country shamed,
Thy king shut out of all his realm except
One sorry corner!” and to life forth kept
The indubitable lightning “Can there be Country and king’s salvation—all through me?”

None of the nonsense-writing! Either brush
Shall clear off fancy’s film-work and let show
Not what the foolish feign but the wise knew—
Ask Sainte-Beuve!—or better, Quicherat.

The downright-digger into truth that’s—Bah,
Bettered by fiction? Yes, of course thus much
Concerns you, that “of prudishness no touch

FRANCIS FURINI

XI.

Be merest touch of toe
To do right’s service, prove men weak or

True strives with evil.

What? snarl you, ‘Is the fool’s conceit thus
Permissibly masks pleasure—you abstain
Unless by pain? Make evident that pain
Could be as much,—at least, so books aver,—
Able to make-believe, while I, poor wight,
Make-fancy, nothing more. Though wrong
Were right,
Could we but know—still wrong must needs

"Now then for relief,
Friends, of your patience kindly curbed so long.
What? smart ye, ‘In the fool’s conceit this strong—
Must the whole outside world in soul and sense
Suffer, that he grow sage at its expense?’
By no means! ’Tis by men’s touch of toe
’Tis by not touch on—ignorance, just know—
And so keep steady footing: how you fare,
Caught in the whirlpool—that’s the Cause’s care,
Strong, wise, good,—this I know at any rate
In my own self,—but how may operate
With ye—strength, wisdom, goodness—no least blink
Of knowledge breaks the darkness round me.

Think! Could I see plain, be somehow certified
All was illusion,—evil far and wide
Was good disguised,—why, out with one huge wipe
Goes knowledge from me. Type needs anti—
Could we see plain, be somehow certified
Be feigning or be fact the teacher,—blame
Diffidence nowise if, from this I judge
All—for myself!—seems ordered wise and well
Inside it,—what reigns outside, who can tell?
Contrariwise, who needs be told? ’Tis space
Which yields thee knowledge,—do its bounds
Well—willing and wise-working, each at height?
Enough: beyond thee lies the infinite—

Back indeed!
Ending where I began—thus: retrospect,
Who will,—what comes first, take first, I advise!
Acquit yourself with the body ere your eyes
Look upward: this Andromeda of mine—
Gaze on the beauty, Art hangs out for sign
There’s finer entertainment underneath.
Learn how they ministrate to life and death—
Those inconceivable by marvellous
Contrivances which furnish forth the house
Where soul has sway! Though Master keep aloft,
Signs of His presence multiply from roof

Before the eyes, and in the ears of her
Strange voices woke imperiously astir:
No,—paint the peasant girl all peasant-like,
Spirit and flesh—she hour about to strike
When this should be transfigured, that infamed,
By heart’s admonishing “Thy country shamed,
Thy king shut out of all his realm except
One sorry corner!” and to life forth kept
The indubitable lightning “Can there be Country and king’s salvation—all through me?”

None of the nonsense-writing! Either brush
Shall clear off fancy’s film-work and let show
Not what the foolish feign but the wise knew—
Ask Sainte-Beuve!—or better, Quicherat.

The downright-digger into truth that’s—Bah,
Bettered by fiction? Yes, of course thus much
Concerns you, that “of prudishness no touch

As thou, lord but of one poor lonely place
Out of whose wide wide France: were mine the grace?
To set my daughters free as thou, blue bird!
Properly Martin-fisher—that's the word,
Not yours nor mine: folk said the rustic oath
In common use with her was—"By my truth!"
No..., "By my Martin"! Paint this! Only, turn.
Her face away—that face about to burn
Into an angel's when the time is ripe!
That task's beyond you. Finished, Francis?
Pencil, scrape palette, and retire content!
"Omnia non omnia!—no harm is meant!"

II.

Blind—not dumb,
Ete, Gerard, were my inward bowels stung
With pity beyond pity: no, the word
Was left upon your unassisted lips;
Your mouth unssealed, despite of eyes' eclipse,
Talked all brain's yearning into birth. I hack
Somehow the heart to wish your practice
Which boasted hand's achievement in a score
Of veritable pictures, less or more,
Still to be seen: myself have seen them,—
moved
To pay due homage to the man I loved
Because of that prodigious book he wrote
On Artistry's Ideal, by taking note,
To tell the issue, few or none would guess
Of all-too dubious sort: for, though it irk
So my youth's piety obtained success
Making acquaintance with his artist-work.
A chariot-wheel explained its bolt-device:
What other than the Chariot of the Sun
Bearded experience bears not to be duped
Confirming that conjecture, close on hand,
How were it could I mingle false with true,
What other than the Chariot of the Sun!
Ever let drop the like? Consult the tome—
That imagery of the antique song
Truer than truth's self. Fancy's rainbow-birth
Conceived mild clouds in Greece, could glance along
Your passage o'er Dutch veritable earth,
As with ourselves, who see, familiar through:
About our pacings men and women worth
Novice a glance—at poets apprehend.

III.

So commenced
That "Walk" amid true wonders—none to you,
But huge to us ignobly common-sensed,
Publicised, while plain could proper optics view
In that old sepulchre by lightning split,
Whereof the lid bore carvings—any dolt
Imagines why,—Jove's very thunderbolt:
You who could straight perceive, by glance at it,
This tomb must needs be Phaeton's! In a trice,
Conforming that conjecture, close on hand,
Behold, half out, half in the plunged-up sand,
A chariot-wheel explained its bolt-device:
What other than the Chariot of the Sun
Ever let drop the illus? Consult the tome—
I bid inglorious tarriers-at-home—
For greater still surprise the while that "Walk."
Went on and on, to end as it begun,
Choke-full of chances, changes, every one
What no whit less wondrous. What was there to
I who myself contentedly abide
Awake, nor want the wings of dream,—who tramp
Earth's common surface, rough, smooth, dry
or damp,
—If I understand alternatives, no less
—Conceive your soul's leap, Gerard de Lairesse!
How were it could I mingle false with true,
Boast, with the sights I see, your vision too?
Advantage would it prove or detriment
If I saw double? Could I gauge intent
On Dryope picking the blossoms red,
As you, whereat her lote-tree withered and bled,
Yet lose no gain, no hard fast wide-awake
Having and holding nature for the sake
Of nature only—nymph and lotus-trees
Gained by the loss of fruit not fabulous,

IV.

If fortune had the painter's craft be pried
In vulgar town and country! Why despond
Because hemmed round by Dutch canals?
Boysed
The ugly actual, lo, on every side
Imagination's limitless domain
Displayed a wealth of wondrous sounds and sights
Ripe to be realized by poet's brain
Acting on painter's brush! "Ye doubt!
Poor wights,
What if 1 set example, go before,
While you come after, and we both explore
Holland turned Dreamland, taking care to note
Objects whereto my pupils may devote
Attention with advantage!"

V.

I who myself contentedly abide
Awake, nor want the wings of dream,—who tramp
Earth's common surface, rough, smooth, dry
or damp,
—If I understand alternatives, no less
—Conceive your soul's leap, Gerard de Lairesse!
How were it could I mingle false with true,
Boast, with the sights I see, your vision too?
Advantage would it prove or detriment
If I saw double? Could I gauge intent
On Dryope picking the blossoms red,
As you, whereat her lote-tree withered and bled,
Yet lose no gain, no hard fast wide-awake
Having and holding nature for the sake
Of nature only—nymph and lotus-trees
Gained by the loss of fruit not fabulous,
Rightly enough the human shape divine?
The rose? No rose unless it dismantive
From Venus' wreath the while she bends to kiss
Her deathly love?

VII.

Plain retrogression, this!
No, no: we poets go not back at all:
What you did we could do—from great to small
Sinking assuredly: if this world last
One moment longer when Man finds its Past
Exceed its Present—blame the Proteolus!
If we no longer see as you of old,
'Tis we see deeper. Progress for the bold!
You saw the body, 'tis the soul we see.
Try now! Bear witness while you walk with me.
I see as you: if we loose arms, stop pace,
'Tis that you stand still, I conclude the race.

VIII.

Thunders on thunders, doubling and redoubling
Doon over the mountain, while a sharp white fire
Now shone, now sheathed its rusty heritage, brooding
Hardly the fox-boles, now discharged its ire
Full where some pine-tree's solitory spine
Crashed down, defiant to the last:—til—lo,
The motive of the malice!—all aglow,
Circled with flame there yawned a sudden rift
I' the rock-face, and I saw a form erect
Front and defiance, while—as checked,
Chidden, beside him dauntless in the drift—
Covered a helpless creature, wing and wing outspread
In deprecation o'er the crouching head
Still hungry for the feast foregone awhile.
O thou, of scorn's unconquerable smile.

IX.

What hope along the hillside, what far bliss
Of ocean's ripple at dull earth's despair!
But morning's laugh sets all the cogs a-light
Above the baffled tempest tree and tree
Stir themselves from the stupor of the night
More overwhelmingly, till lo, the spasm
From Venus' wreath the while she bends to kiss
Her deathly love?

VIII.

Was it when this—Jove's feathered fay—
Slipped
Gore-glatted from the heart's core whence
He rapped—
This eagle-bound—neither reproach nor praise—
Raffled, in one more fierce attempt to tear
Fate's secret from thy safeguard,—was it then
That all these thunders rent earth, ruined air
To reach thee, pay thy patronage of men?
He thundered,—to withdraw, as beast to lair,
Before the triumph on thy pallid brow.

But morning's laugh sets all the cogs a-light
Above the baffled tempest tree and tree
Stir themselves from the stupor of the night
More overwhelmingly, till lo, the spasm
From Venus' wreath the while she bends to kiss
Her deathly love?

VIII.

Was it this—Jove's feathered fay—
Slipped
Gore-glatted from the heart's core whence
He rapped—
This eagle-bound—neither reproach nor praise—
Raffled, in one more fierce attempt to tear
Fate's secret from thy safeguard,—was it then
That all these thunders rent earth, ruined air
To reach thee, pay thy patronage of men?
He thundered,—to withdraw, as beast to lair,
Before the triumph on thy pallid brow.
sun-smitten, see, it hangs—the filmy haze—
Grey-garmenting the hitherto mountain-side.
To soothe the day's sharp glare: while far
Wide.
Above unclouded burns the sky, one blaze
With farseen immeasurable blue, no bird
Adorns the space by passage. Ever of peaks
Which still presume there, plain each pale
Ventures to spot by passage. E'en of peaks
With fierce immitigable blue, no bird
Grey-garmenting the herbless mountain-side,

How sad thy case, and what a world of woe
What have I seen! O Satyr, well I know
And one beneficent rich barberry
Watch elder, bramble, rose, and service-tree
And one elongated, slimy, slow
Point speaks

Thine eyes a-swim with merriment unnamed
But haply guessed at by their furtive whistles
And all the while a heart was panting sick
Beaten by some whisper: it was—
Passion it was that made those breaths—but thick
I took for mirth subsiding into rest.
So, it was Lyda—she of all the train
Of forest-thridding nymphs, 'twas only she
Turned from thy rustic homage, turned in disdain,
Saw but that poor unmouthed outside of thee,
And, from her circling sisters, mocked a pain
Of forest-thridding nymphs. Why should Pan love in vain
For she was wishful to partake thy glee,

What would I do? I would, like these, betake
Me to a beginning, have no end, still gains
What once lives never dies—what here
Attains the top—where who seeks fire finds ashes.

Ascent therewith to dally, screen the top
Whence springs the ultimate and perfect tree!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
And now the world's great battle, two vast powers agree
Purpose the while they range themselves. I
Counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!

The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to
Melt, to close once more in chaos. Yet two
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
...
Favours Geminiani—of those choice
Will not again take wing and fly away
That music in his day as much absorbed
The figured worthies of a waxwork-show
Concertos: nor there wants a certain voice
(Westandin England, mind you!) Fashion too
dear to our great-grandfathers! In a bush
Of Doctor's wig, they prized thee timing beats
While Greenway trilled 'Alexis.' Such were feats
Of music in thy day—dispute who list—
Avison, of Newcastle organis't!
V.

And here's your music all alive once more—
As once it was alive, at least: just so
The figared worthies of a waxwork-show
Attend—such people, years and years ago.
Looked thus when outside death had life below,
—Could say 'We are now,' net 'We were of yore,'
'Feel how our pulses leap!' and not 'Explore—'
Explain why quietude has settled o'er
Surface once all-awkw. Ay, such a 'Suite'
Roused heart to rapture, such a 'Fugue'
would catch
Soul heavenwards up, when time was:
How we Feel, hard and fast as what we
Blame to exhausted faultlessness, no match
For fresh achievement? Patience—ever fast!
How can it blossom, grow still more complete?
Hear Avison! He tenders evidence
For what he 'tends to,' yet—God's work—
Be to o'erarch a gulf: he digs, transports,
Builds up our solid knowledge: all the
Underneath rolls what Mind may hide not
VII.

We see a work: the worker works behind,
Invisible himself. Suppose his act
To save its capture: Poetry discerns,
This side and that, except to emulate
Soul's work as Mind's work, turbulence as
Stability above? To match and mate
Feeling with knowledge—make as manifest
Soul's work as Mind's work, turbulence as
Hates, loves, joys, woes, hopes, fears, that
rise and sink
Gaseously, passion's transient shif and wink,
A ripple's tossing or a spume-shed's spread
Whitening the wave—'tis to strike all this life
Far, near, or now or haply long ago
Of senses ministrant above, below,
Soul's course 'neath Mind's work over­head,
Who tells of, tracks to source the founts of
Soul?—O Thou—
Dissociate, re-distribute, interchange
What's known once is known ever: Arts
Construct their bravest,—still such pains pro­duce
Change, not creation: simply what lay loose
At first lies firmest after, what design
Was fairly traced in hesitating line
Once on a time, grows firmly resolute
Henceforth and evermore. Now, could we
Shout Liquidity into a mould,—some way
Arrest Soul's excommunicated moods, and keep
Unalterably still the forms that leap
To life for once by help of Art—where years
To save its capture: Poetry discerns,
Painting is 'ware of passion's rise and fall,
Bursting, salubrious, intermixture—
Soul abhors within the Gulf. Each Art a strain
Would stay the apparition,—nor in vain:
The Poet's word-mesh, Painter's sure and
Colour and line—throw—proud the prize they
lift!
Thus felt Man and thus looked Man—passions
caught
I'm the midway swain of sea,—not much, if
sought,
Of neither-brooding loves, hates, hopes and fears
Enwombed past Art's disclosure. Fleet the
years,
And still the Poet's page holds Helena
At gaze from topmost Troy— 'Tis but where
are they,
My brothers, in the armament I name
Hero by hero? Can it be that shame
For their lost sister holds them from the war?
—Knowing not they already slept afar
Each of them in his own dear native land.
Still on the Painter's fresco, from the hand
Of God takes Eve the life-spark whereunto
Feels Man his death, re-takes his own.
Outdo which
That lets the polished slab-stone find its place,
To the first proof of pick-axe at the base
Of the unquarried mountain, —what was all
Mind's varied process except natural,
Give momentary feeling permanence,
So that thy capture hold, a century hence,
Truth's very heart of truth, as, safe today.
The Painter's eye, the Poet's Helen,
Still rapturously bend, afar still throw
Of chemical reactives, from thy feet
Of chemical reactives, from thy feet

To such a nicety,—if score I crowd,
To such a nicety,—if score I crowd,
The step precise of British Grenadiers

Rage in the Rubato: e'en thy March,
Rage in the Rubato: e'en thy March,
By eyes that like new lustre—Love once

Turns scarlet, purple, crimson! Straightway
Turns scarlet, purple, crimson! Straightway
And lo, upstart the flamelets,—what was

As style my Avison, because he lacked
As style my Avison, because he lacked
Modern appliance, spread out phrase un­

Red right-through. What, "stone-dead"
Red right-through. What, "stone-dead"
Was it alight once ? Still lives spark enough

For breath to quicken, run the smouldering
For breath to quicken, run the smouldering
Of Chemical reagents, from thy feet

As well expect the rainbow not to pass !
As well expect the rainbow not to pass !
"Praise 'Radaminta'!—love attains therein"
Therefore—bang the drums,
Blow the trumpets, Avison! March-
motive? that's
Truth which endures resetting. Sharps and
flats,
Lavish at need, shall dance athwart thy
score
When ophicleide and bombardino's uproar
Mate the approaching trample, even now
Big in the distance—or my ears deceive—
Of federated England, fitly weave
March-music for the Future!

Or suppose
Bach, and not forward, transformation goes?
Once more some sable-stoled procession—
From Little-ease to Tyburn—wends its way,
Out of the dungeon to the gallows-tree
Where heading, hacking, hanging is to be
Of half-a-dozen recusants—this day
Three hundred years ago! How duly drones
Elizabethan plain-song—dim antique
Grown clarion-clear the while I humbly wreak
A classic vengeance on thy March! It
moans—
Larges and Longs and Breves displacing
quite
Crotchet-and-quaver pertness—brushing bars
Aside and filling vacant sky with stars
Hidden till now that day returns to night.

Nor night nor day: one purpose move us both,
Be thy mood mine! As thou wast minded,
Man's
The cause our music champions: I were loth
To think we cheered our troop to Preston Pans
Ignobly: back to times of England's best!
Parliament stands for privilege—life and limb
Guards Hollis, Haselrig, Strode, Hampden,
Pym,
The famous Five. There's rumour of arrest.
Bringing up the Train Bands, Southwark!
They protest:
Shall we not all join chorus? Hark the hymn,
—Rough, rude, robustious—lonesome heart
a-throb,
Harsh voice a-hallo, as he seems the mob!
How good is noise! what's silence but despair
Of making sound match gladness never
there?
Give me some great glad "subject," glorious
Bach,
Where cannon-roar not organ-peal we lack!
Join in, give voice robustious and
roughly—
Avison helps—so heart lend noise enough!
Fife, drum, trump, sound! and singers then,
Marching, say "Pym, the man of men!"
Up, heads, your proudest—out, throats, your
loudest—
"Somerset's Pym!"
Stratford from the block, Eliot from the den,
Foes, friends, shout "Pym, our citizen!"
Wail, the foes he quelled,—hail, the friends
he held,
"Tavistock's Pym!"
Hearts prompt heads, hands that ply the pen
Teach babes unborn the where and when
•—Tyrants, he braved them,—patricians beaved them—
"Westminster's Pym!"

Inside the House of Fust, May 1457.
[Fust or Faust was a German printer, and a
partner of Gutenberg from about 1450 to 1455.
On the dissolution of the partnership, Fust
carried on the business with his son-in-law,
Peter Schöffer. Whether Fust was really
the inventor of the movable types, is uncertain.

FIRST FRIEND.

Up, up, up—next step of the staircase
Lands us, lo, at the chamber of dread!
SECOND FRIEND.

Locked and barred?
THIRD FRIEND.

Door open—the rare case!
FOURTH FRIEND.

Ay, there he leans—lost wretch!
FIFTH FRIEND.

His head
Sunk on his desk 'twixt his arms outspread!
SIXTH FRIEND.

Hallo,—wake, man, ere God thunderstrike
Mayence
—Mulct for thy sake who art Satan's,
John Fust!
Satan installed here, God's rule in abeyance,
Mayence some morning may crumble to
dust.
Answer our questions thou shalt and thou
must!
Ours prick but to startle from torpor, set free
For neighbours and friends—no foul hell-
Look up, I adjure thee by God's holy name!
The soul from the flesh-rags left smoking
Whereas 'tis notorious the Fiend claims his due
Full a year after death in his grave-clothes
By rash pact with Satan,—through paying—
Nay, Brother, so hasty? I heard—nor long
In the enemy's toils,—setting "comfort" at
—Too well I guess wherefore! Behoves a
Thy tongue slides to "comfort" already?
From those clenched lids the comfort of
Raise the forlorn brow, Fust! Make room—
Softly and fairly! Wherefore a-gloom?
Soul and sense from death's drowse.
Saith Solomon "Words of the wise are as
So it happed with John Faust; lest John
During lifetime,—comes clawing, with
To traffic with fiends.
Who, known for a life spent in pleasures and
Not rare wit nor ripe age—ye boast them,
Tongue's telling. Yet penitence prompt may
I am probity's self"—no such bleatings as these!
But all the guilt so enormous, it baulks
God's wrath at thy bond with the Devil
who stalks
—Strides hither to strangle thee!
FUST. Childbirth so talks.
Not rare: woe nor ripe age—ye boast them,
my neighbours!
Should lay such a charge on your townsman,
this Fust
Who, known for a life spent in pleasures and
If fantastical yet venal, could scarce be induced
To traffic: with fiends.
FIRST FRIEND.
So, my words have unloosed
A pike from those pale lips corrupte but now?
FUST.
Lost count me, yet not as ye shall to surprise.
FIRST FRIEND.
To surprise? to establish! Unsharpy that brow!
Look up, that thy judge may read clear in these eyes!

SECOND FRIEND.
Who knew him, perchance may know this—
He dying left much gold and jewels no few:
Whom these help to court with but seldom shall miss
The love of a leman: true witchcraft, I wis.
FIRST FRIEND.
Dost frown me? 'Tis said, in debauchery's
gold
Admitted prime gutter and gazers—O swine!
To honour thy headship, those tospots so swelled
That out of their table there sprouted a vine
Whence each claimed a cluster, awaking thy
sign

AN EPILOGUE.
By your leave, Brother Barnabile! Mine to advise!
—Who arraign thee, John Fust? What was
 bribery.
Now bellows through Mayence. All cry
—thou hast trucked
Salvation away for lust's solace! Thy smile
Takes its hue from hell's snowsider!

FUST.
Too certain! I sucked
—Got drunk at the nipple of sense.

SECOND FRIEND.
Thou hast ducked—
Art drowned there, say rather! Laugh—
Dreadly disport!
—How else but by help of Sir Belial didst win
That Venus-like lady, no drudge of thy sort
Could lure to become his accomplice in sin?
Folk nicknamed her Helen of Troy!
FIRST FRIEND.
At the very beginning. Thy father,—all knew
A more goldsmith: . . .

SECOND FRIEND.
Who knew him, perchance may know this—
He dying left much gold and jewels no few:
Whom these help to court with but seldom shall miss
The love of a leman: true witchcraft, I wis.
FIRST FRIEND.
Dost frown me? 'Tis said, in debauchery's
gold
Admitted prime gutter and gazers—O swine!
To honour thy headship, those tospots so swelled
That out of their table there sprouted a vine
Whence each claimed a cluster, awaking thy
sign

To out knife, off mouthful: when—who could suppose—
Such makes in magic?—each sot woke and ford
Cold steel but an inch from the neighbour's
red nose
He took for a grape-bunch!

FUST.
Does that so astound
Sagacity such as ye boast,—who surround
Yours to each eyes staring, hairs standing erect
At his magical feats? Are good burghevers
unversed
In the humours of toping? Fall off, I suspect,
Ve, counting your fingers, call thumbkin
their first,
And reckon a great every guider disbarred.
What marvel if wags, while the skinker fast
brimmed
Their glass with rare tipples elixirment,
should gloat
—Befuddled and befuddled—through optics
drink-dimmed—
On this draught and that, till each found
in his throat
Our Rhenish smack rightly as Raphal? For,
one—
They fancied—their fuddling deceived them
so grossly—
That liquor sprang out of the table itself
Through gimlet-holes drilled there,—nor
noticed now closely
The skinker kept plying my guests, from
the shelf
O'er their heads, with the potable madness.
No elf
Had need to persuade them a vine rose
unbargeois,
Great-bearing thirst-quenching! Enough!
I confess
To many such fools-pranks, but none so out-
ragious
That Satan was called to hold me: excess
I own to, I grieve at:—no more and no less.
Crapulosity ever: true Fiends, everyone.
But acknowledged thee peer! What strange honours were heaped on thee—medal and bust?
When Hell yawns for a soul, 'tis myself.
Yet help were in counsel: the Church could
Forgive and forget me!
I submit me!
Of vanities under the sun,
Slaves tongue-tied—thy trade brooks no approach.
A goldsmith by trade, with craft's grime
on his hand,
 lord of the land.

Fust.
Spare taunts! Understand—
I submit me! Of vanities under the sun,
Prized me at last as concupiscence first.
Crassaloposity ever: true Fiends, everyone,
Hailed this way and that my poor soul:
But this should bid anger to pity give place—
Forbear, and leave Fust to his fate!

First Friend.
Had flesh sinned the worst,
Yet help were in counsel: the Church could
absolve:
Fust gallant and gay with his pottle and
flask,
To study an hour his choice parchment. A
pale youth
Is it like he was licensed to learn?
Seventh Friend.
Is it like he was licensed to learn?
Who doubts but thou dost this by aid of the Fiend?
Is it so? So it is, for thou smilest! Go, barn
To ashes, since such proves thy portion,
Balm yet was in Gilead,—some healing instore
Within me. Forbear, and leave Fust to his fate!

First Friend.
Ay, eat with them! Do Satan despite!
Remember what caused his undoing was pride!

First Friend.
Dumb devil! Remains one resource to be tried!

Second Friend.
Exorcise!

Seventh Friend.
Nay, first—is there any remembers
In substance that potent "Ne pulvis et cinis, trementes, gementes, vestris sustinet.

"Ne pulvis et cinis super te geras, Nemo fulminata"... 

Seventh Friend.
You blunder. "I trust me!"

Sixth Friend.
Mind your own business!

Fifth Friend.
I do not so badly, who gained the monk's leave
To study an hour his choice parchment. A
dizziness
May well have surprised me. No Christian
dares thieve,
Or I scarce had returned him his treasure. These cleave:

"Ne pulvis et cinis, trementes, gementes, vestris sustinet. Venimus"—some such word—"ad te, Domine, Deus lumen, Deus panem, ut sancta sequentes Cor, Christus..."—Plague take it!

Seventh Friend.
"Ne pulvis et cinis super te geras, Nemo fulminata"... 

Right text, ringing rhyme, and ripe Latin
for me!
SIXTH FRIEND.
A Canon's self wrote it me fair: I was tempted
To part with the sheepskin.

SEVENTH FRIEND.
Didst grasp and let go
Such a godsend, thou Judas? My purse had been emptied
Ere part with the prize!

FUST.
Do I dream? Say ye so?
Clouds break, then! Move, world! I have gained my "Pott sto"!
I am saved: Archimedes, salute me!

OMNES.
Assistance!
Help, Angels! He summons . . . Aroint thee!—by name,
His familiar!

FUST.
Approach!

OMNES.
Devil, keep thy due distance!

FUST.
Be tranquillized, townsmen! The knowledge ye claim
Behold, I prepare to impart. Praise or blame,—
Your blessing or banning, whatever betide me,
At last I accept. The slow travail of years, the long-teeming brain's birth—applied me,
deride me,—
At last claims revelation. Wait!

SEVENTH FRIEND.
Wait till appears
Uncaged Archimedes cooped-up there?

SECOND FRIEND. Who fears?
Here's have at thee!

SEVENTH FRIEND.
Correctly now! "Puvis et cines"

FUST.
The verse ye so value, it happens I hold
In my memory safe from initium to finis,
Word for word, I produce you the whole, plain enrolled,
Black letters, white paper—no scribe's red and gold!

OMNES.
Aroint thee!

FUST.
I go and return.

First FRIEND.
Ahh, the "füs"!
No doubt: but as boldly "raadiste"—who'll say?
I rather conjecture "in Oreo feribis!"

SEVENTH FRIEND.
Come, neighbours!

FUST.
I'm with you! Show courage and stay
Hell's outbreak? Sirs, cowardice here wins
The characters none but our clerics indite?
Take and keep!

FIRST FRIEND.
Blessed Mary and all Saints about her!

SECOND FRIEND.
What imps deal so deftly,—five minutes suffice
To play thus the penman?

THIRD FRIEND.
By Thomas the Doubter,
Five minutes, no more!

FOURTH FRIEND.
Out en arts that entice
Such scribes to do homage!

FIFTH FRIEND.
Stay! Once—and now twice—

SIXTH FRIEND.
Appliance
Of ear might be safer. Five minutes are past.

OMNES.
Saints, save us! The door is thrown open
At last!

FUST (re-enters, the door closing behind him).
As I promised, behold I perform! Apprehend you
The object I offer is poison or pest?
Receive without harm from the hand I extend you
A gift that shall set every scruple at rest!
Shrink from mere paper-strips? Try
Them and test!

Still hesitate? Myk, was it thou who lamented?
Thy five wits clean failed thee to render
A poem read once and no more?—who repented?
Vile pelf had induced thee to banish from sight
The characters none but our clerics indite?

Take and keep!

FIRST FRIEND.
Blessed Mary and all Saints about her!

SECOND FRIEND.
What imps deal so deftly,—five minutes suffice
To play thus the penman?

THIRD FRIEND.
By Thomas the Doubter,
Five minutes, no more!

FOURTH FRIEND.
Out en arts that entice
Such scribes to do homage!

FIFTH FRIEND.
Stay! Once—and now twice—

SIXTH FRIEND.
Appliance
Of ear might be safer. Five minutes are past.

OMNES.
Saints, save us! The door is thrown open
At last!

FUST (re-enters, the door closing behind him).
As I promised, behold I perform! Apprehend you
The object I offer is poison or pest?
Receive without harm from the hand I extend you
A gift that shall set every scruple at rest!
Shrink from mere paper-strips? Try
Them and test!

Still hesitate? Myk, was it thou who lamented?
Thy five wits clean failed thee to render
A poem read once and no more?—who repented?
Vile pelf had induced thee to banish from sight
The characters none but our clerics indite?

Take and keep!

FIRST FRIEND.
Blessed Mary and all Saints about her!

SECOND FRIEND.
What imps deal so deftly,—five minutes suffice
To play thus the penman?

THIRD FRIEND.
By Thomas the Doubter,
Five minutes, no more!

FOURTH FRIEND.
Out en arts that entice
Such scribes to do homage!

FIFTH FRIEND.
Stay! Once—and now twice—

SIXTH FRIEND.
There's nobody minds
His quill-craft with more of a conscience,
doer-craft
A sheepskin more nimbly and surely with ink,
Than Paul the Sub-Prior: here's paper that matches
His parchment with letter on letter, no link
Overleapt—underlost!

SEVENTH FRIEND.
No praise, I think—
No I, I am certain!

FUST.
Accept the new treasure!

SIXTH FRIEND.
I remembered full half!

SEVENTH FRIEND.
But who other than I
(Bear witness, bystanders!) when he broke the measure
Repaired fault with "fulmen"?

FUST.
Put bickerings by!
Here's for thee—thee—and thee, too; at need a supply
[dispatching Proofs.]
For Mayence, though seventy times seven
should muster!
How now? All to feel of faith that no face
Which frosts me but with whites—or yellows,
were jurer?
Speak out lest I summon my Spirits!
To abolish the scribe's work—blur, blunder
What's under! Let loose—draw! In regular
Is done now: night yields to the dawn's—
—Mine fluttered how faintly!—Arch-moment
Fust, how—why was this?

Each block bears a Letter : in order and
Brave full-bodied birth of this brain that con­
Of the days stretched to years dim with

FUST.
Shall such "Cur" miss a "quar" ?
Within, there! Throw doors wide! Be­
hold who complot
To abolish the scribe's work—blur, blunder and etc. !
[The doors open, and the Press is discovered in operation.]
Brave full-bodied birth of this brain that con­
In splendour and music,—sustained the slow drag
Of the days stretched to years dim with death,—yet believed thee,
Had faith in thy first leap of life! Pulse
might flag—
—Mine fluttered how faintly!—Arch-moment
Its longest—I bled, made light of endurance,
Held hard by the hope of an advent which
—dreaded,
Is done now: night yields to the dawn's reve­
I have thee—I hold thee—my fancy that seemed,
My fact that proves palpable! Ay, Sirs, I schemed
Completion that's fact: see this Engine—be witness
Yourselves of its working! Nay, handle my Types!
Each block bears a Letter : in order and fitness
I range them. Turn, Peter, the winch!
See, it gripes
What’s under! Let loose—draw! In regular stripes

Lies plain, at one pressure, your poem—
touched, tinted,
Turned out to perfection! The sheet, late a blank.
Filled—ready for reading, not written but
PRINTED!
 Omniscient omnipotent God, Thee I thank,
Thy e'er, Thee only!—Thy creature that
From no task Then, Creator, imposed!
Creation
Revealed me no object, from insect to Man,
But bore Thy hand's impress: earth gloved
with salvation:
"Hast sinned? Be thou saved, Fust!
Continue my plan,
Who spake and earth was: with my word
things began.

"As sound so went forth, to the sight be extended
Word's mission henceforward! The task
I assign,
Embrace—thy allegiance to evil is ended!
Have cheer, soul impregnate with purpose!
Combine
Soul and body, give birth to my concept—
called thing!
"Far and wide, North and South, East and West, have dominion
'Of thought, winged wonder, O Word!" Traverser world
In sun-flash and sphere-song! Each beat of thy pinnon
Burns night, beacons day: once Truth's banner unfurled,
Where's Falsehood? Sun-smitten, to nothingness hurled!"
More humbly—so, friends, did my fault find redemption.
I sinned, soul-entwined by the tether of sense
My captor reign'd master: I plead no exemption
From Satan's award to his servant: defence
From the fiery and final assault would be—

How bring to effect such swift sure simul­
taneous!
Unlimited multiplication? How spread
By an arm-sweep a hand-throw—no helping
extraordinary—
Truth broadcast o'er Europe? "The gold-smith," I said,
"Graves limning on gold: why not letters on lead?"
So, Tuscan artificer, grudge not thy pardon
To me who played false, made a furtive descent,
Found the sly secret workshops—thy genius
kept guard on
Too slackly for once, and surprised thee
low-bent
O'er thy labour—some chalice thy tool would

With a certain free scroll-work framed round
by a border
Of foliage and fruiterers: no scratching, none.
No shading so shy but, in ordered disorder,
Each flourish came clear, unemboldened by shine,
On the gold, irretrievably right, lay each line.

How judge if thy hand worked thy will? By
reviewing,
Revising again and again, piece by piece,
Tool's performance,—this way, as I watched.
"Twas through glazing
A paper-like film-stuff—thin, smooth, void of crease,
On each cut of the graver: press hard! at release,

No mark on the plate, but the paper showed
double:
His work might proceed: as he judged—

Not merely of clerics, but poured out, full
measure,
On clowns—every mortal endowed with a mind?
Read, gentle and simple! Let labour win leave
At last to bid truth do all duty assigned,
Not pause at the noble but pass to the kind!
At my call—triumph likewise! "For," cried I, "what hinders
That graving turns Printing? Stamp one
word—not one
But fifty such, phosphoric, springing from
death's cinders,—
Since death is word's doom, clerks hide
from the sun
As some chari closets up this rare chalice."

Thy race now, Fust's child! High, O
Then to our first ear, in perpetual creation—
A film hides us from Thee—twist inside
and out,
A film, on this earth where Thou bringest
about
New marvels, new forms of the glorious, the
gracious,
We bow to, we bless for: no star bursts
heaven's done
But Thy finger impels it, no weed peeps
audacious
Earth's clay-floor from out, but Thy finger
makes room
For one world's-want the more in Thy
Cosmos: presume

FIRST FRIEND. Strange!

SECOND FRIEND.
How simple exceedingly!

FUST.
Bustle, my Schoeffer!
Set type,—quick, Genesheim! Turn screw
now!

THIRD FRIEND.
Just that?

FOURTH FRIEND.
And no such vast mistake!

FUST.
"Thou and I, Thine and Thine, ye know, or who knows?
Ye find out my riddle," quoth Samson, and
pat
He speaks to the purpose. Grapes squeezed
in the vat
Yield to sight and to taste what is simple—a
liquid
More urbans may sip: but give time, let
ferment—
You've wine, manhood's master! Well,
rectius est quid
Nor horti im-per-it e-t e-t e-t—" Wait the event,
Then weigh the result! But whate'er Thy
intent,
O Thou, the one force in the whole variation
Of visible nature,—at work—do I doubt?—
From Thy first to our last, in perpetual creation—
A film hides us from Thee—twist inside
and out,
A film, on this earth where Thou bringest
about
New marvels, new forms of the glorious, the
gracious,
We bow to, we bless for: no star bursts
heaven's done
But Thy finger impels it, no weed peeps
audacious
Earth's clay-floor from out, but Thy finger
makes room
For one world's-want the more in Thy
Cosmos: presume

Shall Man, Microcosmos, to claim the conceptions
Of grandeur, of beauty, in thought, word, or deed?
I toiled, but Thy light on my doubtmost step
shone:
If I reach the glad goal, is it I who succeed
Who stumbled at starting tripped up by a reed,
Or Thou? Knowledge only and absolute
glory
As utter be Thine who conceals a spark
Of Thy sphere perfection to earth's transitory
Existence! Nothing that lives, but Thy
mark
Given law to—life's light: what is doomed to
the dark?
Where's ignorance? Answer, creation!
What height,
What depth has escaped Thy commandment—To Know?
What birth in the ore-bed but answers aright
Thy sign at its behest which impels—hail
"E'en so,
Not otherwise move or be motionless.—grow,

Decline, disappear!" Is the plant in
default:
How to bud, when to branch forth? The
bird and the beast
—Do they doubt if their safety be found in
assault?
Or escape? Worm or fly, of what atoms
the least
But follows light's guidance,—will finish,
not feast?
In such various degree, fly and worm, one
and plant,
All know, none is witness: around each, a
wall
Encloses the portion, or ample or scant,
Of Knowledge: beyond which one hair's
breath, for all
Lies blank—not so much as a blackness—a
pall
Some sense unimagined must penetrate: plain
Is only old licence to stand, walk or sit,
Move so far and so wide in the narrow domain
Allotted each nature for life's use: past it
How immensity spreads does he guess? Not
a whit.

Does he care? Just as little. Without
No, within
Concerns him? he knows. Man ignores
—thanks to Thee
Who madest him know, but—in knowing—
begin
To know still new vastness of knowledge
Must be
Outside him—to eater, to tracer, in fee
Have and hold! "Oh, Man's ignorance!
bear the fool white!
How were it, for better or worse, didst
thou grant
Contended with sapience—the lot of the swine
Who knows he was born for just truffles to
bun?—
Monks' Paradise—" Sanger sint vos uti
must!"

FIRST FRIEND.
First answer my query!

FUST.
I was and I am.
FUST AND HIS FRIENDS

FIRST FRIEND.

Thy visage confirms it: how comes, then, that—wearied And woe-begone late—was it show, was it sham?

We found thee sunk thiswise?

SECOND FRIEND.

—In need of the dram From the flask which a provident neighbour might carry!

FUST.

Ah, friends, the fresh triumph soon flickers, fast fades! I hailed Word's dispersion: could heartleaps but tarry!

Through me does Print furnish Truth wings? The same aids Cause Falsehood to range just as widely. What raids On a region undreamed of does Printing enable Truth's foe to effect! Printed leasing and lies May speed to the world's farthest corner— gross fable No less than pure fact—to impede, neutralize, Abolish God's gift and Man's gain!

FIRST FRIEND.

Dost surmise What struck me at first blush? Our Beghards, Waldenses, Jerominites, Hussites—does one show his head, Spout heresy now? Not a priest in his senses Decline answer mere speech, but piques fuggest instead, Refines as by fire, and, him silenced, all's said.

WHEREAS IF IN FUTURE I PEN AN OPIUM-SCENT Deifying return, as of old when rash tongues Were easy to tame.—straight some knave of the Huss-School Prints answer forsooth! Stop invisible lungs? The barrel of blasphemy broached once, who hangs?

SECOND FRIEND.

Does my sermon, next Easter, meet fitting acceptance?

Each captious disputative boy has his "An cuique credendum sit?" Well the Church kept "ans" In order till Fust set his engine at work! What truth will come flying from Jew, Moor and Turk

When, goosequill, thy reign o'er the world is abolished? Goose—ominous name! With a goose woe began:

Quoth Huss—which means "goose" in his idiom unpolished— "Ye burn now a Goose: there succeeds me a Swan Ye shall find quench your fire!"

FUST.

I foresee such a man.

TO MRS. ARTHUR BRONSON.

To whom but you, dear Friend, should I dedicate verses—some few written, all of them supervened, in the comfort of your presence, and with yet another experience of the gracious hospitality now bestowed on me since so many a year—adding a charm even to my residences at Venice, and leaving me little regret for the surprise and delight at my visits to Asolo in bygone days?

I know you will see the disconnected poems by a title-name popularly ascribed to the inventiveness of the ancient secretary of Queen Cornaro whose palace-tower still overlooks us Asolare—"to disport in the open air, amuse oneself at random." The objection that such a word nowhere occurs in the works of the Cardinal is hardly important— Bernbo was too thorough a purist to conserve in print a term which in talk he might possibly toy with; but the word is more likely derived from a Spanish source. I use it for love of the place, and in requital of your pleasant assurance that an early poem of mine first attracted you thither—where and elsewhere, at La Mura as Ca Alvisi, may all happiness attend you!

Gratefully and affectionately yours,

R. B.

PROLOGUE.

"Thy Poet's age is sad: for why? In youth, the natural world could show No common object but his eye At once involved with alien glow— His own soul's iris-bow.

ASOLANDO:

FANCIES AND FACTS.

1889.

(One of the volumes had, however, been received by him before his death.)

For an explanation of title, see the dedication to Mrs. Arthur Bronson.

TO MRS. ARTHUR BRONSON.

To whom but you, dear Friend, should I dedicate verses—some few written, all of them supervened, in the comfort of your presence, and with yet another experience of the gracious hospitality now bestowed on me since so many a year—adding a charm even to my residences at Venice, and leaving me little regret for the surprise and delight at my visits to Asolo in bygone days?

I know you will see the disconnected poems by a title-name popularly ascribed to the inventiveness of the ancient secretary of Queen Cornaro whose palace-tower still overlooks us Asolare—"to disport in the open air, amuse oneself at random." The objection that such a word nowhere occurs in the works of the Cardinal is hardly important— Bernbo was too thorough a purist to conserve in print a term which in talk he might possibly toy with; but the word is more likely derived from a Spanish source. I use it for love of the place, and in requital of your pleasant assurance that an early poem of mine first attracted you thither—where and elsewhere, at La Mura as Ca Alvisi, may all happiness attend you!

Gratefully and affectionately yours,

R. B.

PROLOGUE.

"Thy Poet's age is sad: for why? In youth, the natural world could show No common object but his eye At once involved with alien glow— His own soul's iris-bow.
Hill, vale, tree, flower—they stand distinct, 
Nature to know and name. What then? 
A Voice spoke hence which straight unlim'd 
Fancy from fact; see, all's in ken: 
Has once my eyelid winked? 
No, for the purged ear apprehends 
Earth's import, not the eye late dazed: 
The Voice said: "Call my works thy friends! 
Let us two dream: shall he 'scape with a scar? 
Scarcely disfigurement, rather a grace 
Of the slain by his hand: what is death but 
Sleep? Nay, comfort—with just a cloud 
Dim and not deaden,—somehow sheathe 
Earth's import, not the eye late dazed: 
Fancy from fact: see, all's in ken: 
Has once my eyelid winked?

Ay, but if certain who envied should see! 
When is she? Her human self,—no lower 
Than fanciful days of yore 
A dream? No dream, more real by much. 
When ecstasy's utmost we clutch at the core 
of our life-time's one moment you love me! 
This tick of our life-time's one moment you love me! 
Me—sure that despite of time future, time past,
All of your life that has gone before,
O that art then!—to them, belike: no such vain words from me.

"Flower she is, my rose"—or else "My very swan is she"—
"Hush, rose, blush! no balm like breath," 
I chide it: 
"Bend thy neck its best, swan,—hers the whiter curve!"
Be the moon the moon: my Love I place beside it: 
What is she? Her human self,—no lower word will serve.

HUMILITY.

What girl but, having gathered flowers, 
Striped the beds and spoilt the bowers, 
Wreath, uncan be shamed, not shroud,—adjust, 
Of the slain by his hand: what is death but 
Sleep? Nay, comfort—with just a cloud 
Dim and not deaden,—somehow sheathe 
Earth's import, not the eye late dazed: 
Fancy from fact: see, all's in ken: 
Has once my eyelid winked?

Perhaps but a memory, after all! 
Of what came once when a woman leaned 
To feel for my brow where her kiss might fall. 
Truth ever, truth only the excellent!

POETICS.

"So say the foolish!"—Say the foolish so, 
Love? 
"Flower she is, my rose"—or else "My very swan is she"—
SPECULATIVE.

Others may need new life in Heaven—

Man, Nature, Art—made new, assume!

Man with new mind and old sense to learn,

Nature—new light to clear old gloom,

Art that breaks bonds, gets soaring-room.

I shall pray: "Fugitive as precious—

Minutes which passed, return, remain!

Let earth's old life once more enmesh us,

You with old pleasure, me—old pain,

So we but meet not part again!"

WHITE WITCHCRAFT.

[White witchcraft was helpful and not harmful magic.]

If you and I could change to beasts, what

beast should either be?

Shall you and I play Jove for once? Turn

for then, I decree!

Shy wild sweet stealer of the grapes! Now

Shall you and I play Jove for once? Turn

So, all men shrink and shun me! Dear men,

And thus you think to spite your friend—

There may or may not lurk a pearl beneath

Now say your worst, Canidia!1 "He's

Leave but my crevice in the stone, a reptile's

beast should either be?

A—possibly festive crew!

But see his eyes that follow mine—love lasts

That vast dome, that huge dance,

Minutes which passed,—return, remain!

For why should men dance at all—

But see his eyes that follow mine—love lasts

One word! May I hope or fear?

Man, Nature, Art—made new, assume!

Of who danced there, no shape

When suddenly who entered?

As clothes in this world of ours:

Thrusting respect...but mine

His cult, unreconciled

To my knowledge howguild and cult

A stranger to me,—his guild,

Your same self, form and face,—

A guild and cult and guild, and to

And I answered "Ellannah More!" "

Go, I love the same."

BAD DREAMS. I.

LAST night I saw you in my sleep:

And how your charm of face was changed!

I asked "Some love, some faith you keep?"

You answered "Faint gone, love estranged."

1 Neapolitan sorceress. See Horace.
ASOLANDO

On, Soul! I saw a lucid City
Of architectural device
Every way perfect. Panic for pity,
Lightning! nor leave a cicatrice
On those bright marbles, dome and spire—
Structures palatial,—streets which mire
Dares not defile, paved all too fine
For human footstep's smirch, not thine—
Dares not defile, paved all too fine
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
With what ecstasy...
THE CARDINAL AND THE DOG.

Crescenzi, the Pope's Legate at the High Council, Trent,
—Year Fifteen hundred twenty-two, March Twenty-five—intent
On writing letters to the Pope till late into the night,
Rose, weary, to refresh himself, and saw a monstrous sight:
(I give mine Author's very words: he penned, I redact.)

A black Dog of vast bigness, eyes flaming,
Down to the very ground almost, into the chamber sprung
And made directly for him, and laid himself
Right under his bedside.

The Cardinal fell melancholy, then sick,
Soon after died:
And as his tact impelled him, Sixtus adven-
There sat they at high-supper—man and-

THE POPE AND THE NET.

What, he on whom our voices unanimously
Made Pope at our last Conclave? Full low
his life began:

Cries Sixtus interposing: "Nay, children,
To kiss his foot, we lifted eyes, alack the

THE BEAN-FEAST.

He was the man—Pope Sixtus, that Fifth,
that swineherd's son:
He knew the right thing, did it, and thanked
God when 't was done:
But of all he had to thank for, my fancy
somehow leans
To thinking, what most moved him was a
certain meal on beans.

For one day, as his wont was, in just enough
disguise
As he went exploring wickedness,—to see
with his own eyes
If law had due observance in the city's en-

There sat they at high-supper—man and
wife, lad and lass,
Poor as you please but cleanly all and care-

FANCIES AND FACTS

Do any wrongs want righting? The Father
tries his best,
But, since he's only mortal, sends such as I
to test

The truth of all that's told him—how folk
like you may fare:
Come—only don't stop eating—when mouth
has words to spare—

"You"—smiled he—"play the spokesman,
hell-wether of the flock!
Are times good, masters gentle? Your
grievances unlock!
How of your work and wages?—pleasures,
if such may be—
Pains, as such are for certain." Thus smiling
questioned he.

But somehow, spite of smiling, awe stole
upon the group—
An inexpressible surname: why should a priest
thus stoop—

imagine the joyful wonder! "How shall
the like of us—
Poor souls—require such blessing of our rule
bean-feast?" "Thus—
Thy ample!" laughed Pope Sixtus. "I
care, sleep late:"

Imagine the joyful wonder! "How shall
the like of us—
Poor souls—require such blessing of our rule
bean-feast?" "Thus—
Thy ample!" laughed Pope Sixtus. "I
care."

Down sat he on the door-step: "twas they
this time said grace:
He ate up the last mouthful, wiped lips, and
then, with face
Turned heavenward, broke forth thankful:
"Not now, that earth obeys
Thy word in mine, that through me the
peoples know Thy ways—
But that Thy care extendeth to Nature's
homy wants,
And, while man's mind is strengthened, Thy
goodness nowise scouts
Man's body of its comfort,—that I whom
kings and queens
Crouch to, pick crumbs from off my table,
relish bears!
The thunders I but seem to launch, there
plain Thy hand all see:
That I have appetite, digest, and thrive—
The thunders I but seem to launch, there
plain Thy hand all see:
That I have appetite, digest, and thrive—
The thunders I but seem to launch, there
plain Thy hand all see:
That I have appetite, digest, and thrive—

MUCKLE-MOUTH MEG.

FROWNED the Laird on the Lord: "So, red-
handed I catch thee?
Death dooned by our Law of the Border:
We've a gallows outside and a chiel to dis-

B. Shall death at all risks? Well, at
some

THE LADY AND THE PAINTER.

He. Not, Muckle-mouth Meg? Wow, the ob-
straining man!
Perhaps he would rather wel me!"
"Ay, would he—with just for a dowry your
can!"
"I'm Muckle-mouth Meg" chirruped she.

THE LADY AND THE PAINTER.

He. Then, Lady Blanche, it less would move
In heart and soul of me disgust
Did you strip off those spoils you wear,
And stand—for thanks, not shillings—
bare,
To help Art like my Model there.
She. Oh, I trust!
True.

ARCADES AMBO.

A. You blame me that I ran away?
Why, Sir, the enemy advanced:
Balls few about, and—who can say
But one, if I stood firm, had glanced
In my direction? Cowardice?
I only know we don't live twice,
Therefore—shun death, is my advice.

THE LADY AND THE PAINTER.

She. Not now, that earth obeys
Thy word in mine, that through me the
peoples know Thy ways—
But that Thy care extendeth to Nature's
homy wants,
And, while man's mind is strengthened, Thy
goodness nowise scouts
Man's body of its comfort,—that I whom
kings and queens
Crouch to, pick crumbs from off my table,
relish bears!
The thunders I but seem to launch, there
plain Thy hand all see:
That I have appetite, digest, and thrive—
The thunders I but seem to launch, there
plain Thy hand all see:
That I have appetite, digest, and thrive—
The thunders I but seem to launch, there
plain Thy hand all see:
That I have appetite, digest, and thrive—

F. Ah, do they please you? Wild-bird-
wings
Next season,—Paris-prints assert,—
We must go feathered to the skirt:
My modiste keeps on the alert.

He. Then, Lady Blanche, it less would move
In heart and soul of me disgust
Did you strip off those spoils you wear,
And stand—for thanks, not shillings—
bare,
To help Art like my Model there.
She. Oh, I trust!
True.

F. Ah, do they please you? Wild-bird-
wings
Next season,—Paris-prints assert,—
We must go feathered to the skirt:
My modiste keeps on the alert.

He. Then, Lady Blanche, it less would move
In heart and soul of me disgust
Did you strip off those spoils you wear,
And stand—for thanks, not shillings—
bare,
To help Art like my Model there.
She. Oh, I trust!
True.

F. Ah, do they please you? Wild-bird-
wings
Next season,—Paris-prints assert,—
We must go feathered to the skirt:
My modiste keeps on the alert.

He. Then, Lady Blanche, it less would move
In heart and soul of me disgust
Did you strip off those spoils you wear,
And stand—for thanks, not shillings—
bare,
To help Art like my Model there.
She. Oh, I trust!
True.

F. Ah, do they please you? Wild-bird-
wings
Next season,—Paris-prints assert,—
We must go feathered to the skirt:
My modiste keeps on the alert.

He. Then, Lady Blanche, it less would move
In heart and soul of me disgust
Did you strip off those spoils you wear,
And stand—for thanks, not shillings—
bare,
To help Art like my Model there.
She. Oh, I trust!
True.

F. Ah, do they please you? Wild-bird-
wings
Next season,—Paris-prints assert,—
We must go feathered to the skirt:
My modiste keeps on the alert.

He. Then, Lady Blanche, it less would move
In heart and soul of me disgust
Did you strip off those spoils you wear,
And stand—for thanks, not shillings—
bare,
To help Art like my Model there.
She. Oh, I trust!
True.
Mv model of ministrants: for—

Through Venice for one to compare with this

No less than Chief of the Capucins :

Get all things in readiness. Vain the search.

My trusty and diligent servitor

I go and prepare—to bid, that is,

Hark, there he knocks at the grate !

If somebody loses what somebody wins.

If to Law wrong right appears.

Redress at my hands ? ' She was wronged !

With her ailing and wailing. Who bade her

What reason for squeamishness? Labour

" Come in, thou blessed of Mother Church !

" Matteo da Bascio—he's my man !

" Our Lady avert mischance ! "

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I wait till a joint's loose, then quick ply my

" So—out with thee, creature, wherever thou

" That's the proof of—whichever thou hast lost!

" For—once again, nay, three times over,

" For, see how the doings of the bad ones

" While—who is it dresses the food and

" That is the entrance, creature, wherever thou hast

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.

" I adjure thee by----- " "Stay !" laughed

" Thus much I acknowledge: the man's

" That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.
The Saint, wringing on, wringing ever—O rare!
Blood—blood from a mephitic snout not more clean.
"A miracle shows thee thy state!"
"See—blood thy extremities have wrung from the flesh
Of thy clients who, sheep-like, arrived to be shown
And left thee—or fleeced to the quick or so fiendly.
Thou, behold, their blood gurgles and grumbles afresh!
To assuage thee! Ay, down on thy knees, get up sworn
To restore! Restoration once made,
"Sin no more! Dost thou promise? Ab-solved, then, arise!
 Upsides follow me! Art amazed at yon breach?
Who battered and scattered and scattered, escape.
From thy purdah obtaining? That Father of Lies
Thou wast wont to extol for his feats, all and each
The Devil's disguised as thine ape!"

The Saint, wringing on, wringing ever—O rare!
He forges me fetters—when heated, mayhap,
He'll up with an armful! Broke loose—
"How far him out henceforth?" "Jewishly urged!"
Was the good man's reply. "How to build him in pain.
There's nothing the Devil objects to so much,
So speedily flies from, as one of those purged
Of his presence, the angels who erst formed his train—
His, their emperor. Choose one of such!
"Get fashioned his likeness and set him on high
At back of the breach thus admixture filled up:
Display him as guard of two scutcheons, thy arms:
I warrant no devil attempts to get by
And disturb thee so guarded. Eat, drink, dine and sip.
In thy recipience, safe from alarms!"

So said and so done. See, the angel has place.
Where the Devil had passage? All's down in a book.
Gainst me? Consult it! Still faithless?
Trust me!
Trust Father Boverio who gave me the trust.
In his Annals—gets of it, by hook or by crook,
Two confirmative witnesses: three
Are surely enough to establish an act:
And thereby we learn—would we ascertain truth—
To trust wise tradition which took, at the time,
Note that served till slow history ventured on fact,
Though folk have their dilly at tradition forsord
Row, boys, fore and aft, rhymes and chimes!

FANCIES AND FACTS

BEATRICE SIGNORINI.

[Beatrice was a Roman lady married to
the painter Romonelli, who after his marriage
fell in love with a famous lady painter, Artemisia Gentileschi, a pupil of Galileo's. Baldini
tells the story Browning repeats.]

This strange thing happened to a painter once:
Viterbo boasts the man among his sons
Of note, I seem to think: his ready tool
Picked up its precepts in Cortona's school—
That's Pietro Borreri, whom they call
Cortona, these Italians: spacious-small,
Our painter was his pupil, by report.
His match if not his master absolute,
Though whether he spoiled fresco more or less,
And what's his fortune, scarce repays your guess.

Still, for one circumstance, I save his name
—Francesco Romonelli: do the same!
He went to Rome and painted: there he knew
A wonder of a woman painting too—
For she, at least, was no Cortona's drudge:
Witness that ardent fancy-shape—I judge
With starry front for guide, where sits the fire
She left to brighten Romonelli's house.
If you see Plutarch, pay that piece your vows,
The rest, touch-fires, took in, gave back heaven, earth.
All where he was not. Hope, well-nigh ere birth
Came to Desire, died off all unfulfilled.
"What though in Art I stand the elder-skilled?"
(So he conceived: mediocrity
Turns on itself the self-transforming eye)
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
ASOLANDO

Even to learn the laws of? No, and no.
Twenty times over! Ay, it must be so:
For myself, alas!—
Whereon, instead
Of the checked lover's utterance—why, he said—
Leaning above her easel: "Flesh is red?"
(Or some such just remark)—by no means white:
As Guido's practice teaches: you are right."

Then, best of all suits sanctity her spouse
To play the man and master: "Man boasts
The world and man—world's miniature we
For man, prescribed man better or man
Such love were true love: love that way who
Herself—in treason to herself—to me?"

Then came the better impulse: "What if
—Leaning above her easel: "Flesh is red"—
And sighed
Small,
Worse,
Man:

She twitched aside a veiling cloth.

ASOLANDO FANCIES AND FACTS

Of idlesse, what I fain would paint is—

How judge them? Each of us,
In flowers,
Choose his love, allies it with past hours,
Old meetings, vanished forms and faces:
—No,
Here let each favour unrestrained blow
For one heart's homage, no tongue's banal
Graces.

Choosing his love, allies it with past hours,
Old meetings, vanished forms and faces:
—No,
Here let each favour unrestrained blow
For one heart's homage, no tongue's banal
Graces.

Do I break brushes, cloister me turned saint?
Then, best of all suits sanctity her spouse
Who acts for Heaven, allows and disallows
At pleasure, past appeal, the right, the wrong
Who acts for Heaven, allows and disallows

And so forth, having done
Duty to one new excellence the more,
Abler thereby, though impotent before
So much was gained of knowledge. Best
depart
From this last lady I have learned by heart!"

Thus he concluded of himself—resigned
To play the man and master: "Man boasts
Mind:
Woman, man's sport calls mistress, to the same
Does body's suit and service. Would she claim—
—My placid Beatrice-wife—presence
Even to blame her kind if, going hence,
He wantonly regards one whom—old fate
Concede—he might accept queen, abdicate

In just this instance,' tell her, 'no one
More rigidly observant of the laws
Of right design: yet here,—permit me hint,—
If the acromion had a deeper dint,
That shoulder were perfection.' What surprise
—Nay soon, shoots thick fire from those startled eyes!
She to be lessoned in design forsooth!
I'm doomed and done for, since I spoke the truth.
Make my own work the subject of dispute—
Fails it of just perfection absolute
Somewhere? Those motions, features, don't I know
Ser Santi, styled 'Tirititotto
The pencil-prig,' might blame them? Yet my wife—
Were he and his nickname brought to life,
Ser Santi, styled 'Tirititotto
The pencil-prig,' might blame them? Yet my wife—
Were he and his nickname brought to life,
Tito and Titian, to pronounce again—
Ask her who knows more—I or the great
Twin
Our colourist and draughtsman?

She twitched aside a veiling cloth.

Here is my keepake—frame and picture both,
For see, the frame is all of flowers festooned
About an empty space,—left thus, to wound
No natural susceptibility;—
How can I guess? 'Tis you must fill, not I,
The central space with—her whom you like

Do I break brushes, cloister me turned saint?
Then, best of all suits sanctity her spouse
Who acts for Heaven, allows and disallows
At pleasure, past appeal, the right, the wrong
Who acts for Heaven, allows and disallows

For me to fill?

Turn pain to pleasure."—

What, in truth so ends
Abruptly, do you say, our intercourse?

Next day, asked Artemisia: "I'll divorce
Husband and wife no longer. Go your ways,
Leave Rome! Viterbo owns no equal, says
The bye-word, for fair women: you, no doubt,
May boast a paragon all specks without,
Using the painter's privilege to choose
Among what's rarest. Will your wife refuse
Acceptance from—no rival—of a gift?
You paint the human figure I make shift
Humble to reproduce: but, in my hours
Of idleness, what I fain would paint is—

Look now!"

She twitched aside a veiling cloth.

Here is my keepake—frame and picture both,
For see, the frame is all of flowers festooned
About an empty space,—left thus, to wound
No natural susceptibility;—
How can I guess? 'Tis you must fill, not I,
The central space with—her whom you like best!
That is your business, mine has been the rest.

For me to fill?

Turn pain to pleasure."—

What, in truth so ends
Abruptly, do you say, our intercourse?

Next day, asked Artemisia: "I'll divorce
Husband and wife no longer. Go your ways,
Leave Rome! Viterbo owns no equal, says
The bye-word, for fair women: you, no doubt,
May boast a paragon all specks without,
Using the painter's privilege to choose
Among what's rarest. Will your wife refuse
Acceptance from—no rival—of a gift?
You paint the human figure I make shift
Humble to reproduce: but, in my hours
Of idleness, what I fain would paint is—

Look now!"

She twitched aside a veiling cloth.

Here is my keepake—frame and picture both,
For see, the frame is all of flowers festooned
About an empty space,—left thus, to wound
No natural susceptibility;—
How can I guess? 'Tis you must fill, not I,
The central space with—her whom you like best!
That is your business, mine has been the rest.

For me to fill?

Turn pain to pleasure."—

What, in truth so ends
Abruptly, do you say, our intercourse?

Next day, asked Artemisia: "I'll divorce
Husband and wife no longer. Go your ways,
Leave Rome! Viterbo owns no equal, says
The bye-word, for fair women: you, no doubt,
May boast a paragon all specks without,
Using the painter's privilege to choose
Among what's rarest. Will your wife refuse
Acceptance from—no rival—of a gift?
You paint the human figure I make shift
Humble to reproduce: but, in my hours
Of idleness, what I fain would paint is—

Look now!"

She twitched aside a veiling cloth.

Here is my keepake—frame and picture both,
For see, the frame is all of flowers festooned
About an empty space,—left thus, to wound
No natural susceptibility;—
How can I guess? 'Tis you must fill, not I,
The central space with—her whom you like best!
That is your business, mine has been the rest.

For me to fill?

Turn pain to pleasure."—

What, in truth so ends
Abruptly, do you say, our intercourse?

Next day, asked Artemisia: "I'll divorce
Husband and wife no longer. Go your ways,
Leave Rome! Viterbo owns no equal, says
The bye-word, for fair women: you, no doubt,
May boast a paragon all specks without,
Using the painter's privilege to choose
Among what's rarest. Will your wife refuse
Acceptance from—no rival—of a gift?
You paint the human figure I make shift
Humble to reproduce: but, in my hours
Of idleness, what I fain would paint is—

Look now!"

She twitched aside a veiling cloth.

Here is my keepake—frame and picture both,
For see, the frame is all of flowers festooned
About an empty space,—left thus, to wound
No natural susceptibility;—
How can I guess? 'Tis you must fill, not I,
The central space with—her whom you like best!
That is your business, mine has been the rest.

For me to fill?

Turn pain to pleasure."—

What, in truth so ends
Abruptly, do you say, our intercourse?

Next day, asked Artemisia: "I'll divorce
Husband and wife no longer. Go your ways,
Leave Rome! Viterbo owns no equal, says
The bye-word, for fair women: you, no doubt,
May boast a paragon all specks without,
Using the painter's privilege to choose
Among what's rarest. Will your wife refuse
Acceptance from—no rival—of a gift?
You paint the human figure I make shift
Humble to reproduce: but, in my hours
Of idleness, what I fain would paint is—

Look now!"

She twitched aside a veiling cloth.

Here is my keepake—frame and picture both,
For see, the frame is all of flowers festooned
About an empty space,—left thus, to wound
No natural susceptibility;—
How can I guess? 'Tis you must fill, not I,
The central space with—her whom you like best!
That is your business, mine has been the rest.

For me to fill?

Turn pain to pleasure."—

What, in truth so ends
Abruptly, do you say, our intercourse?

Next day, asked Artemisia: "I'll divorce
Husband and wife no longer. Go your ways,
Leave Rome! Viterbo owns no equal, says
The bye-word, for fair women: you, no doubt,
May boast a paragon all specks without,
Using the painter's privilege to choose
Among what's rarest. Will your wife refuse
Acceptance from—no rival—of a gift?
You paint the human figure I make shift
Humble to reproduce: but, in my hours
Of idleness, what I fain would paint is—

Look now!"
The placid-perfect wife. And it befell Of Rome was home,—of Artemisia—well, Of soul—head, hand co-operated so Perfect, suppose!

What that of Time should Time from me Dissociate, from your flowery fringe detach My face of whom it frames,—the feat will My Art from yours who can! "—he cried at lie worked as he had never dared.

Brushes, a veritable sheaf to grasp! Of oil-paint in its proper patch—with these, By Art immortal! "

Oh but the man was ready, head as hand, Instructed and adroit. "Just as you stand, In tempting reach—a palette primed, each

Ventures: so—choose your flower and paint Of—say—yon rose's rich predominance, While you—what wonder?—more affect the glance The gentler violet from its leafy screen. Ventures: so—choose your flower and paint your queen!"

Unclasp My Art from yours who can?"—he cried at length,

As down he threw the pencil—"Grace from Strength Dissociate, from your flowery fringe detach My face of whom it frames,—the feat will match What that of Time should Time from me extirpate Your memory, Artemisia!" And in fact,— What with the pricking impulse, sudden glow Of soul—head, hand co-operated so That face was worthy of its frame,—"tis said— Perfect, suppose! They parted. Soon instead Of Rome was home,—of Artemisia—well, The placid-perfect wife. And it befell That after the first intemperably Broussed of all blisses (—wherefore try Your patience with embracings and the rest Due from Calypso's all-unwilling guest To his Penelope?)—there somehow came The coolness which as duly follows flame. So, one day, "What if we inspect the gifts My Art has gained us?"

Now the wife uplifts A casket-lid, now tries a medal's chain Round her own lithe neck, fits a ring in vain —Too loose on the fine finger,—rows and sways The jewel with two pendent pearls like pears Better a lady's bosom—witness chief! And so forth, while Ulysses smiles.

"Such spells Sublime such natures—sex must worship toys— Trinkets and trash: yet, ah, quite other joys Must stir from sleep the passionate abyss Of—such an one as her I know—not this My gentle consort with the milk for blood! Why, did it chance that in a careless mood My gentle consort with the milk for blood!

"The elder race so make themselves at home From out the heaped laudations of the time Were not so mediocre after all; Perhaps the work appears unduly small From having loomed too large in old esteem, Patronized by late Papacy. I seem To his Penelope?)—there somehow came The coolness which as duly follows flame. So, one day, "What if we inspect the gifts My Art has gained us?"

Nor in colour lagged behind From moderately praising. He designed Correctly, nor in colour lagged behind His age: but both in Florence and in Rome The pretty incident I put in rhyme.

As death and doom beyond death, Bice stood To pin its plaits together, life-like leapt She flung the weapon, and, with folded arms She flung the weapon, and, with folded arms And when definitive of such low alarms As death and doom beyond death, Bice stood Passively statuesque, in statuette Awaits judgment. And now judgment burst With frank unloading of love's laughter, first Freed from its unsuspected source. Some three Must needs unlock love's prison-bars, let flow The joyance.

"Then you ever were, still are, And henceforth shall be—no occulted star But my resplendent Bice, un-revealed, Full-resplendent! Woman-glory unmeasured, So front me, find and claim and take your own— My soul and body yours and yours alone, As you are mine, mine wholly! Heart's love, take— Use your possession—stall or stay at will Here—hating, saving—woman with the skill To make man beast or god!"

And so it proved:

For, as besmeared new godship, thus he loved, Past power to change, until his dying day— Good fellow! And I fail you hope—some say Indeed for certain—that our painter's toils At fresco-splashing, finer stroke in oils, Were not so mediocre after all; Perhaps the work appears unduly small From having loomed too large in old esteem, Patronized by late Papacy. I seem To his Penelope?)—there somehow came The coolness which as duly follows flame. So, one day, "What if we inspect the gifts My Art has gained us?"

To pin its plaits together, life-like leapt She flung the weapon, and, with folded arms She flung the weapon, and, with folded arms And when definitive of such low alarms As death and doom beyond death, Bice stood Passively statuesque, in statuette Awaits judgment. And now judgment burst With frank unloading of love's laughter, first Freed from its unsuspected source. Some three Must needs unlock love's prison-bars, let flow The joyance.
Deep o'er desk he drudges,
Add, divide, subtrahend and
Multiplicate, until he judges
Noonday-hour's exact sand
Shows the hourglass emptied;
Then comes lawful leisure,
Minutes rare from toll exempted,
Fit to spend in pleasure.

Out then with—what treatise?
Youth's Complete Instructor
How to play the Flute. Quand patis?
Follow Youth's conductor
On and on, through Betty,
Up to Handers, Hardest
Flute-piece, till thou, flutist wheezy,
Possibly discarded.

Tootlings hoarse and husky,
Mayst expect with orange
Breath—on tunes once bright now dusky—
Meant to cool thy porridge.

That's an air of Tulou's
He mistrates persistent,
Till as lief I'd hear some Zula's
Bene-piped bag, breath-distant,
Monsoon native dances.
To the man's familiar:
Unexpectedness enhances
What your ear's auxiliar—
Fancy—finds suggestive.

Hark! 'Tis Hope resurges,
Struggling through obstruction—
Forces a poor smile which verges
On joy's introduction.

Now, perhaps, mere Musings:
"Holds earth such a wonder?
Fairy-mortal, soul-sense-fading
Past thought's power to wander!"

"What? calm Assolander?
Daided turf gives room to
Trefoil, poked once in her presence—
Growing by her tomb too!"

\section*{Songs, Spring thought perfection, Summer criticise:}
What in May escaped detection,
August, past surprises,
Notes, and names each blunderer,
You, the jilt-initiate.
Praise to heart's content (what wonder?)
Tootlings I hear virtuo
Roméo's preening—
I, who, times felled twenty,
Turned to ice—to ash-tops aiding—
At his edification.

So, twain distance altered
Sharps to flats? The missing
Bar when syncopation failed
(You thought—paused for kissing!)
Ash-tops so felonious
Intercepted? Rather

\section*{ANACHY AND FACTS}

So, without assistance
Such as music rightly
Needs and claims—defying distance,
Overleaping lightly.
Obstacles which hinder,—
He, for my approval,
All the same and all the kinder
Made mine what might move all Earth to kneel adoring:
Took—while he piped Gounod's
Bit of passionate imploring—
Me for Juliet: who knows?

Not as you explain things,
All's mere repetition,
Praxine-pooter: of all vain things
Why waste pooh or pish on
Teatime effort—never
Endling, still beginning—
After what should pay endeavour
Right-performance? winning
Weakness from you who,
Ready to admire some
Owl's fresh hooting—Tu-whit, tu-who—
Find stale thrush-songs tiresome.

Here what played Aquarius?—
Roméo's preening—
I, who, times felled twenty,
Turned to ice—no ash-tops aiding—
At his edification.

So, twain distance altered
Sharps to flats? The missing
Bar when syncopation failed
(You thought—paused for kissing!)
Ash-tops too felonious
Intercepted? Rather

He. Sweet, are you suggestive
Of an old suspicion
Which has always found me restive
To its adoration
When it ventured whisper
"Fool, the strife's and struggles
Of your trembler—blusher—lisper
Were so many jaggles,
Tricks tried—oh, so often—
Which once more do duty.
Find again a heart to soften,
Soul to snare with beauty."

Birth-blush of the briar-rose,
Mist-bloom of the hedgerow,
Someone gains the prize: admire rose
Would be, when noon's wedges slow—
Sure, has pushed, expanded
Rathe pink to raw redness?
Would he covet sloe when sanded
By road-dust to deadness?
So—restore their value
Ply a water-sprinkle!
Then guess sloe is fingered, shall you?
Find in rose a wrinkle?

Here what played Aquarius?
Distance—ash-tops aiding,
Reconciled scraps else contrasted,
Brightened stuff fast fading.
Distance—call your shyness:
Was the fair one pensive?
Cyness softened out of shyness.
Was she cunning, tiresive,
All-but-proved impertinent:
Bear but one day's exile,
Ugly trails were wholly lost or
Screened by fancies flexile—

Say—th'well-nigh made euphonious
Dissound, helped to gather
Phrase—by phrase, turn patches
Into simulated
Unify which booming matches—
Scraps re-united.
Among the godships Jove, for Caesar's sake,
Would bid its actual occupant vacate
Of rapture as the poet asked "What place
I paid my quadrans,3 left the Thermae's roar
Whereat Maecenas smiling sighed assent.
Tell me, thou offshoot of Etruscan kings !

Only, when godlike Caesar swells the theme,
"Nobody like him " little Flaccus2 laughed
Ilis Panegyric on the Emperor.

Read out that long-planned late-completed
" At leading forth an Epos with due pomp !

While Lucius Varius Rufus1 in their midst
Here in the vestibule where now we sit,
At the eighth hour, till when no use to bathe.

IMPERSANT AUGUSTO NATUS
EST—"

What it was struck the terror into me?
This, Publius : closer! while we wait certain
I'll tell you. Water's warm (they ring inside)
At the eighth hour, till when no use to bathe.

Here in the vestibule where now we sit,
One scarce stood yesterday, the throng was such
Of loyal gapers, all eye and ear
While Lictors Varus Rafts3 in their midst
Read out that long-planned late-completed piece,

His Pangyric on the Emperor.
"Nobody like him " little Flaccus2 laughed
At hurling forth an Epos with due pomp!
Only, when godlike Caesar swells the theme,

Of structure dropt like doles from his free hand
To Rome on every side? Why, right and left,
For temples you're the Thundering Jupiter,
Avenging Mars, Apollo Palatine:
How count Piazza, Forum—there's a third
Namely of Marcellus—all his work, such work?
One thought still ending, dominating all—
With warrant Varus sung " Be Caesar God!"

by what a hold arrests he Fortune's wheel,
Obtaining and retaining heaven and earth
Through Fortune, if you like, but favour—no!
For the great deeds flashed by me, fast and thick
As stars which storm the sky on autumn nights—
Those conquists! but peace crowned them,
With warm Varus sang " Be Caesar God!"

Thus to myself myself said, while I walked:
Would or have said, could thought attain to speech,
Clean baffled by enormity of bliss
The while I strove to scale its heights and scale
Its depths—this masterwork o'er all the world
Of one who was but born,—like you, like me,
Like all the world he owns,—of flesh and blood.
But how grasp, how gauge his own conceit
Of bliss to me near inconceivable?

All new-built, "marble now, brick once;":
He boasts:

This Portico, that Circus. Would you sail?
He has drained Tiber for you: would you walk?
He straightened out the long Flaminian Way.
Foot? Profite by his score of donations!
Rich—that is, matchless? Half-a-hundred games
Challenge your choice? There's Rome—for you and me
Only? The centre of the world besides!
For, look the wide world over, where ends Rome?
To sunrise? There's Euphrates—all between!

FANCIES AND FACTS

1 Poet and friend of Virgil. —Horace.
2 Roman coin of small value.
3 Street of ill-repute in Rome.
—That was enough, no glimpse was needed more! And terrifyingly into my mind Came the quick-hushed report was whispered us, "They do say, once in a year in solitud garb He plays the mendicant, sits all day long. Asking and taking alms of who may pass, And so averting, if submission help, Fate's envy, the dread chance and change of things When Fortune—for a word, a look, a rought— Turns spitful and—the petted lioness— Strikes with her sudden paw, and prone falls each Who patted late her neck superiorly, Or trilled with those claw-tips velvet-sheathed." "He's God!" shouts Lucius Varins Rufus: "Man And worms' meat any moment?" mattersmer Some Power, admonishing the mortal-born. Ay, do you mind? There's meaning in the fact. That whose conquests, triumphs, enters Rome. Climbing the Capitolian, soaring thus To glory's summit,—Publius, do you mark— Ever the same attendant who, behind, Above the Conqueror's head supports the crown All-too-demonstrative for human wear, —One hard's employment—all the while reserves Its fellow, backward flung, to point bow, close. Appended from the ear, beneath the foot Of the up-home exulting Conqueror, Frown—half-described—the instruments of blame, The malefactor's due. Crown, now—Cross when? Who stands secure? Are even Gods so safe? Jupiter that just now is dominant— Are not there ancient dismal tales how once A predecessor reigned ere Saturn came, And who can say if Jupiter be last? Was it for nothing the grey Sibyl wrote "Cesar Augustus regnant, shall be born In blind Jutus"—one to master him, Him and the universe?—An old-wife's tale? Bath—drudge! Here, slave! No cheating! Our turn next. No bothering, or be sure you taste the lash! Two strigils, two oil-drippers, each a sponge! DEVELOPMENT. My Father was a scholar and knew Greek. When I was five years old, I asked him once "What do you read about?" "The siege of Troy." "What is a siege and what is Troy?" Whereat He piled up chairs and tables for a town, Set me a-top for Priam, called our cat— Helen, enticed away from home (he said) By wicked Paris, who coached somewhere close Under the footstool, being cowardly, But whom—since she was worth the pains, poor pass— Tower and Troy,—our dogs, the Atreïdl,— sought By taking Troy to get possession of— Always when great Achilles ceased to sulk, (My pony in the stable)—forth would prance And put to flight Hector—our page-boy's self. This taught me who was who and what was what: So far I rightly understood the case At five years old, a huge delight it proved And still proves—thanks to that instructor sage My Father, who knew better than turn straight Learning's full flare on weak-eyed ignorance. A flesh-brush. A predecessor reigned ere Saturn came, And who can say if Jupiter be last? Was it for nothing the grey Sibyl wrote "Cesar Augustus regnant, shall be born In blind Jutus"—one to master him, Him and the universe?—An old-wife's tale? Bath—drudge! Here, slave! No cheating! Our turn next. No bothering, or be sure you taste the lash! Two strigils, two oil-drippers, each a sponge! DEVELOPMENT. My Father was a scholar and knew Greek. When I was five years old, I asked him once "What do you read about?" "The siege of Troy." "What is a siege and what is Troy?" Whereat He piled up chairs and tables for a town, Set me a-top for Priam, called our cat— Helen, enticed away from home (he said) By wicked Paris, who coached somewhere close Under the footstool, being cowardly, But whom—since she was worth the pains, poor pass— Tower and Troy,—our dogs, the Atreïdl,— sought By taking Troy to get possession of— Always when great Achilles ceased to sulk, (My pony in the stable)—forth would prance And put to flight Hector—our page-boy's self. This taught me who was who and what was what: So far I rightly understood the case At five years old, a huge delight it proved And still proves—thanks to that instructor sage My Father, who knew better than turn straight Learning's full flare on weak-eyed ignorance. A flesh-brush.
ASOLANDO

For letting me dream out my nonage thus,
Well, who knows by what method, gained
Why did he ever let me dream at all,
And only by such slow and sure degrees
ASOLANDO
Not bid me taste the story in its strength ?
Get truth and falsehood known and named
Permitting me to sift the grain from chaff,
I might have—somehow—correspondingly—
Silence at least was in his power to keep :
A lie as Hell's Gate, love my wedded wife,
Been taught, by forthrights not meanderings,
That is—he might have put into my hand
Could not I have excogitated this
To read aright now that my hair is grey,
The "Ethics"? In translation, if you please,
My aim should be to loathe, like Peleus' son,
At five years old—how ill had fared its leaves!
And I can manage the original.
Exact, no pretty lying that improves,
Without believing such men really were ?
Now, growing double o'er the Stagirite,
Taylors lived at Ongar, not Norwich.

wholly forgotten this story if he or she had
the good luck to read it in infancy. These
When my home was the Star of my God
In this world of yours, — like you, made
How I lived, ere my human life began
Of its wealth would help who spoke, who
I use your language : mine—no word
Who shared its perfections which overwhelm
All here ? Attend, perpend ! O Star
Of my God Rephan, what wonders are
Far from me, native to thy realm,
In thy brilliance fugitive, faint and far !
One better than I—would prove I lacked
The flower that slept woke a star instead ?
Till, fresh-formed, faceted, floretted,
The flower that slept woke a star instead ?

REPHAN.1

(The prose story referred to in the note is
" How it Strikes a Stranger" in the Contribu­
tions of Q. Q. Probably no child has ever
wholly forgotten this story if he or she had
the good luck to read it in infancy. These
Taylors lived at Ongar, not Norwich.)

How I lived, ere my human life began
In this world of yours,—like you, made
When my home was the Star of my God
Rephan?
1 Suggested by a very early recollection of a
prose story by the noble woman and imagina­
tive writer, Jane Taylor, of Norwich.—R. B.
ASOLANDO

FANCIES AND FACTS

REVERIE.

I KNOW there shall dawn a day
—Is it here on homely earth?
Is it yonder, worlds away,
Where the strange and new have birth,
That Power comes full in play?

Is it here, with grass about,
Under befriending trees,
And the air by mild degrees
Puts winter’s death past doubt?

Is it up amid whirl and roar
Of the elemental flame
Which star-flecks heaven’s dark floor,
And the air by mild degrees
Puts winter’s death past doubt?

Somewhere, below, above,
Shall a day dawn—this I know—
When Power, which vainly strove
My weakness to o’erthrow,
Shall triumph. I breathe, I move,
I truly am, at last!

For a veil is rent between
Me and the truth which passed
Fifful, half-guessed, half-seen,
Grasped at—not gained, held fast.

I for my race and me
Shall apprehend life’s law:
In the legend of man shall see
Writ large what small I saw
In my life’s tale: both agree.

As the record from youth to age
Of my own, the single soul—
So the world’s wide book: one page
Deciphered explains the whole
Of our common heritage.

How but from near to far
Should knowledge proceed, increase?
Try the clod ere test the star!
Bring ear inside strife to peace
Ere we wage, on the outside, war!

So, my annals thus begin:
With body, to life awoke,
Of body which bore soul’s yoke
Since mortal and not skin.

By means of the flesh, grown fit,
Mind, in surview of things,
Unchecked, unchanged: while barred,
To treasure its gatherings
From the ranged expanse—to-wit,

Nature,—earth’s, heaven’s wide show
Which taught all hope, all fear:
Armed with joy and woe,
I could say “Thus much is clear,
Doubt annulled thus much: I know.”

“Would Power to a plenitude
But liberate, but enlarge
Good’s strait confine,—renewed
Were ever the heart’s discharge
Of loving?” Else doubts intrude.

For you dominate, stars all!
For a sense informs you—brute,
Bird, worm, fly, great and small,
Each with your attribute
Or low or majestic!

Thou earth that embosomest
Offering of land and sea—
How thy hills first sank to rest,
How thy vales bred herb and tree
Which dizen thy mother-breast—

Do I ask? “Be ignorant
Ever!” the answer clangs;
Whereas if I plead world’s want,
Soul’s sorrow and body’s pangs,
Play the human applicant—

What need to confess again
No problem this to solve
By impotence? Power, once plain
Proved Power,—let on Power devolve
Good’s right to co-equal reign!

Past mind’s conception—Power!
Do I seek how star, earth, beast,
Bird, worm, fly, gained their dower
For life’s use, most and least?
Back from the search I cower.

Do I seek what heals all harm,
Nay, hinders the harm at first,
Saves earth? Speak, Power, the charm!
Keep the life there unmerced
By chance, change, death’s alarm!

As promptly as mind conceives,
Let Power in its turn declare
Some law which wrong retrieves
Abolishes everywhere
What thwarts, what irks, what grieves?

Never to be! and yet
How easy it seems—to sense
Like man’s—if somehow met
Power with its match—immense
Love, limitless, unbeset

Have you no assurance that, earth at end,
Wrong will prove right? Who made shall mend
In the higher sphere to which yearnings tend!

Why should I speak? You divine the test.
When the trouble grew in my pregnant breast
A voice said: “So wouldst thou strive, not rest?

When the trouble grew in my pregnant
In the higher sphere to which yearnings tend?
Thou art past Rephan, thy place be Earth!”

I for my race and me
Shall apprehend life’s law:
In the legend of man shall see
Writ large what small I saw
In my life’s tale: both agree.

As the record from youth to age
Of my own, the single soul—
So the world’s wide book: one page
Deciphered explains the whole
Of our common heritage.

How but from near to far
Should knowledge proceed, increase?
Try the clod ere test the star!
Bring ear inside strife to peace
Ere we wage, on the outside, war!

So, my annals thus begin:
With body, to life awoke,
Of body which bore soul’s yoke
Since mortal and not skin.

By means of the flesh, grown fit,
Mind, in surview of things,
Unchecked, unchanged: while barred,
To treasure its gatherings
From the ranged expanse—to-wit,

Nature,—earth’s, heaven’s wide show
Which taught all hope, all fear:
Armed with joy and woe,
I could say “Thus much is clear,
Doubt annulled thus much: I know.”

“Would Power to a plenitude
But liberate, but enlarge
Good’s strait confine,—renewed
Were ever the heart’s discharge
Of loving?” Else doubts intrude.

For you dominate, stars all!
For a sense informs you—brute,
Bird, worm, fly, great and small,
Each with your attribute
Or low or majestic!

Thou earth that embosomest
Offering of land and sea—
How thy hills first sank to rest,
How thy vales bred herb and tree
Which dizen thy mother-breast—

Do I ask? “Be ignorant
Ever!” the answer clangs;
Whereas if I plead world’s want,
Soul’s sorrow and body’s pangs,
Play the human applicant—

What need to confess again
No problem this to solve
By impotence? Power, once plain
Proved Power,—let on Power devolve
Good’s right to co-equal reign!

Past mind’s conception—Power!
Do I seek how star, earth, beast,
Bird, worm, fly, gained their dower
For life’s use, most and least?
Back from the search I cower.

Do I seek what heals all harm,
Nay, hinders the harm at first,
Saves earth? Speak, Power, the charm!
Keep the life there unmerced
By chance, change, death’s alarm!

As promptly as mind conceives,
Let Power in its turn declare
Some law which wrong retrieves
Abolishes everywhere
What thwarts, what irks, what grieves?

Never to be! and yet
How easy it seems—to sense
Like man’s—if somehow met
Power with its match—immense
Love, limitless, unbeset
By hindrance on every side!
Conjectured, nowise known,
Such may be; could man confide
Such would match—were Love but shown
Stript of the veils that hide—

Power's self now manifest!
So reads my record: thine,
O world, how runs it? Guessed
Were the purport of that prime line,
Prophetic of all the rest!

"In a beginning God
Made heaven and earth." Forth flashed
Knowledge: from star to clod
Man knew things: doubt abashed
Closed its long period.

Knowledge obtained Power praise.
Had Good been manifest,
Broke out in cloudless blaze,
Unchequered as unrepressed,
In all things Good at best—

Then praise—all praise, no blame—
Had hailed the perfection. No!
As Power's display, the same
Be Good's—praise forth shall flow
Unisonous in acclaim!

Even as the world its life,
So have I lived my own—
Power seen with Love at strife,
That sure, this dimly shown,
—Good rare and evil rife.

Whereof the effect be—faith
That, some far day, were found
Ripeness in things now ntho,
Wrong righted, each chain unbound,
Renewal born out of scathe.

Why faith—but to lift the load,
To leaven the lump, where lies
1 Earley.
2 Harm.
ROBERT BROWNING'S POEMS AND PLAYS.

1833. PAULINE: A Fragment of a Confession.
1835. PARACELSUS.
1837. STRAFFORD: An Historical Tragedy.
1840. SORDELLO.
1841. Bells and Pomegranates, No. I., PIPPA PASSES.
1842. Bells and Pomegranates, No. II., KING VICTOR AND KING CHARLES.
1842. Bells and Pomegranates, No. III., DRAMATIC LYRICS.
   Cavalier Tunes—
   I. Marching Along.
   II. Give a Rouse.
   III. My Wife Gertrude.
   Italy and France—
   I. Italy.
   II. France.
   III. Camp and Cloister—
   I. Camp (French).
   II. Cloister (Spanish).
   In a Gondola.
   Artemis Prologues.
   Waring.
   Queen Worship—
   I. Rudel and the Lady of Tripoli.
   II. Cristiana.

1 Afterwards called "Boot and Saddle."
2 Afterwards called "My Last Duchess."
3 Afterwards called "Count Guiscarde."
4 Afterwards called "Incident of the French Camp."
5 Afterwards called "Soli de Placa, or "Tokay.""

1845. Bells and Pomegranates, VII., DRAMATIC ROMANCES AND LYRICS—
   How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.
   Pictor Ignotus. Florence, 15—.
   Italy in England.
   England in Italy.
   The Lost Leader.
   The Lost Mistress.

6 Afterwards called "Johannes Agricola in Meditation," was first printed in The Monthly Repository, vol. x. N.S. 1836, pp. 15, 46.
7 Afterwards called "Porphyría's Lover, or "The Italian in England."
8 Afterwards called "The Englishman in Italy."
1855. MEN AND WOMEN. In Two Volumes—

Vol. I. Love among the Ruins. A Lover’s Querel.
Evelyn Hope.
Up at a Villa—Down in the City. (As Distinguished by an Italian Person of Quality.)
A Woman’s Last Word.
Fra Lippe Lipsi.
A Tocca of Galups’s.
By the Fireside.
Any Wife to Any Husband.
An Epistle containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician.
Memorabilia.
A Scene at the Villa.
My Star.
Instan Tyrannus.
A Pretty Woman.
“Child Roland to the Dark Tower came.”
Respectability.
A Light Woman.
The Statue and the Bust.
Life in a Love.
How it Strikes a Contemporary.
The Last Ride Together.
The Patriot: An Old Story.
Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha.
Bishop Blugram’s Apology.
Memorabilia.

Vol. II. Andrea del Sarto (called “The Faultless Painter.”)
Before.
After.
In Three Days.
In a Year.
Old Fancies in Florence.
In a Balcony.
Saul. (See note 15.)
“De Gustibus—”
Women and Roses.
Pestus.
Holy-Grey Day.
The Guardian Angel: A Picture at Fano.

1864. DRAMATIS PERSONAE—
James Lee.
Gold Hair: A Legend of Pornic. 3
The Worst of It.
Dis alter visum : or Le Byron de nos jours.
Too Late.
Ab Vogler.
Rabbi Ben Ezra.
A Death in the Desert.
Callian upon Setebo ; or, Natural Theology in the Island.
Confessions.
May and Death.
Prospero.
Youth and Art.
A Face.
A Juggler.
Mr. Shulge, “The Medium.”
Apparent Failure.
Epilogue.

1868. 8vo. London, 1854.

COMMENTARY ON THE WORKS—

1. Afterwards printed as the third section of “Nationality in Drinks.”
2. Afterwards called “Home Thoughts from the Sea.”
3. Afterwards called the Bishop orders his Tomb in St. Praxed’s Church.”
6. First printed in ”Balaustion’s Adventure,” a Transcrip from Euripides.
7. First printed in “Childe Roland to the Dark Tower.”
8. First printed in “The Two Poets of Croisic.”
### LIST OF ROBERT BROWNING'S POEMS AND PLAYS

1879. **DRAMATIC IDYLS**—
- Martin Ralph.
- Phædriphus.
- Halbert and Hoph.
- Ivan Ievnovitch.
- Tray.
- Ned Beatt.

1880. **DRAMATIC IDYLS**: Second Series
- [Prologue.]
- Eechelos.
- Clive.
- Mulkyeh.
- Pietro of Abano.
- Doctor ——.
- Pan and Luna.
- [Epilogue.]

1883. **JOCOSERIA**—
- Wanting is—What?
- Donald.
- Solomon and Bilkis.
- Cristina and Monaldeschi.
- Mary Wollstonecraft and Fuseli—
- Adam, Lilith, and Eve.
- Cristina and Monaldeschi.

1884. **FERISHTAH'S FANCIES**—
- [Prologue.]
- 1. The Eagle.
- 4. The Family.
- 5. The Sun.
- 8. Two Camels.
- 10. Flot-Culture.
- 11. A Pillar at Sebzevah.

---

### INDEX TO FIRST LINES

#### OF SHORTER POEMS AND SONGS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Line</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A certain neighbour lying sick to death</td>
<td>ii. 661</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A King lived long ago</td>
<td>i. 213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A rabbit told me: On the day allowed</td>
<td>i. 635</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A simple ring with a single stone</td>
<td>i. 745</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah, but—because you were stricken blind</td>
<td>ii. 719</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah, but, how each loved each, Marquis!</td>
<td>i. 635</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah, did you once see Shelley plain</td>
<td>i. 397</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah, George Bubb Dodington Lord Molcomb, — no</td>
<td>i. 704</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah, Love, but a day</td>
<td>i. 563</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah, the bird-like fluting</td>
<td>i. 766</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All I believed is true</td>
<td>i. 398</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All I can say is—I saw it</td>
<td>i. 484</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All I can say is—I saw it</td>
<td>i. 484</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All June I bound the rose in sheaves</td>
<td>i. 487</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All service ranks the same with God</td>
<td>i. 494</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All's over, then: does truth sound bitter</td>
<td>i. 258</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All service ranks the same with God</td>
<td>i. 494</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Among these later bards we count by scores</td>
<td>i. 430</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And so you found that poor room dale</td>
<td>ii. 437</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And what might that bold man's announcement be</td>
<td>i. 662</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anyhow, once full Dervish, youngest came</td>
<td>i. 563</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As I ride, as I ride</td>
<td>i. 564</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ask not one least word of praise</td>
<td>i. 695</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As like as a Hand to another Hand!</td>
<td>i. 569</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time</td>
<td>i. 773</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Ay, but, Ferishtah,&quot; — a disciple smirked</td>
<td>i. 673</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ay, this same midnight, by this chair of mine</td>
<td>i. 690</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!</td>
<td>i. 396</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!</td>
<td>i. 240</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But do not let us quarrel any more</td>
<td>i. 583</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But give them me, the mouth, the eyes, the brow!</td>
<td>i. 599</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHEER God who savest man, save most</td>
<td>i. 385</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clen the poet (from the sprinkled isles)</td>
<td>i. 542</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Could I but live again</td>
<td>i. 482</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crescentia, the Pope's Legate at the High Council, Trent</td>
<td>i. 739</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dared and Done at last I stand upon the summit</td>
<td>i. 549</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear, and great Angel, wouldst thou only leave</td>
<td>i. 966</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear, had the world in its capstone</td>
<td>i. 594</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Derwan—(though yet un-derived, call him so)</td>
<td>i. 657</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don, the divinest women that have walked</td>
<td>i. 665</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ESCAPE me?</td>
<td>i. 922</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;FAIRY!&quot; Yes, I said it and you read it</td>
<td>i. 556</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fear death?—to feel that fog in my throat</td>
<td>i. 599</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fee, faw, fum! bubble and squeak!</td>
<td>i. 478</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fire is in the flint: true, once a spark escapes</td>
<td>ii. 665</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First I salute this soil of the blessed, river and rock!</td>
<td>ii. 582</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flower— I never faredad, jewel— I profess you!</td>
<td>i. 483</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forth, Forth, my beloved one</td>
<td>i. 390</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fromed the Laird on the Lord: &quot;So, red-handed I catch thee?&quot;</td>
<td>i. 732</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give her but a least excuse to love me?</td>
<td>i. 308</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Going his rounds one day in Isaphan</td>
<td>i. 658</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good to forgive</td>
<td>i. 542</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grand rough old Martin Luther</td>
<td>i. 495</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gold Hair; a Story of Pornic</td>
<td>369</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gondola, in a</td>
<td>299</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grammarians Funeral, A</td>
<td>481</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guardian-Angel, Ther. A Picture at Fano</td>
<td>296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guido</td>
<td>454</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hackerdosh, Joshuari</td>
<td>629</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hitler and Hob</td>
<td>265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Half-Rome</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heretie's Tragedy, The</td>
<td>625</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horvitz</td>
<td>483</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hobbel-Schwargue (Prince), Saviour of Society</td>
<td>292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy-Cross Day</td>
<td>457</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home- Thoughts, from Aboard</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>House</td>
<td>479</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Householder, The</td>
<td>370</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How it Strikes a Contemporary</td>
<td>599</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix&quot;</td>
<td>526</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hugues (Master) of Saxo-Gotha</td>
<td>258</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Humanity</td>
<td>745</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IMPERANTE Augusto natus est</td>
<td>741</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In a Balcony</td>
<td>350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In a Gondola</td>
<td>379</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In a Year</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Three Days</td>
<td>292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In apprehensiveness</td>
<td>748</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Incident of the French Camp</td>
<td>383</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Instans Tyraeus</td>
<td>488</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Italian (The) in England</td>
<td>394</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Italy, The Englishman in</td>
<td>396</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ivan, Venceshotes</td>
<td>387</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ixion</td>
<td>737</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Lee's Wife</td>
<td>594</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jochanan Hakakish</td>
<td>290</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joosseria</td>
<td>550</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johannes Agricola in Meditation</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jurid-Doctor Johannes-Baptista Botiniani</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King Victor and King Charles</td>
<td>291</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ladislas</td>
<td>545</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady and the Painter, Ther.</td>
<td>753</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lairesse (Gerard de), Parleyings with</td>
<td>278</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady, and the Painter, Ther.</td>
<td>753</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady and the Painter, Ther.</td>
<td>278</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady and the Painter, Ther.</td>
<td>753</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady and the Painter, Ther.</td>
<td>278</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
GENERAL INDEX

Ring (The) and the Book—
I. The Ring and the Book ii. 21
II. Half Rome ii. 41
III. The Other Half-Rome ii. 41
IV. Terkian Qaid ii. 64
V. Count Guido Franceschini ii. 87
VI. Giuseppe Caponosadici ii. 116
VII. Pompilia ii. 146
VIII. Dominus Hyacinthus de Arch-angeli ii. 173
IX. Juris Doctor Johannes-Baptista Bertinius ii. 195
X. The Pope ii. 219
XI. Guide ii. 245
XII. The Book and the Ring ii. 279
Rosny ii. 279
Rosen, Women and Roses ii. 294
Serenade (A) at the Villa i. 288
Sebzevar, A Pillar at vii. 674
Saxe-Gotha, Master Hugues of i. 298
Shah Abbas ii. 659
Smart (Christopher), Parleyings with ii. 700
Sludge (Mr.), "The Medium" i. 602
Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis i. 253
VII. Pompilia ii. 146
VIII. Dominus Hyacinthus de Arch-angeli ii. 173
IX. Juris Doctor Johannes-Baptista Bertinius ii. 195
X. The Pope ii. 219
XI. Guide ii. 245
XII. The Book and the Ring ii. 279
Rosny ii. 279
Rosen, Women and Roses ii. 294
Serenade (A) at the Villa i. 288
Sebzevar, A Pillar at vii. 674
Saxe-Gotha, Master Hugues of i. 298
Shah Abbas ii. 659
Smart (Christopher), Parleyings with ii. 700
Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis i. 253
Sul
Saxe-Gotha, Master Hugues of i. 298
Scruples, Fears and i. 294
Sebzevar, A Pillar at i. 288
Serenade (A) at the Villa i. 288
Shah Abbas ii. 659
Smart (Christopher), Parleyings with ii. 700
Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis i. 253
Sul
Saxe-Gotha, Master Hugues of i. 298
Scruples, Fears and i. 294
Sebzevar, A Pillar at i. 288
Serenade (A) at the Villa i. 288
Shah Abbas ii. 659
Smart (Christopher), Parleyings with ii. 700
Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis i. 253

THE END.

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & CO.
Edinburgh & London

NEW UNIFORM AND COMPLETE EDITIONS OF THE POETS.

Large Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, $1.75. Bound in morocco, extra, $4.00.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, POET LAUREATE, COMPLETE WORKS. With a New Portrait.

"This latest edition of his works, which as a book is every way what a complete, compact edition should be, and contains the only portrait we have ever seen which does his genius justice." — N. Y. Mail and Express.

ROBERT BROWNING'S POETICAL WORKS.
Edited by AUGUSTINE EBBELL. In two volumes.

"An edition which in every point of excellence will satisfy the most fastidious taste." — Spectator.

COLERIDGE'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS.
Edited with Introduction, by J. Dykes Campbell.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S POETICAL WORKS.

"Contains some of the wisest and most melodious verse that this age has produced." — Athenaeum.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY'S POETICAL WORKS.
Edited by Professor Dowden. With Portrait.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS.
With an Introduction by John Morley, and Portrait.

"Mr. Morley has seldom written anything freer or more vigorous than the essay on Wordsworth which he has prefixed to Macmillan's new and admirable one-volume edition of the poet — the only complete edition." — Spectator.

"The finest of all tributes to the memory of Wordsworth is a complete edition of his poetical works, printed in one volume, and sold at a few shillings. It runs to near a thousand pages, and is all that it need be in type and clearness of arrangement. It stands midway between the editions de luxe and the cheap typographical renderings of other classics of the English school. In a good binding it would do perfectly well for the library of a millionaire; in serviceable cloth it would make almost a library in itself for the student of humble means. It has a good bibliography of all the poet's writings, a catalogue of biographies, an index of first lines and a complete list of the poems in the order of their production year by year. Above all, it has an introduction from the pen of Mr. John Morley." — Daily News.
SHAKESPEARE’S COMPLETE WORKS.

MORTE D’ARTHUR.

ROBERT BURNS’ COMPLETE WORKS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT’S POETICAL WORKS.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH’S MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

EDMUND SPENSER’S COMPLETE WORKS.

ALEXANDER POPE’S POETICAL WORKS.

JOHN DRYDEN’S POETICAL WORKS.

COWPER’S POETICAL WORKS.

MILTON’S POETICAL WORKS.
With Introductions by Professor Mason.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY,
66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.